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ART. I.—*The Kembles: an Account of the Kemble Family; including the lives of Mrs. Siddons and her brother, John Philip Kemble.* By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. Author of 'The Life of Garrick.' 2 vols. London, 1871.

THE Lives of the Kembles by Boaden and Campbell are undoubtedly poor specimens of biography. This may, as the author of these volumes says, be a very good reason why a fresh work on the subject should be written; but, for the same reason, it especially behoves the writer who avails himself of the plea to prove his right to do so by the excellence of his own work. Boaden and Campbell had at least the advantage—a great one in the writers of all biographies, and a paramount one where actors are concerned—of having not merely known both John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons intimately in private life, but studied their performances, and also the performances of a race of high-class actors during a long series of years. Their books, therefore, although overloaded and tedious, are full of authentic information. They have the interest and value of contemporary records, and a tolerably vivid picture can be formed from them of the professional qualities, good and bad, of these great artists, as well as of their personal history and character. Neither are their books destitute of passages distinguished by the graces of good writing, by graphic force, and picturesqueness of style, which it will be wise in no one to overlook who may hereafter have occasion to deal with the same subject. Mr. Fitzgerald, on the other hand, never saw any of the Kemble family, nay to all appear-

ance never even saw any really great English actor of the higher drama. A man in this position could only hope, therefore, to interest by a broad grasp of his subject, and an unusually vivid power of presenting it. Having no experience of his own to offer, he was bound to justify the intrusion on the public of a fresh book upon the Kembles by literary skill in presenting a compact and brilliant monograph of all the essential facts and characteristic features, which could be gathered from Boaden or Campbell, and the many other sources of information which they either neglected or had not at command. In place of this, Mr. Fitzgerald's work is destitute of every literary merit. It is a jumble of clumsy patchwork, to which paste and scissors have contributed more than deliberate study and workman-like skill. Whatever new matter has been added is either absolutely worthless, or, as in the case of some hitherto unpublished letters from Mrs. Siddons to Lord and Lady Harcourt, of the most insignificant kind. The book swarms with blunders. Indeed, so habitually careless is Mr. Fitzgerald, that he is inaccurate even in correcting in the preface the blunders of his text.* So little conscious is he, too, of the vitreous character of his own residence, that he throws stones vigorously at others where he is himself most vulner-

* Mr. Fitzgerald has only two blunders to correct. It would be easy to swell his errata by scores. One of the two which he admits, is the use of the name of Mr. Tom Taylor instead of that of Mr. John Taylor, from whose 'Records of my Life,' published in 1823, he has borrowed most extensively without acknowledgement; and the other, the omission of an important date, which he says should be 1776, when in fact it was 1775.

able. Thus the style of Campbell and Boaden is condemned in his preface with overcharged severity, and this by a writer who, even in his Dedication, sees no absurdity in inscribing to Mr. Sothern this '*history*' of the two great *lights* of the English stage, both as a *token* of personal regard, and as a cordial *admirer* of Mr. Sothern's many talents.' A gentleman, who describes his own '*history*' of '*lights*' as at once '*a token*' of regard, and an '*admirer*' of talent, scarcely surprises us by an ignorance of the common-places of Shakspeare; but in a champion of the poetical drama like Mr. Fitzgerald such ignorance takes one a little aback. And yet he deliberately quotes the phrase, '*sound the very bass string of humility*' as an expression of Campbell's, illustrative of the inflation and grotesqueness of his diction! While doing so, moreover, he commits the double blunder of charging upon Campbell the use of these words as his own, which Campbell *avowedly* cites as a quotation *used by Boaden*, and of ignoring the fact, that the words drop from Prince Hal in probably the best known of all the scenes in which that '*mad-wag*' figures. (1 Henry IV., Act 2, Sc. 4.) The same vices of style, and the same untrustworthiness of statement and quotation pervade the whole work, and it will certainly never supplant the volumes of Boaden and Campbell, which it aims at superseding. Instead, however, of pursuing the immediate subject of these volumes, which we reserve for some more worthy occasion, we shall take the opportunity, which they suggest, of presenting some considerations as to the actor's art, and its present state and prospects in England, that may not be without interest or out of place at the present moment.

In the histrionic, as in other arts, there are epochs crowded with great names, and epochs distinguished by few or none; periods of ebb, when genius and skill seem dormant or dead, and periods of flow, when they carry their triumphs to the highest point, and infect the public with their own enthusiasm. It would be strange indeed, were it otherwise. We do not marvel that there is no perpetual succession of Van Eycks, Leonardos, Titians, Raffaels, or Michael Angelos, or that the age of Marlowe, Shakspeare, Chapman, Massinger, Jonson, Ford, and all that noble brotherhood of dramatic writers remains without rival in our literary history. Why, then, should we expect, that genius of the highest order in an art which, perhaps more than any other, demands an unusual combination of qualities of body as well as of mind, should show itself otherwise than at rare intervals? Genius

in any art can never be otherwise than rare; and how rare it has been in the actor's art is at once apparent from the comparatively few, whose renown has survived themselves. Polos and Æagros on the Grecian stage, Æsopus and Roscius on the Roman, are almost the only names that have escaped oblivion; and brief indeed is the catalogue of those who have achieved pre-eminence on the modern European stage.

Yet in none of the arts is the influence of individual genius upon the public taste, and also upon the followers of the art itself, at once so necessary and so intimate, as in that of the actor. Literature, sculpture, painting, music, all leave their records. None of these can be without models to emulate, or standards to appeal to, so long as any of their great masterpieces, which have outlived the shock of time, continue to survive. By these it is possible to learn wherein excellence consists, and he who has mastered, however imperfectly, the secret of the charm by which they are pervaded, is in a position to appraise the worth of every fresh effort in the same field. If an age, therefore, were barren in these arts, the love for them might still be kept alive and the public taste be preserved at a high level. But it is not so with the stage. Without the actual presence of genius upon it, the art must languish and the public taste decline. Nor is the reason far to seek. The actor's noblest successes perish with the hour that sees them, with the eyes and hearts on which their spell has been impressed. However vivid the chronicle of his triumphs,—although a pen, dipped in the very hues of life, should be found to do for each, what Cibber has done for Betterton, Monfort, and Bracegirdle, the impression conveyed can only be vague and phantasmal at the best. Neither pen nor pencil can ever set Betterton or Garrick, Siddons or Kean before us, 'in form and moving, express and admirable'—with all that magic of presence, voice, and gesture, of dignity, tenderness, vivacity, and passion, which kindled a soul within the most torpid, or charmed the imagination of the most accomplished of their contemporaries. 'To conceive the pleasures,' as Cibber has truly said, 'arising from such harmony, you must have been present at it—'tis not to be told you.' Nor is this all; for not only can we form no satisfactory picture of what these great artists were, but unless we have actually seen great actors, we can form no adequate conception of what their art is capable. Were it otherwise, we should not so often find the highest praise bestowed even by people of culture and intelligence upon acting, which in a better condition of the

stage would be barely tolerated. As a 'sprawling Verrio' seems to an untutored eye more admirable than a Francia steeped in the beauty of profound but tempered feeling, and in colours of luminous purity, so the showy effects of a style radically false and artificial often meet, for a time at least, with greater success upon the stage than the quiet truth of real gifts and self-respecting artistic power. This must always be expected, for it requires training and exact observation to discriminate between the true and false in all art, and in none more than in that in which the complex elements of character and emotion are so largely concerned. And how much more must it prevail if there be no living models of excellence by which the judgment of the public may be steadily disciplined?

Nor does the loss to public taste end here; for without "the living comment and interpretation" of fine acting, dramatic literature in its highest forms must be in a great degree a sealed book to us. We may, indeed, think that we see all the significance of a great conception. We may imagine, as so many people obviously do, that actual impersonation will never make us better acquainted with Imogen, Rosalind, Portia, Othello, Macbeth, or Coriolanus, than our own unaided study has done. There can be no greater mistake. Plays are written, not to be read, but to be seen and heard. No reader, be his imagination ever so active, can therefore thoroughly understand a finely conceived character, or a great play, until he has seen them on the stage. The dramatic poet himself may be independent of what it is the office of the stage to perform in giving completeness to his conception, but no one else can be. He knows that words can never paint the passions of the soul, whether in sunshine or in storm, can never suggest the infinitely subtle phases of emotion, like an accent, a gesture, or a look. By the very nature of his genius he feels intuitively where silence is most eloquent, where the passion-charged utterance of the simplest phrase can do more than torrents of imagery; and, as he writes, he fills up the pauses and breaks of emotion with the appropriate look, and tones, and action of his ideal forma. Therefore does he leave much for the actor to do, knowing well that if he did not, however his dialogues might sparkle, or his periods glow, his work would not be one to move an audience.

Of all dramatists this is true, but it is pre-eminently true of Shakspeare. And herein lies the secret of the unquestionable fact that his plays are, more than all others, the crucial test of an actor's power. None suffer

more by bad acting, and none gain more by good. A clever declaimer, or practised player, may produce an impersonation not disagreeable; but kindred genius can alone seize and turn to account the opportunities furnished by the poet to the performer for filling in the tints and shadows which are essential to complete the picture. Such, to all appearance, was the genius of Betterton. What Steele has said of his Othello (Tatler, No. 167) happily illustrates at once the genius of the actor and the dramatist in the particulars just indicated.

'The wonderful agony which he appeared in when he examined the circumstance of the handkerchief in Othello; the mixture of love that intruded upon his mind, upon the innocent answers Desdemona makes, betrayed in his gesture such a variety and vicissitude of passions, as would admonish a man to be afraid of his own heart, and perfectly convince him that it is to stab it, to admit that worst of daggers—jealousy. *Whoever reads in his closet this admirable scene will find that he cannot, except he has as warm an imagination as Shakspeare himself, find any but dry, incoherent, and broken sentences; but a reader that has seen Betterton act observes, there could not be a word added; that longer speeches had been unnatural, nay, impossible, in Othello's circumstances.*'

Here we see the actor's gift acting as the complement of the poet's genius. A kindred intuition of human passion and its modes of expression is at the root of the excellence of each. 'What knowledge of the human heart does Talma display?' says Madame de Staël, speaking of the life thrown by that great actor into his parts. 'He becomes their second author by his accents and his physiognomy.' It is only when a great drama is dealt with by an actor or actress of whom this can be truly said, that the full meaning of the poet is revealed. And indeed the poet himself will probably be the foremost to admit, that even he had scarcely known the full significance of his work—it being, as all the best work is, spontaneous and unconscious—until it has been presented to him in action. 'What is this,' said Murphy, the first time he saw Mrs. Siddons in *Euphrasia*, in his own play of 'The Grecian Daughter'—'What is this? I never wrote that scene. It has been added.' So hard was it for him to believe that it was only the exquisite life thrown into it by the great actress which had wrought the delusion. Nor is this an exceptional case merely. 'Est ce bien moi, qui ai fait cela?' Voltaire had exclaimed, not many years before, in surprise at the undreamt-of power developed in one of his own scenes by the deep sensibility and splendid declamation of Madame Clairon. The 'Vous pleurez, Zaire!' of Le

Kain was no less a revelation to him of a pathos which the words, as they dropped from his pen, had not suggested to himself. And it is no exaggeration to suppose that Shakspeare might have felt in the same way, had he heard the 'Prithee, undo this button!' of Garrick in 'Lear,' or the 'Fool, fool, fool!' of the elder Kean's Othello. His best critics at least have been most ready to acknowledge the light cast upon his pages by the actor's genius. Thus, for example, George Steevens writes to Garrick (27th December, 1765):—*

'I am contented with the spirit of the author you first taught me to admire; and when I found you could do so much for him, I was naturally curious to know the materials he had supplied you with; and often when I have taken the pen in my hand to try to illustrate a passage, I have thrown it down again with discontent when I remembered how able you were to *clear that difficulty with a single look, or particular modulation of voice, which a long and laboured paraphrase was insufficient to explain so well.*'†

Nor is what we have said true in the case of single phrases, single scenes, or single characters merely. It is perhaps even more true with reference to the comprehension of a great play as a whole. Without the aid of actual representation this is possible only to a vigorous imagination, and a mind trained to continuous and sustained exertion, and even to these only after repeated perusal and elaborate study. But three hours in a theatre, before a company of 'well-graced actors,' will raise the most unlettered of spectators, and the most unpractised of thinkers, if only he be possessed of ordinary intelligence and sensibility, quite up to the level of the most laborious critic; nay, more, will teach the critic what, if left to himself, he would never have discovered. The pages of a book can never affect the

mind so powerfully as a direct appeal by voice and motion to 'the very faculties of eyes and ears.' Whatever is so presented with the truth of nature supplies, as Coleridge has said, 'a species of actual experience.' Brain and heart are both moved, and, being so, the spectator is in the mood to meet the poet more than half way. His imagination is aroused, so that the appropriate thought or emotion will be there before the poet's words are spoken; and thus the truth of character and of feeling, and the fitness or beauty of the language will come home to him as they never can do in the calm and often languid silence of the study. Borne along upon a tide of living sympathy, he follows the development of the plot without an effort, and carries away with him a deep impression of the whole bearing and compass of the poet's design, as of some actual event in which he has himself borne a part.

To infuse this life into the poet's creations by quickening the hearts and imaginations of the multitude is the great actor's vocation. A poet himself in breadth of sympathy, in range and accuracy of observation,* and in intensity of feeling, he converts his audience into poets for the time waking them out of their habitual lethargy, and kindling those sympathies, aspirations, and passions which slumber often unsurmised by ourselves beneath the crust of our daily life. Humanity in all its forms is 'the haunt and main region' of his working. His business is to find living embodiment and expression for

'All thoughts, all feelings, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame;'

and to do this in forms stamped with the truth of nature, but modulated at the same time by the subtle graces of art. He must delight, not here and there only by some fine burst of passion, by the power or pathos of some particular speech, by the exquisite finish of some separate scene. If these things fall naturally into his conception, good and well; but he will not go out of his way to catch unintelligent applause by what are technically called 'points.' These are the cheap triumphs of inferior artists—the 'purple patches' of a vicious style. Whatever disturbs the truth and consistency of character or the harmony and proportion of the scenic picture is inexorably rejected by the actor of genius. His aim is not to win applause, dear as that may be to him, but to

* 'Garrick Correspondence,' vol. i. p. 217.

† What Cibber says of Mrs. Monfort has been no less true of many of her successors. 'Nothing, though ever so barren, if within the bounds of nature, could be flat in her hands. She gave many heightening touches to characters but coldly written, and often made an author vain of his work, that in itself had but little merit.' In these cases the actor is more than the second author. He is the only real one. Mrs. Jordan, who had often in this way to create 'a soul under the ribs of death,' once remarked, 'Many a character one has to perform is in itself insipid, it all depends upon what you can put into it.' This recalls Madame Schwetznine's remark on life, 'What you find in life depends on what you bring into it.' So a 'Merchant of Venice' grows out of a dull Italian tale, and Garrick's 'Abel Drugger' convulses an audience with laughter, the possibility of which could never be surmised from reading Jonson's text.

* 'My ever dear friend Garrick,' says Burke ('Letters on a Regicide Peace') 'was the first of actors, because he was the most acute observer of nature I ever saw.'

teach, refine, instruct, and to let men see, if he may, what his own imagination has bodied forth as the ideal of the human being whom he is called upon to represent. Thus the great German actor Schröder could not bear to have it said that he played well at such or such a moment, or spoke well such or such a speech. 'Have I played the part well?' he would say. 'Have I been the very person I represented?' And what was Garrick's view? Writing to a French correspondent, he says, 'l'art d'un grand acteur est de se faire oublier jusqu'à son nom, quand il paroît sur la scène.' And of all the tributes to the excellence of Mrs. Siddons, the highest is that paid to her by a brother actor, Charles Young.

'Whatever she touched she ennobled. She never sought by unworthy means to entrap her audience. She disdained to apply to any of the petty resources of trickish minds, in order to startle and surprise her hearers. There was no habitual abruptness, no harshness about her. You never caught her slumbering through some scenes in order to produce by contrast an exaggerated effect in others. She neglected nothing. From the first moment to the last she was, according to theatric parlance, "in the character."'

Where this is the measure of excellence to be reached, great actors, it is obvious, must of necessity be few.

'The painter,' says Sir J. Reynolds, 'first makes himself master of the subject he is to represent by reading or otherwise, then works his imagination up to a kind of enthusiasm till he in a degree perceives the whole event, as it were, before his eyes, when, as quick as lightning, he gives his rough sketch on paper or canvas. By this means his work has the air of genius stamped upon it.' The actor goes to work in the same way; but his pictures are produced under much severer conditions. Painter, sculptor, or poet may wait for their moments of inspiration. If their sketch fails, they may alter, efface, recast it at will. Not so the actor. His 'inevitable hour' comes with the prompter's bell. The stage waits and, ill or well, in the vein or not in the vein, he must begin his work, and this too before inquisitive and critical eyes. His picture must be made to grow before them, touch by touch, finished in its detail, clear in its outline, broad in its general effect. There is no retrieving a false tone or inapt gesture, no recovering an opportunity for expression once missed. Of all these he must be thoroughly master, and yet the very well-spring of his excellence is a sensitive and passionate nature, not easily held in check, and apt to impel him beyond the limits of that reserve

which is essential for all artistic work.* Tact and taste must go hand in hand with passion. Neither is it from within only that disturbances may come. The finest actor is at the mercy of the blunders, or the stupid or vulgar incompetence of those with whom he may find himself on the scene. But not only must he not suffer himself to be put out by these, but he must manage to make his audience forget them also. And how is this to be done, unless, on the one hand, being 'of imagination all compact,' he can keep his own ideal unfailingly before him, and 'be the thing that he foresaw,' and unless, on the other hand, the repose of conscious strength have become habitual with him, and the art of graduation intuitive, so that he is able to adapt himself to all contingencies by modifying or varying the details of his impersonation without injury to its general effect?

If, then, there be truth in Milton's aphorism, that 'he who would write heroic poems must make his whole life a heroic poem,' it can be no less true that the actor who is to reach the summit of his art must feed his thoughts with 'fancies chaste and noble,' and live in an atmosphere of culture and refinement. 'If I am only a vulgar and ordinary woman,' says Clairon, 'during twenty of the four-and-twenty hours of the day, whatever effort I may make, I shall be only an ordinary or vulgar woman in Agrippina or Semiramis during the remaining four.' How imperative, then, is it that the Portia or Imogen, the Juliet or Desdemona of the stage should bear within herself the reflex of the qualities which diffuse an ideal charm around these pre-eminently attractive among Shakspeare's women. Intrinsic worth and nobleness, a reverent culture to higher than selfish ends of the 'gifts that God gives,' can alone flower on the stage, as elsewhere, into the perfections of the consummate artist. Given such a combination, with the requisite graces of person, and the result is what Cicero describes Roscius to have been, a man to be looked up to with the highest regard, and as an actor matchless.†

* 'Acting,' said Talma, 'is a complete paradox; we must possess the power of strong feeling, or we could never command and carry with us the sympathy of a mixed audience in a crowded theatre; but we must, at the same time, control our sensations on the stage, for their indulgence would enfeeble execution.'

† Quum artifex ejusmodi sit ut solus dignus videatur esse qui in scenâ spectetur; tum vir ejusmodi est ut solus dignus videatur qui eo non accedat. . . . Propter excellentem artem et venustatem videbatur omnino mori non debuisse.—*Oratio Pro Quintio*, c. 25.

The degrees of this excellence must, of necessity, be manifold; but something of it, we may be sure, has always existed in every actor or actress of eminence. They, like the poet, must have been 'of imagination all compact.' The details of their everyday life may have been prosaic and commonplace enough, or even equivocal—may not as much be said of innumerable great poets, painters, and musicians!—but when they stepped upon the stage their meaner self slipped from them, and the better something, 'the deep poetic voice' within them, which must otherwise have died unheard within their breasts, found a vent in the embodiment of characters in which wit, grace, refinement, vivacity, tenderness, humour, passion, dignity, or pathos were called into play. Of this view of actors and their vocation very little is heard in books, but much of the vanities, the vices, and the Bohemian habits, for which the contemptuous treatment of the art and its followers by the Church and by society during several centuries is, in a great measure, responsible. Scarron and Le Sage have made every one familiar with the seamy side of the actor's life of a former day. The terrible vigour of Churchill, of Hogarth, and of Crabbe have stamped in indelible colours the sordid incidents of the Stroller's life in days not far removed from our own. And even while modern opinion on this subject has become juster and more kindly, literary men have generally been more ready to seize on the grotesque or vulgar aspects of the actor's vocation than to portray the inner life and purpose of those by whom the stage has been conscientiously adopted as an art. For this no ordinary power of artistic sympathy would be required; while it is comparatively easy to dash in the amusing but coarse outlines of a Fotheringay or a Snivellici, a Crummels or a Folair. We recognise the truth of these sketches, just as we acknowledge the truth of Scott's Dick Tinto, or his Claude Halcro, as excellent examples of the ragged followers who hang on to the skirts of every gentle craft. But the same people who would never dream of accepting these as types of the painter or musician, will yet take their notions of what actors are from the caricatures of Thackeray and Dickens, without pausing to consider that Miss Bunion is not more unlike Mrs. Browning, or Poseidon Hicks more unlike the Laureate, than the players of 'Pendennis' and 'Nicholas Nickleby' must be unlike an Iffland or a Seydelmann, a Talma or a Macready, a Ristori or a Helen Faucit. Artists who, like these, have worked under a deep sense of the responsibility entailed upon them by

their gifts, who have 'moved through the vulgar and prosaic accompaniments of their *behind-the-scenes* existence,' as Mrs. Jameson eloquently said of Adelaide Kemble, 'without allowing it to trench on the poetry of their conceptions, and thrown themselves upon the sympathy of an excited and admiring public, without being the slave of its caprices,' have yet to find their adequate representatives in English works of fiction.

It is, as we have said, one of the difficulties of the great actor, that he is much at the mercy of his fellow players. If these be stupid or vulgar, though they cannot drag him down to their level, still they can thwart, and embarrass him at every turn, and make it difficult, if not impossible, for him to work out his intentions with complete effect. Actors of spurious celebrity may like to surround themselves with foils, in whose ignorance their 'skill may stick fiery off indeed.' '*Ma femme et cinq poupées*' has indeed been avowed to be the ideal of a company, and the principle is a favourite one both with bad actors and hand-to-mouth managers. But the genuine artist is never happier than when he is surrounded by ability. He rejoices in emulation with kindred genius; for, although, as Bacon has said, 'he that seeketh to be eminent amongst able men hath a great task,' nothing draws forth true power like collision with power equal or even greater. It was no more than natural for an ill-regulated genius like Edmund Kean, hungry only of applause and of money, to refuse to play side by side with Charles Young, feeling himself overshadowed by that accomplished actor's majestic deportment and sonorous utterance, and perhaps, more than all, by his thorough finish. But a true artist, with whom his art was paramount and self but a subordinate consideration, would rather have courted the opportunity to vie with him in honourable rivalry, as he would certainly have come out of the struggle with redoubled honour. Mind would have kindled with mind, and flashed out fresh beauties in the play of reciprocal emotion, while the audience would have been swept along in a current of two-fold force. It was so, we know, when, in the same play, Mrs. Siddons, her brothers John and Charles Kemble, and Charles Young were seen together.

One fine actor upon the stage amid a crowd of imbeciles is like an admirably painted figure in a group of daubs. Nay, his case is even worse. We may fix our eyes on the single figure, and shut them to the daubs. But we cannot do this in the theatre. For what is the divinest Juliet, if the Romeo under her balcony be a boor? or

what the most chivalrous Othello, if Desdemona be a dowdy? The greater the contrast, the more painfully is our attention called at every turning to their defects—the more surely is our imagination dragged down from the elevation which it would otherwise have kept. But if it be hard for us, the spectators, to believe in the illusion of the scene, when Romeo and Desdemona believe what is said of them by every look and movement and intonation, how much harder must it be, although people never think of this, for the Juliet or Othello of the hour, with such counterparts before them, to infuse the glow of imaginative passion into their impersonations? In truth, we can never see an actor or actress at their best, unless we see them well acted up to, and the whole characters of the play worked out in just harmony and due proportion. Imagine for the moment Mrs. Siddons with her grand manner, her noble voice and presence, by the side of any Macbeth of our present stage; or the distinction, the force, the exquisite finish of the elder Farren beside the slipshod feebleness of the new school! The broad emphatic style of these great artists will seem as much too highly pitched as that of the others will be unquestionably too low; and instead of a well balanced picture, we shall get one that is out of drawing, and harsh and dissonant in colour.

A general without soldiers, or soldiers without a general, are not indeed, more helpless than a great actor unsupported by efficient subordinates, or the rank and file of actors without first-class ability at their head. Accordingly, we find that great actors have, as a rule, been the nucleus of a cluster of able performers. Thus, Burbage's company, in Shakespeare's day, was a strong one. Betterton, again, was only the foremost in a company, which included, among others of note, his own wife, Mr. and Mrs. Monfort, Kynaston, Sandford, Mrs. Barry, and the charming Anne Bracegirdle; all of them, according to Cibber, 'original masters in their different style, and not mere auricular imitators of one another, which commonly is the highest merit of the middle rank.' It may well be doubted whether such a combination of talent has ever since been brought together in an English theatre. Nevertheless, Booth, Garrick, Henderson, the Kembles, Kean, Macready, were all fortunate in having around them a body of thoroughly trained actors, proud of their art, well versed in its traditions, and more or less accustomed to work together.

This was a state of things which very soon became impossible when the principles of free trade were applied to the drama, and

the privileges of the patent theatres were withdrawn. Abolish these, said the reformers, with that irrepressible logic which the facts of human nature so constantly belie, and you will raise the public taste; for then, instead of the sulphurous melodramas on which their audiences are now fed, the minor theatres will devote themselves to plays of a higher class. Abolish them, said the most distinguished veterans of the drama, and you will, before long, make the acting of tragedy and comedy impossible.* The actors were right, for of what avail was it to multiply theatres, and give them the right to perform the higher drama, unless you could also provide actors to keep pace with their demands? These are a commodity not to be turned out in any quantity to order. No amount of demand will produce a corresponding supply. Natural gifts and years of training must go to their production—and the only real training school is a theatre of good actors working together with a pride in their art, and under a system of intelligent discipline. But the change of system made the existence of such schools impossible; for how could such actors of ability and experience as then existed be kept together, when they were being continually bribed away by offers of increased salary and higher rank to the host of competitive theatres which soon afterwards sprang into existence? Companies became of necessity broken up, actors, who by time and practice might have been tutored into excellence, were ruined by being lifted into positions far beyond their powers, every player became a law to himself, the traditions of the art were lost, the discipline which distinguished the old theatres was broken down, and the performance of a comedy of character, or of a poetical play, as these used to be presented, became, as the elders of the craft had foretold, simply impossible.

* See 'Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Dramatic Literature,' presided over by Lord Lytton, then Mr. Edward Lytton-Bulwer, ordered to be printed 2nd August, 1832, where Charles Kemble, the elder Mathews, Bartley, and others, will be found in their evidence before the Committee to have predicted, with what events have since shown to be absolute accuracy, the decline of the character of dramatic representations certain to ensue from carrying out the abolition of the patent privileges which was then proposed. Such a step, says Mathews (p. 166) 'will in the course of a very short time *brutalise the regular drama*.' 'It is not increase of theatres,' says Charles Kemble (p. 55), 'that will give you an increase of fine actors. The qualifications of a fine actor are a gift that God gives, and they are not to be multiplied as theatres may be.'

It was natural that in this state of things scenic splendour should, as it did, take the place of careful acting, for the former can always be bought in the market to any extent. Shakspearian revivals, in which poet as well as actor were subordinated to the antiquary and the *costumier* helped still further to debase the public taste, and to drive to despair such actors as retained a lingering pride in their vocation; for they knew well that these revivals were aimed at the eyes and not at the souls of the audience, and that superior acting was neither desired by the manager, nor looked for by the public. But what could such devotees to their vocation do? There was no standard to which they could rally, no theatre in which taste, discipline, and a feeling for excellence reigned, and to a place in which they might aspire as the honourable reward of a laborious career. As a necessary consequence, there ceased, after a time, to be even a public to whom they could appeal; for people of culture would no longer attend the theatre, which, to them, had been a place of intellectual enjoyment, when it was given over either to mere spectacle, to imbecility raised by every device of puffing into an ephemeral distinction, or to buffoonery and the attractions of female forms, undraped with an eye to meretricious effect beyond the power even of a Lord Chamberlain to control. Thus it is, that the dramatic profession has become a body without leaders, without coherence, without purpose, living from hand to mouth, drifting from stage to stage, at the mercy of scrambling adventurers in management, declining day by day in tone and status, and vitiating and being vitiated by the coarse tastes of a vast public, intent only on being excited or amused for the moment upon any terms. Thus it is, too, that while Art in all other departments has flourished, and culture spread, we alone of the European nations are without that most important agent of civilisation,—a theatre, in which the glories of our older drama, or any new drama worthy of the name, can be adequately presented. The stages of the metropolitan theatres—and the same is true of the provinces—are, with only the rarest exceptions, given over to melodramas, in which the leading feature is some feat of apparently break-neck gymnastics; burlesques, in which poetry is dragged in the mire; and dramas of so-called real life, which are unconscious burlesques of a more amusing kind, but amusing only by their absurd defiance of every probability.

Dramatic art among us has, in this way, fallen for the time to the lowest ebb. But

is it therefore true, what is so often said, that we have no good actors, or that the public taste for the higher drama is dead? Assuredly not. Actors of the highest class we may not have. These are no more to be invoked at will than are 'spirits from the vasty deep.' But we have many of such ability as, under favourable conditions of discipline and co-operation, might grace a first-class theatre. And why are we to assume that there is no public for a refined drama? Is the love of the other arts less now than it has ever been? Has poetry a smaller or less sensitive public now than ever? Is the critical appreciation of genius less acute—the delight in its manifestations less intense or less widely diffused? Who will answer these questions in the affirmative? If this be so, why should we not believe that a good drama well acted would meet with an eager recognition like every thing else that is good in art? Look at the plays pretending to poetical merit, which delighted our ancestors within the last century. Would these endure the ordeal of a theatre filled with well-educated men and women of the present day? Or would they not at once be doomed to the oblivion into which they have justly fallen, as false to nature in their characters and plots and feeble and flaccid in their diction? But put before the same people a truly fine piece of dramatic workmanship, true to life and character, with a well-developed plot, with the weight of Sir Henry Taylor's thought in its verse, and the subtly dramatic suggestiveness of Browning in the framework of its dialogue; then let all this be brought out by intelligent acting, and it would be certain to meet with a response as sensitive as ever greeted a fine play at any period of our history.

But the actors are wanting that] could attract such an audience, and until we get the actors we shall not get the plays. For what writer capable of constructing a high-class play, more especially of a poetical cast, would entrust its fate to any of our metropolitan theatres? And if this be, as we know it to be, the feeling of men from whom such dramas might be hoped, can we wonder that the theatres are deserted by the very class to whom good plays well acted would be of all others the most acceptable—the men and women of high culture, for whom the intellectual recreation, which is nowhere to be found in such perfection as in a well-ordered theatre, would be of priceless value? That class was never so numerous as in the present day; and if such a theatre should arise, it would be against all experience of human nature to doubt that a public

would be found to fill it, and to fill it more fully and more steadily than any similar theatre ever was filled before. There is now a public for good art as well as for bad; a smaller public, but still a large one. Unhappily, bad art is in the ascendant in our theatres, and the best class of audiences has, as might have been expected, receded from them. Those who alone go there get what they want in that 'inexplicable dumb show and noise' which always attracts the multitude; and the careful acting, which 'holds the mirror up to nature,' is for the moment at a discount. The croakers have therefore the best of it for the time; but those who know anything of the history of the stage will not therefore lose 'the grave cheerfulness of a circumspect hope' that better things may be in store for us.

In the drama, as in politics, we are in one of those epochs of transition which are characteristic of a people that has made a vast and rapid development in numbers and in wealth, and among whom the old habits and relations of society are in the course of being broken up. But in point of taste and relish for what is good and refined, we are no whit behind those who have gone before us. Only good sense and good taste are, as they always must be, in a minority, and in one that is of course obscured by the surging and noisy majority, never bigger or louder than now, of the half-educated and the fools. Fine acting and fine plays were no strangers to the Roman stage in the days of Augustus, yet Horace had the same tale to tell of the popular taste:—

'Migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis ad oculos incertos, et gaudia vana.'

A troop of infant phenomena, 'an eyrie of young eyases,' in Shakspeare's days bore away the bell from such practised players as Burbage, Taylor, Lowin, and their fellows, just as in 1804 a pretty spouting school-boy, in the person of Master Betty, drew larger houses, and created a wilder enthusiasm than the genius and artistic skill of John Kemble and his distinguished sister ever did. On the English stage from D'Avenant's time till now, pantomime, ballet, and spectacle have always filled the manager's exchequer better and longer than the best actors, and they always will draw larger audiences than a company of even ideal excellence. They did so when our stage was at its best. They do so now, when they have it nearly all to themselves. Brains, with the multitude, have no chance against legs, nor the subtle gradations of a fine impersonation against the gorgeous splendours of processions and transformation scenes.

But if the multitude whom such things please be greater now than at any former time, so also is the number greater of those who possess literary culture and the love of what is best in art. Keeping this fact in view, it is well to remember, that there have been times before now when the prospects of the stage looked quite as unpromising. To demonstrate this fully would carry us too far; but one illustration may be given. In the second quarter of the last century, just before the period of our stage's greatest glory, a shrewd observer, whose conclusions are thoroughly borne out by facts, had only such things to say of it as the following. Thus, of the plays—*

'All our tragedies are filled with the flagrant crimes of Grecian, Roman, or Turkish tyrants, and our comedies very decently deck'd out with our own bold-face follies and nasty vices.'

The tragedians, moreover, he tells us, trusted to tiresome narration rather than to the force of action, or as Johnson expressed it a few years later, 'Declamation roar'd whilst passion slept;' and Mrs. Behn, who 'fairly puts all characters to bed,' was, it could easily be shown, very far from being the only one of the comic writers who made free use of such strong expedients for mirth.

The managers, of course, come in for a liberal dressing of sarcasm:—

'They don't consider a play as to its merits, the reputation it would bring to their art, or the pleasure or instruction it would give the town. . . . They are less solicitous about this true use of the stage to the world, and the dignity of their profession, than they are about filling their pockets in order to enable them to rake, and drink, and gamble, as if they had as much right to those vices as the first men of quality in the kingdom.'

Our forefathers were clearly rather worse off in this respect than ourselves; and if the scenic shows of those days were what we should call poor and mean, it was from no lack of will to give them prominence:—

'When the stage is crowded, the greatness of the show casts a mist, as it were, over the eyes of the spectators, and makes the thinnest plot appear full of business. Keep the stage filled thus, you'll instil life and spirit into the dulllest play; the passions will never flag, nor the action cool. I have known a tragedy succeed by the irresistible force of a squadron of Turkish turbans and scimeters, and another owe the whole of its merit to the graceful procession of a Mufti, and a tribe of priests. A

* See 'The Taste of the Town, or a Guide to all Publick Diversions,' London, 1781, a scarce and amusing volume, invaluable for the light it throws upon the taste and manners of the time.

poet who fights cunning will judiciously throw into every act a triumph, a wedding, a funeral, a christening, a feast, or some such spectacle, which must be managed by a multitude. Thus, by a well-disposed succession of crowds in every scene he lies, as it were, safe under cover from all criticism.'

The complaint of our author against the actors is, that having too great a variety of characters to play they cannot play them well. 'In acting to perfection as well as in writing,' he says 'a genius is required, and it is impossible for one person truly to form himself in so many different parts.' And we can scarcely wonder at his conclusion when the state of the metropolitan companies was such, that the Alexander or Drawcansir of to-night was the Romeo, or Sir Fopling Flutter, or Justice Shallow of to-morrow; or when Lady Macbeth laid down her dagger and crown, to become the next night 'the pert jilting chambermaid' of one of Farquhar's comedies. No such complaint can be alleged against our actors in these days. If they fail it is not from the too great variety, but from the absolute want of variety, in the parts for which they are cast. When a play runs, as plays are now made to do, for two or three hundred nights on end, the monotony of his work must either drive an actor of any sensibility mad, or sink him into irretrievable mannerism. The latter, whether happily or not may be doubted, is apparently the more common result.

The work we have cited was published in 1731, and only ten years later appeared David Garrick, to give practical disproof of the doctrine, that 'the genius for acting to perfection' is limited in its scope;—his very earliest performances having made it clear that a truly great actor of tragedy may, and probably will, be a great actor of comedy, even as Shakspeare had demonstrated the theory of Socrates to be true, that, 'the genius of comedy is the same as that of tragedy, and that the writer of tragedy ought to be a writer of comedy also.'* But he did what was of infinitely more importance; for by personal example, and by his skill and energy as manager of Drury Lane Theatre, he raised the dramatic art, and the ambition and status of its professors to a level previously unknown. He had himself, immense as was his popularity from the first, suffered from the shift and precarious life

which was inevitable where the metropolitan theatres were in the hands of men who cared nothing for art, and had no principle or purpose in management, but that of making money on any terms. For this state of things there was no cure but the practical one of a theatre conducted on a definite plan, and in which the best actors could be sure of a permanent home. 'It is for the interests of the best actors to be together,' wrote Garrick to Mrs. Pritchard's husband in 1747, when he entered upon his leasehold of Drury Lane; neither was it from any fault of his, if they were not kept together down to the close of his leasehold in 1776. He omitted no opportunity of securing for his theatre whatever, either in plays or actors, could best enable him to keep up the relish in the public for a vigorous intellectual drama. The better the play, the more certain was it of being worthily presented; for with such performers as Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Clive, Miss Pope, Miss Younge, Mrs. Abington, Barry, Mossop, Sheridan, Woodward, King, Smith, Shuter and Weston, not to mention a host of others of inferior ability, character, passion, pathos, poetry, humour, or wit, were more likely to gain than suffer in the rendering. What a scope was here for emulation of the best kind behind the curtain! What a school for taste to the audiences before it! Held together as these admirable artists were, moreover, by a man like Garrick, no less conspicuous for practical sense and a fine critical faculty than for genius as an actor, all that was best in them was brought out as it could never otherwise have been. In his own person he set before them the example of unwearied study in preparation, and scrupulous care in performance; and the same discipline which he imposed upon himself he enforced upon his company, by careful rehearsals and unwearied efforts to infuse into them the suggestions of his own intelligence and experience. Even performers of great name owed more of their success than their vanity admitted to what was done for them in this way by Garrick. As plain-speaking Kitty Clive wrote to him in 1776:—

'I have seen you with your magical hammer in your hand endeavouring to beat your ideas into the heads of creatures who had none of their own. . . . There are people now on the stage to whom you gave their consequence; they think themselves very great; now let them go on in their new parts, and they will soon convince the world what their genius is.'

* It will be remembered how the last thing remembered by Aristodemus, the narrator of the 'Symposium,' was Socrates insisting on this proposition to Aristophanes and Agathon, the rest of the party having been for some time, thanks to Agathon's wine, beyond the reach of argument.

However this might be, the public at least were the gainers. The system struck root.

Care in study, care in performance, acute and active intelligence brought to bear on the whole business of the scene, the contrast of varied styles of excellence, the constant endeavour to bring out by the best considered experiments in what is technically known as 'stage business' all the strength of good dramatic situations, begot a standard of excellence upon the stage of Garrick's theatre which reacted upon the public taste, and diffused its influence even to remote provincial stages. Nor was his personal character and intimate relations with the best society without a salutary influence upon the status of actors generally. Junius with his accustomed brutality might denounce him as a 'vagabond.' But public opinion no longer recognised the force of the epithet. The personal friend of Chatham, Camden, and the Archbishop of Canterbury might still by statute be a vagabond, but he was not therefore the less a gentleman. He had beaten down by the excellence of his private life, no less than by his genius, the narrow prejudice which had dealt with actors as people beyond the pale of good society; and what he began was made secure by many followers of the art in whom were found moral worth, well regulated lives, and 'all good grace to grace a gentleman.' In none were these more conspicuous than in the Kemble family, who so soon after Garrick's departure renewed, under a different phase, the splendours of the actor's art; and continued in the person of John Kemble, during his management first of Drury Lane and afterwards of Covent Garden, the system of discipline and the standard of prevailing excellence which Garrick had established.

Admirable as John Kemble was in his enthusiasm for his art, he committed, or more probably was forced by the undue size of Covent Garden Theatre into, the mistake of initiating those gorgeous scenic displays, which were immediately copied in a spirit of rivalry at Drury Lane, and which have done so much to degrade the stage as the home of art. So long as scenery and carefully dressed supernumeraries merely illustrate and relieve the action of the scene it is fit and proper that they should be of the best kind; but when these are carried to the point of 'shouldering aside the dramatic interest'—to use Sir W. Scott's happy phrase—the effect is disastrous. Disastrous in all ways,—disastrous to actors, disastrous to public taste, and, as ample experience has proved, disastrous to theatres themselves. Disastrous to actors, because they feel that they are little better than puppets in the spectacle,—disastrous to the taste of the public,

because their eyes and senses, not their brains and hearts, are appealed to; and disastrous to theatres, because the outlay involved can never be compensated. Sooner or later comes the inevitable failure, for 'the many-headed beast,' though gratified by ever increasing splendour of scenery and ever multiplying masses of richly attired processionists, gets sated in the end, and turns in disgust from the weary show. We seem to be nearing this stage at the present moment. Even those who formerly applauded what were mistakenly called Shakspearian revivals, have begun to think that it would be better if the carpenter and scene-painter were put into the back-ground, and theatres were forced to rely for attraction upon the development of character and passion; while the much more numerous class, who look to the theatre for intellectual stimulus and refreshment for wit, character, incident, and poetry, are crying aloud for the establishment of some theatre in the metropolis, where their desire may be gratified, and the languid hours that succeed to a day of hard work may be brightened by the combination of good literature with good acting.

The cry is a natural one—but how to meet it is a problem of no ordinary difficulty. What excellence existed in our theatres in bygone days was, as we have indicated, the slow growth of many years, and of circumstances abnormally happy in the fact of the great presiding minds at the head of the two great metropolitan theatres. It was more easy to dislocate and ultimately destroy the system under which that excellence flourished, than it can ever be to restore an equivalent for it. The schools for dramatic art are extinct, the traditions of the stage lost, and as these traditions were the results of the observation and experience of the ablest actors through many generations, this is a loss not lightly to be estimated, where the great dramas of our older literature are concerned.* Actors, moreover, are united by no common bond. There is no centre to which they can rally, no leader whom they would be content to follow and obey. A theatre is a venture too costly to be risked, upon the mere chance of finding a public sufficiently patient to bear with the shortcomings of

* It is well known, for example, that Betterton used to acknowledge his obligations to Taylor of the Blackfriars Company, and to the elder Lowin; the former of whom was instructed in the character of Hamlet, and the latter in that of Henry VIII. by Shakspeare himself. What Betterton thus learned was transmitted through an unbroken chain to Garrick and Barry, and helped to form their excellence and that of their successors.

such actors as might in the first instance be available for a higher class of drama, for the sake of the good intention shown in the plan on which it was conducted, and until the actors could be got into such excellent working order as might satisfy an educated and fastidious taste. Whoever enters, therefore, upon an enterprise of this sort, must be both content and able to wait. He must be of a spirit, moreover, not easily daunted, for his discouragements from within, as well as from without, will be neither few nor slight. Actors even in the days of discipline and subordination, were never easy to manage. Like other artists they are apt to be, by temperament, irritable, jealous, and capricious, and, as Sir W. Scott has well said in a letter to his friend Terry ('Lockhart's Life,' vol. vii. p. 371), 'Jealousy among them is signally active, because their very persons are brought into direct comparison, and from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot they are pitted by the public in express rivalry against each other.' So racked and tormented was Garrick by their jealousies and caprice, supplemented as they were, and always will be, by the unreason and caprice of audiences, that he said 'the plagues of management for one year are sufficient to expiate a whole life of sin.' These difficulties are not likely to be lighter now, when the internal discipline of theatres has all but disappeared; when, moreover, there is absolutely no standard of excellence to appeal to, and every third and fourth-rate declaimer, or buffoon, is struggling for a front place, and sees no reason why he should not have it. Position and prominence on the stage, as elsewhere, means money value, and in these days when even art among artists becomes subordinate to lust of gain, the theatre is not likely to be exempt from the prevailing vice.

And yet, if we are not to continue calmly under the shame of being without a theatre commensurate with the culture of the age some effort must be made to overcome these and the other practical difficulties which crowd upon the mind of whosoever is conversant with the condition of the theatrical world. What the other countries of Europe have done surely we can accomplish in England also. It is true, no doubt, that the superior tone and finish, which prevail in the best theatres of France and Germany, are due in a great measure to the fact that being, by reason of the state subventions, less dependent on the caprices of the public taste, they can afford to appeal to a higher culture than theatres which, like ours, must come to a stand-still unless they can attract the general public. Government assistance for any

theatre in this country is hopeless; neither is it to be desired, for it would be an injustice to the other theatres from which it was withheld. Some equivalent for it must, however, be found, and for this we may fairly look to that public spirit and private wealth by which so many admirable results are achieved among us. In a country so rich as ours the sum required would be a mere trifle, and it could undoubtedly be found without difficulty. But it is not desirable it should be found, unless the organisation of such a theatre as we point at were in other respects complete. The money would most probably be wanted, not in hard cash, but in the shape of a guarantee similar in principle to that under which our two great Exhibitions were constructed. And, on the supposition already put, this guarantee would in all likelihood no more require to be drawn upon in the one case than in the others.

The more perplexing problem, however, is the internal organisation; and first as to the actors. Scattered about among the theatres in the metropolis and provinces there are actors and actresses of experience and artistic feeling, who, for the chance of finding a home in a high class metropolitan theatre—where they were sure of being treated with the courtesy and consideration due to the members of a liberal profession—would, no doubt, be content to make present sacrifices both in income and in nominal position. If these were brought together for the purpose of playing pure drama, where they could be assured of a permanent position as the result of proved ability and conscientious industry, and subjected to a distinct code of rules as to precedence, and to a stringent discipline as to rehearsals and performance, similar to those which prevail in the *Comédie Française*, the foundation would, at all events, be laid for that system of co-operation on which, much more than actual genius in the actors themselves, the charm rests of the performances at that theatre. We should get rid, under this state of things, of the ignorance, the slovenliness, the vulgarity, the want of harmony and proportion, with which our stage is too familiar. Each would do his best, not only for himself, but for the general effect. Care and thought would be felt throughout, and a general level of excellence be achieved, which would sustain the illusion and gratify the taste. In time, doubtless, higher merits would be developed. Genius would arise, and be of necessity attracted to a theatre of this stamp. Acting would be dealt with as an art by its professors, an art for the study of which, as Barton Booth said, the longest life is too short: and in the end audiences would also learn to appre-

ciate this truth, and bring the force of intelligent criticism to bear upon the performers. The theatre would then become to the spectators, as it ought to be, not merely the pastime of an idle hour, but a place of study, a whetstone of the imagination and the sympathies, a revealer of the secret springs of character and emotion, and of the subtler beauties of our finest poetry. They would learn at the same time to appreciate the niceties and the difficulties of histrionic art, and by their knowledge be enabled to stimulate merit, and rebuke defect or carelessness, instead of encouraging, as audiences too often do at present, whatever is most false in conception, and meretricious in style. Good actors will not exist without intelligent audiences; and if things are bad upon the stage it is quite as often the audience as the actors who are to blame.

But assuming, as may fairly be done, that a theatre and actors such as we have indicated may both be found, still they will be found to no purpose, unless at the same time some presiding spirit can be found to take the command of both, and to exercise it with forethought and firmness. Herein as it seems to us, lies the crucial difficulty; for it is obvious that, for the manager of such an establishment, a combination is required of such qualities as must at all times be hard to find. An actor he must not be, nor allied to actors, for he must be neither liable to the temptations of personal vanity, nor open to the suspicion of partiality. With a Garrick, a Kemble, or a Macready in the field this requisite might be dispensed with, but even in their case, the fact that they were actors was a positive drawback to them as managers. With any actor of less pre-eminent power, the condition should be absolute. But, though not an actor he must be a good judge of acting, for on him the selection and discipline of the troops with which he has to conduct his campaign must rest. A man of broad and catholic literary taste he must also be,—not wedded to one form of the drama, but open to recognise the real merits of all which deal with actual life and character, as well as with the higher spiritual life and reality of poetical conception. He must be able to cater for all tastes, so that only they are pure and healthy. Artistic feeling for beauty, symmetry, and proportion should be instinctive with him, to enable him to decide on just that amount of scenic illustration, and fullness of *mise en scène* which should set off, but not encroach upon, the actor's work. He should also be conspicuous for *savoir-faire*, and force of character, for he has to govern men and women, sensitive in tem-

perament, and jealous of their position, who will never surrender their own whims and vanities except to a determined will, wise-timed tact, and acknowledged purity of intention. Practical business habits will be no less essential to establish the completeness of organisation, and to control the ever-recurring proclivity to waste, always predominant enough in every sphere, but never more so than in a theatre.

For these and other minor qualities, on which it is unnecessary to dilate, it would be idle to seek among any theatrical managers of the present day. Of them it may be said, as a race, that their only aim is to fill their theatre at the smallest cost, without regard to the quality of the attraction. They will follow any vicious public taste, but have no ambition to correct or elevate it. As to any settled policy—either as to the actors they enlist, or the class of pieces they produce, this, except in the rarest instances, is never dreamed of. Where a different system has prevailed, and good pieces carefully acted and placed upon the stage have been the rule, as in the case of the *Prince of Wales's Theatre*, the best results have followed. Actors, audience, and manager have all gained, and this to an extent which justifies the warmest hopes for any theatre, where the same rule shall be applied upon a wider scale, and with a higher aim. There, the effort has been proportioned to the available means. The plays are good of their kind, the actors equal to the arena they have to work in, and the tasks committed to their care, and the harmonious and agreeable effect which results delights a not too exacting audience, and fills the manager's exchequer. Apply the same methods on a higher scale, and there can be no question that similar results will ensue. Act Shakspeare, for example, in such a way, that the audience shall, as Shakspeare expected them to do, 'work their thoughts' to eke out the inevitable imperfections of all scenic representation:—do not make the poet's work a mere vehicle for the scene-painter's and costumier's art, and drown all imaginative sympathy in the confusion and noise of elaborate scenery and awkward supernumeraries—let intellect and imagination have full play, and keep mere physical stimulus in the background, and even Shakspeare will 'not spell ruin,' which managers, who have no idea of Shakspeare or of any other writer above the level of a Boucicault or a Halliday, are so fond of telling the world that he does. Presented as they present him, how should he spell anything but ruin? Without one actor or actress who knows the value of a blank

verse line, not to speak of their inability to form the feeblest conception of a Prospero, or a Miranda, a Constance, or a King John—what but failure must ensue on an attempt to embody in the grossest material forms, and with the clumsiest emphasis, the subtlest spirit of the finest poetry?

Such a manager as we aim at, will follow no such impracticable course. He will proportion his ends to his means, and never commit the absurdity of producing the plays of Shakspeare or of any other first-class dramatist until he is sure of artists equal to the task, or at least in thorough sympathy with it. Below this line a whole world of excellent dramas exists, or may be created, for which the necessary gifts in actor or actress either exist, or may very readily be cultivated. Higher work will come in time; if the conditions for its development can only be established and permanently maintained. The dramatic instinct will not die out of men, as long as the race survives. The dignity of the actor's art was never more sure of a recognition from the public, than it is at this moment. Make it in its practical exercise,—and this is now merely a question of the internal arrangement of theatres, and of theatrical management—a vocation which men and women of education and pure habits can pursue without forfeiture of self-respect, and the ranks of the profession will speedily be recruited by persons of ability and character, who would in time drive into their fitting obscurity the incapacity and unseemly impudence which disgrace so many of our stages. But there is, we are assured, only one way of doing this, and it is by giving our artists a fit arena for the exercise of their art in a theatre where the artistic spirit reigns, and where intelligence and high principle are at the head of affairs. Let such a theatre be once firmly established, and there need be no fear that England will yet be as famous for her acted, as she is for her written drama.

But everything, as we have said, will and must depend on the governing mind which shall undertake the office of controlling and directing such a theatre as we have indicated. To find it must be difficult; impossible, we cannot believe. The first step towards supplying a want is to recognise it. Let this be fairly seen and understood, and we feel confident that those, who are now agitating to remove from us the reproach of a degraded stage, will find some one who may combine, if not all, at least most of the essential qualities for the task. But there must be no division of responsibility, no limitation of his power, no interference by

committees of consultation or of any other kind. These can lead only to jobbing, to confusion, to vacillation and ultimate failure. The principle of a limited monarchy is as inapplicable to the administration of a theatre as that of a republic. It is like a great family, or a great army, where the central authority must be absolute, and the only safeguard is the decisive action of an intelligent despot. Without such a head the complicated machine will inevitably fall out of gear. But invest the leader with full powers, and he will be unfit indeed for his place if he cannot select wisely his own staff for either counsel or action.

ART. II.—*The Works of John Hookham Frere in Verse and Prose, now first collected, with a Prefatory Memoir, by his Nephews, W. E. and Sir Bartle Frere.*
2 vols. 8vo. London, 1872.

MR. JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE may be regarded as a type of a remarkable class of men, of whom we have hardly any representatives in the present day. Of ancient lineage, a fine classical scholar, well read in English literature, with a keen and polished wit, and early brought into Parliament and official life, he combined a practical knowledge of the world with that love of letters and refinement which distinguished the statesmen of the last generation. His literary abilities were of the highest order. He was one of the chief writers in the 'Anti-Jacobin'; his poem of *Whistlecraft* was the model upon which Lord Byron framed 'Beppo' and 'Don Juan'; and his translation of the plays of Aristophanes is a real work of genius, being, perhaps, the most perfect representation of any ancient poet in a modern language. He was the friend of Pitt and Canning; and the high estimation in which he was held by Scott, Byron, Coleridge, and his other illustrious contemporaries, appears from the *Memoirs* and literature of the period, in which his name constantly occurs. But to the present generation he is comparatively unknown. To this several causes have contributed. During the last twenty-five years of his life he lived in retirement at Malta. He was never ambitious of literary fame; he cared only for the appreciation of cultivated judges; and his circumstances dispensed with the necessity of appealing to the favour of the multitude. Most of his works were privately printed, and were difficult and almost im-

possible to procure, while others had never been printed at all. Under these circumstances we congratulate his nephews Mr. W. E. Frere and Sir Bartle Frere, upon the good service they have rendered to literature, by making a complete collection of the works of their uncle. They have prefixed an interesting biography, which will enable us to present to our readers a sketch of Mr. Frere's public and private life, with a brief account of his principal writings.* We do this the more willingly, as Mr. Frere was one of the distinguished men who co-operated with the late Mr. Murray in establishing the 'Quarterly Review.'

John Hookham Frere was born in London on the 21st of May, 1769, the year which witnessed the birth of Napoleon and Wellington. Both his father and mother possessed rare intellectual gifts. His father, John Frere, a country gentleman of an old family settled in the eastern counties for many generations, lived on his estate of Roydon Hall, near Diss, in Norfolk. He had contended with Paley for the honours of Senior Wrangler in 1763, and was placed second in the list. He was High Sheriff of Suffolk in 1776, when he composed a High Tory sermon, which his chaplain preached for the edification of a Whig judge. It was pronounced to be 'an excellent sermon, much better than judges usually got from High Sheriff's Chaplains.' Mr. John Frere represented Norwich in 1799; but he did not neglect literature or science. 'He was an active member of the Royal Society and of the principal scientific and antiquarian associations in London, and occasionally contributed a paper to their transactions, or to the "Gentleman's Magazine," then the usual vehicle for publishing the less formal and elaborate class of scientific or literary compositions.'

Mr. Frere's mother was the only child of Mr. John Hookham, a rich London merchant. 'Her own reading in early life had been directed by Mr. William Stevens, the intimate friend of Bishop Horne, and of Jones of Nayland, a ripe Greek and Hebrew scholar, and one of the most learned laymen of his day. The catalogue of books which he drew up for the young heiress, and which she seems, from her note-book, to have carefully read and studied, would probably astonish the promoters of modern ladies' colleges by the ponderous, though varied, nature of the

reading prescribed embracing almost every branch of what an erudite and pious High Churchman of Johnson's days would consider sound divinity and history; in French, as well as in English literature.'

To the talents which Mr. Frere inherited from both parents there was added an influence which is always most interesting to trace—the influence of a high-minded and accomplished woman. Such was Lady Fenn, his father's surviving sister, and the widow of Sir John Fenn, editor of the 'Paston Letters.' As the authoress of 'Cobwebs to catch Flies,' under the name of 'Mrs. Love-child,' Lady Fenn shares with Mrs. Barbauld and Mrs. Trimmer the honour of founding that species of fiction for children which was perfected by Miss Edgeworth. In the conversations of his later years, Mr. Frere described this type of a class to be revered the more as it becomes rarer:—

'It is difficult to give any one nowadays an idea of the kind of awe which, in my boyhood, a learned old lady like her inspired, down in the country, not only in us her nephews and nieces, and in those of her own age and rank who could understand her intellectual superiority, but even in the common people around her. I remember one day, coming from a visit to her, I stopped to learn what some village boys outside her gate were wrangling about—they were disputing whether the nation had any reason to be afraid of an invasion by Buonaparte, and one of the disputants said, with a conscious air of superior knowledge—"I tell ye, ye don't know what a terrible fellow he is: why, he don't care for nobody! If he was to come here to Dereham, he wouldn't care that," snapping his fingers; "no! not even for Lady Fenn, there!"'

In his sixteenth year Frere went from an excellent preparatory school to Eton. His descriptions of the dignified authority of Dr. Davies are valuable as a record of one of the strongest traditions of our public schools. The boys watched with jealous pride the bearing of their Head-master on the frequent visits of George III. and the good-natured king used to humour the pedagogue in magnifying his office; like Charles II. and Busby. At Eton, Frere formed a life-long friendship with Canning, 'for whom he cherished a love and admiration, which absence never diminished, and neither age nor death itself could dull.' He joined Canning and a few other Etonians of their own standing in starting 'The Microcosm,' a title admirably expressive of the miniature world of a public school,—the papers in which gave a clear promise of the striking literary ability which its principal writers afterwards displayed. Mr. Hookham Frere was fond of reverting to his school-boy days, and we are

* We learn from the Preface that we are indebted to Mr. W. E. Frere for the collection and preparation for the press of his uncle's works, and to Sir Bartle Frere for the biographical sketch prefixed to them.

indebted to Sir Bartle for some interesting reminiscences of this period of his uncle's life. Talking of a barring out at the school, when eighty boys, and among them Mr. Arthur Wellesley afterwards the Duke of Wellington, were flogged, he said :—

‘No one who has not seen it can estimate the good Eton does in teaching the little boys of great men that they have superiors. It is quite as difficult and as important to teach this to the great bankers’ and squires’ boys, as to dukes’ sons, and I know no place where this was done so effectually as at Eton. Neither rank nor money had any consideration there compared with that which was paid to age, ability, and standing in the school.’

With these recollections, says his biographer, he was not unnaturally disposed to question the wisdom of the plans, which, even thirty years ago, were sometimes propounded for making fundamental changes in the system and subjects of teaching in our public schools.

“It was not,” he maintained, “of so much importance what you learnt at school, as how you learnt it. At school a boy’s business is not simply or mainly to gain knowledge, but to learn how to gain it. If he learns his own place in the world, and, in a practical fashion, his duty towards other boys, and to his superiors as well as to his inferiors; if he acquires the apparatus for obtaining and storing knowledge and some judgment as to what kind of knowledge is worth obtaining, his time at school has not been misspent, even if he carries away a very scanty store of actual facts in history, or literature, or physical science. If, in his school-boy days, you cram his head with such facts beyond what are merely elementary, you are very apt to addle his brains, and to make a little prig or pedant of him, incapable, from self-conceit, of much further progress afterwards. Nor can any boy carry from school any great number of facts which will really be useful to him, when he comes in after life to make those branches of knowledge his special study, because they are all, but especially the physical sciences, progressive, and the best ascertained facts, as well as theories, of to-day, may be obsolete and discredited ten years hence. You find many learned men who have been great students and experimentalists, and even discoverers, in very early youth; but the number of facts worth remembering, which they accumulated in boyhood, always bears a very small proportion to what they have learnt after leaving school, and in early manhood.”

‘For these and similar reasons, he held that no physical science, nor even history nor literature, taught as separate branches of knowledge, could ever be efficient substitutes for classics and mathematics, at our public schools and universities, by way of mental training, to fit a boy to educate himself in after life: classics as forming style, and giving a man

power to use his own language correctly in writing and speaking, and even in thinking; and mathematics as the best training for reasoning and as a necessary foundation for the accurate study of physics and natural philosophy.’

These remarks deserve the attention of all interested in education, as the testimony of one who spoke from his own experience of the system which formed men like Canning and himself. It is true that, as is usual with earnest protests against prevalent errors, especially when thrown out in conversation, they are one-sided; but they are on the side which needs in the present day vigorous and unwavering defence. Their one-sidedness consists in the implied assumption that the intellectual discipline given by classical and mathematical studies can only be secured by the neglect of physical knowledge. This is not the place to enter on the wide question, to which the discussions going on around us must give occasion to return. We have lately argued in favour of the introduction of physical science into our public schools; and we believe that time can be found for all that is needful in this way, provided only that such studies be put in their proper relation to those which train the mind in abstract reasoning, in the principles and use of language, and in familiarity with the creative minds and heroic deeds of other times—the knowledge which places the individual man in contact with the life of humanity from the beginning of the world. This can only be done by giving the highest place—we stay not now to argue whether the first in order of time, nor in what proportion to other studies—to that knowledge of Antiquity, of which the key is found alone in the languages and literature of Rome, and, above all, of Greece.

It will be observed that Mr. Frere does not argue for *merely elementary knowledge*; but against ‘*cramming a school-boy’s head with actual facts*’ in history, or literature, or physical science beyond what are merely elementary.’ His great principle is that if intellectual power is cultivated, it will make its own acquisitions in after life—and make them equally from any field to which duty may direct, or to which natural genius may guide. And, we venture to add, though some may deem it paradoxical, that the very absence of forced cultivation at school is often likely to give that natural genius freer scope. It has happened to us to contrast our own experience of recreation found from school-work in literature, science, and general knowledge, with the distaste for such pursuits in boys of the present generation, to whom all these things are school-work,

and therefore repulsive out of school. The fruits of Eton training in boys like Canning and Frere are to be seen in such a work as the 'Microcosm;' not so much in its literary merit—high as that is—but in the self-acquired general knowledge to which its contents bear witness, and in the mental energy which prompted them to put forth their powers in such work at the critical age of seventeen or eighteen.

Of course Mr. Frere's very humiliating disclosure of Mr. Canning's awful ignorance of the fact that tadpoles turn to frogs will be made the most of, in defiance of his warning, 'Now, don't you go and tell that story of Canning to the next fool you meet. Canning could rule, and did rule, a great and civilised nation; but in these days people are apt to fancy that any one who does not know the natural history of frogs must be an imbecile in the treatment of men.' We will venture to say, in passing, that such a knowledge of the 'Frogs' of Aristophanes as bore the fruit of Mr. Frere's translations, was of infinitely greater value to a statesman than a little fact of natural history which he could learn from anybody any day; but the two things have no necessary contrast. But there is another sort of self-instruction which we can imagine, because we see its results in the volumes before us. We can imagine two boys, of noble presence and with features lighted up by the flashes of genius, at the age when the fruits of early training begin to ripen, and when the mind yearning to be about its appointed business bursts the bonds of systems, whether good or bad, turning the one to its own profit and casting off the other:—we can imagine such boys walking in the meadows between the lordly pile of Windsor and the scholastic halls of Eton; and, heedless alike of the croaking of frogs or the wriggling of tadpoles, discoursing of what they should do to emulate the poets, heroes, and patriots, with whose words and deeds their daily studies had imbued their minds:—we can imagine them reading together or reciting the choice portions of our own literature stored in their memories by an admiration the more loving as such learning was no school-task:—and then from this happy union of the old and new, from spontaneous genius disciplined by the best examples, we see them prompted irresistibly to prune their own feathers for a first flight in the pages of the 'Microcosm.' Those pages furnish an ample answer to the silly assumption that a training in Greek and Latin leads to ignorance of, or indifference to, our own literature. In parts only of Frere's five papers, written at the age of seventeen or eighteen, we find—besides

marks of a wide 'general knowledge'—proofs of a familiar acquaintance with Chaucer, Gawain Douglas, and Caxton, with Spenser and Shakspeare, More and Bacon, Milton and Dryden, and (among the lesser lights) Blackmore and Ossian; with Norse Sagas, Scotch and Irish antiquities, and North American Indians. And, what is infinitely better, we find a strange maturity of thought, and a perfect power of writing that English which had no special place in the writer's education. If we are told that all Eton boys are not Cannings and Freres, we have only to repeat that we are not now arguing the whole question of education, but presenting that side of it which is illustrated by men like Frere and Canning, and in a lesser degree by thousands who share their spirit, though falling short of their gifts. It may be interesting to add that the 'Microcosm' was published in forty weekly numbers, between the 6th of November, 1786, and the 30th of July, 1787, when, at the Long Vacation, its cessation was ingeniously explained by an account of the death-bed of its imaginary editor, 'Mr. Gregory Griffin.' Among the contributors was Robert ('Bobus') Smith (the brother of Sydney Smith), of whose powers we learn from Mr. Frere, as from other sources, that his schoolfellows formed the highest opinion.

Frere's contributions to the 'Microcosm' already indicated his great critical power; and about the same time he proved the poetic genius, which has placed him at the very head of English translators. Here too his knowledge of the brilliant fragments of the Greek lyric poets—of which the elegant imitations by Horace are but the shadow of a shade—prove how far his classical reading went beyond school routine. His exquisite 'Lament of Danaë,' from Simonides, is perhaps generally known; but his version of a fragment of Alcæus may be referred to as breathing the patriotism which thus early inspired his poetry.

The two friends were separated for a time, on leaving Eton; when Canning went to Oxford, and Mr. Frere to Caius College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow. His Latin Essay, which gained the Members' Prize in 1792, is interesting for its clever speculations on a question to which eighty years have given such a brilliant answer—'An morum emendationem et virtutis cultum in nascenti Sinu Botanici republicâ sperari liceat'—and for the proofs it contains of the influence of Adam Smith, on whose opening of the road to Free Trade the young Tory pronounces a warm eulogy. On leaving the University in 1795, Mr. Frere entered public life in the Foreign Office

under Lord Grenville, and in the following year he was returned to Parliament, as member for the close borough of West Looe in Cornwall. In our reformed House of Commons, a young man, situated as Mr. Frere was, can only hope to enter it by playing the demagogue and pandering to the tastes of some radical constituency. But, being independent, Mr. Frere was able to follow his honest convictions by supporting Mr. Pitt. 'His attachment to Mr. Pitt,' says his biographer, 'was a much warmer personal feeling than that which the haughty character of his chief inspired in most of his political adherents; but it was discriminating and enduring; and when the generation of public men, to which they both belonged, had passed away from active political life, and the events, which had so passionately convulsed Europe in his youth, had become matters of history half a century old, Mr. Frere, who never lost any of his keen interest in the political events of the day, would still maintain that Pitt understood the spirit and force of the French Revolution, as well as the genius and wants of modern English political life, more clearly than any, either of his contemporaries or immediate successors in his own party, and was a greater and more far-seeing statesman than any of his rivals or opponents.' Indeed the testimony borne in Mr. Frere's conversations to the principles and motives of Pitt is scarcely less important than what is said of Canning. He amply confirms what is now scarcely disputed, the extreme reluctance with which Pitt was drawn into the war of 1793; and he sets in the clearest light the great statesman's motives for leaving Mr. Addington to make the Peace of Amiens, reserving himself unfettered for the inevitable renewal of the war. But it is more interesting to learn how steadily Pitt kept in view, throughout the long struggle, the hope of resuming those great measures of financial and commercial reform which had been the glory of his administration from 1783 to 1788. How many who boast of the Commercial Treaty with France of 1860 think of that of 1787? It was as the man likely to carry on this very work that Pitt designated Canning to be his political heir; and it is high time to proclaim the fact, that the work was actually resumed after the war by Mr. Huskisson in the Tory Government of the Duke of Wellington.

'I feel inclined,' said Mr. Frere, in 1844, 'to be angry sometimes when I hear what I know were some of Pitt's early schemes, which he, and Canning after him, hoped to carry out whenever they had an opportunity, spoken of by the Whigs as if they were the rightful

inheritance of the Whig party, and as if every one else who took them up was poaching on Whig preserves.' . . . 'I see very little in the real Reforms of late years which Pitt would not have anticipated, had time and opportunity permitted; and he is often most unjustly judged because he couldn't tell people why he was obliged to postpone his own convictions to the exigencies of the day, or to the opposition of a master like George III., or of some colleague who, in other respects, was indispensable.

His account of the relations between Pitt, the King, and the Old Tories is very interesting. In answer to a question whether George III. had not a great personal regard for Pitt, he said,

'Latterly he had, but certainly not at first. It was a choice between him and Fox, and the King inclined to Pitt as the less obnoxious of the two. Pitt's name was best known, in his early days, as an advocate for Parliamentary reform. I remember when I was a boy hearing two High Tories of the old school, at my father's house, talking about Pitt when he first became Prime Minister; they said: "He is a thorn in our side; but one must sometimes stick to a bramble to save one from a fall into something worse." The old Tories at first had very little confidence in him. I recollect they were all in great delight, when the church at Wimbledon, where Pitt lived, was to be repaired, because he sent a hundred pounds, as his subscription, with a request "that it might be laid out on the steeple, in order that the church might not look like a meeting-house." The old Tories began then to think that there was really some hope of him after that!'

Mr. Frere repelled with warmth the charge of Pitt's supposed frigidity of disposition.

'No one who really knew Pitt intimately would have called him cold. A man who is Prime Minister at twenty-six cannot carry his heart on his sleeve and be "Hail, fellow! well met" with every Jack, Tom, and Harry. Pitt's manner by nature, as well as by habit and necessity, was in public always dignified, reserved, and imperious; but he had very warm feelings, and, had it not been for the obligations of the official position, which lay on him almost throughout his whole life, I believe he might have had nearly as many personal friends as Fox.'

On Mr. Frere's settling in London his intercourse with Canning was renewed on the intimate footing of their school-boy days at Eton. Some severe strictures have been passed upon Canning for entering public life under Pitt, as if he had been guilty of an unworthy change of principles; but Mr. Frere remarked when the conversation once turned upon this subject:—

'Nothing was more natural or less needing explanation than Canning's early adhesion to

Pitt. As schoolboys, while I was, by association, a Tory, and, by inclination, a Pittite, Canning, by family connexion and association, was a Whig, or rather a Foxite. This was I believe, almost the only point on which our boyish opinions in those days very materially differed; but it did not prevent our being great friends, and I am sure that a young man of Canning's views and feelings, entering Parliament at such a time, could not long have been kept in opposition to Pitt. Canning's uncle and guardian was a Whig, and at his house Canning met most of the leaders of the Whigs, and they were not slow in recognising his ability, and tried to attach him to their party. It showed Canning's sagacity as well as his high spirit and confidence in himself that he determined to take his own line, and judge for himself. When I went to see him at Oxford he showed me a letter he had received from Mrs. C—, whose husband was a great Whig leader. It enclosed a note from the Duke of Portland, offering to bring Canning into Parliament. The offer was a very tempting one to so young a man. But Canning refused it, and he told me his reason. 'I think,' he said, 'there must be a split. The Duke will go over to Pitt, and I will go over in no man's train. If I join Pitt, I will go by myself.'

Canning afterwards came into Parliament for one of what were called 'Bob Smith's boroughs.' Dundas used often to sup with Pitt, after the House rose, and one night took Canning with him. On the next morning Canning came to Frere, before he was out of bed, and, after telling him where he had been supping the night before, added 'I am quite sure I have them both;' and 'I did not wonder at it,' remarked Mr. Frere, 'for with his humour and fancy it was impossible to resist him.' The intimacy thus formed soon ripened into friendship. 'Canning's love for Pitt was quite filial, and Pitt's feeling for him was more that of a father than a mere political leader.'

'Some years after,' says Mr. Frere, 'when Canning was going to be married, Pitt felt as keenly about the affair as if Pitt had nothing else to think of, and Canning had been his only child. It was a good match for Canning in a worldly point of view, for his own fortune was not adequate to the political position Pitt would have liked him to hold. Pitt not only took a personal interest in the match himself, but he made old Dundas think almost as much about it, as if it had been some important party combination.'

In connection with this marriage Mr. Frere related the following anecdote:—

"I was to be best man, and Pitt, Canning, and Mr. Leigh, who was to read the service, dined with me before the marriage, which was to take place in Brook-street. We had a coach to drive there, and as we went through that narrow part, near what was then Swallow-street, a fellow drew up against the wall, to

avoid being run over, and peering into the coach, recognised Pitt, and saw Mr. Leigh, who was in full canonicals, sitting opposite to him. The fellow exclaimed, 'What, Billy Pitt! and with a parson too!' I said, 'He thinks you are going to Tyburn to be hanged privately,' which was rather impudent of me; but Pitt was too much absorbed, I believe, in thinking of the marriage, to be angry. After the ceremony, he was so nervous that he could not sign as witness, and Canning whispered to me to sign without waiting for him.'

In 1797 Mr. Frere joined Mr. Canning, George Ellis and others of the younger members of their party in bringing out the 'Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner.' The first number appeared on the 20th of November, with a notice that it would be 'continued every Monday during the sitting of Parliament,' and the last number was issued at the close of the Session on the 9th of July, 1798. It was edited by Gifford; among the contributors were Mr. Jenkinson (Lord Liverpool) and Lord Mornington (Marquess Wellesley); and Mr. Pitt himself is said to have attended one of the meetings of the editors, and to have written a paper on Finance in one of the early numbers. For the first plan of the publication was serious; but the current of events and public feeling bore the three chief writers irresistibly into the direction fittest for their genius.

The 'Anti-Jacobin' has suffered the fate of many a famous work, which is talked about without being known, and criticised apart from the circumstances which gave it birth and character. People are content to laugh over some of its most hackneyed pieces with ever fresh amusement, or to shake their heads with the grave superiority of professional critics, and pronounce the catch-words—'mere parody'—'no original thoughts'—'*Punch* as good every week.' But the 'Anti-Jacobin' is neither to be judged by scraps, nor from the point of view of 1872 instead of 1798. The whole (for we may leave the lesser contributors out of sight) is the harmonious work of three ardent minds, working with a definite purpose, and on a joint plan, which made it difficult in later years to distinguish their separate shares in several of the pieces. And the purpose and style of the work arose naturally out of the political crisis of that time. It was 1797-8, not 1789-90. The first enthusiasm, which had greeted the bold stroke of the French people for freedom, had quickly yielded to the eloquence of Burke and the more resistless torrent of the events which whelmed France in anarchy and plunged England into war. The course of that war had united the British nation in a struggle of patriotism; and the minority

were, with very little discrimination, suspected or detested as sympathisers or accomplices in the great Republican propaganda against the throne and altar, against the peace of all nations and especially of England. It was the moment when the threats of the Directory were most insulting, and the machinations of the Corresponding Societies most active; when Hoche was proclaiming to the army of invasion 'England is the richest country in the world—and we give it up to you to be plundered;' when the Bank had suspended cash payments, and the glory of St. Vincent had been eclipsed by the mutinies at Spithead and the Nore; and when Ireland was on the verge of open rebellion. Burke had just died, after protesting against all compromise in his 'Letters on a Regicide Peace;' and the Opposition leaders had seceded from Parliament after the loss of Mr. Grey's Reform Bill. The contest of serious argument was suspended for the time; and the English people were in no humour—as happily they seldom are—to regard the preaching of republicanism as anything short of an attempt to disturb the very centre of gravity on which our whole constitution has been deliberately poised. The young champions, who offered themselves eagerly for the cause of loyalty and patriotism, viewed the republican minority as a hydra, whose heads, though severed by the keen edge of argument and eloquence, kept springing up afresh; and they betook themselves to cauterise the enemy's life-blood with the burning-irons of ridicule and sarcasm. This was the way to secure a hearing and to win the sympathy of the people; as was already proved by the caricatures of Gillray, now at the height of his success. If ridicule is not the test of truth, it is the detector of humbug—a critical re-agent for separating unseen error and precipitating it in its real colours.

The writers who were roughly classed as Jacobins—with what justice or discrimination it is now superfluous to discuss—themselves suggested the direction of the attack by the puerile theories and sickly sentimentalisms which they uttered in such outlandish guise as Southey's *Dactyls* and *Sapphics*, and those uncouth *Hexameters*, which Byron characterised in words applicable to all similar imitations,—

'He stuck fast in the first Hexameter
Not one of all whose *gouty feet* would stir.'

Here we must observe, in passing, that the ludicrous swing of the so-called *Sapphics* of the famous 'Needy Knife-grinder' (the joint production of Canning and Frere) was pur-

posely adopted from 'the *absurdity* of the metre' in Southey's original:—

'Cold was the night wind; drifting fast the
snows fell;
Wide were the downs and shelterless and
naked:
When a poor wanderer struggled on her journey,
Weary and way-sore.'

Were ever lines more provocative of parody?*

The poetry of the 'Anti-Jacobin' is not truly described as 'mere parody.' It is far more than an empty echo of the original, more than an amusing travesty, written for sound or for fun: it gives another version of the sense—or of the lurking nonsense—and that with a set and serious purpose. It is ridicule as well as parody, in the true spirit of the Aristophanic comedy. Its classic tone and allusions appealed to the educated classes, in whose hands the government then was; and its very want of adaptation to an age of household suffrage and penny papers is a testimony to its power at its own time. Of the very first poem—one of those which would perhaps find least sympathy in the present day—Sir Bartle Frere observes:—

'The shafts of ridicule told with still greater effect on the more impressible classes, and helped to keep in the ministerial fold many a young literary adventurer or sober dissenter, whose poetical or religious feelings might have been touched by such appeals as Southey's visions of a millennial reign of liberty, or by his description of the beauties of nature, from enjoying which the regicide was debarred.'

The final test of merit is the fact that many of these imitations have surpassed and survived the originals, as Sir George Cornwall Lewis observed of the admirable satire on Erasmus Darwin's poems in the 'Loves of the Triangles' by Canning and Frere. Those who read the poem for themselves

* It is surely high time that our schools dropped the 'absurd' perversion which is but a corruption of the rhythm of Horace's least happy imitations. Of the true rhythm of the noble Sapphic *Hymn* we offer a faint but fairly exact rendering:—

'Throned in splendour, life-giving 'Aphrodite,
Child of Jove, thou weaver of wiles, I pray thee,
Not with anguish, nor with distress, to conquer,

Lady, my spirit.'

The places of the *stronger* and *weaker accents* may be open to some doubt. As an example of Horace's better form, we may take

Mercuri facunde, nepos Atlantis.

may judge whether some passages have not the merit of anticipating modern Darwinism and other cosmogonic theories. Meanwhile we may call attention to a note in which an explanation is given of 'the genesis or original formation of SPACE itself, in the same manner in which Dr. Darwin has traced the whole of the organised creation to his six FILAMENTS.' The writers add:—

'SPACE being thus obtained, and presenting a suitable NIDUS, or receptacle for the generation of CHAOTIC MATTER, an immense deposit of it would gradually be accumulated; after which, the FILAMENT of *fire* being produced in the chaotic mass, by an *idiosyncrasy*, or self-formed habit analogous to fermentation, *explosion* would take place; *suns* would be shot from the central chaos; *planets* from *suns*; and *satellites* from *planets*. In this state of things the FILAMENT of *organization* would begin to exert itself in those independent masses which, in proportion to their bulk, exposed the greatest surface to the action of *light* and *heat*. This FILAMENT, after an infinite series of ages, would begin to *ramify*, and its viviparous offspring would diversify their forms and habits, so as to accommodate themselves to the various *incunabula* which Nature had prepared for them. Upon this view of things it seems highly probable that the first effort of Nature terminated in the production of VEGETABLES, and that these being abandoned to their own *energies*, by degrees detached themselves from the surface of the earth, and supplied themselves with wings or feet, according as their different propensities determined them in favour of aerial or terrestrial existence. Others, by an inherent disposition to society and civilization, and by a stronger effort of *tolition*, would become MEN. These, in time, would restrict themselves to the use of their *hind feet*: their *tails* would gradually rub off, by sitting in their caves or huts as soon as they arrived at a domesticated state; they would invent *language* and the use of *fire*, with our present and hitherto imperfect system of *society*. In the meanwhile, the *Fuci* and *Alga*, with the *Corallines* and *Madrepores*, would transform themselves into *fish*, and would gradually populate all the submarine portion of the globe.

The concluding description of the advent of the guillotine and the execution of Pitt is in the finest vein of mock-heroic poetry:—

'Ye Sylphs of DEATH! on demon pinions fit
Where the tall *Guillotine* is raised for PITT:
To the poised plank tie fast the monster's back,
Close the nice slider, ope the expectant sack;
Then twitch, with fairy hands, the frolic pin—
Down falls the impatient axe with deafening
din;
The liberated head rolls off below,
And simpering FREEDOM hails the happy blow!'

Not less admirable is the description of the young Jacobins, who find their counterpart

in the young Republicans of the present day:—

'Tell of *what wood young JACOBINS are made*,
How the skill'd gardener grafts with nicest
rule
The *slip* of coxcomb on the *stock* of fool—
Forth in bright blossom bursts the tender
sprig,
A thing to wonder at, perhaps a *Whig*:
Should tell, how wise each new-fledged pedant
prates
Of weightiest matters, grave distractions
states—
How rules of policy, and public good,
In Saxon times were rightly understood;
That kings are proper, *may* be useful things,
But then, some gentlemen object to kings;
How in all times the minister's to blame;
How British liberty's an empty name;
Till each fair burgh, numerically free,
Shall choose its members by the *Rule of
Three*.'

German mysticism and enthusiasm come in for their share of ridicule in 'The Rovers,' an admirable parody of Schiller's 'Robbers,' which, we repeat, can only be judged of as a whole. It was the joint production of Canning, Frere, and Ellis. Canning's inimitable dungeon-song of Rogero ending—

'Sun, moon, and thou vain world adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in:
Here doomed to starve on water gruel,
never shall I see the U-
niversity of Gottingen—
niversity of Gottingen—'

is probably familiar to our readers; and to Frere belongs the merit of the well-known scene between Matilda and Cecilia:—

'*Mat.* Madam, you seem to have had an unpleasant journey, if I may judge from the dust on your riding-habit.

Cec. The way was dusty, madam, but the weather was delightful. It recalled to me those blissful moments when the rays of desire first vibrated through my soul.

Mat. (aside.) Thank Heaven! I have at last found a heart which is in unison with my own—*(To Cecilia)*—Yes, I understand you—the first pulsation of sentiment—the silver tones upon the yet unsounded harp. . . .

Cec. The dawn of life—when this blossom—*(putting her hand upon her heart)* first expanded its petals to the penetrating dart of love!

Mat. Yes—the time—the golden time, when the first beams of the morning meet and embrace one another!—The blooming blue upon the yet unplucked plum! . . .

Cec. Your countenance grows animated, my dear madam.

Mat. And yours too is glowing with illumination.

Cec. I had long been looking out for a congenial spirit!—my heart was withered—but the beams of yours have re-kindled it.

Mat. A sudden thought strikes me—Let us swear an eternal friendship.

Cec. Let us agree to live together!

Mat. (with rapidity and earnestness). Willingly.

Cec. Let us embrace. [They embrace.]

Frere also was the sole author of the imaginary reports of the 'Meetings of the Friends of Freedom' in which the speeches of Fox, Erskine, and the other great opposition orators are parodied with inimitable felicity. Nothing can surpass the flavour of the imitation of Erskine:—

'MR. ERSKINE concluded by recapitulating, in a strain of agonizing and impressive eloquence, the several more prominent heads of his speech:—He had been a soldier and a sailor, and had a son at Winchester School—he had been called by special retainers during the summer into many different and distant parts of the country—travelling chiefly in post-chaises. He felt himself called upon to declare that his poor faculties were at the service of his country—of the free and enlightened part of it at least.—He stood here as a man.—He stood in the eye, indeed, in the hand of God—to whom (in the presence of the company and waiters) he solemnly appealed.—He was of noble, perhaps royal blood—he had a house at Hampstead—was convinced of the necessity of a thorough and radical Reform—his pamphlets had gone through thirty editions—skipping alternately the odd and even numbers—he loved the Constitution, to which he would cling and grapple—and he was clothed with the infirmities of man's nature—he would apply to the present French rulers (particularly BARRAS and REWBELL) the words of the poet:—

"Be to their faults a little blind,
Be to their virtues very kind,
Let all their ways be unconfined
And clasp the padlock on their mind!"

And for these reasons, thanking the gentlemen who had done him the honour to drink his health, he should propose "MERLIN, the late Minister of Justice, and Trial by Jury!"

The 'PROGRESS OF MAN' is a satire upon 'Free Love':—

'Learn hence, each Nymph, whose free aspiring mind
Europe's cold laws, and colder customs bind—
O! learn, what Nature's genial laws decree—
What Otaheite is, let Britain be!
Of WHIST or CRIBBAGE mark th' amusing game—
The PARTNERS changing, but the sport the same.
Else would the gamester's anxious ardour cool,
Dull every deal, and stagnant every pool.
Yet must *one* move, with one *unceasing* Wife,
Play the LONG RUBBER of connubial life.'

The 'NEW MORALITY,' of which we have still many missionaries and preachers, comes in for its share of ridicule:—

'First, stern PHILANTHROPY: not she who dries

The orphan's tears, and wipes the widow's eyes;

Not she who, sainted Charity her guide,
Of British bounty pours the annual tide:—
But French Philanthropy;—whose boundless mind

Glows with the general love of all mankind;—
Philanthropy,—beneath whose baneful sway
Each patriot passion sinks, and dies away.'

Next comes a gentler virtue,—'SWEET SENSIBILITY':—

'Taught her to mete by rules her feelings strong,

False by degrees, and delicately wrong;
For the crushed beetle first,—the widowed dove,

And all the warbled sorrows of the grove;
Next for poor suffering *guilt*; and last of all,
For parents, friends, a king and country's fall.'

The same poem contains Canning's celebrated panegyric on Burke:—

'O large of soul, of genius unconfined,
Born to delight, instruct, and mend mankind—
BURKE! in whose breast a Roman ardour glow'd:

Whose copious tongue with Grecian richness flow'd;

Well hast thou found (if such thy country's doom)

A timely refuge in the sheltering tomb!'

We cannot find space for the amusing account of the mission of the Savans to the East (in allusion to the French expedition to Egypt), and must conclude our quotations with the list of passengers on board the 'Navis Stultifera,' who were secretly 'withdrawn from the British public without being so much as missed or inquired after':—

'There was SHUCKBOROUGH, the wonderful mathematician;—

And DARWIN, the poet, the sage, and physician;

There was BEDDOES, and BRUIN, and GODWIN, whose trust is

He may part with his work on *Political Justice*

To some Iman or Bonze, or Judaical Rabbin;
So with huge quarto volumes he piles up the cabin.

There was great DR. PARR, whom we style *Bellendenus*,

The Doctor and I have a hammock between us—

Tho' 'tis rather unpleasant thus crowding together,

On account of the motion and heat of the weather.'

As to the cessation of the 'Anti-Jacobin' we are told:—

'It has been asserted that the publication was at last discontinued at Pitt's direct in-

stance, from an apprehension not, under the circumstances, at all unreasonable, that the satirical spirit to which so much of the success of the Anti-Jacobin was due, might in the long run prove a less manageable and discriminating ally than a party leader would desire.'

In fact the work was, from its very nature, strictly occasional, and would have lost all point and savour by an attempt to prolong it; for its one definite purpose distinguishes it completely from the comic periodicals of our day. We have abstained from discussing the justice of the satire of the 'Anti-Jacobin' as a question now out of date; nor indeed ought the spirit of satire and caricature to be tested by the laws of solemn controversy. But this much may be said, that its weapons were as polished as they were keen, and its sarcasm never degenerated into spite. It is pleasant to know that Frere lived to be the warm and kind friend of Southey and Coleridge.

The cessation of the 'Anti-Jacobin' marks the end of the first of the three periods into which Mr. Frere's life was clearly divided. On the second period of his political and diplomatic service it is not our purpose here to dwell. In 1799 he succeeded Canning, who was removed to the Board of Trade as Under-Secretary of State in the Foreign Office. Like his friend in the celebrated poetical despatch about the Dutch Customs, Frere relieved the dryness of official work by at least one poetical epistle. Being ordered by Lord Grenville to direct Lord Minto to refund an unauthorised payment by Mr. Stratton for a snuff-box, which had been presented by the British Ambassador to some foreign diplomatist in violation of the Treasury Regulations, he conveyed the reproof in the following lines:—

'DRAFT TO LORD MINTO.

My Lord, when I open'd your letter,
I confess I was perfectly stunn'd;
But I find myself now something better,
Since I'm ordered to bid you *refund*.

'Tis a very bad scrape you've got into,
Which your friends must all wish you had
ahunn'd
Says Lord Grenville, "Prepare to Lord Minto
Despatches to bid him *refund*."

"Mr. Hammond, who smiles at your cunning,
On the subject amusingly punn'd;
Says he, "They're so proud of their funning,
'Twill be pleasant to see them *refunn'd*."

As for Stratton, he ought for his sin, to
Be sent to some wild Sunderbund.
But we'll pardon him still, if Lord Minto
Will instantly make him *refund*.

Believe me, I don't mean to hurt you,
But if you'd avoid being dunn'd,
Of necessity making a virtue,
With the best grace you can, you'll *refund*.

Let the Snuff-box belong to Lord Minto;
But as for the five hundred *pund*,*
I'll be judged by Almeida or Pinto,
If his Chancery must not *refund*.

POSTSCRIPT.

There are letters from India which mention,
Occurrences at Roh-il-cund;
But I'll not distract your attention,
Lest I make you forget to *refund*.

Lord Carlisle's new play is the Story
Of Tancred, and fair Sigismund,
Our last news is the taking of Gorée,
But our best is, that you must *refund*.'

Space compels us reluctantly to abstain from citing examples of his affectionate spirit and irrepressible humour in the familiar letters of this period.

In 1800 he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Portugal, and in the following year was transferred to Spain, where he remained as Minister nearly two years. He was again sent to Spain in the same capacity in 1808, but was recalled in the following year, upon the failure of Sir John Moore's expedition. A great clamour was raised against the Envoy in England, and upon him the public and the press attempted to throw a share of the discredit attending the disastrous issue of our first Peninsular campaign. His biographer vindicates at some length Mr. Frere's conduct throughout these transactions, but it would be foreign to our present purpose to enter into a discussion of this subject. Suffice it to say that Mr. Frere and his friends felt that he had been unjustly treated; and accordingly when it was proposed to send him as Ambassador to St. Petersburg, and, twice in after years, to raise him to the peerage, he declined both offers.

The third period of Mr. Frere's life, from 1809 to his death, was spent in the enjoyment of his taste for literature, and in the dignified social pleasures of which he was the life and the centre. On his return to England he took up his residence at his country-house at Roydon, his father having died in 1807. A letter written by a lady who was staying at Roydon in 1813 describes him as 'a very odd creature, but very good and very entertaining;' getting up early in the morning to teach two little nephews grammar, taking one still smaller a walk, during which he completed teaching him his letters, and 'spending an hour after dinner

* Scotch pro 'pound.'—J. H. F.

in reading to them the ballad of William of Cloudesley, which delighted them very much.' But 'his favourite pursuits and early friendships all conspired to draw him to the capital. In London society his polished wit and playful fancy—his varied learning and great power of conversation, joined to the easy courtesy of a travelled English gentleman of the old school, made him everywhere a welcome guest.' He was, in fact, one of the most popular men in the brilliant literary society of that period. But he, or rather the future generations whom he might have amused and instructed, paid the penalty of this elegant social life.

It is much to be regretted that Mr. Frere wrote so little. His extreme fastidiousness and, we fear we must add, his constitutional indolence, disinclined him to the labour of the pen, and, as his biographer observes:—

'The most characteristic and valuable results of his reading and thinking were lost in every day use; what little remains owes its preservation to contemporary friends, and the care of their biographers, who have noted a few of the sayings and anecdotes which survived in the memory of his companions long after Mr. Frere had ceased to be among them. Such are the anecdotes preserved by Moore.

'At one time he is pleased with Frere's comparison of O'Connell's eloquence to the "aerial potato," described by Darwin in his *Phytologia*, and with his severe criticism on Erskine's verses, "The muses and graces will just make a jury." Another time he refers to "Frere's beautiful saying that 'next to an old friend, the best thing is an old enemy,'" and again he relates how "Madame de — having said in her intense style, 'I should like to be married in English, in a language in which vows are so faithfully kept,' some one asked Frere 'What language, I wonder, was she married in?' 'Broken English, I suppose,' answered Frere."

'A saying attributed to him, that he loved Spain "as a country in which God had so much land in his own holding," has the true tone of his humour about it.'*

Judging by his existing remains, in prose and verse, he would have excelled in almost any species of composition. He took part, as we have already said, in the foundation of this Review; and Sir Walter Scott, in his long and interesting letter to Mr. Gifford in 1808, discussing the prospects of the new periodical, and the persons whom they might secure as contributors, writes—"In Mr. Frere we have the hopes of a potent ally." But, though he took a warm interest in the success of the Review, he wrote only one article in it,—a critique of Mitchell's *Translations of Aristophanes*, which appeared in

1820,* and of which we have to speak presently. On other occasions Scott bore the warmest testimony to Frere's powers. One of Frere's earliest literary efforts was a 'Metrical Version of an Ode on Athelstan's Victory,' originally published in Ellis's 'Specimens of Ancient English Poetry.' Scott, writing in 1830, says that this is the only poem he has met with in his researches into these matters 'which, if it had been produced as ancient, could not have been detected on internal evidence.' It was written by Frere, when an Eton schoolboy, during the controversy occasioned by the poems attributed to Rowley, and was intended as an imitation of the style and language of the fourteenth century. At an earlier period, Scott had expressed the same opinion in a letter to Ellis (1804):—"Frere is so perfect a master of the ancient style of composition, that I would rather have his suffrage than that of a whole synod of your vulgar antiquaries."† In another letter to Ellis (1806), having subsequently made the acquaintance of Frere, he says:—"I met with your friend, Mr. Canning, in town, and claimed his acquaintance as a friend of yours, and had my claim allowed; also Mr. Frere,—both delightful companions, far too good for politics, and for winning and losing places. When I say I was more pleased with their society than I thought had been possible on so short an acquaintance, I pay them a very trifling compliment, and myself a very great one."‡

In 1808 Southey writes to Scott: 'I saw Frere in London, and he has promised to let me print his translations from the "*Poema del Cid*." They are admirably done. Indeed, I never saw anything so difficult to do, and done so excellently, except your supplement to *Sir Tristrem*.' Some of these translations appeared in Southey's '*Chronicle of the Cid*,' and deserve all the praise which Southey bestowed upon them; but others are now printed for the first time by his nephews. A specimen of them will be given further on (see p. 27).

As an original poet, Mr. Frere is best known by his '*Monks and Giants*,' which bore the pseudonym of Whistlecraft as its author. The first part was published by Mr. Murray in 1817 as 'the prospectus and specimen of an intended national work by William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stowmarket, in Suffolk, harness and collar makers, intended to comprise the most interesting

* Sir H. Holland's '*Recollections of Past Life*,' p. 273.

* See '*Quarterly Review*,' vol. xxiii. p. 474, seq.

† Lockhart's '*Life of Scott*,' vol. ii. p. 207, Ed. 1869.

‡ Lockhart's '*Life of Scott*,' vol. ii., p. 312.

particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table.' A second part appeared along with the first in the following year, with the title of the 'Monks and Giants.' In the subject of the poem Mr. Frere anticipated Mr. Tennyson's Idylls, but the metre he adopted, and his mode of treatment of the subject, were very different.

'In this *jeu d'esprit*,' observes his biographer, 'Mr. Frere introduced into English poetry the octave stanza of Pulci, Berni, and Casti, which has since been completely naturalized in our tongue. Men of letters were not slow to recognize the service thus rendered to English literature; and Italian scholars, especially, were delighted to see one of the most beautiful of their favourite metres successfully adopted in a language so different from the dialect in which it was first used. Its value was immediately recognized by Byron. He wrote to Murray, from Venice, in October, 1817, announcing "Beppo," and said, "I have written a poem of eighty-four octave stanzas, humorous, in or after the excellent manner of Whistlecraft (whom I take to be Frere)." And ten days later, "Mr. Whistlecraft has no greater admirer than myself. I have written a story in eighty-nine stanzas, in imitation of him, called 'Beppo.'" A few months later (March 26th, 1818), again writing to Murray of "Beppo," he says, "The style is not English, it is Italian:—Berni is the original of *all*; Whistlecraft was my immediate model."

'Mr. William Stewart Rose, himself one of the most elegant Italian scholars of the past generation, addressed Mr. Frere two years afterwards as—

"O thou that hast revived in magic rhyme
That lubber race, and turn'd them out, to
turney
And love after their way; in after time
To be acknowledged for our British Berni;
Oh send thy giants forth to good men's
feasts,
Keep them not close."

The humour and versification as well as the poetical beauty of many passages were appreciated by men of taste and letters, but the poem never achieved the popularity that might have been expected. As the work is now almost forgotten, we subjoin one extract, which will convey some idea of its style, and probably induce our readers to turn to the poem itself. The cause of the quarrel between the monks and the giants is thus described:—

'In castles and in courts Ambition dwells,
But not in castles or in courts alone;
She breathed a wish, throughout those sacred
cells,
For bells of larger size, and louder tone;
Giants abominate the sound of bells,
And soon the fierce antipathy was shown,
The tinkling and the jingling, and the clanging,
Roused their irrational gigantic anger.

Unhappy mortals! ever blind to fate!

Unhappy Monks! you see no danger nigh;
Exulting in their sound and size and weight,
From morn till noon the merry peal you
ply:

The belfry rocks, your bosoms are elate,
Your spirits with the ropes and pulleys fly;
Tired, but transported, panting, pulling, hauling,
Ramping and stamping, overjoy'd and bawling.

Meanwhile the solemn mountains that surrounded

The silent valley where the convent lay,
With tintinnabular uproar were astounded,
When the first peal burst forth at break of day:

Feeling their granite ears severely wounded,
They scarce knew what to think or what to say;

And (though large mountains commonly conceal
Their sentiments, dissembling what they feel,

Yet) Cader-Gibbrish from his cloudy throne
To huge Loblommon gave an intimation
Of this strange rumour, with an awful tone,
Thundering his deep surprise and indignation;

The lesser hills, in language of their own,
Discussed the topic by reverberation;
Discoursing with their echoes all day long,
Their only conversation was "ding-dong."

Those giant-mountains inwardly were moved,
But never made an outward change of place:
Not so the mountain-giants—(as behoved
A more alert and locomotive race),
Hearing a clatter which they disapproved,
They ran straight forward to besiege the place

With a discordant universal yell,
Like house-dogs howling at a dinner-bell.'

Mr. Frere's reasons for not continuing the work, which he had promised to do, were given by him at a later period (1844) in conversation with a friend.

'"You cannot go on joking with people who won't be joked with. Most people who read it at the time it was published, would not take the work in any merely humorous sense; they would imagine that it was some political satire, and went on hunting for a political meaning; so I thought it was no use offering my jokes to people who would not understand them. Even Mackintosh once said to me, "Mr. Frere, I have had the pleasure of reading your "Monks and Giants" twice over"—and then he paused; I saw what was in his mind, and could not help replying with a very mysterious look, "And you could not discover its political meaning?"' Mackintosh said, "Well, indeed, I could not make out the allegory;" to which I answered, still looking very mysterious, "Well, I thought you would not."'

In connection with this poem, Sir Bartle

relates an amusing anecdote illustrative of his uncle's frequent absence of mind, of which his friends told many stories. Mr. Frere was married in September, 1816, to the Dowager Countess of Erroll, and on his marriage day called upon Mr. Murray to propose the publication of his 'Monks and Giants.'

'It is related that the late Mr. John Murray having for once relaxed his usual rule never to ask an author to read or recite in the sanctum in Albemarle Street, got so interested in some verses which Mr. Frere was repeating and commenting on, that his dinner hour was at hand. He asked Mr. Frere to dine with him, and continue the discussion; but the latter, startled to find it was so late, excused himself on the plea that "he had been married that morning, and had already overstayed the time when he had promised Lady Erroll to be ready for their journey into the country."'

Another story of his absence of mind rests on the authority of Lady Erroll herself:—

'Mr. Frere had just been introduced to her at an evening party, and offered to hand her down stairs and procure some refreshment; but getting much interested in conversation by the way, became so engrossed in the train of thought he was pursuing, that he drank himself a glass of negus that he had procured for her, and then offered his arm to help her upstairs without any idea of their not having achieved the errand on which they came; and was only reminded of his mistake by her laughing remonstrance with him on his forgetfulness of her existence. "This," she added, "convinced me that my new acquaintance was, at any rate, very different from most of the young men around us!"'

Mr. Frere settled at Malta in 1821 in consequence of the failing health of Lady Erroll, and there he passed the remaining twenty-five years of his life. As in the first stage of his life he was a type of the best style of youth trained by an English public school, so in this third stage he may be viewed as representing the happy and graceful leisure of the finished English gentleman, diffusing 'light and sweetness' among his friends, and producing work the more perfect and precious as it was done to satisfy his own refined taste, not for fame or money. Visitors to his elegant retreat bear witness to the vast extent and variety of the knowledge which he was constantly improving. We find him at one time 'immersed in Hebrew,' at another writing to England for profound theological works, and again throwing out subtle criticisms on the traces of Phœnician civilisation in the islands of the Mediterranean.

His chief anxiety was the failing health of

his wife, whom he tended with the most affectionate care. In 1825 he paid a short visit to England. On this occasion we are told that, while staying with his brother, he 'took his night's rest chiefly by sleeping early in the evening, from seven till eleven, and that then he awoke, and entertained his brother and nieces by repeating verses which he had translated or composed, till two o'clock in the morning, which did not prevent his rising early next day.'

The unexpected death of Canning, in 1827, affected him deeply. 'The depth of his unselfish fraternal affection for Mr. Canning was apparent even to comparative strangers whenever, during the many years for which he survived his friend, Canning's name was mentioned.' He naturally resented the conduct of the Tories, who deserted Canning upon the formation of his Government, and thus hastened his death. He attributed this desertion to their feeling of jealousy of Canning's great ability.

'It was the same kind of feeling,' said Mr. Frere, 'with which Pitt often had to contend. I remember old W——, the father of the present old Lord, a fine specimen of a thorough-going old country Tory, coming to call on my father to tell him that Pitt was out of office, and that Addington had formed a Ministry. He went through all the members of the new Cabinet, and rubbing his hands at the end, with an evident sense of relief, said, "Well, thank God, we have at last got a Ministry without one of those confounded men of genius in it."'

The death of his dearest friend was followed a few years afterwards by that of his wife (1831), which was a terrible blow to him. He tried to find distraction from his grief in literary pursuits, and especially by prosecuting with renewed diligence his translations of Aristophanes, which now formed his chief occupation, and of which we shall speak more at length presently. In November of the same year he had the melancholy pleasure of welcoming to Malta his old friend Sir Walter Scott, who had a paralytic seizure in the preceding April.

Mrs. Davy, who has left us some interesting memorials of Scott's stay in that island, says:—"On joining us in the drawing-room after dinner, Sir Walter was very animated, spoke much of Mr. Frere, and of his remarkable success, when quite a boy, in the translation of a Saxon ballad. This led him to ballads in general, and he gravely lamented his friend Mr. Frere's heresy in not esteeming highly enough that of "Hardyknute." He admitted that it was not a veritable old ballad, but "just old enough," and a noble imitation of the best style. In

speaking of Mr. Frere's translations, he repeated a pretty long passage from his version of one of the "Romances of the Cid," and seemed to enjoy a spirited charge of the knights therein described as much as he could have done in his best days, placing his walking-stick in rest like a lance, to "suit the action to the word."

The following is the passage in the poem of the 'Cid' to which Scott alludes:—

'Their shields before their breasts, forth at once they go,
Their lances in the rest levell'd fair and low :
Their banners and their crests waving in a row,
Their heads all stooping down toward the saddle bow.
The Cid was in the midst, his shout was heard afar,
"I am Ruy Diaz, the Champion of Bivar ;
Strike amongst them, gentlemen, for sweet mercy's sake !"
There where Bermuez fought, amidst the foe they brake,
Three hundred banner'd knights, it was a gallant show :
Three hundred Moors they kill'd, a man with every blow ;
When they wheel'd and turn'd, as many more lay slain,
You might see them raise their lances and level them again.
There you might see the breastplates, how they were cleft in twain,
And many a Moorish shield lie shatter'd on the plain.
The pennons that were white mark'd with a crimson stain,
The horses running wild whose riders had been slain.
The Christians call upon Saint James, the Moors upon Mahound,
There were thirteen hundred of them slain on a little spot of ground.'

In 1836 Mr. Frere made the acquaintance of Mr. (afterwards Sir) George Cornewall Lewis, who came to Malta as one of the Commissioners appointed by Lord Melbourne's Government to examine into the state of public affairs in the island. Although Mr. Lewis was then barely thirty, Mr. Frere formed the highest opinion of him. 'Lewis,' he said, 'is one of the very few really learned Englishmen I have met with of late years, and his fairness is as remarkable as his learning. It is a great pity he is such a desperate Whig; but I think, if we could have kept him in Malta a little longer, we might have made a very decent Tory of him.'

After Lady Erroll's death, many of his friends had hoped that he would have returned to England; but he seems to have acted wisely in making Malta his permanent home.

'If in Malta,' observes his biographer, 'he was cut off from the literary and political society of London, he would on the other hand, had he returned to England, have missed from the circle of his early associates most of the friends of his youth and manhood whose society he valued. In the perfect quiet and uninterrupted leisure of his life at Malta, he enjoyed to an extent rarely attainable elsewhere, that intellectual communion with the great authors of other times and countries which has been so often described as the privilege and consolation of scholars in their old age; and he lived, among a simple and grateful people, a life of singular ease and dignity, rendered conspicuously useful by his large-hearted liberality and intelligent benevolence.'

An interesting picture of his life at Malta is given by a friend, who stayed some time with him during the later period of his life:—

'The customs of the house are luxurious. Nobody is visible before eleven or twelve, at which hours a sort of breakfast goes forward, which you may or may not attend. Before this, coffee is brought, if you wish, to your bedroom; and if you are disposed for an early walk, there is the garden with its pleasant alleys and trellised paths, or if you prefer the sea, it flows clear and bright before the very doors. Between eleven and seven people do what they please. Mr. Frere is reading or writing in his own apartment. At seven dinner goes forward. Covers are laid for a table full, and usually some privileged and pleasant guests drop in. The charm of the party is the master of the house, who, though infirm in body, is not materially injured in mind or memory, and receives all with a fine old-fashioned courtesy that puts all at their ease. Other visitors come in the evening, usually good talkers, and the conversation becomes general. Mr. Frere, however, sees few strangers. After coffee comes a drive in the cool evening, perhaps from ten to midnight or even later, when the air is delightful.'

Sir Bartle Frere, who passed some weeks under his uncle's roof in 1834 and 1845, has preserved many of Mr. Frere's remarks upon politics, literature, and the current topics of the day. Take, for instance, his remarks on the danger of entrusting executive power to an assembly too exclusively composed of what are called 'practical men.' No warning is more needed in the present day than that uttered in the first sentence:—

"They are apt," he said, "to undervalue or ignore the teachings of history, and always distrust any suggestion of that foresight which requires somewhat of the poetical faculty and imagination. If the 'practical men' who were always inveighing against the war had had their way, Wellington would have been recalled, and Spain delivered over to France in 1810. The instinct of the English nation was

right, as it often is, without knowing why; but comparatively few men, in or out of Parliament, really understood why it was certain that in the long run the Spaniards must succeed if they persevered, and why it was wise and safe for England to support them to the utmost. The greater part of the Whigs shut their eyes to the fact that the cause of the Spaniards was really the cause of national freedom and liberty. They were so charmed with the Revolution for destroying absolute monarchy, that they continued to worship it, after it had, as violent revolutions generally do, erected another and a worse tyranny."

With all his reverence for ancient uninterrupted usage, he had little sympathy with the revival of forms long obsolete.

'Commenting on some innovations in music and vestments which had troubled an Anglican congregation in the See of Gibraltar, he said in reply to the argument that the change was justified by the custom in Edward the Sixth's time,—“But if I were to appear at church in the costume of Queen Elizabeth's time, would the clergyman consider it a sufficient justification for my disturbing the gravity of the congregation that I could prove the dress to be in strict accordance with the usages and sumptuary laws of three hundred years back!”'

Still less sympathy had he with the custom of discussing the gravest questions of theology as subjects of merely ordinary table-talk.

'He complained that he sometimes found it difficult to evade such discussion, or to turn the conversation. One very enthusiastic lady, who had repeatedly pressed him for his opinions on purgatory, declared, sitting next him at dinner, that she *must* know what he thought on the subject. “I told her,” he said, “that I really knew very little about it, except what I had learned from the church in the Floriana, which I pass on my way into Valetta. The church, you remember, is surrounded with groups of figures carved in stone, and rising out of stone flames, and I told her that, if the reality were at all like that, I was clearly of opinion that the flames were necessary for the decent clothing of the figures. After that she managed to talk about something else.”'

He took a very gloomy view of the political future.

'He viewed with alarm the growing tendency of statesmen of all parties to follow, instead of aspiring to lead and direct, public opinion—a tendency which he foresaw must often transfer the initiation of great measures from the wisest and best informed to those who were simply discontented with the existing order of things. He especially disliked the new name under which the broken ranks of the Tories had been rallied after the Reform Bill. “Why do you talk of Conservatives?” he asked; “a Conservative is only a Tory who is ashamed of himself.”'

Mr. Frere's chief literary occupation in Malta was, as we have already said, the translation of Aristophanes. He translated five plays in all:—‘The Acharnians,’ ‘The Knights,’ ‘The Birds,’ ‘The Frogs,’ and ‘The Peace.’ They were printed at Malta for private circulation, and were scarcely known beyond a limited circle of friends till Sir George Cornewall Lewis published considerable extracts from them in the first volume of the ‘Classical Museum,’ in 1844, with a critical eulogy, which, coming from so distinguished a scholar and singularly cautious critic, possesses peculiar value. Like all other scholars, Sir George C. Lewis entertained the highest opinion of these versions, and expressed to us his desire, a few months before his lamented death, to obtain the consent of the family to reprint them, with the intention of prefixing to the publication a memoir of Mr. Frere's life. These translations are now for the first time accessible to the general public; and they will secure for Mr. Frere a permanent and unique place in English Literature. The close of an article—in which our object has been to make our readers acquainted with one of the best types of the scholar and gentleman of the last generation—is not the place to discuss the art of translation, nor the nature of the Aristophanic Comedy. As to the former, we must be content with a most emphatic protest against stigmatising the successful translator for lack of originality. We need not dwell upon instances of the loving labour which poets of the highest original genius have spent upon translation; nor, on the other hand, upon the many cases in which their noblest utterances have been based on the thoughts of other men. Expression is quite as essential a part of poetry as invention; and it is a high triumph of the art so to transfuse the utterances of another age and style of thought into the language of our own, as to make them such as the author might himself have written in our tongue, had he lived in our times. It is Mr. Frere's peculiar merit, not merely to have accomplished this—though it has scarcely been ever done so well, even by Chapman for Homer, or Fairfax for Tasso—nor to have accomplished it for the Greek Comedian of whom Sir George C. Lewis most truly says:—

“The reproduction of the comedies of Aristophanes in a modern language seems almost a hopeless task. The endless variety of his style and metres, the exuberance of his witty imagination, the richness and flexibility of the Attic language in which he wrote, and the perpetual byplay of allusions, often intimated merely by a pun, a metaphor, or a strange new com-

pound, to the statesmen, poets, political events and institutions, manners and domestic history of his times, appear to make it equally difficult to execute a poetical version which shall adhere to the letter or render the spirit of the original—”

but it is Mr. Frere's unique merit to have clearly apprehended and almost perfectly fulfilled those canons of translation, which he has expounded in the article (above noticed), in the 'Quarterly Review,' which will be found reprinted in these volumes. With his own vivid power of style and illustration, he discerns the opposite errors of the *Spirited Translators*, whose spirit and ability consists in 'substituting a modern variety or peculiarity for an ancient one, to the utter confusion of all unity of time, place, and character,'—and the *Faithful Translators*, who preserve all the local colouring, style, and foreign costume of the original, often encumbered of necessity with tedious explanatory notes; while the true Translator reproduces both language and allusions in 'those permanent forms which are connected with the universal and immutable habits of mankind,' and so makes them a possession of his own and every age.

We subjoin one or two extracts, in the hope of persuading our readers to make acquaintance with the translations for themselves, assuring those who are not scholars that they will obtain from them as vivid an idea of the Aristophanic wit, humour, and poetry as is possible to any one who does not read the original Greek.

Our first extract shall be from the commencement of the celebrated Parabasis of the 'Birds.' We may observe that the poet's theory of cosmogony evidently suggested that of the 'Anti-Jacobin;' and either may be not disadvantageously compared with some theories of later days.

'Ye Children of Man! whose life is a span,
Protracted with sorrow from day to day,
Naked and featherless, feeble and querulous,
Sickly calamitous creatures of clay!
Attend to the words of the Sovereign Birds,
(Immortal, illustrious, lords of the air)
Who survey from on high, with a merciful
eye,
Your struggles of misery, labour, and care.
Whence you may learn and clearly discern
Such truths as attract your inquisitive turn;
Which is busied of late with a mighty debate,
A profound speculation about the creation,
And organical life, a chaotical strife,
With various notions of heavenly motions,
And rivers and oceans, and valleys and moun-
tains,
And sources of fountains, and meteors on
high,
And stars in the sky. . . . We propose by-
and-by,

(If you'll listen and hear) to make it all clear.
And Prodicus henceforth shall pass for a
dunce,
When his doubts are explain'd and expounded
at once.

Before the creation of Æther and Light,
Chaos and Night together were plight,
In the dungeon of Erebus foully bedight.
Nor Ocean, or Air, or substance was there,
Or solid or rare, or figure or form,
But horrible Tartarus ruled in the storm:

At length in the dreary chaotical closet
Of Erebus old, was a privy deposit,
By Night the primæval in secrecy laid—
A mystical egg, that in silence and shade
Was brooded and hatch'd, till time came
about,

And Love, the delightful, in glory flew out,
In rapture and light exulting and bright,
Sparkling and florid, with stars in his fore-
head,
His forehead and hair, and a flutter and flare,
As he rose in the air, triumphantly furnish'd
To range his dominions on glittering pinions,
All golden and azure, and blooming and bur-
nish'd;

He soon, in the murky Tartarean recesses,
With a hurricane's might, in his fiery caresses
Impregnated Chaos; and hastily snatch'd
To being and life, begotten and hatch'd,
The primitive Birds: but the Deities all,
The celestial Lights, the terrestrial Ball,
Were later of birth, with the dwellers on earth
More tamely combined, of a temperate kind;
When chaotical mixture approach'd to a fix-
ture.

Our antiquity proved, it remains to be shown
That Love is our author and master alone;
Like him we can ramble, and gambol and fly
O'er ocean and earth, and aloft to the sky:
And all the world over, we're friends to the
lover,
And when other means fail, we are found to
prevail,
When a Peacock or Pheasant is sent as a
present.'

The only other extract, for which we can
afford space, is a portion of the dialogue be-
tween Bacchus and the Chorus of Frogs, as
he rows in Charon's boat across the lake at
the entrance of the infernal regions:—

'B. (*rowing in great misery*).

How I'm mau'd,
How I'm gall'd;
Worn and mangled to a mash—
There they go! "*Koash, koash!*"

Frogs. Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.
B. Oh, beshrew,
All your crew;

You don't consider how I smart.
Frogs. Now for a sample of the Art!
Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.

* * * *

B. I forbid you to proceed.
Frogs. That would be severe indeed;
Arbitrary, bold, and rash—
Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.

- B. I command you to desist—
—Oh, my back, there! oh, my wrist!
What a twist!
What a sprain!
- Frogs. Once again—
We renew the tuneful strain,
Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.
- B. I disdain—(Hang the pain!)
All your nonsense, noise, and trash,
Oh, my blister! Oh, my sprain!
- Frogs. Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.
Friends and Frogs, we must display
All our powers of voice to-day;
Suffer not this stranger here,
With fastidious foreign ear,
To confound us and abash.
Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.
- B. Well, my spirit is not broke,
If it's only for the joke,
I'll outdo you with a croak.
Here it goes—(very loud) "Koash,
koash."
- Frogs. Now for a glorious croaking crash,
(Still louder).
Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash,
(splashing with his oar).
- B. I'll disperse you with a plash.
- Frogs. Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.
- B. I'll subdue
Your rebellious, noisy crew—
—Have amongst you there, slap-dash.
[Strikes at them.
- Frogs. Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.
We defy your oar and you.
- Ch. Hold! We're ashore just—shift your
oar. Get out.
- B. —Now pay for your fare.
There—there it is—the twopence.

Besides his Aristophanic labours, Mr. Frere also translated the fragments of Theognis, of which he made a new arrangement, so as to form an autobiography of the poet. This work was printed at Malta in 1842, under the title of 'Theognis Restitutus; the Personal History of the Poet Theognis, deduced from an Analysis of his existing Fragments,' and was favourably noticed in this Review in the following year.* We will only express our admiration, with Sir George C. Lewis, 'of the facility with which Mr. Frere has passed from the wild, grotesque, and ever varying language and metres of Aristophanes, to the sedate admonitions and reflexions of the gnomic poet, and the fidelity with which he has represented both sorts of diction in English, always pure, terse, and idiomatic.'

Mr. Frere died of a paralytic seizure on the 7th of January, 1846. 'He was laid beside his wife in the English burial-ground in one of the Floriana outworks overlooking the Quarantine Harbour.' His death was lamented by all classes in Malta, but especially by the poor; and, even now, 'when the genera-

tion of those who were the objects of his active sympathy has passed away, there are Maltese who will point out his tomb as the grave of the noble-hearted Englishman, known in his day as the best friend of their fellow islanders in want or distress.'

In politics he was a disciple of Pitt and Canning.

'From conviction, not less than from early association,' says his biographer, 'he had a rooted distrust as well as dislike of sudden revolution, which he believed generally led, through a period of anarchy, to despotism more severe than that which originally drove the oppressed to seek for change. But he had a profound abhorrence of every form of oppression and tyranny, more especially of that which would interfere with national liberties or allow any one nation or class to domineer over others. He looked on rank and property as held in trust, on condition that the classes enjoying them should ever be ready to stake all they possessed to secure the freedom and happiness of their fellow countrymen.

'He had little faith in those who professed themselves mere mouthpieces of numerical majorities. He held that the English people at large were better and more truly represented by men chosen for their general character and weight in the community, and because the people knew them and liked them, and felt that they sympathized with their constituents, than by men bound to advocate particular measures. He believed that power was better exercised by those whose education, rank, and property tended to make them independent in forming, and fearless in expressing their own opinions, than by delegates pledged to express the opinions of others.

'With many of the changes which he saw carried out in his later years he thoroughly sympathized; but he mistrusted the mode in which, and the motives from which, they were effected, as tending to impair the stability of institutions which he wished to see reformed and perpetuated; not swept away.'

He 'had a grand personal appearance. He was a very tall and altogether a large man, for his age very upright, with bold commanding features, a good nose and brow, and a peculiar expression perhaps of sarcasm, with a touch of hauteur about the corner of his mouth and nostrils.' No man was more beloved by his friends. A playful humour, kindness and generosity characterised his every-day words and actions.

'But those who knew him most intimately soon discovered that the largest tolerance and charity were not incompatible with a thorough contempt for all that was mean and base; among other marks of true nobility of character he possessed the royal art of never humiliating one in any way inferior to himself. Meaner natures near him, while they saw and felt his superiority, tasted the luxury of feeling their own aims elevated, and of discovering a higher

* See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. lxxii.

standard than that by which they had been accustomed to regulate their own actions. It was this quality which secured for him, at one and the same time, the affection of the poorest and weakest and the respect of the best and noblest who knew him well enough to judge of his true character.*

In all respects he well deserved the epithet bestowed upon him by Coleridge—*ὁ καλοκῆρατος ὁ φιλόκαλος*.* The Attic phrase for a high-minded and accomplished gentleman marks a type of character which seems in some danger of decaying out of our midst with the degeneracy of the education and tone of thought which fostered it. In this 'practical' age many will look with supercilious compassion on what they may regard as his wasted life; and even his friends were inclined to the view humorously expressed in Mr. Rose's admirable Epistle to Frere:—

"That bound like bold Prometheus on a rock, O Self-banished man, you boil in a *Scirocco*."

Before we lighted on this passage, the same image had occurred to us as a type of that example, which such a life presents, of the noble spirit of humanity which Æschylus has portrayed. It was not indeed Mr. Frere's lot to teach the grand lesson of endurance under suffering—though he also suffered with noble patience; but his retirement nurtured the Promethean fire of pure intellect, to which we must ever have recourse to animate the material forms of life, however cunningly an Epimetheus may have contrived them. We may sum up in Frere's own words the value of such a bequest as his works have left us:—"Since *mind* can only be delineated by *language*, the highest perfection of mind requires to be represented by the higher and more artificial form of language, by verse rather than prose." We thank his nephews for their pious perpetuation of his life and labours; and we cannot give higher praise to Sir Bartle Frere's 'Memoir' than by saying how deeply we have felt its uniform tone of sympathy with what we conceive to be the spirit and lesson of his uncle's life.

* Coleridge in his Will dated September, 1829, wrote as follows:—

'Further to Mr. Gillman, as the most expressive way in which I can only mark my relation to him, and, in remembrance of a great and good man, revered by us both, I leave the manuscript volume lettered "Arist. Manuscript—Birds, Acharnians, Knights," presented to me by my dear friend and patron, the Rt. Hon. John Hookham Frere, who of all the men that I have had the means of knowing during my life, appears to me eminently to deserve to be characterized as *ὁ καλοκῆρατος ὁ φιλόκαλος*.

ART. III.—1. *Songs before Sunrise*. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London, 1871.

2. *Poems*. By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. London, 1870.

3. *The Earthly Paradise*. By William Morris. 4 vols. London, 1871.

Of the many remarkable poetical appearances in the early part of the present century, there was none more remarkable in its character and its influence than the poetry of Keats. Differing both in thought and style from all his contemporaries, and still more from all his predecessors, his writings have, we think, done more to determine the subsequent course of English poetry than those of any other poet. Though his own death is said to have been hastened by the hostility of his critics, his immediate successors have not only monopolised the field of poetry and silenced opposition, but, as a last triumph of ascendancy, have turned criticism itself into their tool. Keats was the first purely literary English poet who had appeared since Spenser, and, since Keats, English poetry has had an exclusively literary mark.

Till the extraordinary epoch to which we have referred, the character of our poetry, like that of every nation which has had vigorous institutions and a great history, was distinctively national. There is scarcely a prominent feature in our religion, our politics, or our landscape, which is not illustrated in our verse. Our old drama was as indigenous as that of Attica. Almost every one of our great poets is indebted to his country for some inspiring theme. At the very threshold of our literature we find the unfaded portraits of the Canterbury Pilgrims. The studious Spenser sums up his flattering allegory in the person of his Queen. Even Milton, whose imagination in the 'Paradise Lost' transcends the bounds of space and time, has filled 'L'Allegro,' 'Il Penseroso,' and 'Comus,' with the most enchanting descriptions of English country scenery. Our party politics are represented in verse by Dryden and Butler; Pope is the satirist of courtly manners, as Goldsmith is the pathetic painter of peasant life; while, as if in appropriate conclusion to the course of genuine English poetry, the verse of Crabbe is filled with portraits not less vigorous, if less picturesque, than those of Chaucer himself.

The style of our poets till the beginning of this century was generally as idiomatic as their subjects were national. By far the greater number of them treated the language as an inheritance; and, as each generation valued and improved the work of its predecessor, a national rhetoric was gradually

formed, which, always noble and impressive, was, when fully developed, singularly well adapted to express either dignity, humour, or pathos. Above all other metres, the heroic couplet, to those who have watched its progress from its great inventor, Chaucer, through writers of such various genius as Hall, Dryden, Pope, Goldsmith, and Byron, must appear a measure scarcely less qualified than the ancient hexameter to catch the moods of the people among whom it originated.

It is scarcely necessary to dwell upon the great expansion of English poetry in the atmosphere of the Revolutionary era. Dwarfed by the magnitude of interests which seemed to embrace mankind, the nation ceased to be any longer the limit or even the sphere of the poet's inspiration. The active imagination of Byron and Scott opened a new world of adventure or romance; the calm spirit of Wordsworth was enlarged by the contemplation of the ancient examples of moral and political simplicity; the verse of Shelley, above all, caught the modern Republican enthusiasm for liberty and the future of the human race. But, amidst all this activity and high-wrought expectation, the poems of Keats sound to the reader of a later generation as the music of the nightingale sounded in his own ears:—

'Forlorn! The very word is like a bell,
To toll me back again to my sole self!'

As far as we know, there is not in the poems of Keats a single allusion to passing events; there is certainly nothing to show that he was interested in them. While the thoughts of his contemporaries are full of energy or hope, his verse is marked by a languid melancholy. While they are all directly or indirectly inspired by the feelings of their time, he seeks his inspiration in the literature of the past. Too soft and sensuous by nature to be exhilarated by the conflict of modern opinions, he found at once food for his love of beauty, and an opiate for his despondency, in the remote tales of Greek mythology.

We have said before that the spirit of Keats manifests itself more or less in the works of almost every poet who has succeeded him. It was natural enough that a period of disappointment should follow a period of exaggerated hope when it appeared that political liberty did not produce personal regeneration, and that the progress of mankind was rather towards a commercial than a moral millennium. The revolutionary element which had kindled the passion of the poets was the speculation of Condorcet, not the science of Adam Smith. In the

post-revolutionary poetry of England there is to be found little of that ardour which marks the work of the previous generation. It is true that Mr. Tennyson, in 'Locksley Hall,' looks forward to a 'Parliament of nations, the Federation of the world;' but in his poem the misery of the individual is far more prominently represented than the happiness of the race, and the net result is less the confidence of faith than the resignation of despair. But though 'the steamship and the railway' are scarcely themes to inspire poetical enthusiasm, 'the thoughts that shake mankind' have doubtless survived the first great period of vigorous action which they helped to produce, and the imagination which has cherished them, disappointed of realising its aspirations in the world of man, consoles itself by calling up the spirits it desires from the 'vasty deep' of books. Familiarity and sympathy with old forms of recorded thought prompt men to try to recover or adapt them. The classical writers have always exercised the greatest influence over the intellectual leaders of the revolution, and the robust freedom of mediæval fancy, perhaps because it is so unlike the pedantry of modern liberalism, has a strong fascination for it. Hence those curious anachronisms and incongruities to which the practice of our poets has long familiarised us. The chivalrous romance is revived in the garb of moral or theological allegory; the feeling of the Greek drama is restored in its modern copies with such exactness, that the reader is as puzzled as Christopher Sly, and doubts if the history of Christianity and the doctrines to which he has been accustomed can be anything but a dream. Gradual advances are also made towards the arts of painting and music. Thus dissevered from the thought of the large majority of living men, the pursuit of poetry tends to become a kind of intellectual opium-eating. It would, indeed, be strange if men of an active mind could continue to live in the midst of a stirring society, without in some degree participating in its interests, and we not unfrequently find the poet glancing from his literary seclusion upon the movements of national life. But, if he approaches a subject of general interest, he never confronts it directly, like Dryden or Pope, but views it through some literary medium. Thus, when Mr. Tennyson wishes to give a reflection of society, he reconnoitres it with a telescope, as in the 'Princess,' or lifts his theme upon the stilts of a classical style, as in 'Aylmer's Field.'

The great poetical revolution which we have sketched would not, however, have been complete without a corresponding change in our versification. Of the old

poetical idiom, elaborated with such pains, and by so many poets, scarcely a trace survives. Byron, alone among the great poets of the last generation, saw how the previous practice of English verse-writers could be expanded without being overthrown, and, whether he uses the heroic couplet or the Spenser stanza, his style, however elevated, is plain and robust. Wordsworth, in his well-known 'Preface,' ostentatiously undervalues metre. Shelley, whose mind, as he himself says, was 'nourished on musical thoughts,' found means to express them in an ethereal language peculiarly his own. Keats, on the other hand, enchanted with his study of the Elizabethan poets, revived in his 'Endymion' the over-luxuriant sweetness of Marlowe's 'Sestiad.' This strange example of literary reaction has since been sanctioned by universal practice. The selection of classical subjects has led to a reproduction of the classical style, so laboriously exact that it is considered a mark of greater skill to translate a plain thought into some involved phrase resembling the Greek, than to express it in a line of forcible English. The heroic couplet has been discarded, and has been replaced either by blank verse scientifically precise, and not unlike the iambic in its pauses, or by a revival of the decasyllabic metre, as it was first used by Chaucer, but with even more than its rudimentary incoherence.

Such, as it appears to us, is the double process that has long been separating the English poets from the thought and language of their country. The phase of literary poetry has, we think, received its fullest expression in the school of writers whose works we now propose to examine. We call them a school, because, though differing from each other in their choice of subjects and in their style, a common antipathy to society has produced in them a certain community of perception, and even occasional resemblances of language. An atmosphere of what is called materialistic feeling pervades the poetry of all three. Atheism, which is quietly avowed by one, is passionately professed by another, not as the supplanter of superstition but as the rival of Christianity. Love is a favourite theme in their works, but the word has an esoteric signification; the objects of their devotion resemble not so much the sainted lady of Dante, or the honoured mistress of Lovelace, as the models of the painter's studio. Finally, the inspiration of all three has a literary source, for while two professedly revive the practice of ancient masters, the third, though dealing with contemporary interests, expresses himself in a

borrowed style, which gives his verse all the ring of ancient rhetoric.

Mr. Swinburne is already known as the author of several works, notably 'Atlanta in Calydon,' and 'Poems and Ballads.' The former is a reproduction of Greek drama, with ingenious imitations of the original language, and an extraordinary variety of melodious and flowing metres. The latter is even more remarkable for the unprecedented dexterity of its versification. This volume contains many poems marked by an uncleanness of fancy, not the less pernicious because it is exercised on such remote themes as a love-fragment of Sappho, an extinct type of Roman lust, and the statue of the Hermaphrodite in the Louvre. But there are besides a number of pieces framed upon mediæval types, in which the feeling of the originals is caught with a precision that reveals an imitative faculty of the highest order. In his latest work, entitled 'Songs before Sunrise,' the author takes a serious farewell of the remote themes which had once attracted him, and announces himself as the poetical apostle of the Universal Republic.

While we are quite prepared to congratulate Mr. Swinburne upon the more manly tone he has adopted, we cannot say that we think he has at present shown the qualities of a great political poet. In the first place, he scarcely appears to us fortunate in his theme. That the cause of the Revolution could stimulate poetical fancy to high enthusiasm is sufficiently proved by the poetry of Shelley. But the themes that fired the enthusiasm of that unique genius were the downfall of dynasties, the overthrow of superstition, the regeneration of the human race. Such was the direction which the spirit of destruction at first took, and such are the objects over which the fancy of Mr. Swinburne still broods, but such is no longer the life of the Revolutionary cause. It is not now the destruction of empires, with which the most advanced apostles of Revolution are really concerned, but the organisation of labour against capital, and the confiscation of property. This may be a more practical scheme than that of the old French philosophers, yet it would scarcely have roused the enthusiasm of Shelley. All that is left of the old republican faith is its phraseology. Liberty, fraternity, equality, are as much as ever the party catch-words; the months are still called by their Revolutionary names; the Bible is still perverted and parodied according to the old traditions, except that, while Camille Desmoulins spoke of 'le bon

sansculotte Jesus,' the modern Communist speaks of Marat as a Messiah.

Were the qualifications for a political poet nothing but the ability to decorate a party dialect, no more fitting representative than Mr. Swinburne could be found. To an unequalled command of metre he adds a faultless instinct as to the capacity of a phrase, or even of an idea, for the purposes of metrical expression, and an equal skill in transplanting, without any appearance of effort, the old flowers of rhetoric into his own style. These are great gifts, but they cannot cover the absence of that strong expression of genuine conviction which is demanded by the subject which Mr. Swinburne attempts. We cannot estimate his qualities better than by comparing him with the poet whom above all others he admires. It is clearly his belief that he has received his poetical torch from the hand of Shelley, as Shelley from the hand of Milton, yet we think his genius has scarcely anything in common with either of these poets. The mind of Shelley, to use his own words once more, was 'nourished on musical thoughts,' which he instinctively clothed in appropriate language. Mr. Swinburne's mind has been nourished on musical metres, to which he adapts thoughts and words as they appear conformable. Shelley's atheism is rarely thrust into prominence; his leading thought is always the golden future of mankind, and his assaults are directed against what he considered superstition as the hindrance to the ultimate happiness of the race. Yet, whenever he attacks Christianity, his style is marked by an almost appalling plainness, which is too repulsive for quotation. But if any one who is curious on the subject will compare Shelley's lines, beginning—

'O that the free would stamp the impious name'—

with those of Mr. Swinburne's—

'Thou madest man in the garden; thou tempestest man and he fell'—

he will be struck with the difference between the two poets. There is something frightful to the ears of Christians in the energy of Shelley's invective, but there can be no doubt of the earnest conviction of the writer. Mr. Swinburne's words are in themselves more horrible than Shelley's; but the expression of the passage is too fluent for strong feeling; we detect also that the rhetoric is borrowed partly from the Hebrew prophets, partly from the English Litany. We have a shrewd suspicion that Mr. Swinburne formed his style before he elaborated his opinions. Nor is this the only deduc-

tion to be made from the force of the passage; for we have already been told—

'God, if a God there be, is the spirit of men, which is Man.'

What, then, is the meaning of all this vapouring against a Being who is believed to be a nonentity? It is simply an invective against the *idea* of God, or, to speak more plainly, against the primary instincts of the society that holds the insulted belief. Such trivial tricks of rhetoric betray a want of common sense beyond what can be attributed to Shelley. They fail even to excite the feeling that was intended; for, instead of being astounded at the poet's blasphemous daring, the reader is disgusted at his shameless indecency. Mr. Swinburne might have remembered that Shelley was wise enough to suppress the publication of 'Queen Mab.'

Shelley perceived that atheism, being mere negation, was incapable of being exalted into a creed; but Mr. Swinburne, caught with the abstract idea, is determined to embellish it, and, not content with invectives against Christianity, parades, by way of contrast, a worship of his own. Hertha, an embodiment of Heraclitus's doctrine of the identity of contraries; Isis, or the Earth, 'the ghost of God, the mother uncreated'; and a certain 'Mater Triumphalis' (Mr. Swinburne's deities are always feminine), such are the empty abstractions before which he literally prostrates himself with an air of religious fervour. These theatrical postures are so strangely blended with expressions of passionate conviction, that in remarking on the attacks which, for the sake of his goddesses, as it appears, Mr. Swinburne makes on the Christian religion, we are in doubt whether to blame him most for his want of decency or want of sense.

In the more purely political poems, the same stage effects are repeated, with the same effort to compensate for deficiencies, of feeling by exuberance of language. Though the different odes in the volume are apparently far more definite in their scope than the visionary flights of Shelley, the thought expressed in them is really much more indistinct. It appears to us that, with a few alterations, the 'Ode on the Cretan Revolt' might serve equally well for one on the Liberation of Italy, or for a future uprising in Ireland. There is, indeed, no lack of perfervid protestation. The different nations are appealed to in amorous language but the constant intrusion of the poet's personal concern into his poems seems to us less passionate than impertinent. Take for instance, these lines upon Italy:—

'O sweetest, fairest, first,
O flower, when times were worst,
Thou hadst no strife wherein we had no share !
Have not our hearts held close,
Kept fast the whole world's rose ?
Have we not worn thee at heart whom none
would wear ?'

Were this the composition of an Italian patriot, we should certainly blame his effeminate taste in comparing his country to a flower, but we should accept the feeling of the passage as genuine. Coming, however, from an Englishman, a mere well-wisher of Italian unity, the words are sheer nonsense.

We are, therefore, of opinion, on the whole, that Mr. Swinburne has chosen his themes not so much under the influence of political enthusiasm as from a keen literary perception of the advantages they offered to his peculiar rhetoric. And, viewing him as a master of metre alone, it is impossible to admire too much the taste that has led him to perceive, and the tact with which he has applied, the poetical resources of the religion which he so grossly assails. The solemn supplications of the English Litany are transferred to the nations of Europe in the appeal to their mother Earth. Imagery, borrowed from the Crucifixion, the Burial, the Resurrection, is applied to the revival of Italy, while France is represented under the character of the repentant Magdalen. No praise, we think, can be too high for the metrical faculty that has discovered a musical modulation in the simple words—

'Therefore thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee,
Because thou hast loved much.'

Of the arts of rhetoric, on the other hand, which extend beyond artifices of style, Mr. Swinburne knows little. He describes himself not inaptly, when he says—

'I have no spirit of skill with equal fingers,
At sign to sharpen or to slacken strings.'

His verse is always pitched in the highest key. With the use of contrast and relief he is unacquainted, and of exaggeration he knows enough only to abuse it. Exaggeration is, doubtless, a legitimate resource of poetry. Thus it is flattery, but poetical flattery, when Virgil, at the opening of the 'Georgics,' raises Augustus by anticipation among the stars. Yet, even when applied to the great and famous, there is danger of such complimentary poetry passing into the ridiculous; and the keen-witted Sylla paid a poet who had composed an ode in his honour not to recite it. Far more perilous is it when it is employed to exalt persons of little distinction, or is exchanged between members of a mutual admiration society. In a poem,

called 'Blessed among Women,' Mr. Swinburne addresses the Signora Cairoli as the superior of the Virgin Mary. Her claims to this position rest on the fact that four of her sons perished in the revolutionary crusade against Rome :—

'Four times art thou blest,
On whose most holy breast
Four times a godlike soldier-saviour hung ;
And thence a four-fold Christ,
Given to be sacrificed,
To the same cross as the same bosom clung.'

The poem is in a perfectly serious strain ; and as Mr. Swinburne seems to have no suspicion that this passage is offensively profane, it is, perhaps, no wonder that he does not see it is ridiculous.

His poems do not aim at terseness, and many of them run to an inexcusable length through their iteration and diffuseness. So ignorant is he of the value of conciseness, that he fails to perceive that the point of Byron's inscription, 'Cor Cordium,' on the tomb of Shelley lies in its brevity, and expands it into a sonnet, in which the following interjections occur in the space of nine lines :—

'O heart of hearts, the chalice of love's fire !
O wonderful and perfect heart !
O heavenly heart !
O heart whose beating blood was running
song !'

We mean no disrespect to Mr. Swinburne's reverence for Shelley, but it is impossible to help thinking of Bottom as Pyramus :—

'O grim-looking night ! O night with hue so black !
O night who ever art when day is not !
O night, O night ! alack ! alack ! alack !'

We select one more passage, as a specimen at once of runaway rhetoric and of the author's favourite practice of combining sonorous words in a preconceived measure, so as to subordinate, if not to sacrifice, sense to tune. Speaking of great republican examples, they were, he says—

'Undisbranched of the storms that disroot us,
Of the lures that enthral unenticed,
The names that exalt and transmute us,
The blood-red splendour of Brutus,
The snow-bright splendour of Christ !'

We are inclined to think this the most harmonious dance of words upon the brink of nonsense with which we are acquainted.

These extracts show, we think, that a poet may have at his disposal a vast store of English words, and yet have no real command of English idiom ; they no more represent the genuine language of English poetry than Euphuus the language of English prose. Yet there are passages in Mr. Swinburne's

volume where, freed from the trammels of artificial enthusiasm, and inspired by great themes of general interest, his verse rises into high natural eloquence. The following description of Greece will confirm our words:—

'There where our East looks always to thy
West,
Our mornings to thine evenings, Greece to thee,
These lights that catch the mountains crest
by crest,
Are they of stars or beacons that we see?
Taygetus takes here the winds abreast,
And there the sun resumes Thermopylæ;
The light is Athens where those remnants
rest,
And Salamis the sea-wall of that sea;
The grass men tread upon
Is very Marathon,
The leaves are of that time-unstricken tree
That storm nor sun can fret,
Nor wind, since she that set
Made it her sign to men whose shield was
she:
Here, as dead Time his deathless things,
Eurotas and Cephissus keep their sleepless
springs.'

There are few finer passages than this in English lyric poetry; in contemporary poetry we doubt if it has an equal. It is great, because it possesses the native qualities of our verse, which Mr. Swinburne's style generally lacks, genuine feeling, manly self-restraint, direct simplicity, and idiomatic vigour. A few sustained lyrics of this stamp would do more to establish an enduring reputation than volumes of fluent invective against religion or glittering rhapsodies on the Universal Republic.

The passions of modern life, which appear to Mr. Swinburne so full of sound and fury, die completely away, or at most make themselves but faintly audible, in the poems of Mr. Rossetti. The latter describes himself as a poet of the order that 'haunt—

'The vale of magical dark mysteries.'

In one of his sonnets he speaks approvingly of the religious symbolism of ancient art, and advises the moderns to retrace their footsteps to the old starting-point. A similar impulse, we presume, leads him to attempt in poetry a revival of the mystical style of Dante's '*Vita Nuova*.' Such, at least, appears to be the intention of his sonnets, which, we think, contain all that is most characteristic of his work.

The objections to such a scheme are not far to seek, and lose none of their force after an examination of Mr. Rossetti's poems. The period for which Dante wrote was theological, learned, and enigmatical. Our own

day is scientific and matter-of-fact to excess. The complete body of physical and metaphysical philosophy which Dante compiled throws light upon the otherwise dark enigmas of his style. In the riddles of the modern mystic everything is of private interpretation, and depends upon the kind of communication established between the author and the reader. Lastly, in the '*Vita Nuova*' Dante gives us a detailed history of his connection with Beatrice, and explains the occasion and the meaning of each sonnet in turn. Mr. Rossetti affords us no clue to the collection of sonnets which he terms 'contributions towards a work to be entitled "*The House of Life*."' We fail to find in it any sign of unity or arrangement. We see that some of the sonnets express the feelings of a lover in happy possession of his mistress, and others his despair at the loss of her; others, again, are in a vein of philosophical reflection; but how the philosophical sonnets are connected with the love sonnets, or the love sonnets with each other, there is nothing to declare. The result of all this is that, whether or not the reader of Dante fathoms the depth of the poet's meaning, he finds enough to interest him strongly in an orderly and beautiful work; while the reader of Mr. Rossetti has to content himself with guessing at mysteries, which often turn out to be nothing but word puzzles or literary conceits.

We propose to set the work of the master and disciple side by side, that our readers may judge of the difference in quality. The following is a translation of the last sonnet in the '*Vita Nuova*,' describing Dante's sigh passing into heaven to Beatrice:—

'Beyond the sphere that has the largest sweep passes the sigh that issues from my heart: the new apprehension that Love in grief leads him draws him heavenwards. When he arrives where he desires, he sees a lady who receives honour and shines so brightly that, through the midst of her splendour, the pilgrim spirit beholds her. He sees her in such wise that when he reports her to me I do not understand him, so subtly does he speak to the sorrowing heart that makes him speak. I know that he speaks of that gentle one, because he often names Beatrice, so that I understand him well, dear ladies mine.'

The drift of this is plain enough, and the niceties of the thought can be easily understood by the light of Dante's own commentary. Here, on the other hand, is one of Mr. Rossetti's most finished sonnets on what appears to be a parallel occasion:—

'I sat with Love beside a woodside well,
Leaning across the water, I and he;
Nor ever did he speak, nor looked at me,

But touched his lute wherein was audible
 The certain secret thing he had to tell :
 Only our mirrored eyes met silently
 In the low wave ; and that sound came to be
 The passionate voice I knew ; and my tears
 fell.
 And at their fall, his eyes beneath grew hers ;
 And with his foot and with his wing feathers
 He swept the spring that watered my
 heart's drouth.
 Then the dark ripples spread to waving hair,
 And, as I stooped, her own lips rising there
 Bubbled with brimming kisses at my
 mouth.'

Both these poems make pictures, but Dante's is full of a deep and tender meaning. Mr. Rossetti's is a picture, and no more ; or if there is a meaning to the gross image in the concluding line, it is of a kind that we would sooner miss.

This difference is continued throughout the sonnets of the two poets : Dante being always simple and tender, Mr. Rossetti rarely anything more than picturesque. Thus both of them describe abstract passions by means of persons and images. Dante, for instance, speaks of Love 'driving from his breast the exile sighs that went out wailing.' Mr. Rossetti's abstract characters are also numerous—Love, Sleep, Death, and the like—but they are much more finely dressed than Dante's : they live in groves, wear aureoles, and carry gonfalons. So laboriously picturesque is he that he sometimes spoils a symbol with a really felicitous meaning by overloading it. It is poetical to speak of sleep as a fallow-field ; but Mr. Rossetti, wishing to connect the idea of sleep with love, writes 'the love-sown fallow-field of sleep,' and so destroys the beauty of the metaphor. Death may appear to Mr. Rossetti as a child, but why need he go on to speak of 'Death's new-born milky eyes' ? or what is the point of saying of Song that his hair—

'Blew like a flame, and blossomed like a
 wreath' ?

To picturesque symbolism of this sort, however, we have no objection, except in so far as it pretends to be profound. But there is another kind of symbolism which Mr. Rossetti affects, and for which no terms of condemnation can be too strong. We allude to certain sonnets, in which he endeavours to attach a spiritual meaning to the animal passions. The fourth and fifth sonnets describe, with a revolting picturesqueness, the sexual relation, which, with a profanity the more gross because it appears to be unconscious, he speaks of in the second sonnet under the metaphor of the sacramental bread and wine. We have no hesitation in stigmatising such a deification of the ani-

mal instincts as emasculate obscenity. Mysteries of this sort are intelligible enough, but they belong to the worship of no deity but Priapus. There are, indeed, no other passages in the sonnets so objectionable as those which we have noticed ; but the whole spirit of Mr. Rossetti's love poetry is of the earth, earthy. Love, as he represents it, appears not as romantic passion, or even as natural ardour, but as pious sensuality. If the lover of his verse wishes to praise his mistress, he describes her as one—

'Whose speech truth knows not from her
 thought,
Nor love her body from her soul.'

Her 'brows, hands, lips, heart, mind, voice, kisses, and words' are so many terrestrial revelations of the heavenly Deity ; and when death deprives him of her company, the force of love, as we have seen, calls up her image from a spring so vividly that her 'lips bubble with brimming kisses at his mouth.' It can, of course, be urged that, as what is obscure may be profound, love poetry of this sort is an expression of refined passion : for ourselves, we confess that the religious tone in the amatory sonnets reminds us forcibly of the language of the Agapemone.

The character of Mr. Rossetti's thought is reflected in his style. The construction of his verse is generally musical, and his language is sometimes happily epigrammatic, as in the description of the light-of-love ladies,—

'Who kissed Love's wings that brought him
 yesterday,
 And thank his wings to-day that he is flown.'

Great pains have evidently been taken to give every thought an uncommon aspect, and to elaborate the language in which it is expressed. The value of the thought, however, often seems out of all proportion to the labour spent upon it, as in the following sonnet called 'A Day of Love :—

'While Love's spell
 From his predominant presence doth compel
 All alien hours, an outworn populace,
 The hours of Love fill full the echoing space
 With sweet confederate music favourable.'

Here we suppose if Mr. Rossetti, like Dante, were to translate himself, he would say he wished to express that the time was full of love ; that he therefore represented Love expelling the memory of past hours from the present moment, the perfect delight of which he described by the image of music. But we think it clear that a feeling so simple cannot be really intensified by so much elaboration and such remote imagery.

The practice of looking at everything in

an uncommon way extends itself to the commonest objects. A love-letter is thus addressed:—

'Warmed by her hand and shadowed by her hair,
As closed she leaned and poured her heart
through thee,
Whereof the articulate throbs accompany
*The smooth black stream that makes thy
whiteness fair,*
Sweet fluttering sheet!'

Passing over the grammatical looseness of these lines and making allowance for a lover's enthusiasm, we must say we have never known ink and paper apostrophised in terms of such elaborate and Oriental respect.

Obscurity of thought may sometimes be condoned in a mystical poet, but wherever his thought is clear in intention he has no excuse for not presenting it in the clearest language, especially when, like Mr. Rossetti, he opens his volume with the notice that nothing is included which is believed to be incomplete. What, then, are we to say of lines like these?—

'Because our talk was of the cloud-control
And moon-track of the journeying face of
Fate.
Her tremulous kisses faltered at love's gate,
And her eyes dreamed against a distant
goal.'

When translated into English prose we suppose this means, 'Our talk of the uncertainty of events made her kisses falter on her lips, while her eyes appeared to contemplate some distant goal.' We see in fragments the metaphor by which the thought is conveyed, but to extract any clear image from the words in the first two lines is, we venture to say, a sheer impossibility. In the next sonnet, called 'Parted Love,' we read—

'What shall be said of this embattled day,
And armed occupation of this night,
By all thy foes beleaguered,—now when
sight
Nor sound denotes the loved one far away?
Of these thy vanquished hours what shalt
thou say,—
As every sense to which she dealt delight
Now labours lonely o'er the stark noon-
height
To reach the sunset's desolate disarray?'

How can we sympathise with a lonely lover, however weary of the time, who cannot speak more plainly than this?

We have commented severely upon these sonnets because their defects appear to us considerably to exceed their merits. It would be unjust, however, to Mr. Rossetti to deny that his poetical qualities—and they are not mean—sometimes combine to pro-

duce a really happy result. The following sonnet is entitled 'The Portrait':—

'O Lord of all compassionate control,
O Love, let this my lady's picture glow
Under my hand to praise thy name, and
show
Even of her inner self the perfect whole;
That he who seeks her beauty's furthest goal,
Beyond the light that the sweet glances
throw,
And reflux wave of the sweet smile, may
know
The very sky and sealine of her soul.
Lo! it is done. Above the long lithe throat
The mouth's mould testifies of voice and
kiss,
The shadowed eyes remember and foresee.
Her face is made her shrine. Let all men
note
That in all years (O Love, thy gift is this!)
They that would look on her must come to
me.'

If 'Lord of all compassionate control' is not one of the author's many affectations, it is, at any rate, not idiomatic English. 'Long lithe throat' has rather too much of the jargon of the studio. But with these exceptions the sonnet seems to us as good as it can be. Appropriate symbolism is united to ingenious fancy, and expressed in language of natural feeling. It is a singular comment on the general tone of Mr. Rossetti's love poems, that as the expression in the portrait is appropriately made a revelation of the lady's soul, so the bodily traits of the lady herself are elsewhere exalted as revelations of the supreme and invisible Love. But in the former case the symbolism represents the glow of natural feeling; in the latter it is an unnatural conceit.

Mr. Rossetti's volume also contains several ballads, which are mostly exercises on remote subjects in a semi-antique style, generally ingenious and complete. One in particular, called 'Sister Helen,' deserves the praise due to poems of this class as being forcibly imagined and very dramatically contrived. The effect of the others is a little spoiled by their tiresome and unmeaning burdens.

We purpose to close our remarks on Mr. Rossetti's verse with some reflections on a poem which, we think, reveals characteristically the incapacity of the literary poet to deal with contemporary themes in an effective and straightforward manner. 'Jenny' is a poem on the subject of unfortunate women. A man is supposed to have accompanied a girl of this description to her house, where she falls asleep with her head on his knee, while he moralises on her condition. The majority of poets have, as we think wisely, avoided subjects of this sort.

But assuming that success might justify its treatment, one of the first elements of success is that the piece should be brief and forcible. 'Jenny' is nearly 400 lines long. The metre at the opening reminds us of one which Mr. Browning uses with characteristic force, but which in Mr. Rossetti's hands soon degenerates into feeble octosyllabic verse. The thought throughout is pretentious but commonplace. The moralist, beginning with something like a rhapsody on the appearance of the girl as she lies asleep, wonders what she is thinking about; he then reflects that her sleep exactly resembles the sleep of a pure woman; her face he feels might serve a painter as the model of a Madonna. We are thus imperceptibly edged on into the author's favourite regions of abstraction:—

'Yet, Jenny, looking long at you
The woman almost fades from view.
A cipher of man's changeless sum
Of lust past, present, and to come
Is left. A riddle that one shrinks
To challenge from the scornful sphinx.'

Exactly. So this profound philosopher, whose somewhat particular reflections on the charms of the sleeper have brought him at last face to face with the mystery of evil, coolly remarks,—

'Come, come what good in thoughts like this?'

packs some gold into the girl's hair, and takes his leave. What good indeed? But why in that case, and if Mr. Rossetti had no power to deal otherwise with so painful a theme could he not have spared us an useless display of affected sentiment and impotent philosophy?

The style of the poem is as bad as the matter. Descriptions repulsively realistic are mixed up with imagery like that in Solomon's Song; the most familiar objects are described by the most unusual paraphrases; a London schoolboy, for instance, being called 'a wise unchildish elf,' while the similes are painfully far-fetched. The heart of the woman is said to be—

'Like a rose shut in a book
In which pure women may not look,
For its base pages claim control
To crush the flower within the soul;
Where through each dead rose-leaf that
clings,
Pale as transparent psyche wings,
To the vile text, are traced such things
As might make lady's cheek indeed
More than a living rose to read;
So nought save foolish foulness may
Watch with hard eyes the sure decay;
And so the life-blood of this rose,
Puddled with shameful knowledge, flows
Through leaves no chaste hand may unclose.'

Affectation and obscurity make the application of this difficult enough. It will not, however, escape notice that the simile is radically false, for whereas the point is that the woman's heart is alive, in the midst of corruption, the rose in the book, to which the heart is compared, is dried and dead.

Without in any way affecting the character of a mystic, Mr. Morris withdraws himself, perhaps, even farther than Mr. Rossetti from all sympathy with the life and interests of his time:—

'Of Heaven and Hell I have no power to sing,
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,
Or bring again the pleasures of past years,
Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,
Or hope again for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day.'

But rather, when weary of your mirth
From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,
And feeling kindly unto all the earth,
Grudge every minute as it passes by,
Made the more mindful that the sweet days
die,
Remember me a little then I pray,
The idle singer of an empty day.
The heavy trouble, the bewildering care,
That weigh us down who live and earn our
bread,
These idle verses have no power to bear;
So let me sing of names remembered,
Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,
Or long time take their memories away
From us poor singers of an empty day.'

Such is Mr. Morris's apology for taking us back to a kind of mediæval legend for the scheme of his 'Earthly Paradise.' 'Certain gentlemen and mariners of Norway having considered all that they had heard of the 'Earthly Paradise' set sail to find it, and, after many troubles, and the lapse of many years, came old men to some western land of which they had never before heard; there they died when they had dwelt there certain years much honoured of the strange people.' The narrative of their wanderings is told with much grace and pathos. A proposal by a priest of the strange people that feasts should be instituted, for the wanderers to hear some of the tales of their Greek ancestors, connects the stories of the poem with the introduction. Mr. Morris ascribes his inspiration to Chaucer, but we think that the design of 'The Earthly Paradise' bears much more resemblance to the 'Decameron' than to 'The Canterbury Tales.' The characters are far more like the colourless ladies and gentlemen who left Florence during the plague, and serve so conveniently as narrators and audience of the Tales in the 'Decameron,' than Chaucer's vivacious company of

pilgrims. At the end of each of Boccaccio's stories, his ladies 'praise the tale,' or 'laugh very pleasantly,' or 'feel their cheeks suffused with blushes.' In like manner Mr. Morris's wanderers 'watch the shades of their dead hopes pass by,' sit 'silent, soft-hearted, and compassionate,' or are 'wrapped up in soft self pity.' We are never interested in their actions, as in the quarrel between the Frere and the Sompnoure; indeed it is clear that the racy incidents of real life would be out of place among his legendary shadows. The symmetrical division of the Tales by periods of time is after the manner of the 'Decameron;' but the institution of monthly feasts for the mere purpose of telling stories is a somewhat clumsy contrivance for connecting the tales with the introduction, and for giving the poet an excuse for a graceful prelude to every month of the year. In spite, however, of small blemishes, there is a beauty and completeness in the design of the 'Earthly Paradise,' which gives it a fine distinction among the crowd of chaotic fragments that darken modern literature.

Of the manner in which Mr. Morris has executed his task we cannot speak with unmixed praise. In the first place it is clear that he has expended his whole skill upon investing his poems with an antique air. The closeness with which he reproduces the effect of the old romance style in his loosely constructed verse is often surprising as a poetical *tour de force*. A passage in the 'Lovers of Gudrun,' where Guest the seer watches the sons of Olaf bathing, strikes us as particularly noticeable, but there are many parts of his tales, and especially the openings, where the ancient simplicity has been imitated with great fidelity. In his description of nature, also, the out-of-door freshness and *naïveté* of the romances has been very happily caught.

His command of the ancient style has, however, been acquired at the cost of other qualities far more essential to real success in narrative. In delineation of character, vivacity of incident, and energy of versification, Mr. Morris shows himself either negligent or incapable. His poetical method may be contrasted not unfairly with that of Ariosto. Like that great poet, he professedly appears 'in raiment clad of stories oft besung.' Ariosto's style, however, is extremely idiomatic, and generally ironical. Yet, though no revivalist, and while looking on the marvels of Turpin's Chronicle with the eye of a humourist, he had a poet's appreciation of all that was noble in the idea of chivalry. Mr. Morris, on the other hand, while trying above all things to tell

his stories in the language of romance, often misses the romantic spirit; indeed, so far is he from feeling it, that he is for ever breathing into his Neo-Gothic verse the expression of that decrepit love-longing, which is the peculiar product of modern poetry. There is nothing heroic about his heroes. They perform great deeds, it is true, because the old stories so represent them; but the only adventures in which Mr. Morris shows any interest are their love affairs. Thus when Perseus falls in with Andromeda, several pages are taken up with a recital of all that they felt and said, but when the sea-monster appears, he is despatched in as many lines. Perseus is armed with the Gorgon's head, a weapon of such tremendous power, that he ought to have felt it should be used only on great occasions; yet he employs it on the least provocation, and against the most ignoble foes, merely, as it appears, that Mr. Morris may have the pleasure of conducting him back as quickly as possible to the embraces of Andromeda. Ruggiero, in the 'Orlando Furioso,' has a similar enchanted shield, but he keeps it carefully under cover, and when on one occasion he gains the victory, by the accidental removal of the case, he flings the shield into a well. Even the lovers in Mr. Morris's stories do not command our respect. In the 'Lovers of Gudrun,' perhaps the best story of the collection, our sympathy is claimed for Kiartan, who is deprived of his mistress by the treachery of his friend. In the old story we should probably feel compassion for such a man, for, though the knights of romance are by no means immaculate, their infidelities are generally lightly passed over in the *naïve* simplicity of the narrative. But how can we waste our sympathy on Mr. Morris's soft-hearted lover, who loiters in Norway, scarcely sending a meagre message to Gudrun, while he amuses himself with the king's sister Ingibjorg, who

'More than well

Began to love him, and he let her love,
Saying withal that nought at all might move
His heart from Gudrun; and for very sooth
He might have held that word; and yet for
ruth
And a soft pleasure that he might not name,
All unrebuked he let her soft eyes claim
Kindness from his?'

More tiresome still is Acontius. This youth having fallen in love with a lady whom he has just seen 'through half-shut eyes,' learns to his horror that she is to be sacrificed to Diana. Yet though he afterwards sees her twice, he has never the heart to speak to her, much less to effect her escape. It is characteristic of Mr. Morris,

that after a thousand lines filled with languishing and lamentation, without one act of courage or ingenuity on his part, this most detestable of lovers, through the intervention of Venus, is rewarded by the hand of the beautiful Cydippe.

The heroines of the tales, on the other hand, are as forward as the heroes are languid. We have no objection to their falling in love at first sight—though the occasional appearance of some shrewish Katharine would certainly be a relief—but it appears to us that their unconcealed complaisance would have disenchanted any lovers more particular than Mr. Morris's. Even Aslaug, fostered in the rudest retirement, on the appearance of a ship off her coast, speculates whether 'the great lord' to whom it belongs will fall in love with her. Mr. Morris, in fact, seems to think that shame and reserve are qualities incompatible with simplicity. Yet he might remember that Homer's Nausicaa, on approaching her father's town with Ulysses in her waggon, bids him leave her, lest she should provoke comment by appearing in the company of a stranger.

Again, the author has the very slenderest appreciation of the value of incident. This is not the fault of his originals. Both the Greek and the Norse legends have their full complement of the marvellous, but for the marvellous Mr. Morris cares nothing. We confess that we approached these stories with delighted expectation. The reappearance of the dragon in poetry, and in the face of a sceptical age, is an event which all readers of poetry should welcome. We recalled the spirit-stirring combat between Ruggiero and the Ork, and the magnificent description of the dragon in the first book of the 'Faery Queen.' But Mr. Morris cannot 'see' a dragon, much less can his dragons fight. When the Chimæra appears, the messenger who reports it to King Jobates confesses to having been so frightened as to be unable to say what it was like. When Mr. Morris himself has to describe the sea-beast killed by Perseus, this is all he has to say of him:—

'He beholding Jove's son drawing near
A huge black fold against him did uprear,
Maned with a hairy tuft, as some old tree
Hung round with moss in lands where vapors
be!'

It excites neither surprise nor admiration that this most feeble and incapable monster should succumb beneath one whisk of the hero's magic sword.

Lastly, the natural languor of Mr. Morris's style makes his verse at once diffuse and tedious. An incurable habit of gossiping causes him to loiter in his narratives, when

he should be swift and stirring. If one of his heroes, say the man born to be a King, sets out on a journey of life and death, we are told all that he thought about, whether the apples that he saw were ripe, and how many old women he passed, going to market. If a princess has occasion to look out of a window, Mr. Morris peeps to see what sort of a carpet she is standing on; and when he has married a pair of lovers in the middle of a story, he pauses to breathe a tearful blessing after them, telling them to make the most of their time, as they will probably some day grow tired of each other's company, and at any rate they will have to die.

This tendency to diffuseness is encouraged by the metre of the poems. The heroic couplet, properly so called with all its proved capacities, is set aside in favour of the elementary style of Chaucer, who, if he were now alive, would be the first to own that the noble metre which he invented had received its last development from later hands. But Mr. Morris is far more diffuse than Chaucer himself. The latter, though he does not observe the couplet, rarely makes a break in the middle of a line, so that his rhymes are clearly marked. Mr. Morris, on the other hand, writes by sentences, and, as his chief aim is to give each sentence an archaic turn, his verse resembles old prose with incidental rhymes. In this way his rhymes become useless not only as points of rhetoric, but as points of limitation. We select a passage at random to illustrate our meaning.

'So Bodli nothing loth went every day
When so they would to make the lovers gay,
When so they would to get him gone, that
these
Even with such yearning looks their souls
might please
As must be spoken, but sound folly still
To aught but twain, because no tongue hath
skill
To tell their meaning. Kinder, Kiartan
deemed,
Grew Bodli day by day, and ever seemed
Well nigh as happy as the happy twain,
And unto Bodli life seemed nought but gain,
And fair the days were.'

The octosyllabic metre, with its inherent facility, does not become vigorous in the hands of Mr. Morris, nor can we approve of his revival of the seven-line stanza, after its long supersession by the Spenserian stanza. It is in this measure, however, we think, that Mr. Morris writes best; indeed, when obliged to consider the ways and means of metre, he shows that he can be concise and forcible enough. The following stanza describes the feelings of Atalanta at her first interview with Milanion before the race:—

'What mean these longings, vague, without a name,
 And this vain pity never felt before,
 This sudden languor, this contempt of fame,
 This tender sorrow for the time past o'er,
 These doubts that grow each minute more and more?
 Why does she tremble as the time draws near,
 And weak defeat and woeful victory fear?'

In the graceful epilogue to 'The Earthly Paradise,' Mr. Morris sends forth his book to find the spirit of Chaucer, who, he says, will understand and sympathise with his attempt

'to lay
 The ghosts that crowd about life's empty day.'

We confess we do not think that Chaucer, however gratified he might be with Mr. Morris' preference and real appreciation, would at all sanction his method of laying ghosts. Of all poets Chaucer shows the most vigorous enjoyment of the activity and incident of life, from which his fastidious scholar so delicately withdraws himself. With his quick perception of character and his genial humour, we believe that the father of our poetry would never have found the present a mere "empty day." Such a phrase might characterise the society that existed at Rome under the latter empire, where all the springs of political and social life were dried. But a nation like England, whose historical fame is still recent, and whose liberties are not extinct, does not subside at once into such a state of torpor as the expression indicates. It is true that the picturesqueness of life that marked the period of Chaucer, has almost entirely disappeared; it is true also that other arts like those of journalism and novel-writing have done much to supersede poetry in the representation of national manners; yet after all deductions, enough remains of passion in politics, and individuality in character to give opportunities to the poet who knows how to seize them. That the opportunities have not been seized argues, we think, less the emptiness of the day, than the incapacity of the poets.

The failure of the literary poets to appreciate the active life of their time, as well as the affectations of thought and language that are such blemishes in their poetry are due we think, to two main causes, the exaggerated estimate which the poets have formed of their function, and the arbitrary standard of diction which they affect. Throughout this century there has been a growing disposition among the poets to separate themselves into an exclusive clique, whose sympathies and perceptions are sup-

posed to be quite distinct from those of the vulgar. This aristocratic feeling was first exhibited by one, who would certainly be the first to condemn the practice of those who now push his principles to absurd extremes. 'The poet,' says Wordsworth, 'is a man endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm, and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind—a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him,' &c. &c. The outcome of the preface which contains these words is, that the purpose of this highly gifted being is the expression of truth, the poet being in fact above all things an inspired philosopher. Wordsworth's definition, so far from being exhaustive, is we think extremely particular. It altogether subordinates the qualities of the poet, as a master of language, to his qualities as a man. The description would serve but as a very faint likeness of writers like Juvenal, Dryden, or even Byron, while on the other hand it is, especially in the latter words, a very exact portrait of a poet of the Lake School. A more aristocratic definition could not have been framed, for, in spite of Wordsworth's subsequent appeal to the judgment of the people, it is clear that a poet who rated his own powers so highly, would never consent to be bound by a popular decision, except when it was in his favour. And so it has turned out. The poet now exhibits a morbid sensitiveness to anything like a questioning examination of his utterances.

'Vex not thou the poet's mind,
 For thou canst not fathom it.'

says Mr. Tennyson. Strange as it seems, the gifts of the *sacer vates*, 'the sacred madness of the bard,' genuine enough in the early stages of society, when the atmosphere is charged with an electric credulity, are now reasserted in the face of a sceptical civilisation. Yet, as if to furnish another example of the tendency of an advanced age to develop both extremes of faith and unbelief, it is certain that the cultivated society of the present day is disposed to allow the most despotic pretensions of the poet. The critics above all, who on the appearance of new ideas among the poets greeted them with a savage roaring, have been reduced to a state of lamb-like meekness. Nay, more, those who were once judges, who were so suddenly converted into enemies have with equal rapidity been transformed into partisans. The critic's function is now no longer to decide, but to interpret or to flatter, and there is no poet of mark, who has not a crowd of

devotees skilful as commentators in explaining his meaning, and ready as courtiers to give his poems the preference over all that are past, present, and probably to come. In this way not only are the decisions of common sense endangered, but even the distinctions between right and wrong run a risk of being confounded. If a poet is hopelessly obscure, he is of course proportionately profound. This signifies little; but it is a very different matter that when he blasphemes religion, he should have sober-minded admirers who can scarcely find it in their hearts to blame his excessive zeal in the cause of progress; or that his outrages upon decency, however cold-blooded and systematic, should be excused, as the passing intemperance of youthful ardour.

We believe that the faith in modern poets as superior beings is based upon the extraordinary difference between their language and that in general use. Language has prodigious influence over the mind in every stage of society, and in the disguise of new and ingenious words, the baldest platitude may be received with honour, and a fallacy a thousand times exploded may reappear with small danger of immediate detection. The oracle at Delphi owed much of its influence to the remoteness and ambiguity of its answers; and in the same way the 'bard' sees his advantage in saying a thing, not only as it has never been said before, but as no one else would have been likely to think of saying it. Wordsworth, it is true, rested his whole estimate of the poet on his superiority as a man, and considered diction and metre of such merely secondary importance, that he proposed to divest poetry of all ornament by modelling his style as nearly as possible on the simple language in use in the rural districts. But as if to show how completely he was at fault in assigning this subordinate position to language, the practice of almost everyone of his distinguished successors has been to elaborate a 'poetic diction' far more unlike nature than that which he himself attacked. The whole range of Mr. Tennyson's poems shows a progressive series of ingenious experiments on language. Every work of Mr. Swinburne's is a succession of daring explorations in metre. Yet neither the language of the one poet, nor the versification of the other is a true reflection of the actions or passions of the men among whom they live. To alter the accentuation of words in common use,*

to speak of 'rich enow' instead of 'rich enough,' to call a merchant bark 'a dromond,' these are examples of 'poetic diction' much more glaring than stray lines of classical pedantry, such as,

'Golden Phœbus lifts his reddening fires,'

for which Wordsworth ridicules Gray. Yet licences of this kind are frequent in Mr. Rossetti's poems, and go far to make up the entire style of Mr. Morris. It is the aim of the literary school on all occasions to display instead of concealing their art; nor can we better characterise their manner than by employing the words in which Wordsworth condemns the pedantic imitators of the classics in the eighteenth century. 'These are poets who think that they are conferring honour on themselves and their art, in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men, and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, in order to furnish food for fickle tastes and fickle appetites of their own creation.*'

That there is, however, such a thing as 'poetical diction,' distinguishable from the language of prose, we ourselves have no doubt; indeed it is our opinion that it is this which is the essential characteristic of the poet. We take it to be the general function of a poet to find expression for the thoughts and actions of the men among whom he lives, and this he must do by so economising and elevating the idioms of speech in ordinary use, that the reader may at once seem himself to have experienced what is described, and acknowledge that it has been described in the best possible way. Examples of such phraseology are to be found in the writings of Pope, Dryden, and Byron. Pope's character of Atticus is a splendid instance of poetic diction, yet so carefully is the art concealed, so closely does it resemble the language in which men usually communicate their thoughts, that it seems at first sight scarcely more than a spontaneous effort of nature. It is only when we perceive the perfect precision of each word, the nice balance of phrases, and the happy turns of natural rhetoric, which are brought out by the pauses of metre, that we understand why such a consummate masterpiece of language could never have been achieved in prose. To produce such a result required, not only a comprehensive knowledge of the world, but

* What are we to say to Mr. Rossetti's new pronunciation of 'Haymarkét'?

'Everywhere, be it dry or wet,
And market-night in the Haymarket.'

* In his recently published poem, 'The Last Tournament,' Mr. Tennyson still continues to indulge in archaic and curiously formed words. Such expressions as 'a carcanet of ruby,' 'white samit,' 'Lancelot's languorous mood,' 'swine enow,' 'wan enow,' 'ruby-circled neck,' 'glossy-throated grace,' are samples of his favourite poetic diction.

a careful study of English poetical diction in the various stages where it had been taken up by successive masters. The literary poet, on the other hand, aims first of all at being strikingly original; his purpose is to produce a perfectly novel effect of language. He seems to believe that he has the same control over language as the sculptor over marble. Yet even the sculptor is to some extent at the mercy of his material, and must abandon his work if the marble has a fault. Far less liberty has the poet. For language is not like marble the lifeless product of Nature, but a living stream that rises in man, and is altered and augmented by all the fluctuations of human genius. Its bed is the life of a nation, and though its course may be partially guided by the ingenuity of individuals, it is the national character which works out the main channel, and bears on the surface the colours of the religion, the history, and the manners of the people. He who would employ the copious volume of its waters, must obediently keep pace with the stages of its flow. He who, desiring the fresh clearness of the early stream, retraces his steps to divert the water at the source, will soon find his artificial runnels shallow and dry. He, on the other hand, who with bolder genius opposes the full body of the stream, and seeks to bend it into a bed of his own making, may, perhaps, excite astonishment for a moment by the grandeur of his experiments and his apparent triumph over the elements. But the laws of Nature will re-assert themselves; the river of language will make its own way; and though his work may remain as a prodigy of art, it will have given no lasting aid towards guiding and distributing the bounty of the waters.

ART. IV.—*The Works of George Berkeley, D.D., formerly Bishop of Cloyne: including many of his Writings hitherto unpublished. With Prefaces, Annotations, his Life and Letters, and an Account of his Philosophy.* By Alexander Campbell Fraser, M.A., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. 4 vols. 8vo. Oxford, 1871.

EARLY in last year the Clarendon Press of the University of Oxford issued, almost simultaneously, two important works—the ‘Dialogues of Plato,’ translated by the master of Balliol, and ‘The Writings of Bishop Berkeley,’ collected and edited by Professor Fraser. These two works bear a striking resemblance

to each other in external appearance, each consisting of four handsome volumes of the same hue and size; and in one point, at all events, they have a certain internal similarity, for each is severally designed to bring to the better knowledge of the world a philosopher much spoken of and much misapprehended. In the case of Berkeley, his editor has been enabled to throw light on his modes of thought by the publication, for the first time, of a set of papers, containing his memoranda and diaries, which were known to be in the possession of Archdeacon Rose; and a good deal has been gained by the bringing together of all Berkeley’s works, with a careful collation of the different editions. In some cases the alterations which Berkeley introduced, or the omissions which he caused to be made, in subsequent editions of his treatises, are very significant of a change in his philosophical opinions. Professor Fraser has been long known as an authority in the mysteries of the Berkeleian philosophy; and the explanations which he has now afforded in the Introductions, Notes, and Dissertations, which these volumes contain, fully justify the expectation which had been formed of them. It is highly creditable to the delegates of the Clarendon Press to have proposed this edition of Berkeley’s works, and it is difficult to conceive their idea better carried out than it has been by Professor Fraser. To his considerable learning in the history of philosophy, and his intimate knowledge of this particular chapter in it, he has added an unwearied diligence in the collection of all possible indications and hints connected with the subject. And he has stated all the results of his investigations in clear and pleasant style without prolixity. An evident sympathy for Berkeley’s philosophy tinges his mode of treatment, but without such a sympathy it would have been almost impossible for any one to go through with the labour necessary for the production of these volumes. And, considering his sympathy, he is wonderfully impartial, and leaves the reader in a position to judge for himself of the merits of Berkeley’s thought.

The life of Bishop Berkeley is very interesting in itself, and an acquaintance with it is a considerable help towards estimating the character of his philosophy. Professor Fraser justly complains of the slightness and meagreness of previously existing biographies, and of the difficulty, at this distance, of supplying the missing details. Yet, on the whole, when we have gone through the ‘Life and Letters’ now furnished, especially with the addition of Berkeley’s private *Commonplace Book* and his *Diary in Italy*, we feel that we have got very near the man,

and, for practical purposes know enough about him. The butterfly-down indeed is gone. The grace and charm of colloquial manner, which Berkeley must have had in so high a degree, is lost. But it is the universal fate of mortals that their colloquial individuality dies with them. From this fate only two have been exempt—Socrates and Dr. Johnson—of each of whom it might be said, *καὶ νῦν ὑπὸ γαίης πάμπαντος ἀνασσεῖ*, ‘after death he reigns in fulness of life.’ Berkeley’s wife, who had seen something of the world, spoke of him as ‘the greatest wit of the age.’ But now not a *mot* of him remains. His letters are, on the whole, little representative of him. Most of those which remain are taken up with business, and are addressed to his friend and agent Tom Prior, for whom he had much regard, but whom he hardly treats as an equal. Other letters are, for the most part, somewhat stiff and jejune. We can only infer the excellence of Berkeley’s conversation from its known effects, from the eagerness with which his society was sought out by those who had the pick of London, and from the way in which he not only fascinated people for the moment, but also deeply impressed them.

Berkeley was one of the darlings of the human race; one of those who cannot fail to be prosperous, because they make all men anxious to serve and help them. The spell which he exercised over the regards and likings of other men was one of the most remarkable features of his history and character. So far as, by conjecture, we can analyse the secret of this spell, it consisted in the half Irish sweetness and pleasantness of his nature, combined with a rare freedom from all irregularities of temper, from all pride, peevishness, and self-assertion, from all cantankerous dispositions of whatever kind; combined, in short, with real goodness, and also with that which is so great a charm in society—a rich flow of unpedantic ideas.

Gifted with the power of attracting the love of others, Berkeley lived like a lily of the field, or as a bird of the air, only very rarely having occasion to take thought for the morrow. And the life which he led was, until his health began to decline, full of sunshine and prosperity, and rich in that sort of happiness which he most desired and appreciated. Often characterised by noble and even chivalrous aims for the good of mankind, it was yet not a life of self-sacrifice. For these aims were envisaged under the form of the ideally beautiful, and were chosen for their own sake. Berkeley’s ethical system has been described as a ‘theological utilitarianism;’ we find him in his early

Commonplace Book identifying pleasure with the *summum bonum*, and his whole life is an exemplification of the Platonic doctrine that we should learn to take pleasure in good things. To his happily balanced nature good always presented itself under the form of pleasure.

Berkeley belonged to an English Cavalier family, connected with the noble house of Berkeley of Stratton, which settled in Ireland in the time of Charles II. Berkeley was born in 1685, probably at Dysert, in the picturesque valley of the Nore, county Kilkenny. His primary education must have been efficiently conducted, for the first remaining record of him shows that at the precocious age of eleven years he was admitted into the highest class but one of the Duke of Ormond’s school at Kilkenny, which has been called the ‘Eton of Ireland,’ and which had been attended by Swift some fifteen years previously. In the year 1700 Berkeley entered Trinity College, Dublin, and traditions point to his having been considered eccentric in those days, when his juvenile enthusiasm was untempered by his subsequent experience and the polish of the world. He appears to have passed through the ordinary curriculum of studies with distinction and applause, and in 1707 he was admitted a Fellow. Trinity College, Dublin, at the commencement of the eighteenth century, seems to have been full of a good deal of intellectual activity; and in 1705 Berkeley and his friends formed a Society to promote their investigations in the New Philosophy of Boyle, Newton, and Locke. The rules of this Society are preserved for us in Berkeley’s Commonplace Book, now for the first time published by Professor Fraser, which is one of the most interesting records of the formation of a philosopher’s mind ever given to the world. The Commonplace Book represents Berkeley’s studies and thoughts, and probably also many of the questions discussed in the society of his academical friends; it contains his tentative jottings in philosophy, ‘apparently from about his eighteenth till about his twenty-second year,’ and it was, in short, his private preparation for those works which he, ere long, in rapid succession produced.

In the Commonplace Book, we find him brooding over a particular set of reflections, till they have almost grown into a system, and at the same time schooling himself to anticipate and disarm opposition. He is big with a great secret, which it is his mission to impart to the world. In reference to this feeling, that a mission had been entrusted to him, he writes: ‘I was distrustful at eight years old, and consequently by na-

ture disposed for these new doctrines.' In 1707, he began to feel his way to authorship, by the anonymous publication of two tracts, in Latin, on mathematical subjects. In 1709, he stepped forth under his own name with an instalment of his secret, in the shape of the celebrated 'Essay towards a New Theory of Vision.' But this clever and striking book was only partly original in its scope, and one of the points to be remarked about it is that it did not reveal the central thought which at the time, as we learn from the *Commonplace Book*, had possession of Berkeley's mind. It was but an outwork of the attack which he had been silently preparing on the scholastic notions of Matter, Space, and Time. In the following year (1710) he unmasked his batteries, by bringing out his 'Treatise concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge, Part I.' Of this work, 'Part II.' never appeared. We can only conjecture what the unfinished design was. 'Part I.' was dropped out from the title-page of succeeding editions, and in 1713 Berkeley published the conclusions arrived at in his 'Principles,' in a more popular form, under the title of 'Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous. The design of which is plainly to demonstrate the reality and perfection of Human Knowledge, the Incorporeal Nature of the Soul, and the immediate providence of a Deity; in opposition to Sceptics and Atheists. Also to open a Method for rendering the Sciences more easy, useful, and compendious.' How far Berkeley's arguments succeeded in realising the programme contained in this title-page may be briefly considered hereafter. The three works mentioned complete the first and indeed the chief period in his philosophical achievements. They were brought out between his twenty-fourth and twenty-ninth year. He had been precocious as a schoolboy, and he now undoubtedly showed himself precocious as a thinker. In the biographies of philosophers, he is most resembled in this respect by Hume, whose greatest work of speculation appeared when he was twenty-seven. Spinoza had his system ready at the age of thirty-five, Descartes at the age of forty, Locke and Kant not till they were each nearly sixty years old. Connected with this point there is another characteristic of Berkeley's mind, besides its precocious development, which is worthy of notice, and that is the intensity and impetuosity with which he seems to have followed up the object in which for the time he was interested. It seems also as if, after a period of strenuous exertion in a particular direction, he was capable of becoming suddenly weary of the object of

his pursuit, and of turning from it to pursue other objects with fresh and equally exclusive ardour. Thus, throughout his life philosophical research was only intermittent. After publishing his 'Dialogues,' his mind appears to have been satiated with speculation and argument on Matter, Space, Time, and God; and to all appearance he dropped the subject. He did not take it up again till seven years had elapsed, when (1720) being stimulated by the proposal of 'the Nature of Motion,' as the subject for a prize-essay, by the Academy of Sciences in Paris, he set to work again from his former point of view, and composed in Latin his treatise 'De Motu,' which added an important chapter to the earlier portions of his system, in the shape of a spiritual theory of the nature of causation.

In the meanwhile (1713) he left his cloister and went out, like Dr. Faust, to see the world. His Mephistopheles, so to speak, was no other than Swift, that great, brilliant, terrible, unhappy genius, of whom Thackeray doubts whether most of us could have borne to know him: 'If you had been his inferior in parts,' says Thackeray, perhaps too bitterly, 'and his equal in mere social station, he would have bullied, scorned, and insulted you; if undeterred by his great reputation, you had met him like a man, he would have quailed before you, and not had the pluck to reply, and gone home, and years after written a foul epigram about you. If you had been a lord with a blue riband, who flattered his vanity, or could help his ambition, he would have been the most delightful company in the world.' But Swift was always good to Berkeley. He now received him in London, presented him at court, 'mentioned him to all the ministers,' 'gave them some of his writings,' spoke of him as 'a very ingenious man and a great philosopher,' and seemed to find much pleasure in his society. Berkeley is several times mentioned in the 'Journal to Stella,' on one occasion he dines with Swift and Dr. Arbuthnot, on another with Swift and Parnell 'in an ale-house.' During the spring and summer of 1713 he remained in London, enjoying, from time to time, the society of Addison, Pope, Gay, Steele, and other wits and men of letters of the reign of Anne. Between March and August he contributed fourteen essays to Steele's new paper called the 'Guardian.' These essays are collected by Professor Fraser among Berkeley's Miscellaneous Writings. They are against the Free-thinkers, and are chiefly directed against Collins, who had just published his 'Discourse of Free-thinKing,' and who was reported, though it looks like an

idle rumour, to have announced himself the discoverer of a demonstration against the existence of God. On the whole, they appear hardly worthy of Berkeley's powers; they have a very slight connection with his philosophical views; the satire in them is far from being brilliant; and they consist rather of a narrow polemic against ideal and imaginary sceptics than a real answer to the Deists of the early part of the eighteenth century. Berkeley had come to London as a clergyman, having received holy orders in 1709. And he was not the less welcome to the Tory ministry of the day, for being known to have preached in 1711, and afterwards published a 'Discourse on Passive Obedience,' and on the duty of not resisting the supreme civil power. It would be a mistake to suppose that this 'Discourse' consists of a vindication of the 'divine right' of kings. Rather it advocates submission to the government—of whatever kind it be. It is a protest against lawlessness, and may have been suggested by the temper of the public mind in Ireland. As coming from a philosopher, it bears comparison with the doctrine of Socrates, which had also reference to the restlessness of the Athenians, and their extreme tendency to assert individual rights—that the whole of virtue is summed up in obedience to the laws. But Berkeley's 'Discourse' has only a biographical interest; it is not conceived with sufficient philosophical breadth, or from the point of view of sufficient political experience, to be available as an argument now. It was brought up against him, as evincing supposed Jacobite tendencies, in the reign of the first George, and it was only by the production of the 'Discourse itself' that Berkeley's friends were enabled to show its harmless character, and thus to prevent its being made an obstacle to his promotion.

In November, 1713, by the recommendation of Swift, Berkeley received the appointment of chaplain and secretary to the brilliant and eccentric Earl of Peterborough, who was just then starting as ambassador-extraordinary to Victor Amadeus, King of Sicily. Lord Peterborough, who, in earlier life, had been the intimate friend of Locke, was probably nothing loth to attach to his suite the rising philosopher of the day. And Berkeley was perhaps far from unwilling to be brought into personal relations with one of the most striking and remarkable of public characters—famed for war, diplomacy, scholarship, and wit; restless and full of contradictions; a man of the world and an enemy to religion, 'who nevertheless was said to have written sermons to rival Christian preachers.' In con-

formity with the statutes of Trinity College, Dublin, Berkeley obtained a Royal dispensation 'to travel and remain abroad during the space of two years, for the recovery of his health and his improvement in learning,' and this dispensation was afterwards twice renewed, so that he was at this time for more than eight years a wanderer from Ireland and the academic shades. It so turned out, however, that, except for one month, during which he halted with Lord Peterborough at Paris, he saw hardly anything of his chief. Berkeley, by his own choice, travelled with some of the suite through Savoy and over the Alps, to meet at Genoa the ambassador who had gone by sea. And then the suite were all left at Leghorn, while Lord Peterborough, from some diplomatic motive, went on alone and incognito to Sicily, where he stayed three months, at the end of which time the death of the Queen on the 1st August, 1714, suddenly changed the whole aspect of things in England. The Tory ministry was dissolved, and Peterborough was recalled; and Berkeley immediately returned to London.

The earliest of Berkeley's letters, which have been preserved, are dated from Paris, Turin, and Leghorn, during this period of ten months, when he was Lord Peterborough's chaplain. Three are addressed to his friend Tom Prior, and one to Pope. He tells Pope that, as a poet, he ought to come for inspiration to Italy; and he adds that 'to enable a man to describe rocks and precipices, it is absolutely necessary that he pass the Alps.' In this remark there is no trace of the modern feeling for the sublimity of mountains. He seems to mean that a poet should study the horrible, and he speaks in the spirit of the 'Alpinas, ah! dura, nives,' of Virgil, though for other and gentler kinds of scenery Berkeley had, like Virgil, a keen sensibility. He seems to have regarded his ride through Savoy in mid-winter as a great and perilous exploit, which he would advise no one to imitate. He tells Prior that 'Savoy was a perpetual chain of rocks and mountains, almost impassable for ice and snow. And yet I rode post through it, and came off with only four falls; from which I received no other damage than the breaking my sword, my watch, and my snuff-box.' On New Year's Day he was carried in a hand-chair over Mont Cenis, and seems to have been far too much occupied with the fear that his porters might slip with him, to give any appreciative attention to the grandeur of the spectacle through which he passed. He received benefit, however, to his health from the hardships he endured. He says: 'I am

now hardened against wind and weather, earth and sea, frost and snow; can gallop all day long, and sleep but three or four hours at night.' When he got back to London, he seems to have been ill again, for Arbuthnot wrote to Swift: 'Poor philosopher Berkeley has now the *idea* of health, which was very hard to produce in him; for he had an *idea* of a strange fever upon him, so strong that it was very hard to destroy it by introducing a contrary one.'

Berkeley had now tasted foreign travel, and he soon returned to it, having been almost immediately appointed to accompany Mr. Ashe, son of the Bishop of Clogher, on a continental tour. One of the first things reported of this journey is that Berkeley, while with his pupil at Paris (1715), was the 'occasional cause' of the death of Father Malebranche, to whom he had gone to pay his respects, by drawing that aged philosopher into a controversy on some point of difference between their respective systems, at a time when he was suffering from an inflammation of the lungs. The story, however, of this meeting between the two metaphysicians, and of its tragical end, rests solely on the authority of Berkeley's early and not very careful biographers, and is not confirmed or alluded to by the biographers of Malebranche. We hear nothing more of Berkeley, even by report, except that 'he travelled over most parts of Europe,' till we come on his Diary in Italy, from January to June, 1717, in which he lives again in full vitality before our eyes. This document, forming part of Archdeacon Rose's collection of the Berkeley papers, is contained in four small volumes, which were evidently Berkeley's travelling companions. Notes of the works of art, libraries, and palaces of Rome; of posting stages, distances, different kinds of crops (jotted in pencil, apparently in the carriage as the travellers passed along); of towns and villages through the south of Italy, with their populations; of commercial and other statistics; of monasteries, and different orders of monks; of Catholic ceremonies, miracles, and beliefs; above all, of cases of the bite of the Tarantula, and of the treatment of the Tarantati—fill up these interesting pages. They suggest to us that with Berkeley the period of metaphysical speculation had been succeeded by a period in which external observation was paramount. Art, nature, and the life of men were now to him, for the time, more important than theories of perception and existence. Like Goethe during his Italian journeys, he was now undergoing in mature life an extended process of culture. To receive, to take in

impressions, was the chief work of each day. But the Diary also bears witness to an extensive reading, though at the same time to an absence of that profound scholarship which would have enabled a Bentley or a Niebuhr to take a very different advantage of the opportunities afforded. Berkeley shows an intelligent curiosity in libraries and MSS., but no discovery appears to have resulted from it. He was an *amateur* traveller without a speciality, and his remarks remind us of the great progress which has been made since his time in special branches of knowledge, such as the history and criticism of art, palæography, and the like.

The Diary is but a glimpse, and yet, like a flash of lightning, it shows a great deal. After it the darkness returns, and we have to fancy Berkeley still travelling on with his pupil, in the same healthy and happy spirit, till we find him at Lyons, in 1720, writing his treatise 'De Motu,' which has been mentioned above; and at the end of the same year he is again in London.

On his return home after a five years' absence, and on scrutinising his country with those eyes of comparison and criticism which are apt to be engendered by long sojournings among foreign peoples, Berkeley had the pain of finding England involved in the consternation and panic which followed the sudden collapse of the South Sea speculation. Several of his friends, and, amongst them, the poet Gay, had been involved in ruin. Berkeley threw himself into the situation with his wonted intensity, and, feeling much and imagining more, he probably exaggerated the extent and importance of the calamity and the corruption of national morality which was implied. As Professor Fraser remarks, 'We know more about these things now; commercial speculation was then a novelty in the nation.' Berkeley was moved to give utterance to the thoughts which arose within him, and he did so in an anonymous pamphlet entitled 'An Essay towards Preventing the Ruin of Great Britain.' This earnest production was like the warning of a Hebrew prophet; it was a despairing call for the regeneration of his country, and might in some respects be compared with Fichte's 'Addresses to the German People' after the battle of Jena. 'We are undone,' is the spirit of his language, 'and lost to all sense of our true interest. If we are to be saved at all, it must be by the persons who compose society becoming individually industrious, frugal, public-spirited, and religious. This, and not any royal road, is the way to safety, if there is any way at all.' There is much that is economically valuable in Berkeley's general reasonings on this

topic, as, for instance, in the remark (trite enough now) that 'Money is so far useful to the public as it promoteth industry, and credit having the same effect is of the same value with money; but money or credit circulating through a nation from hand to hand, without producing labour and industry in the inhabitants, is direct gaming.' And he anticipates some ideas of the present century in calling for improvement in our trades and manufactures by means of premiums to be offered by the State to ingenious artists. We, however, put it differently, and talk of the encouragement of technical education. His recommendation of sumptuary laws to regulate the dress of ladies, and of laws for the repression of masquerades, will less bear the scrutiny of modern opinion. And we see now that Berkeley had too little faith in the moral energies of England and in the powers of developing towards the good which were latent in her. And yet his powerful and eloquent 'Essay' may still be read with instruction, and may suggest many thoughts.

After relieving his mind by its publication, Berkeley remained in London during the spring and summer of 1721. 'His travels had added to his social charms, and he found ready admission to the best society.' There are traces remaining to show how much at this time Pope valued his companionship. In August he was recommended by Lord Burlington to the Duke of Grafton, who had just been appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Berkeley went in the Duke's suite as one of his chaplains, and in this capacity returned once more to Dublin. In a stray letter of this period, which has been preserved, Berkeley good-naturedly records that he has to sup and often dine with the steward, and that the Duke keeps him at a great distance. 'But,' he adds, 'a good Deanery will easily make amends for lessening my quality.' And in the following February (1722) he was nominated Dean of Dromore. This preferment appears to have been a lucrative sinecure, equal in value to about fourteen hundred pounds a year in the present day, and not implying residence or any duty. Berkeley held it in addition to a Senior Fellowship in Trinity College, the office of Senior Proctor, and that of Hebrew Lecturer; which college offices together gave him the equivalent to between four and five hundred pounds a year at the present rate of reckoning. There were pleasant and easy times for successful aspirants in the Irish Church during the last century.

But Berkeley's fortunes culminated in 1723 in a curious and romantic way. It seems that when he was in London in 1718,

Swift had carried him one day incidentally to dine at the house of Mrs. Vanhomrigh. Berkeley himself declared that this was 'the first and last time in his life in which he ever saw' the celebrated Vanessa. But the nameless charm of his manner and disposition seem in this one interview to have made a lasting impression on the unfortunate young lady. On the death of her mother in 1717, she had settled on her property, Marley Abbey, ten miles from Dublin, to be near Swift, to whom her whole heart was given. But Swift had in the mean time been privately married to Stella, and Vanessa found herself constantly repulsed. In 1720 she brought matters to a crisis, and obtained Stella's avowal of her relationship to Swift. A violent rupture took place, and Vanessa immediately revoked a will made in favour of Swift, and settled the whole of her estate, in value about 8000*l.*, to be divided between Berkeley and a Mr. Marshal, afterwards one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas in Ireland. She died of a broken heart in 1723. Thus did the ravens provide for Berkeley, or, rather, thus did he lay mankind (and womankind too) under contribution, without asking or wishing for anything by the mere magic of his presence.

In April, 1724, he was nominated by the Duke of Grafton to the livings of Ardrea and Arboe, and almost simultaneously in lieu thereof to one of the best preferments in Ireland the important Deanery of Derry, worth, even in those days, eleven hundred pounds a year. It was considered an ecclesiastical position in which much might be done, as it was 'a great frontier against Dissenters,' and contained five cures, besides the Isle of Inch, where there were a hundred families, without the power of getting to any church except by crossing the sea. In fact, it opened scope for a sort of missionary enterprise; but Berkeley's mind was by this time set on missionary enterprise of a different and more grandiose character, and there is no trace of his ever visiting the Deanery of Derry. He resigned all his offices in Trinity College, but his heart was on wing to quit Ireland and the Old World altogether.

His new plans and his feelings about them are excellently set forth in a letter from Swift, recommending him to Lord Carteret, who had just succeeded the Duke of Grafton as Lord-Lieutenant (September, 1724). This letter shows, in most favourable light, the good side of Swift's character. We must not forget that only the year before Berkeley had supplanted him in a large legacy, and though this was brought about unwittingly and without the employment of any arts, still, if Swift's nature had been

composed of such almost unmixed malignity as some would have us believe, he would hardly have failed to have resented the occurrence. But now, so far from showing the slightest vestige of bitterness towards Berkeley, he writes of him in the most handsome, appreciative, and sympathetic way. He gives an admirable summary of Berkeley's previous career, and touches off his scheme 'of a life academico-philosophical in a College founded for Indian scholars and missionaries' in a few half bantering, but really approving sentences, just in the style that would be most telling with a statesman and man of the world. He says of Berkeley—'He is an absolute philosopher with regard to money, titles, and power; and for three years past has been struck with a notion of founding a University at Bermudas, by a charter from the Crown. He has seduced several of the hopefulest young clergymen and others here, many of them well provided for, and all in the fairest way for preferment; but in England his conquests are greater, and I doubt will spread very far this winter.' 'He most exorbitantly proposes a whole hundred pounds a year for himself, fifty pounds for a Fellow, and ten for a Student. His heart will break if his Deanery be not taken from him, and left at your Excellency's disposal. I discouraged him by the coldness of courts and ministers, who will interpret all this as impossible and a vision; but nothing will do. And I therefore humbly entreat your Excellency either to use such persuasions as will keep one of the first men in the kingdom for learning and virtue quiet at home, or assist him by your credit to compass his romantic design; which, however, is very noble and generous, and directly proper for a great person of your excellent education to encourage.' Nothing could show more clearly than this letter of Swift's the remarkable faculty which Berkeley possessed of drawing out the good that was in those with whom he came in contact.

Of the first origin of the wonderful scheme for a College in the Bermudas we can only form conjectures. Swift says that it had been in Berkeley's mind 'for three years,' and Professor Fraser points out that this takes us back to the time of the sufferings from the South Sea disaster, and of the 'Essay towards Preventing the Ruin of Great Britain,' and he thinks that Berkeley's first impulse towards America may have arisen out of despair at the state of things at home. But of this there is no further evidence. The idea which had grown up in Berkeley's mind bears the marks of being a positive rather than a

negative idea. There is no trace in Berkeley's subsequent expressions of a repugnance to 'scholastic universities' or the state of the church at home. The desire which he felt was an enthusiastic longing to realise an ideal—it was not the wish to fly from present evils. It was rather the bright vision which produced the shadow than the shadow which gave rise to the vision. Among the circumstances that may have conspired to put the plan into his head was the fact that a General Codrington, who died in 1710, had left his estates in Barbadoes to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, to found a college there. Again, America was in those days what India (of which Hegel says, 'Es ist immer das Land der Sehnsucht gewesen') is now; it was a great centre of attraction for benevolent enterprise and romantic philanthropy. Above all, a halo of the brightest romance had been thrown over the Bermudas, or 'Summer Islands' as they were called after Sir George Somers, who was wrecked there in 1609. 'He and his comrades were unexpectedly charmed by their place of refuge. Bermuda became famed for its delightful climate and was a resort of Royalists and Roundheads during the troubles of the times. The poet Waller, after his condemnation by Parliament, is said to have passed some months in 1643 in Bermuda, which, in his 'Battle of the Summer Islands,' he has described with enthusiasm as enjoying perpetual spring, and offering the most beautiful residence in the world. And Andrew Marvell, in his poem 'Bermudas,' celebrates the

"isle so long unknown
And yet far kinder than our own,
Safe from the storms, and prelates' rage." "

Such were the sort of elements out of which Berkeley's vision shaped itself. Noble and benevolent purposes were mixed up with other ideas but they seem to us rather as the woof than as the warp of the texture. The picture—the picture was the thing;—the picture of deep peace, of a serene life, simple and yet deeply intellectual, frugal without the sense of a single want, sober yet unrestrained; a docile crowd of disciples in the foreground, applauding conscience within; approving Heaven above; and all round palm-tree and everlasting spring and the sparkling foam of the ocean. It was a good thought to propose to raise the tone and improve the cultivation of the clergy in America; it was a good thought to propose by means of education to prepare the way for the Gospel among the Red Indians. But what practical man could have seriously believed the

the proper head-quarters for such operations would be a group of islands in the middle of the Atlantic, six hundred miles from the coast of America! It was all a poet's dream, hardly more substantial, though more exertions were used to realise it than the dream entertained by Coleridge, Southey, and Lloyd, of establishing 'Pantisocracy' on the banks of the Susquehanna. The very name of the 'Summer Islands' had a good deal to do with the formation of this romance, just as the Susquehanna was chosen by Coleridge and his friends as the site of their ideal republic, for no other qualities but its sounding name. But the most astonishing feature of the whole story is Berkeley's success in getting other people to see his proposals in the same light as himself. Swift was quite right in predicting that his conquests would spread far in England. He at first proposed to raise the necessary funds for the endowment of his College by subscription, and he actually received promises of more than 5000*l*. (a large sum in those days) for the purpose. But he was not content with this mode of procedure. He got the ear of George I., and obtained his Majesty's approval for the grant of 20,000*l*., from the purchase money of the Island of St. Christopher, ceded to England by the treaty of Utrecht—being made as an endowment for the College in the Bermudas, provided that Parliament would sanction it. Berkeley had succeeded in getting the name of Sir Robert Walpole on his list for a subscription of 200*l*., and this may probably be considered a greater feat than his getting 4000*l*. from Miss Vanhomrigh by his conversation during a single dinner. He now managed to see every member of both Houses and to represent to them that the King was in favour of the grant and the Minister not opposing. The Bill came on in the Commons on the 11th May, 1726, and was carried with only two dissentient voices. Walpole said afterwards that he had no idea this would be the result,—he expected that the mere preamble of the Bill would ensure its being thrown out. But, as events proved, he was inwardly determined that 20,000*l*. of the public money should never go to 'St. Paul's College in Bermuda.' Berkeley occupied fully four years in the work of pushing his scheme in London and in getting preliminary arrangements made. 'Bermuda' became a by-word among the wits in London, and Bolingbroke wrote to Swift that he would willingly quit Europe for so delightful a spot—only not in a missionary capacity. He asked if Swift would not accompany him, that they might 'form a society more reasonable and more

useful than Dean Berkeley's College.' The bulk of Berkeley's correspondence, as preserved to us, dates from this period. It is addressed to Tom Prior, but, with occasional brief references to Bermuda, it is almost entirely about the business which arose out of the Vanessa bequest and which Prior was managing for him. One of the few Irishisms which fell from Berkeley's pen occurs in this correspondence; he says, 'Dear Tom, do this matter *cleanly and cleverly* without waiting for further advice.' The matter which was to be done 'cleanly and cleverly' was the procuring of a secret lodging in Dublin for Berkeley, who, from some motive which he does not appear to have revealed to his correspondent, wished to come over incognito to Ireland. What all this mystery was about can only be conjectured. Most probably it had some connection with the courtship which he must then have been carrying on, and of which he never said a word to his simple, affectionate henchman, till he announced the *dénouement* in the following terms:—'Dear Tom, To-morrow, with God's blessing, I set sail for Rhode Island, with my wife and a friend of hers, my Lady Handcock's daughter, who bears us company. I am married since I saw you to Miss Forster, daughter of the late Chief Justice, whose humour and turn of mind pleases me beyond anything that I know in her whole sex. Mr. James, Mr. Dalton, and Mr. Smibert go with us on this voyage. We are now altogether at Gravesend, and are engaged in one view.' Of this Miss Forster the 'Historical Register' for 1728, going rather into personal detail, records that she was 'an agreeable young lady,' and had a fortune of 4000*l*. There is a tradition that she was of the school of the Quietists and a student of Fénelon and Madame Guyon. One letter of hers to her son which has been preserved shows her to have been a sensible and high-minded woman.

Of Berkeley's other companions, James (afterwards Sir John), Dalton, and Miss Handcock, were all persons of good family and independent means; Smibert was an English painter, who had fallen under Berkeley's fascinations, and elected to try his fortunes in the new colony. The future fellows of St. Paul's College were to wait till the city of Bermuda should be in progress, for which city Berkeley, with the architectural taste acquired in Italy, had made elegant designs. The Government grant of 20,000*l*. was to be payable in two years' time, and Berkeley was to retain the Deanery of Derry for a year and a half after that period, with the option of then returning to it or of remaining as Principal of the Bermuda College.

In the meanwhile he was bound for Rhode Island on the coast of America, where he was to buy land and establish a communication between that place and the Bermudas.

No part of Professor Fraser's biography is more pleasing than his account of Berkeley's life (for about three years) in Rhode Island. He has succeeded in reproducing the motley society of the place at that time; from various sources he has obtained descriptions and photographs, of which engravings are given, of Berkeley's haunts; and Lady Amberley, who with Lord Amberley visited Rhode Island in 1867, has contributed an interesting description of 'Whitehall,' the house which Berkeley built for himself there. Looking at this period as a whole, the curious thing is to observe how much Berkeley's zeal for the professed objects of his expedition appears to have evaporated, when he got to the place of action. We might have expected that so ardent an apostle as had started on this mission, four years before, regardless of his own worldly interests, would never have rested in Rhode Island till he had got some of the Indians under his influence, till he had travelled in America and made himself acquainted with the materials to be dealt with, till he had begun organising the plans which he had so much at heart. But he did nothing of this kind. To sum up briefly the history of Berkeley's residence in Rhode Island, we might say that he bought some land and some slaves (three of whom are recorded as having been admitted to the church), that he built a house, had two children born to him, made himself very pleasant and amiable to his neighbours, formed a philosophical society in the town of Newport, but generally speaking lived a very reclusive life, plunged deeply into study, and wrote a book. This book was entitled 'Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher;' it consists of popular dialogues in defence of Christianity, against Mandeville, Shaftesbury, and Collins, and is full of references to the scenery of Rhode Island; it is the largest of all his works, and was finished just in time to be published immediately after his return to England. The real fact is that Berkeley was not qualified for the task which he had assigned to himself. He had not that enduring energy, that tendency to outward action which is necessary for the missionary. His history in other matters shows that the intensity with which he took up particular ideas could not last beyond a certain time, and was then succeeded by a period of weariness. The struggle which for four years he had maintained to establish the preliminaries of his plan had exhausted him. When he got to Rhode Island, he was

married, and he relaxed the strain and sunk into that which was most natural to him, a quiet life of philosophical study and writing. We cannot agree with Professor Fraser that the disappointment attending upon the non-fulfilment of his Bermuda plan affected his spirits and broke down his health. His letters to Tom Prior from Rhode Island do not at all indicate that his heart is set on Bermuda. He from time to time intimates that he means to stay till the King's pleasure be finally known, but he does so in a passive kind of way, as if he were bound to stick to his bargain, if the other side carried it out, but not with any strong wishes on the subject. On one occasion he writes:—

'I find it hath been reported in Ireland that we propose settling here (in Rhode Island). I must desire you to discountenance any such report. The truth is, if the King's bounty were paid in, and the charter could be removed hither, *I should like it better than Bermuda*: but if this were mentioned before the payment of said money, it may perhaps hinder it, and defeat all our designs.' Two years later he writes, 'I do assure you, *bonâ fide*, that I have not the least intention to stay here longer than I can get a clear answer from Government; for, upon all private accounts, I should like Derry better than New England.'—'To conclude, as I am here in order to execute a design addressed for by Parliament, and set on foot by his Majesty's royal charter, I think myself obliged to wait the event, whatever course is taken in Ireland about my Deanery.'

In the mean time Gibson, the Bishop of London, was working to get the payment of the Bermuda grant, or at all events a definite answer, out of Government. At last Walpole very characteristically told him, 'If you put this question to me as a minister, I must and can assure you that the money shall most undoubtedly be paid, as soon as suits with public convenience; but if you ask me as a friend, whether Dean Berkeley should continue in America, expecting the payment of 20,000*l.*, I advise him by all means to return home to Europe, and to give up his present expectations.' Berkeley naturally took this hint; he gave utterance to a very resigned and philosophical sigh in the introduction to 'Alciphron,' which he was just now completing, and in the end of 1731 he returned with his family to London. Smibert, the artist, remained and successfully practised his profession in Boston, and James and Dalton appeared to have prolonged their travels in America. Berkeley's mind was soon taken up with other subjects. It is true that his energies from this time appear

diminished, but there does not seem to be sufficient ground for attributing this to the results of mental disappointment in connection with his Bermuda scheme. His physical constitution, never very strong, had broken down, and at the age of forty-seven he was a prematurely old man. His visit to America was not without benefit to the cause of learning and religion which he had at heart. Very generously, on leaving Rhode Island, he assigned his farm of ninety-six acres there to Yale College, Newhaven, for the foundation of three Scholarships to be awarded by an examination in Greek and Latin. And these scholarships appear to have had a considerable influence in promoting classical study in America. The list of 'Berkeleyan Scholars of the House' in Yale College, was published twenty years ago; there were two hundred names, and among them some of the most eminent in the history of America. Berkeley also benefited Yale College by the donation of a valuable collection of books, amounting to nearly a thousand volumes. He left a pleasing and revered image of his personal presence in the memories of the good people of Rhode Island; and he left too the stamp of his peculiar modes of thought on the metaphysical philosophy of America. Samuel Johnson, one of the most learned scholars and acute thinkers of that time in America, had much intercourse with Berkeley in Rhode Island, and he became an adherent of the Berkeleyan system, which he afterwards developed in a work called 'Elementa Philosophica.' Jonathan Edwards, the greatest metaphysician that America has produced, was a pupil of Johnson's, and followed in the same line of thought, adopting, like him, the Berkeleyan conception of the material world.

Berkeley remained in London for two years after his return. He was still Dean of Ebury, but showed no disposition to go there. His second son was born at this time in Green Street. The philosophical Queen Caroline, delighted with 'Alciphron,' and with the conversation of Berkeley, nominated him to the Deanery of Down, the richest in Ireland; and the King's letter for his appointment was actually sent out. But some omission had occurred in not apprising the Duke of Dorset, then Lord-Lieutenant, of the royal intentions, and the Duke was so offended that it was thought right not to urge the matter further. In January 1734 Berkeley was nominated to the Bishopric of Cloyne, and the Queen expressly begged that no opposition should be made, on political grounds, to his appointment. On this he wrote to Tom Prior—'Those who

formerly opposed my being made Dean of Down have thereby made me a Bishop; which rank, how desirable soever it may seem, I had before absolutely determined to keep out of.' Shortly after this date, before leaving London to go to his diocese, Berkeley published, under the title of 'The Analyst,' a treatise on a subject which had been occupying his mind. The point of this treatise was to retort upon the mathematicians, who were supposed to refuse credence to the mysteries of the Christian religion, because inexplicable to reason; whereas, Berkeley argued, their own science was full of unexplained mysteries, and the idea 'of force,' for instance, was as little capable of being made clear to the understanding as that of 'grace.' This pamphlet called out a swarm of mathematical champions, and the controversy engaged Berkeley's attention during the first two years of his residence in the 'manse-house' of Cloyne.

In that secluded spot, which Professor Fraser, with his usual reverential diligence, brings in all its details before the mind of the reader, Berkeley spent the last eighteen years of his life. During the whole period we see him, by the occasional glimpses which his correspondence afforded, like Prospero—

'Neglecting worldly ends, all dedicate
To closeness and the bettering of his mind
With that, which, but by being so retired
O'er prized all popular rate.'

In this sequestered nook he was almost as much out of the world as he had been in Rhode Island. He lived constantly suffering in health, but happy in his family, his books, and his thoughts, which frequently took a practical turn, and were to him in lieu of action. His work was to suggest thoughts to men rather than to mix in their affairs. He had been more than three years Bishop before he took his seat in the Irish House of Lords, though Dublin was only 150 miles distant. He appears to have taken his seat only for the purpose of speaking on the subject of the repression of blasphemy, in reference to the alleged proceedings of a club called the 'Blasters,' which was said to have been formed in Dublin. Except in the session (1737-38) in which this subject was discussed, Berkeley appears never to have attended Parliament. The pictures of his family life are sweet and idyllic. He was much taken up with the education of his children. Of his only daughter he writes—'So bright a little gem! that to prevent her doing mischief among the illiterate squires, I am resolved to treat her like a boy and make her study eight hours a day.' Gradually his children developed a taste for art.

On account of their delicate health they were restricted to painting one hour and a half a day. Music was enthusiastically cultivated, and Bishop Berkeley retained the celebrated Signor Pasquino for four years at the palace at Cloyne to teach his children. On one occasion the Signor, who had been learning English from a dictionary, is said to have exclaimed in an outburst of gratitude, 'May God *pickle* your Lordship!' All the neighbours were invited to a weekly concert, and there was evidently, for such of them as could appreciate it, a centre of intellectual and artistic light and pleasantness under the roof of the Bishop of Cloyne. A deep sorrow fell on this house in 1751, by the death of the second son, William, at the age of sixteen; on which Berkeley writes to Bishop Benson,—

'I was a man retired from the amusements of politics, visits, and what the world calls pleasure. I had a little friend, educated always under mine own eye, whose painting delighted me, whose music ravished me, and whose gay, lively spirit was a continual feast. It has pleased God to take him hence. God, I say, in mercy hath deprived me of this pretty, gay plaything. His parts and person, his innocence and piety, his particularly uncommon affection for me, had gained too much upon me. Not content to be fond of him, I was vain of him. I had set my heart too much upon him, more perhaps than I ought to have done upon anything in this world.'

Nothing would express more touchingly than this letter the deep affectionateness of Berkeley's nature.

Berkeley does not seem to have made a very strong impression on the people of Cloyne itself. One of his successors, Bishop Bennett, wrote in 1796 to tell Dr. Parr that 'of Berkeley little is remembered.' His ways were too quiet to strike, and his thoughts too wide to be appreciated by a rural population. In the meanwhile he had hardly settled amongst them when his active mind turned itself to reflection upon the social condition of Ireland. The state of things which he saw around him was calculated to re-awaken those thoughts which had caused the production of his 'Essay towards Preventing the Ruin of Great Britain' fifteen years before. A thousandfold more in Ireland than in London was it necessary to preach the gospel of self-help, industry, and frugality. By dwelling on the causes of existing evils, and by regarding special circumstances from a universal point of view, Berkeley had arrived at something approaching a complete system of economic science forty years before the appearance of Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations.' In order to

rouse people more effectually to think upon the subject, this system was put forth, not dogmatically but in the shape of queries. The first part of the 'Querist' was published anonymously in Dublin in 1735, and two other parts followed. This work may be read with great interest even now; it contains, it is true, some economical fallacies, for Berkeley, though giving an excellent account of the nature of money, had not got clear of the 'mercantile theory,' and was haunted by the fear of imports, as causing loss to a nation. He wished the Irish to consume home-made products of every kind, and that a national bank should be established for Ireland. The following are some specimens of his queries:—

'Whether the bulk of our Irish natives are not kept from thriving, by that cynical content in dirt and beggary which they possess to a degree beyond any other people in Christendom?' 'Whether the creating of wants be not the likeliest way to produce industry in a people? And whether, if our peasants were accustomed to eat beef and wear shoes, they would not be more industrious?' 'How many gentlemen are there in England of a thousand pounds per annum who never drink wine in their own houses? Whether the same may be said of any in Ireland, who have even one hundred pounds per annum?' 'Whether in imitation of the Jesuits in Paris, who admit Protestants to study in their colleges, it may not be right for us also to admit Roman Catholics into our College, without obliging them to attend chapel duties, or catechisms, or divinity lectures? And whether this might not keep money in the kingdom, and prevent the prejudices of a foreign education?' 'Whether there be any instance of a people's being converted in a Christian sense otherwise than by preaching to them and instructing them in their own language?' 'What right an eldest son hath to the worst education?' 'Whether there should not be erected, in each province, an hospital for orphans and foundlings, at the expense of old bachelors?' 'Whether the fable of Hercules and the carter ever suited any nation like the nation of Ireland?' 'Whether the maxim "What is everybody's business is nobody's," prevails in any country under the sun more than in Ireland?' 'Whether we can propose to thrive, so long as we entertain a wrong-headed distrust of England?'

This and other queries, full of wit and wisdom, written at a time when Ireland was under 'Home rule,' have a peculiar meaning at the present moment. Of the same tenour was Berkeley's 'Word to the Wise or, an Exhortation to the Roman Catholic Clergy of Ireland,' which he published in 1749 and which invited the priests, in courteous terms, to discourage the idleness and mendicancy of their parishioners.

1745, on the news of the landing of Charles Edward, Berkeley published a 'Letter to the Roman Catholics of the Diocese of Cloyne,' recommending to them passivity, on the grounds—first of prudence, and secondly that there could be no conscientious obligation to rise against the existing Government. Such arguments are very similar to those employed just now by the well-disposed Mahomedans in India, but it is doubtful if they would be felt to be equally efficacious when coming from an ecclesiastic of a different faith.

A more special call upon Berkeley's philanthropic feelings had been made in the severe winter of 1739-40, when the poor suffered greatly; and this winter was followed by two years of scarcity, in which wheat sold at famine prices, and then came epidemic disease, fever, and dysentery, which devastated the country for several years afterwards. Berkeley met the beginning of this crisis with a quaint act of self abnegation; 'he came down to breakfast one Sunday without a grain of powder in his Cloyne-made wig, for his own dress, as well as that of his servants, was all made at the village of Cloyne.' His chaplain, secretary, and servants followed his example. And every Monday morning, during the hard winter, he gave twenty pounds to be distributed among the poor of Cloyne, besides what they received from his kitchen. Then, when the epidemic was raging, he called to mind how, in Rhode Island, the Narragansett Indians used tar-water as a specific against every disease. He now made experiments of its efficacy in cases of dysentery, and with so much success that his ardent imagination led him to conceive that he had discovered the universal panacea. He immediately commenced the propaganda of this wonderful medicine, being aided in all practical measures for the purpose by his tried and trusty follower, Tom Prior. Then he philosophised on the question, why tar-water should be so universally beneficial, and being now deeply imbued with neo-Platonic studies, nothing would satisfy him short of the theory that tar contains an extraordinary proportion of the vital element of the universe, and that water is the menstruum by which this element may be drawn off and conveyed into animal and vegetable organisms. Berkeley had now persuaded himself that the vital element of the universe was 'pure invisible Fire, the most subtle and elastic of all bodies,' and that of this fire, tar, by its resinous qualities, largely partook. He spun out the train of thoughts to which this hypothesis gave rise, and in 1744 published his last great work, entitled 'Siris: or a

Chain of Philosophical Reflexions and Enquiries concerning the Virtues of Tar-water, and divers other subjects connected together and arising from one another.' This book had a great run, not for the sake of the elevated metaphysical speculations with which it ends, but for the sake of the medical nostrum which, in the beginning, it imparts. The 'tar-water-cure,' like the 'quassia-cure,' the 'water-cure,' 'brandy and salt,' 'Bantingism,' and so many other special methods claiming to be universal, had its day, and its success and its failures. It has been observed that the tar-water-cure is consonant with the principle of antiseptic treatment, and that tar embodies creosote, now extensively employed in medical practice. But on the other hand, we must remark that the Baconian philosophy demands that the belief in the efficacy of a drug like tar should be based on some *medium axioma*, such as the principle of the antiseptic method, for instance; whereas Berkeley, sinning against the 'Novum Organum,' flew off to connect it with a *summum axioma*, the universality of the element of fire. Berkeley's tar-water-cure, learned empirically from the Red Indians, may have been good; and his metaphysics about the entire order of the universe may be good also, but it was mere mysticism to endeavour to bring the two into connection with each other.

Berkeley, in his old age, was affected for some years with another ideal longing, like that which in middle life he had felt for the Summer Islands. It was Oxford this time for which he longed—a learned retirement on the banks of the Isis was now the picture that captivated his fancy. For this he determined to give up his bishopric, just as for the sake of Bermuda he had wished to give up his deanery. He first proposed to exchange Cloyne for an Oxford headship or canonry. Failing in this, he wrote to the Secretary of State offering to resign his see, as he did not wish to be a non-resident Bishop. George II., hearing of this singular proposal, and from whom it had come, declared that Berkeley 'might live where he liked, but that he should die a Bishop in spite of himself.' In the autumn of 1752, Berkeley and his family arrived in Oxford, and took up their abode in a house in Holywell-street. The good Bishop was very feeble now, and he had been so much prostrated by the voyage from Ireland that he had to be carried from his landing on the English shore in a horse-litter, to Oxford. His son George was now placed at Christ Church, of which his friend, Bishop Conybeare, was Dean. No other traces remain of the few months which Berkeley passed in

Oxford until the last scene of all. He probably lived in entire seclusion, and it may be questioned how far Holywell street realised his ideal of an academic retreat. On the evening of Sunday, the 14th of January, 1753, Berkeley was resting on a couch, surrounded by his family. His wife had been reading aloud the 15th chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians, and he had been making some remarks on different passages in it. His daughter soon after went to offer him some tea. She found him, as it seemed, asleep; but his body was already cold. Gently as he had ever lived, the spirit of this gentle philosopher had passed away. He had made his will just before leaving Cloyne, and this document Professor Fraser has now fished out from the depths of Doctors' Commons and brought into the light. It is very short and simple, in a few words bequeathing all Berkeley's property to his wife. It contains, however, the characteristic injunction that the expense of his funeral should not exceed twenty pounds; and certain other requests as to the mode in which his body should be treated indicate that Berkeley, from some cause or other, had been led to fear the possibility of his being interred when not actually dead. Berkeley's large-handed generosity, and the almost reckless trustfulness in which it was his habit to live from day to day, had prevented his saving much money; and his family appear to have been left in narrow circumstances. He was buried in Christ Church Cathedral, and the Latin epitaph on him by Dr. Markham sums up his qualities under the titles of an exemplary Christian and a benefactor to his country.* No reference is made to his philosophy; and yet who can doubt that it is his philosophy which has given Berkeley so large a claim on the attention of posterity? But for his philosophy his manifold virtues and Christian graces would soon have dropped into this world's oblivion; his suggestions for the social and economic improvement of Ireland would never have been looked at in the present century; and the interesting details of his amiable life would never have been, as they now have been, collected.

Of the character and value of that philosophy it remains to say a few words. This is no easy task, for Berkeley's philosophical writings, though clear with the utmost lucidity of style, and pleasant with light and brightness, have still contained in them a

sort of puzzle, not only for the world in general, but even for philosophers. They were misunderstood on their first appearance by the great metaphysician, Dr. Samuel Clarke, and they were attacked for more than half a century afterwards with the shallowest arguments, and the most complete *ignoratio elenchi*, by the Scotch psychologists, such as Baxter, Beattie, Reid, and Dugald Stewart. It has also been the fate of these writings to create a sort of party feeling; for on the one hand, Berkeley has certainly succeeded in making a good many philosophers angry (*tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?*); on the other hand, there has been generally, and remarkably of late, a small but zealous Berkeleyan school, who, resenting the wrongs done to their master, have perhaps been tempted to somewhat overrate the merits of his system. But after the publication of Professor Fraser's edition, there ought, at all events, to be no longer any room for misunderstanding, if full and fair explanation can serve to prevent this.

To understand Berkeley's views, we should first study his *Commonplace Book*, which shows us that after the reading of Locke, Descartes, and Malebranche, his youthful mind was busy with the problem how to find out something which might be felt to be reality under the abstract names of Matter, Space, Time, and the like. He is anxious not to be deceived by words, and prescribes it to himself as a wholesome exercise to think what a solitary man, placed by himself in the world, with no traditional abstractions of language to fetter him would make out about the universe, and how he would envisage it. This question was a very juvenile one, for, as Berkeley himself soon came to see, the solitary man without the forms of language would arrive at no thought at all that would be worth having. But the question shows Berkeley in the attitude of wishing to start clear of all that was traditional, and to make a still stronger reaction than even Locke had done against the authority of the Schoolmen. He followed out this intention in his 'Principles of Human Knowledge,' and in his 'Dialogues of Hylas and Philonous,' both which works should certainly be read before the 'Theory of Vision.' Berkeley's first step was to attack the doctrine of 'abstract ideas.' Quoting Locke's saying that it requires some practice for the mind to grasp an abstract idea, as for instance the general and abstract idea of a triangle, which must be conceived as neither equilateral, isosceles, nor scalene—Berkeley remarks to the effect that this is not only difficult, but impossible; that it is impossible to have 'such an idea of a triangle.' In

* *Si Christianus fueris,
Si amans patriæ,
Utroque nomine gloriarî potes,
Berkeleyum (sic)
Vixisse.*

the same way, he argues about all universal ideas, that you cannot have a universal idea of man; namely, of a man who is neither tall nor short, black nor white, nor any other colour, and so on. But if universal names have never any idea attached to them, they must be mere nonentities, and nothing else but forms of language. Thus Berkeley started with an extreme form of nominalism. But there appears to be a fallacy lurking in his argument, because he speaks as if 'idea' were identical with sensible image, or idea in the imagination. But there is such a thing as an idea in the intellect as well as in the imagination, and one may represent reality quite as much as the other. It has been observed that we have no idea in the imagination of very large numbers, though we have of very small ones. We cannot imagine a billion, though we can the number three; but we do not on that account doubt the possibility of a billion being real. So much for the reasoning; but it does not follow that because Berkeley's first step was a fallacy, the remaining train of his thought (which really does not much depend on it) was worthless. And one peculiar circumstance is to be observed, which Professor Fraser deserves great credit for bringing to notice, namely, that Berkeley himself in later life appears to have abandoned his nominalistic position. In the first edition of 'Alciphron' he had introduced a strong statement of this early argument against the reality of universals, but in the third edition, published in 1752, a few months before the author's death, the sections in which this argument occurred were struck out.

Berkeley's skirmishing attack on 'abstract ideas' was followed up by a more persistent onslaught on the abstract idea called 'Matter' which the Schoolmen had affirmed to exist as the *substratum* of qualities in the external world, itself having neither quantity nor quality. Berkeley argued if this be the case with 'matter,' that it has no qualities, it must be very much the same as 'nothing'; it never can be perceived, or known; it is quite unnecessary, for as to its 'supporting' the qualities of things,—they need no such support because they have their own immediate and proper reality by being ideas in our minds. All qualities of things, primary as well as secondary, resolve themselves into ideas, or rather into direct sensations, in our minds. There can be no question about the reality of these qualities, because a sensation must be real to him who feels it. But it is not necessary to suppose any unknown, metaphysical substratum, called 'matter' for the support of these sensations, all the support that a sensation requires is a perceiving

mind. The great substance, then, in the world is 'mind,' and not 'matter.' By eliminating 'matter,' which is a mere Scholastic abstraction, we get to a much more simple and straightforward account of the universe than we had before; it consists of only two terms or elements—mind and ideas.

This then was the secret which Berkeley had brooded over, at Trinity College, longing, yet half afraid, to reveal it to the world. It amounted, as he thought, to the simplification of philosophy and the annihilation of scepticism by the seizure of a qualified reality of things, in lieu of a metaphysical hypothesis concerning them. We say a 'qualified' reality; for, though it was utterly absurd to interpret Berkeley as if he had denied the existence of the material world, and to argue (as Baxter and Beattie did) as if he had denied that a stone was hard, and that if one touched fire one would feel the sensation of burning,—yet still he proposed to make a change in the way of regarding the reality of sensible things. Instead of an absolute, independent reality, he proposed that the material world should be considered as having only a secondary and relative reality,—secondary, that is, and relative to mind. If things are nothing else than qualities, and qualities nothing but sensations, and if of a sensation no one can deny that its very existence consists in being perceived, and nothing can be perceived without a mind to perceive, then all the things in the earth and 'all the choir of heaven' are dependent for their existence on perceiving mind. Thus mind is made paramount in the universe; instead of our being placed in the world, it is rather true that the world is placed in us; and we are led on also to the belief in an Infinite, all-seeing Mind, which, in the intervals of the perceptions of finite minds, sustains His creatures by contemplating them.

Other developments of this doctrine are to be found in Berkeley's 'New Theory of Vision' and in his treatise 'De Motu.' In the former work he proves by a number of interesting facts and arguments that almost all that we call seeing, as, for instance, the seeing of distance, of shape, of all the qualities of things except colour, is made up of inferences from the experiences of touch which we have learnt to associate with our sensations of sight. He then argues that there is no natural connection, but only an arbitrary one, between the sensations of sight and touch, and that, for instance, a blind man restored to sight, who had been accustomed to distinguish by touch a cube from a sphere, would not on first looking, be able to tell by sight which was the cube and which was the sphere. Berkeley makes a great deal of this

supposed 'arbitrary' connection between the senses, and by a fine metaphor he describes vision in general as the art of interpreting an arbitrary language of signs. And in 'Alciphron' he makes it one of his chief arguments for the existence of God that there is evidently a Being constantly addressing the human race in this arbitrary language. In the 'De Motu,' written some ten years after his first works, Berkeley carries on his views by a more distinct enquiry into the nature of causation. What is it that causes motion, change, or any effect of whatsoever kind in the world? All physical things having been reduced to ideas, are necessarily reduced also to passivity; for how can an idea, which requires a mind to perceive it, or else it would not exist at all, have any force in itself, or be the motive cause of anything? It remains, then, according to Berkeley's argument, that causation can never arise from anything physical, but must spring directly from mind or spiritual volition. This spiritual view of the universe is the main gist of Berkeley's philosophy; he represents all things as full of God; all effects as really dependent on a first cause—the will of God; secondary causes as being invariable, but frequently arbitrary, signs of things about to follow; and the province of the physical sciences as being to interpret these uniform signs, without, however, mistaking them for true causes.

Such being the outlines of Berkeley's system, it may be wondered that any should have felt irritated at it. But it was a metaphysical flight above the range of the last century in this country. There was a mixture in it of philosophical and poetical genius and of religious feeling. There was no one but Hume who had philosophical ability enough to follow it, and he lacked the poetical and religious feeling which enter into it largely. Thus Hume accepted the Berkeleian positions that things are but ideas, and that physical cause and effect are only the uniform sequence of one idea after another. But, having done this, he went no farther with Berkeley, whose writings he pronounced to 'form the best lessons of scepticism to be found either among the ancient or modern philosophers, Bayle not excepted.' Thus he actually deduced from Berkeley the theory of Positivism, which is the direct contrary of the result which Berkeley himself intended. Berkeley's spirit was more akin with that of Kant and the other German philosophers, who sprang out of a reaction from the Positivism of Hume. But Berkeley laboured under great disadvantages in comparison with them. In the first place he had a thoroughly insufficient philosophical education. Had

he studied Aristotle and Plato in his youth, as he did in his old age, instead of starting with merely a knowledge of Locke and Malebranche, and fancying that before them there was nothing but the Schoolmen, he would have seen that his own 'New Principle' was familiar to the great Greek philosophers and he would have worked it out with the advantage of their experience. In the second place his eager and rapid genius lacked the solidity and patience of the Teutonic mind, and he was thus disqualified for building up a great system. In fact, he always himself disclaimed any attempt at this; he only aimed, he said, 'at giving hints to thinking men.'

The general conclusion, the attitude, of Berkeley's system is one that may be fervently accepted by many minds. Many may sympathise with Professor Fraser in saying, 'Of the various imperfect thoughts about our mysterious life, that of Berkeley—wrapped in his conception of the material world—seems to me, when truly understood, to be among the simplest and most beautiful in the history of philosophy.' And we think that Berkeley's writings may be studied now with the greatest profit. Yet still it is the stimulus which they give to the intellect, and the posture of mind which they suggest, that is the valuable part in them. And no one must expect to find in them a serried demonstration without flaw. Rather they seem to us full of imperfect conclusions. When Berkeley denied the existence of 'matter,' as a mere abstraction, of which we never could have any perception, it was only like the saying that 'there is no such thing as an inside,' because as soon as you open anything to find its inside, that inside becomes an outside. If nothing exists except as actually realised by the senses, then the doctrine of the old Megarian philosophers, refuted by Aristotle, and mentioned as such by Berkeley himself ('Siris,' § 314), must be admitted as true, namely, that there is no such thing as potential existence distinct from actual (*i. e.* realised) existence. Such a theory leads to mere Sensationalism, and this, with a spiritual background, was the character of Berkeley's early philosophy, though he abandoned it in later life. But the fact is that Berkeley 'in his argumentative youth' was unconscious of the distinction between the potential and the actual, and of many other of the great distinctions of philosophy, and, with all his wonderful powers, did not know clearly where he was driving.

Again, to deny 'matter' was only to deny a mere word, as it would be to deny the existence of 'colour' as distinguished from the particular colours. It left all things just as

they were. But Berkeley thought that, having got rid of the *substratum* 'matter,' he could reduce all material things to mere sensations. This is inconsistent with his own doctrine of the language of signs in the world. The question arose about, What becomes of the furniture in the room, when everybody is away and no one looking at it? Professor Fraser, making a subtle deduction from Berkeley, says, What becomes of it when you are in the room and looking at it? You cannot *see* a chair, or *feel* a chair, but only some small parts of it at a time; all the rest is mere inference. In the same way it may be said of all material things that they cannot be seen, or felt, or perceived by any of the senses,—therefore they are not mere sensations, but inferred existences, and their essence does not consist in being perceived. The same would follow from the historical consideration of material objects, which Berkeley entirely omitted. The same inference which leads us to the comprehension of an object existing before us often leads us also to the certainty of its previous existence and antecedents. As for instance, if we break into a cavern for the first time and discover a stalagmite, we know for certain what has gone on for centuries, though no one has been there to see it. It is idle to say that this process was contemplated by the Divine mind. We have here to do with arguments, and not with conclusions. And, though other arguments may induce us to believe in the omnipresence of God, the only thing which the stalagmite proves to us is its own gradual formation under certain laws while no one was looking at it. Thus, in spite of Berkeley's reasonings, the belief in material things, as something in themselves—something more than mere sensations—returns upon us. If no human being had ever visited the stalagmite, doubtless those particular sensations and inferences which we derive from the sight of it would never have been called into existence; yet still we cannot help believing that the stalagmite existed there for ages, as a *growing potentiality of such sensations*; and surely a growing potentiality is something.

But we cannot employ the weapons of an every-day logic against Berkeley's system without a little feeling of something like remorse. We feel like those who struck at the ghost of Hamlet's father:

'We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.'

now throw over his posterity. And it is partly, perhaps, the consciousness of this spell, and the struggle to get rid of it, which has made some men angry against him. We see his limitations and weaknesses, and yet we cannot help loving him, as a philosopher, not less than as a man. His great merit appears to us to be the true intuition which led him to put the right side of the world uppermost, and to say that mind is paramount, and always superior and prior to, and more necessary than, material things. The arguments by which he sought to establish this position are insufficient, but the tendency remains good, and perhaps has a special value for the present day. One of the great imperfections of his early philosophy was that in his consideration of mind he confined himself too exclusively to perception, and hence ignored the great universal ideas of the reason, gave a shallow account of Space and Time, and, as Professor Fraser says, 'tried to gratify the vulgar demand for a visible God, with the background of mystery withdrawn.' In his latest work, '*Siris*,' after a long study of Plato and Aristotle and the Neo-Platonists, his views on these problems were greatly modified. He retained the general spiritual outline of his former system, but essayed to some extent the filling in of blank spaces in it. He no longer considered 'ideas' merely as sense perceptions, and he made some faint approach towards reconciling his system with that of Plato. But it was now too late; he had lost the force of creative genius and he relapsed into a learned eclecticism and a tendency to rest on the authority of the ancients. '*Siris*,' though exquisitely written, is marred by the paradox from which the whole sets forth, and by the anachronistic attempt to follow Thales or Heraclitus in the search for a universal Element. And yet, like the rest of Berkeley's philosophical works, it may be profitably studied by those who, without wishing to rest in its conclusions, recognise the beautiful feeling with which it is pervaded, and the admirable incentive to thought which it affords. The sentence which Berkeley inscribed in the end of his '*Commonplace Book*' might be repeated and applied to himself by any one who has with sufficient attention gone through Berkeley's system:—'My speculations have the same effect as visiting foreign countries; in the end I return to where I was before, but my heart at ease, and enjoying life with new satisfaction.'

The glamour which during his lifetime Berkeley threw over his contemporaries, his works

ART. V.—1. *The 'Economist' Newspaper*, October, 1871.

2. *Speech in the House of Commons*, 31st July, 1866. By Sir E. W. Watkin, in moving for Enquiry by a Royal Commission into the Causes of the Monetary Panic of 1866.

FOR about two months from the middle of September last (1871), to the middle of the November following, every mercantile and financial interest in the United Kingdom was kept more or less in anxiety and suspense by difficulty and pressure in the London money market. In September and October there was a considerable and sudden fall in the prices of railway and other securities, not excluding those of the highest class. The official rate was advanced from 2 to 5 per cent. within little more than a fortnight, and for a few weeks the pressure for discounts on the Banking Department of the Bank of England has not been equalled since 1866. Towards the end of October, and over half of November, the inconvenience assumed another and somewhat novel form. The market rate had fallen so far below the minimum rate (of 5 per cent.) maintained by the Bank of England that the official figure ceased to be any fair indication of the condition of the open market; and hence arose extreme difficulty in the numerous and enormous transactions in which, by custom or tradition, it has become the rule to act on the official rate, or some modification of it, as between lenders and borrowers. Intrinsically the trade and circumstances of this country were never perhaps in a more sound and flourishing condition. The seasons had been favourable, the demand for labour was greater than the supply, and there was every indication of prosperity and abundance; moreover, for several months prior to September (1871), the Bank rate had been with some difficulty kept up at $2\frac{1}{2}$ and 2 per cent. The shock to credit and the disturbance of calculations has been rude and sudden; and the consequent losses and suffering have compelled the more thoughtful part of the mercantile body to enquire by reason of what defects in our banking system collisions and jerks so disagreeable are inflicted upon them. The results of such an enquiry we will state as shortly as possible.

The Treaty of Frankfort, of May, 1871, between Germany and France stipulated *inter alia* for the continued occupation by German troops of a considerable number of French departments pending the punctual payment by France of the enormous indemnity of 5 milliards of francs (200 millions sterling), and interest amounting to some 18 millions

sterling more. Of this indemnity the first half-milliard (20 millions sterling) was to be paid before 1st July last; the second and third half-milliards (together 40 millions sterling) before 31st December, 1871; and the fourth half-milliard before 2nd March, 1872. The first half-milliard was paid by France at Strasbourg in the course of June, in the form of gold and silver coin, German army obligations collected in the occupied districts, Bank of France notes, and some bills of exchange. Towards the second and third half-milliards the earlier payments under the French National 5 per Cent. Loan of 80 millions sterling, issued in June at $82\frac{1}{2}$, were available. But the French were impatient to get rid of the German uniforms within sight of Paris; and, with that object, a sum of 10 millions sterling was specially secured to Prince Bismarck by means of acceptances payable in London in November last, under the guarantee of what is called a syndicate or combination of bankers and capitalists. The rest of the 40 millions was provided by France as she best could under the difficult circumstances of the country and the suspension of specie payments at the Bank of France. The fourth half-milliard, falling due on 2nd March, 1872, occasioned great anxiety; but at length, in the middle of October, a supplementary convention was signed at Berlin, under which the Germans at once evacuated six Eastern departments and consented to receive fortnightly payments of about $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling each, commencing 15th January, 1872, and terminating 15th April—making together 26 millions sterling, including expenses and interest. Supposing these fortnightly instalments to be punctually made, France will, in April next, have discharged 86 millions sterling—four half-milliards of francs and interest—out of the 218 millions sterling of total indemnity. As regards the prodigious completing amount of 132 millions sterling, the period of payment extends over two years, or to March, 1874.

To this outline of the French engagements may be added the statement that, in August last, a United States Funding Five per Cent. Loan for 15 millions sterling was introduced in London, for the purpose of enabling the Financial Secretary at Washington to redeem, on 1st of December, 1871, a similar amount of 6 per cent. bonds. The operation was essentially one of a mere exchange of securities, but the magnitude of the operation excited attention and discussion, as involving the probability of some disturbance of the American rates of exchange; and, it may be added that the very singular and remarkable increase of two millions in the cir-

ulation of Bank post bills appearing in the Bank returns of 6th December last, arose from some adjustments connected with this loan.

The Bank rate was suddenly raised from 2 to 3 per cent. on 21st September; from 3 to 4 per cent. on the 28th; and from 4 to 5 per cent. on 7th October—the last rise taking place not on Thursday, the usual Court day, but being ordered by the Governors on the following Saturday. The rate remained at 5 per cent. till 16th November, when it fell to 4 per cent. It fell further to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on 30th of November, and to 3 per cent. on 14th December. Within three months, therefore, there were six changes of the official rate, the first three and most important occurring within a fortnight.

Apart from all theories, and as matter of dry fact, it is essential to the discussion to bear in mind that these changes were compelled, so far as the Bank of England is concerned, by the condition of the cash reserve in the *Banking Department*. It is well known that the Act of 1844 cuts the total bullion reserve into two parts, assigning one part to the Issue Department, to be acted upon automatically by the rise and fall of the bank-note circulation only; and assigning the other part to the Banking Department, to be held as the sole cash reserve against current accounts, deposits public and private, the balances belonging to London and other bankers, and generally against every primary liability except the note circulation. To defend the Banking Reserve against undue reduction is, therefore, an object of the most watchful vigilance by the Bank management. When the rate was raised from 2 to 3 per cent., the Banking reserve had fallen 2 millions within a fortnight, or from $15\frac{1}{2}$ millions to $13\frac{1}{2}$ millions, the total bullion in both departments standing at the large sum of $23\frac{1}{2}$ millions. A week later the reserve had fallen $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions more, or to 11 millions, and the rate was raised to 4 per cent., the total bullion being 21 millions. Another week reduced the Banking reserve by nearly 3 millions further, or to over 8 millions. The case had become serious and urgent, and the rate was raised out of usual course to 5 per cent., with semi-official intimations that it might be at once carried to 6 or even 7 per cent. The total bullion stood at 19 millions. The general result was that in a little over three weeks the Banking Reserve fell off 50 per cent., or one-half (16 to 8 millions), compelling most decisive measures, and the total bullion fell off only 25 per cent., (25 to 19 millions), and was equal, even at this reduced point, to more than one-third of the total liabilities. It is perfectly manifest, there-

fore, that if the Bank Directors had had the full command of the total bullion, these difficulties would have been so much diminished that they need not have put so sudden and severe a pressure on the rate of discount and the state of credit. The total drain from the Bank was 6 millions, and when it ceased the total bullion was over 19 millions, or more than one-third of the liabilities: a condition and a result neither justifying extreme measures nor suggestive of panic, and yet the public had to endure the one and were brought to the verge of the other. And, as the mercantile body well know, these events are merely the repetition, for the twentieth or thirtieth time, of the similar crises and semi-crises which make up the history of the active operation of the Act of 1844.

There were three principal causes of the drain on the Bank in September last—one external, and two purely internal. The external drain arose from the withdrawal of French capital sent here during the war, and from the engagements of English houses to the French Government in connection with the payments to Germany, and also from the refusal of the Berlin Government to do anything with the French money except to lock it up as an idle bond at Potsdam and elsewhere. The internal causes were, first, the regular and usual augmentation which occurs in the autumn of every year in the volume of the coin circulation of the country for the wages and disbursements of the harvest and holiday period—an augmentation this year equal to perhaps 2 millions; and second, from the specific operations of those clauses of the scheme of 1844 which compel the Scotch and Irish banks to increase their gold coin reserve, pound for pound, for every note issued beyond a given limit. This increase in September and October last was nearly a million. Besides these three leading causes there were two others of a subsidiary, but still of a most embarrassing, nature as regards the Banking Department. These were, first, the effect of the pressure in increasing the hoards of bank-notes held by country and other bankers as a measure of caution, and *pro tanto* transferring say $1\frac{1}{2}$ millions of bullion from the Banking—where it was urgently wanted—to the Issue Department, where it was not really wanted at all; and the second cause was the requirement by Mr. Lowe of a temporary loan of more than two millions, to enable him to pay the October dividends. It pleased Mr. Lowe, some two years ago, so to change the periods of payment of the public revenue that the receipts are excessive in the early and deficient in the later months of the year; and when he was asked at the time how the alterations would suit

the money market, he gaily answered 'that the money market must take care of itself.' A very little more pressure in October last might have left Mr. Lowe (instead of the money market) to take care of himself. As it was, the loan of 2 millions for the dividends considerably complicated the state of the Banking Department.

After the middle of October, the effect of the very decisive check occasioned by the action of the Bank was to arrest the decline of the Banking reserve; and by the 25th of that month the weekly return exhibited the reserve as being $11\frac{1}{2}$ millions. The market rate of discount had then become $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. below the official rate of 5 per cent., and complaints began to be general. The pivot of the Bank minimum no longer indicated within the usual margin of 1 per cent. the real value of capital for the borrowing purposes of bill-brokers and bankers; and it is no doubt true that for several weeks the dealers in money, following rule and tradition, were paying '1 per cent. under Bank' (that is, 4 per cent.) for the use of funds which they could only re-employ at about $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent; the 'turn,' therefore, being not for, but largely against them. The Bank Directors, however—and, under their peculiar circumstances, rightly—kept their rate at 5 per cent., and let their private securities run off week by week until they had fallen from 24 to 18 millions. They then lowered the rate to 4 per cent. But besides the general reasons open to all the public for maintaining the 5 per cent., it was well known in some quarters that any earlier reduction was restrained by the magnitude of the cash balances belonging to London and other Bankers held at credit of current accounts open with the Banking Department. Throughout October these balances amounted to pretty nearly the whole of the cash reserve in that department. The bankers' balances cannot be classed with the sums at credit of merchants and private persons. The arrangements of the Clearing House and general reasons of safety and convenience cause every London Banker, and some country ones, to have current accounts with the Banking Department, and to keep large sums at credit of these accounts, as the easiest way of providing themselves with whatever coin and bank-notes may be required in the course of their daily business. The bankers' balances are, in fact, very much of the character of strong boxes, containing coin and bank-notes, left with the Banking Department for safe custody by the London bankers from day to day, instead of being fastened up in their own vaults. Any demand for coin or bank-notes on the bankers, beyond retail sums, is supplied by

drafts on their accounts with the Banking Department; and hence, in reading the weekly returns of the Bank Deposits, it has become of great consequence to remember that perhaps quite one-half of the 20 millions held as deposits is composed of the balances of bankers lodged for mere safe custody; and so important has become this correction, that it has been suggested by practical authorities of great eminence that the weekly return, to be really of use, should separate the Bank Deposits into the two categories of (1) Bankers' Balances and (2) Sundry Deposits. On the fatal Friday of May, 1866, when the Act of 1844 was last suspended, and the cash in London in the Banking Department was reduced to less than a million sterling, it is well known that the balance owing to one single London bank amounted to two or three times the whole available cash means of the Banking Department; and that if the Act had not been suspended, a cheque would have been presented early on the Saturday morning for a sum which would have compelled the Banking Department to close its doors—a climax at once deplorable and absurd, but a climax which may easily recur, unless some modifications be introduced into the existing system. The Directors were fully justified, therefore, in October last, in maintaining their rate at a point considerably above the market, and so causing their securities to run off and their Banking reserve to increase until the Banking Department was again in a strong position.

To this narrative of somewhat special phenomena must now be added the statement that the great expansion of the trade of the country during the last fifteen, but particularly during the last ten, years, and the rapid way in which, for political and mercantile reasons, London is becoming the financial centre of the Old and New World, have changed in the most vital manner the relations of the Bank of England to the London money market. Political distrust and revolution in France, the absence of unity and coherence between North and South Germany, and the want of a great Teutonic financial metropolis, combine with the unquestioned stability and credit of English institutions, the benefit of firm and equal laws, and the facilities and inducements of the freest ports, the lowest tariff, and the cheapest manufactures in the world, to render London the place of ultimate settlement of the largest part of the business of both hemispheres. Hence the accumulation here of foreign capital and the growth of a powerful class of banks and financial houses even a few of which, in combination, exceed in power the Bank of England. The Bank of England is

no longer, therefore, as it was twenty or perhaps ten years ago, the unquestioned controlling financial power in London. The outside market is stronger in most cases than the Bank. But the circumstance that the Bank of England holds the single available Central Reserve, or hoard of treasure, upon the sufficiency of which depends the state of credit and the facility of meeting in the long run all engagements, has, on the other hand, surrounded the Bank with powers and responsibilities the gravity of which is only beginning to be understood—a gravity, however, which the recent pressure has powerfully impressed on many observers.

Considering the facts we have set out, two conclusions at least are obvious, viz., first, that for an establishment holding nearly all the bankers' balances, and holding the only central metallic reserve available for the United Kingdom, and its ramified obligations in all regions, any such sum as the 12 or 14 millions in the Banking Department is painfully inadequate: exposes the department to imminent risk of the danger of undue exhaustion or even of suspension; and rests the fabric of our commerce and credit upon a basis insufficient, unsafe, precarious, and artificial:—and, second, that the most easy and obvious mode of strengthening the Bank, and therefore of strengthening the financial system of the country, would be to throw down the factitious separation set up by the Act of 1844, and amalgamate the two parts of the bullion and the two divisions of the liabilities; that is to say, the deposits and the notes. The clear and palpable effect of this course would be to render the Bank almost independent of any drain of treasure under 5 or 6 millions; for while 6 millions out of 15 is justly alarming, the same sum out of 25 millions would be comparatively harmless; and we shall not be in a sound condition until the Central Board can afford to lose ten millions of gold without serious alarm. It would also render the Bank almost wholly independent of drains for merely internal purposes. It is a reproach to any banking system if it be not elastic enough to permit periodical and natural expansions and contractions of internal circulation to take place without creating inconvenience or even remark at the metropolitan centre. It is on this ground that the clauses of the scheme of 1844, which compel the Scotch and Irish banks to carry down boxes of sovereigns from London, two or three times a year, and send them back again in a few weeks, often unopened, is so puerile and full of peril.

The events of last October have again proved how effectually the Bank can restore

its reserve by keeping its minimum rate markedly above the quotations of the open market. It was long ago pointed out by one of the highest authorities on these subjects that in order to maintain an ample and central reserve, it would be one of the most economical of measures for Parliament to settle such terms with the Bank of England as would prevent that establishment from reducing its rate of discount below 4 per cent. The effect of such a plan would be to prevent the undue depression of a falling market by the competition of the Bank, and to diminish, of course, the violence of the inevitable rebound, and further to render the Bank always strongest at the critical periods of rising rates and incipient difficulty. The compensation to be awarded for such a limitation would not be onerous, for it would be easy to show that the Bank gains but little by following the rates of discount when they fall below 4 per cent. In what form that compensation should be given is practical question to be determined by suitable enquiry. It might appear, perhaps, that following the precedent of 1835, when the State repaid to the Bank $3\frac{1}{4}$ of its debt of $14\frac{1}{4}$ millions, it may again be sound policy to reduce in some important degree the remaining book debt of 11 millions, and so give to the Bank more free command of its own capital: a freedom which probably might be exercised by augmented investments in the most solid and cosmopolitan of the foreign funds. Such an enquiry might further show to be desirable some changes of detail in the composition of the Bank Court, and some changes also in the relationship of the Treasury account to the Bank. We have placed at the head of this article the clear, able, and practical speech delivered by Sir Edward Watkin, in the House of Commons, on 31st of July, 1866, in moving for the issue of a Royal Commission to enquire concerning the then recent operation of the Act of 1844, and concerning the laws affecting currency and banking in the United Kingdom. This speech, and the debate upon it, were the last occasion on which the general subject was considered by Parliament; and the official answer to the proposal conveyed a refusal rather on grounds of inconvenience at that particular time than because the suggestion of a commission was unsound in principle. A Commission would be more effective for the purpose than a Committee of either House. Its proceedings and report would be more precise and compact, and its composition, although of course including men of diverse views, and representing different interests, metropolitan and local, would, under the guidance of a competent head, be a tribunal

acting under well defined responsibility, and not likely therefore to enter on vain discussions. It is more than thirteen years since the Commons Committee of 1858, presided over by Mr. Cardwell, and but few persons will venture to say that the multitude of new circumstances which have arisen since that time do not render necessary the most careful and authentic official review which the Legislature can command.

We need scarcely say that no party in the country entitled to a moment's notice—least of all ourselves—would expect such a Royal Commission as is proposed to entertain any controversy relative to the principle of cash payments, happily re-established by the great and wise measure of 1819. We yield to none in our conviction of the necessity of founding all our banking and currency legislation on the rigid condition of the punctual payment in gold of specified fineness of all engagements in exact accordance with the terms of the several contracts. A currency of inconvertible, and almost of necessity, therefore, of depreciated, paper is one of the most destructive and penetrating calamities which can befall any people, and is especially oppressive to the poorer classes. In this country, however, the Brummagem doctrine of the 'little shilling' is practically as obsolete as the non-jurors. It is also almost superfluous to say that no sensible person expects that fluctuations in the rates of discount and interest can be prevented; but it should nevertheless be a leading purpose of legislation not to multiply artificially the occasions of such fluctuations. In modern commerce wide and frequent changes in the rate of discount are among the most serious of misfortunes.

We have however arrived at a time when the wonderful development of our banking system, the complete organisation for the collection and clearing not only of cheques on London but on country banks, and the consequent extension of banking accounts among traders and private persons of small means, has reduced the bank-note, whether metropolitan or local, into a place of very inferior importance compared with Deposits and the employment of cheques. The banking obligations on deposits in the United Kingdom are several hundred times greater than the obligations on bank-notes; and the time has come for specially considering and recognising this change. It is one of the gravest defects of the scheme of 1844, as it affects both London and the country—especially in Scotland and Ireland—that it exalts and protects the bank-note at the expense of the depositors. It is not to be denied that the bank-note as passing from hand to hand

is entitled to some privilege. It has for example been suggested that, in the event of the insolvency of the issuer of bank-notes, the holders of them should have a pre-emptive claim on his estate before all other creditors to the extent of perhaps ten shillings in the pound. And this is precisely one of the points which could be best dealt with by a Commission.

In the progress and development of credit and banking organisation in a small compact trading country like our own, it is wholesome and natural that inferior and primitive forms of circulation and circulating credit should be thrown into the shade by inventions and appliances more powerful and efficacious. It is little more than two hundred years since we thoroughly established an efficient and honest metallic coinage. We then gradually and with much caution set up the bank-note. About a hundred years ago we began to use cheques or orders on bankers; but it was only within the last fifteen years that the law relating to this class of negotiable instruments—the most admirable and elastic of all our contrivances—has been consistently settled. The order of our progress has been therefore in this wise—first coin, rude, dishonest, and subject to perpetual debasement by the sovereign; then coin of admitted integrity, and consisting of the most convenient denominations; then bank-notes; then current accounts and deposits with bankers, operated upon by orders or cheques. Each step was a great economical advance upon the preceding one; and by means of the Clearing House we are making rapid approaches to a state of things in which nearly every important payment is accomplished by a mere book transfer. Bills of exchange have grown in extent and completeness *pari passu* with the banking system.

There is one other special point which should be dealt with at an early period—we mean the practice (for there is no law on the subject) of the Bank of England only changing its minimum rate of discount in pursuance of a public notice promulgated most usually on the Thursday after the meeting of the Court. To suppose that any minimum rate proclaimed on particular days and left unchanged very often for months together can accurately represent the value of the most sensitive of all commodities—floating capital seeking employment in discounts in London—is so foolish that it cannot be discussed. The rates vary from day to day and from hour to hour, and the whole problem would be much simplified if the Bank of England would conform to the practice of its competitors great and small, and abandon a usage which originated in accident, and has been

kept up because it has become a tradition to keep it up. Let the Bank of England fix its terms as much above the market as it pleases,—that is a question which it must decide for itself; but let the formula of a published rate be abandoned. During October and November last the published rate was utterly at variance with the market rate, and the confusion and misunderstanding were endless. The open market in London has now become so much more powerful than the Bank of England, except in critical times, that a delusion is only kept alive by the Bank affecting even to regulate that which it certainly cannot control—and delusions in banking and finance carry with them an active principle of mischief. The natural index of the value of capital in London for mercantile purposes are the rates which bankers and bill-brokers will give on deposits; and as these establishments carry on a perfectly open trade, subject to competition from all quarters, there is no danger of the public suffering from the extortions of monopoly. If the formula of the published minimum rate was given up, the bankers and brokers, imitating examples elsewhere, would from time to time settle, by means of a committee or meeting, a schedule of rates to be allowed till further notice; and this schedule would be employed for all the questions at present determined on the basis of the official rate.

We have by design confined this discussion to purely practical purposes, to the avoidance of controversies and theories. We entertain a deep sense of the urgent necessity for an official investigation by competent persons under definite responsibility; for we are convinced that the very groundwork of the present state of things has become radically shifted and undermined by the organic changes of the nearly thirty years which have elapsed since it was put in force, in spite of the remonstrances and arguments of some of the ablest and most independent financial authorities that ever lived in this or any other country.

ART. VI.—*The Life of Charles Dickens.*
By John Forster. Volume the First.
1812–1842. 8vo. London, 1872.

FOR upwards of three-and-thirty years Mr. Forster was the incessant companion and confidential adviser of Dickens, the friend to whom he had recourse in every difficulty, personal and literary, and before whom he spread without reserve every fold of his

mind. No man's life can ever have been better known to a biographer. The book has appeared while numerous intimates and acquaintances of Dickens survive who can pronounce on the use Mr. Forster has made of his advantages, and say whether any significant feature is omitted, exaggerated, or softened. To us it appears that a more faithful biography could not be written. The testimony which Sir Joshua Reynolds bore to 'Boswell's Life of Johnson,' 'that every word of it might be depended upon as if given on oath,' is true of Mr. Forster's work. Dickens is seen in his pages precisely as he showed in his ordinary intercourse, with the accession of honour which accrues to him from the story of his boyhood and youth. It was always supposed that he had told much of his early history in 'David Copperfield.' Mr. Forster has separated the facts from the fiction, and completely as the two coincide for a while the real life had a sequel to which there is nothing comparable in the tale. Since the annals of literature contain few more remarkable narratives, we shall endeavour to extract from Mr. Forster's volume the leading incidents which fashioned the genius of Dickens. In epitomising the opening portion of his career we shall keep to his essential qualities, without regard to the accidental adjuncts which had no root in his nature. Many youthful traits in all persons appertain to their years, and not to their disposition. Careless observers frequently mistake the attributes of childhood for the bent of the particular child, and are severe upon foibles, which are as certain to be shed with time as the first set of teeth. Sometimes a circumstance belongs jointly to the era of life and the custom of the generation. The young contemporaries of Dickens resembled their successors in seasoning their talk and letters with familiar expressions for which no authority can be found in 'Johnson's Dictionary.' The usage breaks out in the early letters of Dickens, and in a few years it ceases. Such passing habits are the conventional practice of a period, and do not throw any light upon the tastes of the individual. 'I am no more ashamed,' said Southey, 'of having been a republican than of having been a boy,' and the lively remark has a wide application. Characters would often be absolutely falsified if we were to judge them by the grave belief or playful absurdity which is born of the time, and dies with it.

Charles Dickens, the son of John Dickens, a clerk in the navy pay-office, was born at Landport in Portsea, February 7, 1812. His father, then stationed at Portsmouth, was removed to London when Charles was two years old, and, when he was between

four and five, to Chatham. The lad was taught English and a little Latin by his mother; was next sent to a day-school kept by a mistress, and, at the age of seven, to an academy kept by a Baptist minister, Mr. Giles. He remained there till he was nine. At this period his father was transferred from Chatham to Somerset House, and the schooling came to an end. The few years of childhood which had passed over Charles had already determined the direction of his mind. His genius had been put upon its proper track, and in the particulars which constituted his peculiar distinction the training for his future eminence proceeded without a pause.

Two things in childhood met happily together in him—a natural faculty, and the external influences which were best adapted to develop and enrich it. One predominant element in this faculty was a habit of observation singularly keen, and which was awakened in him so early that, in his manhood, he remembered the scenes he had left when he was two years old. Dr. Johnson's memory stretched back to the age of two years and a half; but of particular events he says, 'I know not whether I remember the thing, or the talk of it.' Some of the circumstances which Dickens noticed in his infancy were too exclusively incidental to his own feelings to have been picked up at second hand. They were, beyond doubt, the genuine recollections of a mind which began to take intelligent cognisance of surrounding objects at a time when they mostly flit lightly over the senses, and are too little heeded to leave any permanent trace. His scrutinising instinct went on enlarging its range of operations with his growth, and before he was taken from Chatham he had become an indefatigable investigator of human nature, noting with ceaseless watchfulness the virtues, foibles, and oddities of the people around him. He was none the less a student in the science which fell to his province that his pursuit was an intuitive propensity, carried on without any settled intention or conscious end.

His education suited his natural gifts. He was sickly, and incapable of sharing much in games. A government clerk with several children could not indulge him in expensive forms of recreation, and he had to depend for nearly the whole of his amusement upon reading. The genius of fiction, watching over his destiny, could not have selected for him more appropriate works than filled his father's book-shelf, on which were ranged the masterpieces of Fielding, Smollett, Goldsmith, and De Foe; the 'Arabian Nights,' 'Don Quixote,' and 'Gil Blas;' the

essays of Addison and Johnson, and the collection of farces edited by Mrs. Inchbald. He devoured this library once and again. The characters were to him a living world, and he peopled the actual world with the phantoms. The church, the barn, the ale-house of Chatham, and its environs, appeared in his fancy to be the very scene of the adventures told in 'Tom Jones,' 'Peregrine Pickle,' 'Roderick Random,' and the rest. He loved in his day-dreams to imagine himself one or other of these heroes, and he invested the rigours of his school-boy life with the radiant colours he borrowed from fiction. Thus the books which were the companions of his play-hours came to the aid of his precocious observation, and rendered it more precocious still. He looked at the people amongst whom he lived through the searching eyes of De Foe, and Fielding, and Smollett, and Cervantes. He could not yet comprehend all their profound and subtle traits, but they taught him to see both further and deeper. He did more than extend his knowledge of human nature. In blending the fictions of his favourite novelists with the localities and facts of his personal history he was learning to use the materials he accumulated. He was daily constructing miniature romances, composed in part of his own experience, and in part of the stories which had captivated his imagination. There could be no more effectual method than this intermixture to teach him the mature skill of his predecessors. Their style alone would have made them invaluable instructors, for most of his authors were models of pure, easy, vigorous, or graceful English.

The first stage of his life terminated with his removal from Chatham to London in 1821. His fortuitous education had hitherto turned out as propitious as if he had been bound a regular apprentice to his craft. The second stage was sorrowful and chilling, but in some respects was signally advantageous. The Government clerk had six children, and needed to practise severe economy. He was, on the contrary, free in his expenditure, and his improvidence was fostered by a sanguine disposition. He was in debt, and at the date of his return to London had entered into a composition with his creditors which reduced his income. Compelled to retrench, he took a mean tenement in a cheap suburb, Bayham-street, Camden Town, where the inhabitants belonged to a class which, through want of education, was separated by a gulf from his own sphere. 'A washerwoman,' says Mr. Forster, 'lived next door, and a Bow-street officer lived over the way.' Among neighbours like these Charles was deprived of all companionship, and the pe-

canary exigencies prevented his being sent to school. His occupation was to perform in an impoverished household the functions for which his parents could no longer pay,—to clean the boots, to go on errands, and to take charge of his brothers and sisters. 'Reason,' says Bishop Jeremy Taylor, 'can control nature, but habit changes it.' Dickens had a narrow escape, and before the family had emerged from their worst hardships his intellectual aspirations were almost stifled. The present effect was to quicken them by the painful contrast with his manual tasks. He felt it wretched to be cut off from scholarly associates, and deprived in a great degree of his studious hours. 'What would I have given,' he said, 'if I had anything to give, to have been taught something anywhere.' And nevertheless the education of the novelist went on. He was noting the humours and distresses of a new form of life, very fertile in the incidents which might make philosophers both laugh and weep; and he often said, in subsequent years to Mr. Forster, 'I certainly understood it quite as well then as I do now.' He continued his practice of rearing a superstructure of fiction upon the appearances before him. These did not afford a ground-work for the heroic form of romance, and his imagination exercised itself by expanding them in the opposite direction. His delight was to visit London, and induce any elder who had charge of him to take him a walk through St. Giles's. 'Good heavens!' he said to Mr. Forster, 'what wild visions of prodigies of wickedness, want, and beggary arose in my mind out of that place.'

After a short stay in Bayham-street his parents tried to better their condition. They rented a house in Gower-street north, and a brass plate on the door bore the words, 'Mrs. Dickens's Establishment.' 'I left at a great many other doors,' writes her son, 'a great many circulars, calling attention to the merits of the establishment. Yet nobody ever came to school, nor do I recollect that anybody ever proposed to come, or that the least preparation was made to receive anybody.' Evidently Mrs. Dickens waited to see whether any pupils would offer before she embarked in a fruitless expenditure. The scheme having failed to retrieve the fortunes of the family precipitated the catastrophe. Fresh debts had been contracted, creditors grew importunate, and the clerk was arrested and incarcerated in the Marshalsea Prison. In his new abode he told his son 'to take warning, and to observe that if a man had twenty pounds a year, and spent nineteen pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence, he would be happy; but that a shil-

ling spent the other way would make him wretched.' The debtor understood this obvious truth as well before his troubles as when he pointed the moral with his own example. Men usually err from weakness, and not from ignorance, and expect their children to be wiser for the knowledge which has been of no service to themselves.

While John Dickens was an inmate of the Marshalsea an employment was found for Charles. A sister of his mother had a step-son, James Lamert. Two Warrens, Robert and Jonathan, each claimed a property in the method of compounding Warren's blacking. Robert had succeeded in getting the chief custom of the public, and the rival establishment of Jonathan, which languished for want of capital, was sold to George Lamert, the cousin and brother-in-law of James. The latter was appointed manager of the manufactory, and he offered to give young Dickens work at a salary of six or seven shillings a week. In the wreck of their circumstances, his parents did not reject the proposal, and the lad, at some ten years of age, was set down, to earn his livelihood in an unskilled, mechanic trade. His business was simply to tie covers on the tops of the paste-blackening pots and affix a printed label. His lodging at the outset was in the dismantled house in Gower-street, and when his mother joined his father in the Marshalsea a lodging was hired for him. His wages were left in his own keeping to buy provisions. Compared with his recent life in Bayham and Gower streets, the physical hardships would seem to have been little or none; yet his anguish was extreme. He lost all reckoning of time. He could not tell whether his servitude lasted for six months, or twelve, or twenty-four. He would never, after his release from his bondage, go within sight of the locality till the building was swept away and the entire features of the district were changed. He never alluded to the subject till, at the end of five-and-twenty years, an accidental circumstance brought it up between him and Mr. Forster, and he was led to unfold the distasteful history. His avoidance of the painful retrospect by day could not shut it out at night, when his thoughts were emancipated from the government of his will. In the zenith of his fame and prosperity, he continued in his dreams to be haunted by the allusion that he was once more an ill-fed, ill-clad boy in the blacking manufactory of George Lamert.

His bodily privations, we are satisfied, had no appreciable share in his sufferings. His despair arose from the overthrow of his mental visions. The fictions which entranced

him had opened out to him vistas of literary pleasures and distinction in years to come. The dull lessons, the dreary ploddings of school, might have been relinquished by a child without regret. The eager readings of his play-hours had conjured up enchantments which could not so readily be laid. Hitherto the bleak and barren London life had not destroyed the expectation that his suspended studies would be resumed, but his consignment to the blacking warehouse appeared to fix his destiny, and his head henceforth was to be the servant of his hands. This was the 'secret agony of soul' which overwhelmed him. 'The misery,' he says, 'it was to my young heart to believe that, day by day, what I had learned and thought and delighted in and raised my fancy and my emulation up by, was passing away from me, never to be brought back any more, cannot be written.' He went to the Royal Academy of Music to see his sister, who was a pupil there, receive a prize, and the effect it had upon him was a striking evidence of the extent to which his position preyed upon his mind. 'I could not bear,' he says, 'to think of myself beyond the reach of all such honourable emulation and success. The tears ran down my face. I felt as if my heart were rent. I prayed when I went to bed that night to be lifted out of the humiliation and neglect in which I was. I never had suffered so much before.'

The probabilities justified the apprehensions of Dickens. Neither he, nor anybody else, could have prognosticated that the lessons he learned in the blacking warehouse were to furnish their tribute to his fame. Those who have attempted to describe the lower orders have usually seen them from without. Dickens saw them from within. To the bystander they never disclose their habitual ways of thinking, or unconstrained modes of speech. Truly to understand them you must be one of them. This advantage Dickens possessed, free from the debasement which the association might have been expected to involve. The literary tastes which rendered the warehouse life horrible to him, prevented his contracting any taint of its coarseness. He resembled the author who, alone, among the divers in Fleet ditch, came forth uncontaminated:

He bears no token of the sabler streams,
And mounts far off among the swans of
Thames.'

The most fastidious observer could not have suspected that he had ever been the comrade of working men and boys, and it

was always a marvel how he could have attained to his familiarity with their manners and talk. He purchased his insight at the cost of bitter pangs, while the 'early hopes of growing up to be a learned and distinguished man were crushed in his breast,' but if to be distinguished was his desire the acquisitions were worth the price he paid.

Contemporaneously with the knowledge he gained of his fellow-labourers in the warehouse, he was storing his memory with a fresh set of portraits from the inmates of the prison. The last words of Mr. Dickens before he was conveyed to the Marshalsea were, that 'the sun had set upon him for ever.' It shone, however, rather more brightly than before. He had retired from his official duties on a pension; the most inexorable dun could not 'touch him further;' his wife and children shared his apartments; and 'in every respect but elbow-room the family,' as Dickens said to Mr. Forster, 'lived more comfortably in prison than they had done for a long time out of it.' Charles at first was only an occasional visitor. He felt sorely the exclusion from the domestic circle, and the desolation of returning from his work to a blank. On his representing the piteousness of the case to his father a back-attic was hired for him in the neighbourhood of the Marshalsea, and he breakfasted and supped every day at what he now called his 'home.' He grew acquainted with nearly the whole of the motley population; he got his mother to tell him all she had heard of their respective histories, and he pieced out the hints from his own imagination. Here, as in every part of his juvenile reminiscences, the characteristic which struck him later was his early comprehension of the human element in the scenes he witnessed. He scanned each debtor separately with the inquisitive eyes 'that saw the manners in the face;' he marked the peculiarities of dress, of gait, of voice, of language; he discriminated the weaknesses which were comical, and the sadder traits which were pathetic; and whatever he noticed was printed indelibly upon his mind. He was present to see the debtors pass one by one through a small room, where they affixed their names to a petition to the king, for a grant to drink his majesty's health on his birthday, and in testimony of his boyish intentness of observation, and his consequent tenacity of memory he says, 'when I looked, with my mind's eye, into the Fleet Prison during Mr. Pickwick's incarceration, I wonder whether half-a-dozen men were wanting from the Marshalsea crowd that came filing in again.' So it was that the varied forms of society in which he was constrained to mingle went filing on be-

fore him, and have since 'come fling in again' for the delight of multitudes.

In due time Mr. Dickens took the benefit of the Insolvent Debtor's Act, and was released from the Marshalsea. The liberation of Charles followed at no great interval. Mr. Dickens was dissatisfied with something in the treatment of his son, and wrote an angry letter to the manager of the blacking business. James Lamert thought the letter insulting, and told the lad that, since he was the theme of the outrage, he must leave the establishment. His mother interceded with her step-nephew, soothed his irritation, and obtained permission for her son to return. There was a division between husband and wife on the occasion. 'My father said I should go back no more, and I should go to school. I do not write resentfully or angrily, for I know how all these things have worked together to make me what I am, but I never afterwards forgot, I never shall forget, I never can forget, that my mother was warm for my being sent back.' The spirit which pervades the comment of Dickens exhibits the least amiable phase of a character that commonly overflowed with kindness and generosity. The question had two sides; Dickens saw one, and his mother the other. Whoever may have been to blame, the family were always in distress. In Gower-street they sometimes had not enough to eat; the mother's first thought was for the physical wants of her household; the earnings of Charles were an important addition to their means, and she probably considered that his education might be postponed till their poverty had abated. The master-passion of the boy was for the improvement of his mind. He sighed, before all things, to be extricated from the miserable occupation of tying paper over pots; and he perceived that nothing beyond wiser economy was needed to accomplish the end. His was the sounder view, but what was not sound was his inability to allow for the prudential calculations of a mother, whose children were not strangers to the pinchings of hunger, and his too sensitive recollection at the height of his fame, when every obstacle had been subdued, of a mistaken opinion delivered a quarter of a century before. The error recurred at rare intervals in his career. Although warm and impulsive, his judgment was in general sagacious, temperate, and equitable. Now and then an event occurred, which, like the vital point of education or no education, struck against some vehement feeling or cherished idea. Of the two sides in such a crisis he could see but one, and he saw the one through the medium of a temperament which, diffusive in its usual geniali-

ty, was highly concentrated in its deeper emotions. His strength of will had raised him under many disadvantages to extraordinary reputation. The conquests his resolution had achieved, did not diminish its force, and when his mind was stirred, his strong will sustained his impetuous conclusions. An error was far more dangerous in him than in ordinary men, for there was no retreat. He would neither turn away from his partial conception to examine the force of opposite views, nor consent to resign the ardour of his own. Such a failing, when it was roused, was more conspicuous than a hundred virtues, and was yet so inconsistent with the habitual tenour of his manly, rational, winning nature, that it seemed an unaccountable anomaly in his composition.

The dismissal of Charles Dickens from the blacking manufactory, seems to have occurred in 1824, when he was about twelve years old. His father sent him shortly afterwards to the classical and commercial academy of Mr. Jones, a Welshman, whose establishment was in the Hampstead-road. He belonged to that ignorant and irascible tribe, very plentiful in those days, who flogged boys unmercifully for not comprehending the perplexities which the master was incompetent to explain. The type of school which will live in the novels of Dickens when the reality is gone, would be enough to tell us that he had been under the Creakles of his generation. Much was suffered in such places and little learned. He had the luck to escape the suffering. 'I do not think,' say his old school-fellow, Dr. Danson, a London physician, 'that he came in for any of Mr. Jones's scourging propensity. In fact, together with myself, he was only a day-pupil, and with these there was a wholesome fear of tales being carried home to the parents.' He did not learn Greek and Latin, which favoured his immunity from corporal punishment. The three years and upwards which had gone by since he said his last Latin lesson to Mr. Giles, must have effaced the rudimentary scraps of classical learning he brought away with him from Chatham. The annoyance of being classed with beginners half his age, and the clerky employment for which his father doubtless designed him, were sufficient reasons for keeping to the commercial branch of the education, and he must soon have perceived that in foregoing the classical instruction of Mr. Jones, he had lost nothing except the floggings it entailed. His two surviving school-fellows, who have written their recollections of him at the academy, agree that even in the commercial department he was not distinguished. 'I cannot recall anything,'

says Mr. Thomas, 'that then indicated he would hereafter become a literary celebrity,' and Dr. Danson says that his mastery of the English language must have been acquired by long and patient study after he left. The slender promise he gave may be gathered from the fact that the coincidence of name never suggested to Dr. Danson that the famous novelist could be his old intimate at the academy, and he did not suspect the identity till he read in 'Household Words' a paper entitled 'Our School,' in which the establishment of Mr. Jones was the basis of a sketch intentionally heightened by the fancy of the author. The aspect Dickens presented to his playmates was merely that of a handsome curly-headed, healthy boy, who having outgrown his original delicacy of constitution, and enjoying more than an average share of animal spirits, entered with glee into the sports and tricks of the hour.

Cowper has said in sweet verse that no one looking at a rosebud could 'descrie the future splendour of the flower.' The metaphor has been a hundred times verified in the boyhood of eminent men. But in the instance of Dickens the testimony of his school-fellows appears at first sight to contradict his own. His narrative of his early literary tastes, his active fancy, his acute observation, must be a delusion if his choicer faculties remained dormant up to a much later age, and he would have been mistaken in his impression that when he was turned over to the blacking manufactory he was notoriously 'a child of singular abilities.' On a closer examination it is clear that the accounts are not inconsistent. He states that the great reading period of his childhood was before he was nine, and he never claimed to have resumed his bookish habits till he was past seventeen. In truth, the books disappeared; for volume by volume the little home library was sold during the distresses which ensued upon the arrest of his father. Among the evils attendant upon the drudgery of the blacking-warehouse, he casually mentions that 'the old readings were fast perishing out of his mind,' and they were not refreshed or replaced. Before he reached Mr. Jones's academy the process of obliteration was well nigh complete. He did not at once return to habits which had been three years in abeyance. The want of practice had blunted the taste, and it was natural when he exchanged his servitude for play and companionship that he should prolong the holiday, and allow boyish gaiety to triumph over his thirst for knowledge. His keen observation, which went on without intermis-

sion, would not have attracted much attention in so far as it was exercised upon present objects, and upon the dreary past his lips were sealed. What Warton has said of the Chaucer era in our literature may be applied to the Chatham period of Dickens's life. It was a premature spring, followed by wintry days, which checked or blighted the blossoms put forth under transient sunshine.

Dickens remained for a couple of years at Mr. Jones's academy, and on leaving in 1826 was sent for a short period to a second school. In 1827 he became a clerk in a solicitor's office, and kept to the calling till November, 1828. He was not articled, and had no intention of practising the law. He was only hired to copy, keep accounts, and do formal work. His two years of service fulfilled the same purpose with the preceding chapters of his history. He was initiated into the mysteries of a fresh type of human nature. He studied, not law, but lawyers, and no class yielded him a richer harvest. On leaving the attorney's office he determined to be something better than an automaton at a desk. His father, with a perseverance and a dexterity which is rare in anybody no longer a youth, had mastered the intricacies of short-hand and was reporter of parliamentary debates. His son determined to follow his example. He had reached seventeen, and we see distinctly in Mr. Forster's volume all the transitions of his previous career, and the precise stage to which the course of events had brought him. His apparently desultory life had not been wanting in the discipline which teaches persistent methodical labour. Up to nine years of age he was tied to the rules of school. At the manufactory he had to observe the long and punctual hours of labouring men. For two years and a half he was again subjected to the rigid laws of school, and for two years more to an equally rigid attendance at his office. His father, buoyant and imprudent, more easily elated by hopes than depressed by troubles, had the virtue of diligence, and by inheritance and habit, industry was a dominant ingredient in Dickens. His attainments of one description were by this time extraordinary. The vast proportion of what is best in his writings is derived from what he had seen or undergone in childhood, boyhood, and dawning manhood. His deficiency was in his acquaintance with books, which he had read but little. The masterpieces of fiction, when his direct recollection of them had faded into dim confusion, exercised an influence through their primitive development of his nascent powers, and the familiarity he con-

tracted with their sterling English. But the interruption to his studies had left him without any adequate education; and the meagre lessons of his later schools, and the dry formalities of the attorney's office, were alike incapable of filling up the blank.

Dickens now resolved to repair the defect. His immediate incentive was the determination to qualify himself to be a first-rate reporter. No amount of skill in taking down words will enable a reporter to render speeches correctly, unless he can follow the sense. To learn something of what accomplished men know is an essential auxiliary to recording what they say. Concurrently with the practice of the short-hand symbols Dickens, therefore, became a constant reader at the British Museum. His progress in both undertakings was singularly rapid. He was skilled enough in short-hand at the end of eighteen months to obtain professional employment, and of the book-knowledge he often said to Mr. Forster that this was the most productive season of his life. Time did not permit him to run the immense circuit of literature, but his reading was beyond what could have been anticipated from his brief and broken studies. He was strongest in fiction and travels, and, not having gleaned his opinions of books through books, his judgments of them had a charming directness and independence. Many of the remarks which he let fall in conversation upon Shakespeare and others were original and true, and, had he cared to cultivate the faculty, he would have excelled in terse, distinctive criticism. A subordinate interest in books is not unfrequent in authors pre-eminently original. De Quincey observes, that the entire reading of Rousseau and Wordsworth was equivalent to twelve volumes octavo, and of Wordsworth he says, 'He lived in the open air, and the enormity of pleasure which he drew from the common appearances of nature, and their everlasting variety, was to him in the stead of many libraries.' The library of Dickens was the living book of mankind. He was, before all, an observer, and he had little more to ask of books than to teach him how to shape his native ideas. There was one omission. The twelve volumes octavo which summed up the reading of Wordsworth were the mightiest poets, ancient and modern, and he read them times out of number, from boyhood to old age. Dickens had abundance of excellent English at his command and a clear and fluent style, but the want of a chaster taste in passages of his composition betrayed that he had not lingered long enough over the highest literature to get

thoroughly imbued with some of its ansterer refinements.

A transcendent motive stimulated Dickens while he was studying at the Museum and mastering shorthand. He was in love. 'It was the opinion of a wise man,' observed Don Quixote, 'that there was but one good woman in the world, and his advice was that every married man should think his own wife was she, as being the only way to live contented.' Dickens was under the dominion of the wise man's opinion. The attachment, he says, 'excluded every other idea from my mind for four years, at a time of life when four years are equal to four times four. A determination to overcome all the difficulties fairly lifted me up into that newspaper life, and floated me away over a hundred men's heads.' Of the causes which prevent the course of love from running smooth Shakespeare omits the commonest of all,—the want of money. Before Dickens was in a position to give the object of his admiration a suitable home the lovers were separated, and he did not again set eyes upon the lady for five-and-twenty years. The first effect of the meeting was to agitate his mind with the memory of his youthful emotions; the second effect was to make him smile at the disproportionate homage which had intoxicated him before. He had shadowed forth his early passion in the love of David Copperfield for Dora; and shortly after he had renewed his acquaintance with the inspirer of the four years' unbounded enthusiasm, he commenced in the *Flora of Little Dorrit*, the companion picture of a middle-aged woman who, seen by her former admirer, appears to his sober, riper judgment a common-place person whom he had strangely invested with illusive charms. The contrast is often true, and not less true that it is often fallacious. Domestic virtues exert a more potent spell than the fleeting fascinations of youth. The man of forty-three, who looks in vain for the attractions which captivated him at seventeen, may find in six and twenty years of married life the motives for boundless gratitude and imperishable love.

Dickens commenced reporting in the middle of 1830, and followed the profession till the middle of 1836. He was employed at the outset in the courts of law, where he improved his acquaintance with the characters he began to study in the attorney's office, and in 1831 he attained the highest grade of his difficult art, and entered the gallery of the Houses of Parliament. He was at first on the staff of the 'True Sun,' and afterwards on that of the 'Morning Chronicle.'

When Parliament was not sitting he frequently visited distant parts of the kingdom to report the speeches of political magnates. Railroads not existing, he had often to post back at the rate of fifteen miles an hour that a speech might be in time for the morning paper, and, using the palm of his hand for a desk, he transcribed his notes for the printer by the light of a dark lantern as he was whirled along at a gallop in a chaise and four. Upsets were common, wheels came off, and there was the constant excitement of sudden catastrophes, ingenious expedients, and ultimate triumph. 'I have had to charge,' he said to Mr. Foster, 'for all sorts of breakages fifty times in a journey, such being the ordinary results of the pace which we went at. There never was anybody connected with newspapers, who, in the same space of time, had so much express and post-chaise experience as I.' He might safely have added that nobody could ever have had greater enjoyment in it. The elasticity of his mind extended to his body, and he always exulted in action and movement. He had not a single superior in his profession. 'There never *was* such a short-hand writer,' said his friend and brother reporter, Mr. Beard. Dickens ascribed much of his after success in authorship to 'the wholesome training of severe newspaper work.' He dwelt on the pleasure he used to feel in 'the rapidity and dexterity' involved in his art, and the entire calling demanded concentrated attention, close application, and ready execution. The habits to which he was accustomed, during the six years he was a reporter, were a standard for writing of a different species. His alert mind moved quickly, seldom loitering over its business, and his facility, which did not exclude unwearied efforts after excellence, was of inestimable value in a long series of fictions, written month by month as they were published, or at most with only a number or two of manuscript in advance.

Dickens had been three years and a half a reporter, when in December, 1833, at the age of twenty-two, he contributed to the 'Monthly Magazine,' the earliest of the papers afterwards collected under the title of 'Sketches by Boz.' Ten sketches came out in the magazine. The series was then continued in the 'Evening Chronicle,' an adaptation of the morning paper to which he was reporter, and his salary was raised from five guineas a week to seven on account of his extra services as an author. The firm of Chapman and Hall started a Library of Fiction, which was edited by Charles Whitehead, who had been connected with the Monthly Magazine, and his attention hav-

ing been attracted to the Sketches, he requested Dickens to write for the Library of Fiction. Dickens sent the 'Tuggs at Ramsgate,' the most amusing of all the Sketches, and the merit of this little piece of humour brought his name under the notice of Chapman and Hall. Mr. Seymour, the artist, invited the firm to publish a series of plates in which he proposed to represent the misadventures of cockney sportsmen. The plates were to appear in monthly parts accompanied by letter-press, and Mr. Hall requested Dickens to furnish the commentary to Mr. Seymour's caricatures. Dickens reversed the process. He thought the ludicrous disasters of hunting, shooting, and fishing cockneys a hack-nied idea; he himself was not a sportsman, and he did not wish to be hampered in the selection of the scenes he described. Instead of writing up to the plates of the artist he required that his text should be the basis for Mr. Seymour's designs. He accepted from Mr. Hall the rough notion of a knot of friends who should travel through the country, constantly getting into scrapes; he admitted a single cockney sportsman into the group in deference to the original suggestion of Mr. Seymour; and the remainder of Pickwick was his own invention. The hints for the designs were taken in every instance from the text. The hero was called after a coach proprietor, whose name being painted on the doors of numerous coaches was familiar to everybody. An accidental association had probably recommended it to Dickens. His youngest brother got the pet name of Moses, from the son of the Vicar of Wakefield; Moses was corrupted into Boses, and Boses into Boz, the signature Dickens affixed to his 'Sketches.' The coach proprietor was Moses Pickwick, and the jesting uses to which Dickens had long put the Moses, coupled with the jingling oddity of the word Pickwick, induced him to appropriate the second half of the name.

The first number of 'Pickwick' appeared on March 31, 1836. An impression of four hundred indicated the doubt and caution of the publishers. The actual result appears in the statement of Mr. Forster that by the time the work had reached number fifteen the sale was upwards of forty thousand. The surprise and delight with which it was received was the just measure of its excellence. The whole fabric of the scenes and characters was drawn from the personal experience of the author; they had the freshness of novelty and the vividness of reality. The vein of humour was one of the richest the world had ever seen, and it was as original in its kind as it was exuberant in degree. The most gentle and delicate humour in the language

is that of Addison. The humour of Dickens is in the opposite extreme—the lavish, ‘heart-easing mirth’ which Milton had in his thoughts when he summoned ‘laughter holding both his sides.’ Fertility of humour is not necessarily blended with geniality of spirit, but the humour of Dickens in his early time had the exquisite charm of unbounded joyousness. ‘Pickwick’ was a satire throughout, and did not contain one splenetic word. The professions which were ridiculed enjoyed the festive joke against themselves; Bob Sawyer roared over his own quackeries, and Buzfuz over his own bombast. So irresistible and infectious was the hilarity, that never were the claims of a new genius more rapidly allowed. A few, however, frowned amid the general laughter; for the minds of some men stiffen like their joints, and are incapable of receiving new impressions. Others are jealous of every new candidate for fame, and, having closed their shutters to exclude the light, endeavour to believe that the sun is not shining in the heavens.

Facetiousness pushed to extravagance was the fundamental idea of ‘Pickwick.’ The characters were likenesses of actual persons with the salient peculiarities and weaknesses exaggerated. The conception frankly avowed was at once accepted, and the revelry of fun never shocks the sense of probability. The treatment, perfectly suited to the occasion, brought with it, we think, some subsequent disadvantages. ‘Pickwick’ was the standard by which the future productions of Dickens were sure to be tested, and he could not be free from the desire to satisfy the public expectation. He was, therefore, tempted to go on colouring highly in works which were framed upon a different principle. A series of mirthful scenes, loosely strung together, were replaced by elaborate plots, by a development of motives, by a graver purpose. The whole structure of the novel promised substantial fidelity to the laws of human nature, and the embellishments, appropriate in ‘Pickwick,’ were not always in place. In characters absolutely comic, the licence, perhaps, is relished for the sake of the mirth. In serious portraiture any considerable departure from the sobriety of nature is attended by no compensation, and is distasteful to every one who has the discernment to perceive the excess. A tendency to indulge in melodramatic effects, and overdrawn traits, soon began to mar delineations which otherwise were traced by the hand of a master. The vice increased in his later works after he had traversed the round of his extensive observation, and fell back upon the artificial creations of his fancy. Even his humour

which flowed in such a full tide, and appeared for many years to be inexhaustible, could not stream on in the plenitude of its affluence for ever, and as it became less spontaneous and brilliant he tried to give zest to his characters by magnifying their eccentricities. His genius grew more penetrating after ‘Pickwick,’ and for a while the blemishes were outweighed by the accession of the deeper qualities which attended upon increased maturity of understanding, but some of the disfigurements engendered by the nature of his early success were there from the beginning, and they spread with time.

Whatever might be the excess of colouring in parts of the novels there was none in the conversation and bearing of the man. At the age of twenty-four he was suddenly elevated to a height of popularity which has seldom been equalled. Those who have risen to celebrity without the usual aids from teachers have generally been noted for vanity and egotism. Dickens, who might well have presumed upon his fame, kept to his natural simplicity. He never took up the conversation unless it came to him by right, and he never made it the vehicle for display. His talk was invariably easy and unpretentious, interspersed with acute remarks, and lighted up by a bright and gentle pleasantry. The humour of his novels, which is of a far higher order than witty repartee, as much higher as the humorous comedies of Molière are superior to the witty comedies of Congreve, could not have been exhibited in conversation except he had descended to be a downright performer for the amusement of his company. He would have scouted the office. He would be nothing but himself in his private capacity, and not Sam Weller, or Squeers, or Mrs. Gamp. No breadth of humour could have been more exhilarating than the sedate liveliness of his proper individuality. He carried about with him an atmosphere of cheerfulness; and his presence, when unconstrained, was like sunshine. His form and gait expressed his disposition. There was a spring in his step, and a firmness in his tread, which told both the airiness and energy of his temperament. It was the same with his face. The leading lines, especially as he grew older, betokened resolution, and combined with the determination was a mobility of muscle, which revealed the sensitiveness of his feelings, and a vivacity which showed how much he had inherited of his father’s buoyancy. His quick glance announced his penetrating observation, though so natural was the faculty to him, and so complete the ease with which it worked, that he had always in society a disengaged air, and never appeared to be on the watch.

Dickens received 2500*l.* for 'Pickwick' and a share in the copyright at the expiration of five years. Before his name was fully up, he had entered into other agreements which cost him dear. He sold the right to print the collected 'Sketches of Boz' for 150*l.*, and bought back the copyright for 2000*l.* He had entered into an engagement with Mr. Bentley to edit a monthly magazine, and write three tales. After various harassing disputes and negotiations, he was released from the obligation to write two of the tales, and ultimately bought back the copyright and unsold stock of the third, which was 'Oliver Twist,' for 2250*l.* 'The consciousness,' he wrote to Mr. Forster, January 21, 1839, 'that my books are enriching everybody connected with them but myself puts me out of heart and spirits.' The bare extent of his labours would long before have crushed the spirits of any man less ready, indefatigable, and elastic. The magazine, with the title of 'Bentley's Miscellany' was commenced on January 1, 1837, and, conjointly with his editorial task, Dickens was writing each month a number of the latter portion of 'Pickwick' and a number of the opening portion of 'Oliver Twist.' His letters to Mr. Forster show how lightly and gaily he carried his load. He had commonly completed his literary labours in the fore part of the day, he had his afternoons for his favourite rides into the country, he had his evenings for reading and social enjoyments, he had an animating sense of the fame he had achieved, he had the consciousness of an enormous reserve of power, and, above all, he had the luxury of a happy home; for he had married Miss Hogarth on April 2, 1836, two days after the first number of 'Pickwick' appeared, and the thirty guineas which he received from the publisher on account were required for the wedding. His vexations were but momentary, and altogether it was a beaming golden time, in which the pleasure of living was at its summit.

'Oliver Twist' was unfinished when, on April 1, 1838, 'Nicholas Nickleby' was commenced. Dickens ceased to conduct the 'Miscellany' in the beginning of 1839, but as yet he continued, within the compass of each month, to edit a magazine and furnish the needful quantity for both the current stories. Still the back did not bend under its accumulated burthens, and the novels betrayed no symptoms of haste in the execution, nor any diminution of wealth in the ideas. He had peopled his mind with such a crowd of beings before he was in his teens, or before he was out of them,

that he could bring set after set of characters upon the scene in prodigal succession, and his humour, of which the germ was probably derived from his Chatham readings, had gone on fructifying within him till his effervescent spirits were hardly more native to his constitution. Clever and prolific novelists abound; but a broad distinction divides the genius which is rare from the talent which is common. The racy world evoked by Dickens was new to fiction, and from first to last there was scarcely a trace of the adaptations and affinities which, in lesser works, remind us of a twice-told tale.

The main purpose of Dickens in 'Oliver Twist' is stated in his Preface. Thieves had usually been represented under seductive aspects. He resolved 'to paint them in all their deformity and wretchedness.' He had closely studied the workings of the criminal mind, and was not slow to discover that real enjoyment could not coexist with depravity of will. He understood the limits of the virtues which survive in callous breasts, and stripped his ruffians of the incompatible qualities bestowed upon them by shallow writers. A woman who had joined with her husband and son in committing a murder, asked her lawyer whether the husband and son could be saved by her confession,* which seemed an extraordinary instance of chivalrous affection in a brutalised nature, and when the lawyer mentioned the incident before Dickens he immediately remarked, 'Such people sometimes feel for one another, and they feel for no one besides.' This justice of discrimination pervades 'Oliver Twist,' but the tragic scenes are too painful in their power, and the lively was the popular part of the work. Here, in our opinion, was his supreme domain. The brilliant side of his intellect was in his humorous representation of vices, follies, and weaknesses. 'Nicholas Nickleby' was a felicitous example. The exposure of the Yorkshire schools is a fine specimen of his art in making us laugh and detest at the same moment, and the lighter foibles brought out in the book are delicious comedy. Especially the episode of Crummles and his company exhibits in perfection his power of displaying the cheerful aspects of particular modes of life while deriving abounding mirth from their absurdities. Dickens had seen what he described. Mr. Blackmore, the solicitor to whom he went as clerk in 1827, learned later that, while in his service, he frequented a minor theatre, and often acted in the pieces. His acute percep-

* The lawyer advised the woman to hold her tongue, and all three were acquitted.

tion of the ridiculous discovered more entertainment behind the scenes than in any of the mimic performances on the stage.

With 'Oliver Twist' Dickens got free from the entanglements of his first improvident bargains, and his earnings henceforth were in a fair proportion to his fame. He was paid 4000*l.* for five years' copyright of 'Nicholas Nickleby.' This story ended; he projected the weekly publication, that was commenced April 4, 1840, under the title of 'Master Humphrey's Clock,' and, in addition to half the profits, the payment of 50*l.* a number, or 2800*l.* a year, was to be reckoned among the expenses for which the publishers were liable. He was less rich than his nominal income would imply. There were many to share in his prosperity, and his gains were not nearly all for himself. In March, 1839, he was engaged in settling his father and mother in the neighbourhood of Exeter; and he had various kinsfolks and friends who needed his help. The feeling his tales manifested for the woes of struggling poverty suggested to shoals of impostors that he would be a ready dupe. They overlooked the distinction noticed by Professor Wilson at a public dinner given to Dickens in Edinburgh, when he visited Scotland during the summer of 1841, that the sympathy was for the deserving 'who do not sink under their miseries, but trust to their own strength of endurance.' Nevertheless we learn from the 'Life' that Dickens, at the beginning of his success, had not the heart to dismiss even imposture empty-handed, though he could not have been long in learning that the entire revenues of the State would not satisfy the cravings of vicious idleness.

The impression he brought from his boyhood of the hardships the labouring classes sustained was, we presume, the primary source of the radicalism which Mr. Forster says was one of his fervid convictions at this period. The demands of authorship could not have left him time to be a speculative student of political science. Much less could he investigate the extent and causes of social evils, and their possible legislative remedies. His politics, we suspect, did not lie much deeper than the general sentiment that there were many things wrong which ought to be set right. From the ordeal through which he had passed, he almost inevitably imbibed something of the spirit expressed in Voltaire's epigrammatic sarcasm, that 'mankind were divided into hammers and anvils.' He would be likely to exaggerate the measure of truth contained in the pointed saying through mixing up with the rigours of the workman's lot the

personal misery he had suffered in a manual occupation to which he had not been bred, and which was destructive to tastes already formed, and vehemently cherished. Those who see much of labouring men where they are tolerably cared for know that the anvils, notwithstanding their frugal lives, are in the aggregate apparently happier than the hammers. Injustice, harshness, and apathy are frequent, because selfishness is a vice of human nature, and asserts itself in multitudes of all grades according to their particular temptations and opportunities. But the majority of the evils are beyond the control of parliamentary enactments, and are only to be mitigated or cured by the progress in benevolence which will induce every master to do the best he can for his workmen, and every workman the best he can for his master. This, we believe, to have been the usual doctrine of Dickens, and is certainly uppermost in much that he has written. He did not always express himself with equal wisdom, and there is an asperity and crudity in some of his overdrawn contrasts between rich and poor which were more calculated to breed ill-will between classes than to teach them mutual consideration.

A weekly publication written entirely by himself allowed no interval of repose, and Dickens found that great as was his facility and his energy, the tax was beyond his strength. He brought 'Master Humphrey's Clock' to a close in November, 1841, and determined to discontinue his novel-writing for a twelvemonth and visit America. He got tired of sight-seeing and turmoil during his short summer tour in Scotland, and wrote to Mr. Forster in June, 1841, 'The moral of all this is, that there is no place like home, and that I thank God most heartily for having given me a quiet spirit, and a heart that won't hold many people.' The 'quiet spirit' in him alternated with the restless passion for locomotion. Travel created an appetite for home, and home for travel. He sailed from Liverpool with a boyish excitement of pleasure, January 3, 1842, and from New York back on June 7 with a feverish impatience for domestic peace. His journey through America was a triumphal progress. He at first enjoyed the enthusiastic manifestations of his popularity, but the inconveniences quickly preponderated. 'I can do nothing that I want to do,' he wrote to Mr. Forster from New York; 'go nowhere where I want to go, and see nothing that I want to see. If I turn into the street I am followed by a multitude. If I stay at home, the house becomes with callers like a fair. If I visit a public institution with only one

friend the directors come down incontinently, waylay me in the yard, and address me in a long speech. I go to a party in the evening, and am so inclosed and hemmed about by people, stand where I will, that I am exhausted for want of air. I dine out, and have to talk about everything to everybody. I go to church for quiet, and there is a violent rush to the neighbourhood of the pew I sit in, and the clergyman preaches at me. I take my seat in a railroad car, and the very conductor won't let me alone. I get out at a station, and can't drink a glass of water without having a hundred people looking down my throat when I open my mouth to swallow.' Other disagreeables ensued and quelled his exultation. The tributes he received were those of a people who had the habit of living in public, and acting with an eye to public effect. The general infirmity had conferred a stupendous power upon a demoralised press. There were few who did not crouch before its hectoring tyranny, and sacrifice more or less of their independence to the unmanly apprehension of what the newspapers might say of them. Dickens offended the editors by advocating international copyright. They pronounced that he was 'a mere mercenary scoundrel,' and their wrath redoubled when he was not awed into silence by their abuse. The social homage and curiosity went on, but the oftener they were repeated the less animating they grew. 'I really think,' he said, 'my face has acquired a fixed expression of sadness from the constant and unmitigated boredom I endure.' The talk was exclusively of dollars and politics, and had a cheerless monotony of style as well as of subject. Strangely enough, in spite of the scramble to look at him, and shake hands with him, there was a national insensibility to the chief characteristic of his genius. 'I should think,' he wrote, 'there is not on the face of the earth a people so entirely destitute of humour, vivacity, or the capacity of enjoyment. I am quite serious when I say that I have not heard a hearty laugh these six weeks, except my own, nor have I seen a merry face on any shoulders but a black man's.' Even if every one around him had been as great humourists as himself the pleasure of endless formal receptions must necessarily have been merged in a sense of their weariness.

The faults of the Americans did not blind Dickens to their merits, and some abatement must be made from his impression of their failings when we reflect that there could be no more unfavourable mode of inspecting a nation than by running the gauntlet of miscellaneous crowds. He, on his

part, was not formed for exhibition before assemblies agape for dazzling display. 'I must confess to a considerable disappointment in the personal of my idol,' wrote a young lady after talking with him at a party in Cincinnati. 'I felt that his throne was shaken, although it never could be destroyed.' He was too natural to be a king to such exacting subjects. 'Scott, in his 'Diary,' November 22, 1825, says of himself and Moore, 'We are both good-humoured fellows, who rather seek to enjoy what is going forward than to maintain our dignity as lions, and we have both seen the world too widely, and too well, not to condemn in our souls the imaginary consequence of literary people who walk with their noses in the air.' Good-humoured they both were, and without a particle of arrogance, but Moore was not unmindful of the impression he made in society, and we have heard from affectionate friends of Scott, that he who was the perfection of unostentatious geniality, never appeared to less advantage than in London drawing-rooms, simply because knowing that the guests were eager to hear him at his best, he was unwilling to balk them. The efforts to amuse, which were unpleasant to his intimate associates, fulfilled their purpose with strangers who were anxious for specimens of conversation in keeping with his fame. This occasional concession to popular expectation was impossible to Dickens. He was inclined to reserve in large companies, and any deliberate attempt to draw him out only caused him to retire more resolutely within himself. On his second visit to America, he and his admirers understood each other better, and they parted with increased respect on both sides.

The volume from which we have derived our sketch of Dickens ends with the American tour. The life of a literary man should be the history both of the author and his works. Mr. Forster has been attentive to his double function. Dickens was accustomed to talk over with him every story while it was in conception or in progress, and submitted every proof sheet to his judgment, from 'Pickwick' to 'Edwin Drood.' His intimate knowledge of his friend's design in the scope and purpose of each tale gives an importance beyond mere opinion to the critical expositions of Mr. Forster. He has shown that there was always some grave central purpose in the mind of Dickens which was as the axis upon which the amusement revolved, and, without dwelling upon the obvious qualities that are recognised by all the world, he has pointed out the wealth of subtler excellencies that are likely to be overlooked. His view of the man is marked

by the same perspicacity in exhibiting delicate lights and shadows. The biography, in its incipient stage, takes its place already among the very few lives which bring before us a figure of pre-eminent individuality in its native distinctness. The service is especially important because there has rarely been a genius whose life was a more essential supplement to his works, for the works grew out of the life, and until we know from his biography how he got at his characters, our comprehension of them is incomplete. The story is elevating. Few persons could follow, without surprise and admiration, the silent, secret growth of a genius, which shaped itself unaided in the midst of an un-intellectual, depressing atmosphere, assimilated to itself all kinds of common materials, and moulded them into rich immortal forms. It is, perhaps, still more delightful to observe how the mental culture of his Chatham days exalted him to a region from which he never descended, and preserved him even in the plastic years of childhood from taint and debasement. It is not an insignificant part of the example, that one of the most brilliant of humourists should have been among the most methodical and industrious workmen of his age. People have sometimes fabricated from parts of his writings an imaginary likeness of him, which had not the faintest resemblance to the original. Except in fragments, such as passages in the adventures of Copperfield the characters he describes are no more his own character than a landscape painter is the prospect he paints. The real man is the Charles Dickens of Mr. Forster's biography, and the singular history, which is the apology for his faults, is most of all conspicuous for the ennobling qualities that heighten the lustre of his genius.

ART. VII.—A Key to the Narrative of the Four Gospels. By John Pilkington Norris, M.A., Canon of Bristol, and formerly one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. London. 1870.

In a former number of this Review we dwelt upon the chronological difficulties that attend the Gospel narrative of our Lord's Nativity; and we explained the ingenious discovery of Dr. Zumpt, by which, as we think, these difficulties are most successfully surmounted. We also on that occasion, though only in one or two sentences, touched upon the separate train of argument by which, as it seemed to us, the year of the Passion also

might be with great probability established. It is our present purpose to resume the latter subject and to treat it in detail, taking for our text a recent publication of Canon Norris. This is but a brief compendium, yet it shows the candour as well as the ability and learning of the author, stating its points in the clearest manner, and exciting its readers to a more minute investigation than its own limits would allow. We are of course the better pleased with it, since we find it come to the same conclusion as we had formed.

To those who would explore the chronology of the Gospels, the true sheet-anchor is the date of King Herod's death. With so renowned a tyrant this has not been hard to trace. We do not indeed derive any light from the statement of Josephus, that he was in his seventieth year when he expired, since we are nowhere told the time when he was born. But Josephus goes on to say that he reigned thirty-four years since he caused Antigonos to be slain, and thirty-seven since he was declared King by the Romans. Now, the Decree of the Senate, which named Herod King of the Jews, was passed in the second Consulship of Domitius Calvinus, that is, in the year 40 before Christ, according to the Common Era. And the taking of Jerusalem by Sosius, and the slaughter of Antigonos, the last King of the Asmonean line, took place during the Consulships of Marcus Agrippa and Canidius Gallus, that is in the year 37. Both these indications, therefore, combine in fixing for the death of Herod the year 4 before the common but faulty Christian Era.

It is possible, however, to be still more precise. Josephus commemorates an eclipse of the moon as having occurred during Herod's final illness; and the calculation of modern astronomers has assigned this eclipse to the 13th of March in that year. But, as another passage of the Jewish chronicler informs us, Herod had died before the Passover which ensued. A controversy has indeed arisen whether that Passover took place in regular course at the full moon of the first Nisan, which would make it the 12th of April, or whether there might not be in that year the intercalation of a second Nisan month, by which the Passover would be delayed until the 10th of May. But in either case it is clear that the date of Herod's death is confined to narrow bounds.*

* The passages of Josephus here referred to are to be found in the 'Jewish Antiquities,' lib. xvii. chap. 6, 8 and 9. So far back as 1748 these were ably drawn out and discussed by M. Freret, whose essay may still be consulted with advantage: 'Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions,' vol. xxi. p. 278.

The inference is equally plain. Accepting as we do in its full extent the narrative in St. Matthew's Gospel of the visit of the Magi, the flight into Egypt, and the massacre of the Innocents, it follows that the date of Herod's death must govern the date of Christ's Nativity. Under these circumstances it seems that we can scarcely fix the period of the Nativity later than the closing months of the year 5 before the Common Era—before the date, that is, which in the Middle Ages was assigned to it. This error in the old computation has been long since a well-known and admitted fact, and we only advert to it here as giving more completion and clearness to our subsequent case.

The next note of time which we obtain is derived from the Gospel of St. Luke. He relates to us how John commenced his preaching in the wilderness, and how shortly afterwards Christ himself was baptised. These events he fixes 'in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar;' and he adds, according to the improved translation which we find in Tischendorf's New Testament, 'And Jesus himself, when he began, was about thirty years of age.' To this important text we shall presently return.

As regards the third great event in the Gospel history—namely the Passion—the Gospels give us no chronological clue. It is natural, however, to suppose that the date of year would be preserved by tradition in the early Church. Here was a public and judicial act, witnessed by thousands of spectators, and in recording the year of which there could be no chance of error. Here was an event that formed the very keystone of the newly-founded faith. Can it then be doubted that the first Christians, even though unversed in literature, would consider its date as a matter of deep interest, and carefully hand it down among themselves?

This reasonable presumption is fully borne out by the actual fact. So early as we can trace the Christian records on this point, we find them state, without a shade of hesitation, that Jesus suffered under the Consulship of the two Gemini. This was in the year 782 from the foundation of Rome, and corresponds to the year 29 of Common Era as fixed five centuries later. Tacitus, at the commencement of his fifth book of Annals, speaks of it as follows:—'Rubellius and Fufius were then Consuls, each of whom bore the surname of Geminius.' Brotier adds, in a note, 'There is a common agreement among ancient writers (*consentit antiquitas*) that the Passion of Christ took place when the Gemini were

Consuls;' and in his Supplement to the lost books he places that event accordingly.

It may further be said, as we think, that the occurrence—so rare in the Consular annals—of both the magistrates bearing the same surname must have greatly tended to distinguish that year from others and impress it on the popular mind.

Looking, then, to some of the main authorities for early Christian history, we find them all concur in the date of year. It is mentioned as a certain fact by Tertullian. Lactantius records it in two separate passages. Augustine, in his great work '*De Civitate Dei*,' bears witness to the same fact;* and though Augustine lived so many years later, great weight is certainly due to his deliberate testimony, not only from the penetrating genius which he brought to the study of the Scriptures, but as showing that the early tradition was still accepted and alive.

It seems, indeed, scarcely too much to say that if the uniform tradition of the Church is to be set aside in a case like this, we do not see how it can be sustained in any other. There are, nevertheless, two difficulties in the way. First, the writers we have named, and some others also, undertake to give not only the date of the year but also the date of the day, and in this last they do not quite agree. Tertullian, after telling us that the Passion took place in the Consulship of the two Gemini, goes on to say that it was *mense Martio, temporibus Paschæ, die VIII. Calendarum Aprilium*. Lactantius, in the former of his two passages, fixes it *ante diem decimum Calendarum Aprilium*; while in the latter he says, *post diem decimum Kal. Aprilis*. The question is further perplexed by modern astronomers, who seek to give us year by year the exact days of the Paschal full moon, but who are not entitled to speak with any confidence on this point from the irregularity of the Jews at that time in their mode of reckoning and their occasional intercalation of an entire month in their year. So acute a critic as Wieseler, after all his laborious researches, is obliged at last to own that at the period of our Lord it is almost impossible to show what exact day in the Julian Calendar corresponds with a day in the Jewish.†

* Tertullian, '*Advers. Judæos*,' c. 8. Lactantius, '*Instit. Div.*,' lib. v. c. 10. '*De Mort. Persec.*,' c. 2. Augustin, '*De Civit. Dei*,' lib. xviii. c. 54.

† '*Chronologische Synopse*,' ed. 1843. See especially p. 439. 'According to Ideler the calendar of feasts now in use among the Jews was not established till the fourth century of our Era.'

This irregularity in the old Jewish Calendar will go far to explain the difference of opinion in the ecclesiastical writers as to the precise day of the Passion. Moreover, it should be borne in mind—as indeed we may still observe—how very varying from year to year are the days of the Easter celebration. It would be far from easy, before the time of almanacs, to recollect precisely which had been the date only a few years before; nor would any importance be ascribed to such exactness, as compared at least with the importance of being accurate as to the year of that great event. Under these circumstances, we can well understand how, within certain small limits, some uncertainty, some contradiction, might arise as to the day; and we cannot admit that such doubts afford any valid argument to discredit the strong testimonies as to the year.

But there is yet another difficulty, although at the outset not so regarded. During the second and third centuries of our era the Christian writers, while accepting the tradition of the two Gemini as the date of Christ's Passion, were no less bound by the words of St. Luke, which fix the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius as the date of his baptism. Now, since Augustus died in the month of August of the year 14 of the Common Era, these words would seem to point to the same year 29. Pressed in this manner between the tradition and the text, some of these writers concluded that the Ministry of Christ on earth had endured only for one twelvemonth, or less; and this they called *ὁ καιρὸς τοῦ Κυρίου*, 'the year of the Lord.'

Such an idea, however, could not stand the test of any critical examination. Those who have been accustomed to weigh the facts of history will certainly agree that such manifold acts and teachings as are recorded of Christ could not be compressed within so narrow bounds. Still more important is it to observe that, since the Gospel of St. John enumerates or implies three Passovers as occurring during the term of our Lord's ministry, it follows that, according to St. John, his ministry must have continued for at least two years and some months; and such may be taken as at present the common and received opinion.

This conclusion, as derived from the fourth Gospel, was well known to some at least of the ancient Fathers. It is given by Jerome in nearly the same words as we have used.*

* "Scriptum est in Evangelio secundum Joannem per tria Pascha Dominum venisse in Jerusalem, quæ duos annos efficiunt."—Hieron. 'Comm. in Isaiam,' chap. xxix. ver. 1, Op. vol. iii. p. 245, ed. 1704.

With such a conclusion, derived from such authority, the idea of a single 'year of the Lord' could strike no lasting root. Yet still the perplexity as to the dates remained. Still was it desired to combine, if possible, the tradition and the text. Sometimes the tradition was sacrificed; sometimes the text was explained away; but much more frequently, perhaps, the two statements were left without elucidation, though standing as it were side by side.

It was an English Divine who first proposed what we take to be the true solution. Nicholas Mann, Master of the Charter House, published in 1733 a treatise 'Of the true years of the Birth and Death of Christ.' The name of the author does not stand upon the title-page, but it appears as signature of the Dedication to the Bishop of Chichester; and there followed in 1743, for the benefit of foreign scholars, a Latin version of the work.

The object of Mann is to show that we should compute the fifteenth year of Tiberius in the passage of St. Luke not from the year 14 of the Common Era, when Augustus died, but from the formal Decree issued three years before, which named Tiberius co-regent of the provinces, and joint commander of the armies. In this well-devised explanation Mann is, no doubt, entitled to the honour of priority. But in all other respects—in argument, in learning, in powers of illustration—his treatise is far inferior to that of Dr. Zumpt, which appeared in 1869, and which, in connection with another subject, was discussed last year in the pages of this Review. It is mainly, therefore, by the aid of the latter work that we shall now proceed to state the case.

It appears, then, that Augustus, finding the infirmities of age advance upon him, and having already adopted Tiberius as his heir, resolved to associate that young chief, without any restriction, in the government of the empire. For this purpose, as Velleius Paterculus tells us, he obtained a Decree giving to Tiberius co-equal powers with himself over all the provinces and armies. This Decree, it should be noted, was passed in most solemn form, not by the Senate only, but in the name of the Senate and the people.* Its exact date is not recorded, but it is placed by Velleius just before the return of Tiberius from his German expedition, and his triumph over the hostile tribes. Now this triumph was celebrated January 16, A.D. 12, and we may therefore fix the date of the Decree towards the close of the preceding year. Reckoning the fifteenth

* Velleius Paterculus, 'Hist.' lib. ii. c. 121.

year of the reign of Tiberius from that period, we shall come to the last weeks of A.D. 26.

It should be observed that in this passage of St. Luke the word 'reign,' as our Authorised Version gives it, rather exceeds the meaning of *ἡγεμονία* in the Greek original. The word 'reign,' it is obvious, can be used only of a Sovereign, and in general a Sovereign ruling singly, while the Greek term may serve for any case of high authority. In this very text the Evangelist does not merely apply it to Tiberius, but gives the same epithet (as *ἡγεμονέων*) to Pontius Pilate, and this, in an earlier passage, he does likewise to Publius Quirinus, as Governor of Syria. The exact meaning of St. Luke might be rather thus expressed: 'in the fifteenth year since Tiberius first bore sway.'

The joint rule of Augustus and Tiberius is attested by two ancient inscriptions, both of which Orelli has inserted.* The first was found in Dalmatia. It is of P. Cornelius Dolabella, who held an office at this period. The words referring to this are as follows:—

'PRO. PR. DIVI AVGVSTI ET TL. CAESARIS AVGVSTL'

As its date, Orelli gives in his note 10 A.D.,—at least a twelve-month too soon.

The second of these inscriptions is, or was, at the monastery of Monte Cassino. It commemorates one Caius Ummidius, who under Claudius became Governor of Illyria, and under Nero Governor of Lusitania, but who under the joint Emperors held the office of Quæstor in Cyprus. Here are the words upon the last-named post:—

'PROVINC. CYPRI Q. DIVI AVG. ET TL. CAESARIS AVG.'

Considering the high title here ascribed to the young Emperor, and the coequal obedience implied on the part of the officers of state, it seems difficult to doubt that if the writers of these inscriptions had been asked at a later period to name the first year of the reign of Tiberius they would have named the year 11 A.D., rather than the year 14 A.D.

It is certainly true that not only Tacitus and Suetonius, but Josephus also, date the reign of Tiberius from the death of Augustus. Such, it appears, was the practice of historians who wrote for the great world at Rome. But the case might be far otherwise with local and provincial writers, who looked to the realities of power rather than to its due transmission and descent. They could

distinguish between the radiance of the rising and the dimness of the setting sun; they saw from whom the orders came, and to whom the petitions were addressed; and where they saw the authority wielded they would deem the reign to have commenced.

There is a striking analogy to this case in the one that immediately precedes it—the sole sway of Augustus. However historians and annalists at Rome might concur as to the date of his sovereignty, there was no such agreement elsewhere. From the coins or the inscriptions engraved in various cities we find that no less than eight different dates were assigned as the commencement of his reign.* Thus in the East, some reckoned it from the battle of Actium, others from the taking of Alexandria. In other provinces, further removed from such local impressions, some computed from the time when the title of Augustus, and some from the time when the office of Emperor, was bestowed. Since, then, we have to admit eight such dates as current for the commencement of the reign of Augustus, it does not seem unreasonable to infer that two might be in vogue for the commencement of the reign of Tiberius,—the one reckoned from his joint authority, the second from his undivided sway.

It seems natural, however, to inquire whether any light can be brought to bear upon this controversy from the other notes of time in St. Luke. Let us, in the first place, transcribe the two verses in question:—

'Now in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, Pontius Pilate being governor of Judæa, and Herod being tetrarch of Galilee, and his brother Philip tetrarch of Ituræa and of the region of Trachonitis, and Lysanias the tetrarch of Abilene,

'Annas and Caiaphas being the high priests, the word of God came unto John the son of Zacharias in the wilderness.'

There is no chronological point to be established from the mention of Annas and Caiaphas as the High Priests; nor does Lysanias of Abilene yield us any further information. The name was borne, it would seem, in succession by two chiefs at least of that little state. Of Herod's two sons, as we learn from Josephus, Philip died A.D. 34, after ruling thirty-seven years; and Antipas was deposed and banished by Caligula A.D. 37, after ruling thirty-five.† It is plain that these dates apply equally well to either

* 'Inscript. Latin. Collectio,' ed. Orelli, Nos. 2805 et 3128.

* Marquardt-Becker, 'Handbuch der Römischen Alterthümer,' vol. ii. 8, 299, as cited by Dr. Zumpt. Clinton, in his 'Fasti Hellenici' (vol. iii. p. 276, ed. 1834), enumerates only five of these dates.

† 'Ant. Jud.,' lib. xviii. c. 4 and 7.

theory, whether we fix the Tiberius era at A.D. 11 or A.D. 14.

There remains, then, the case of Pontius Pilate; and here again we have Josephus for a guide. We learn from him that, near the close of Tiberius's reign, Pilate was accused of grievous cruelty to the people of Samaria, and was sent home by Vitellius, then Governor of Syria, to answer for his conduct. On arriving at Rome, however, he found that the Emperor had already expired.* Now the death of Tiberius took place on the 16th of March, A.D. 37, and we may fix the recall of Pilate in the month of January preceding. Josephus says that he had been ten years in Judæa. But here, as elsewhere, the Jewish historian speaks only in round numbers as to years, and takes no account as to months; and we have strong grounds to conclude that several months must, in this case, be added. For the predecessor of Pilate in office—namely, Valerius Gratus—had been recalled at the close of the year A.D. 25, and it seems in the highest degree improbable that for the space of an entire twelvemonth the Romans would have left so turbulent a province without a chief.† If, then, we take the government of Pilate as commencing in mid-summer, A.D. 26, and ending in mid-winter, A.D. 36, we shall find that it consists as well with the theory of Mann as with that more commonly received.

But there is another passage in the Gospels which is, as we think, entirely and without any doubt decisive in favour of Mann's theory. We would refer to the second chapter of St. John, where it is related how, shortly after the first miracle of Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and how being then at Jerusalem for the approaching feast of Passover, he was engaged in controversy with certain of the Jews:—

'Then answered the Jews and said unto him, What sign shewest thou unto us, seeing that thou doest these things?

'Jesus answered and said unto them, Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up.

'Then said the Jews, Forty and six years was this temple in building, and wilt thou rear it up in three days?'

Here the first question that arises is, whether at this time the building of the temple was complete. If it were, it might have been so for some time previous; and the Jews might still, very fairly for their

argument, alleged the number of years that its building had required. But if it were not completed then, the Jews could speak only of its progress up to the time at which they spoke; and in that case, by determining the date when the construction of the temple was commenced, we could also determine the date of the discussion which the Evangelist records.

Now, in both these cases our information is precise and clear. The main body of the temple was closed in and in use for the Jewish services for a long time before the ministry of Jesus, but the edifice was not brought to a completion until a long time afterwards. It was not finished till the year A.D. 63, in the reign of the Emperor Nero. On the other hand, we learn that Herod began the construction of the temple in the eighteenth year of his reign. Both these facts, with their dates, stand on the high authority of Josephus.*

But when did Herod's reign begin? We have already had occasion to show that, as in the case of Tiberius, there were two different computations for it; the one reckoning from the Decree of the Roman Senate, which named him King; and the other from the actual acquisition of the kingdom by the taking of Jerusalem and the death of the last Asmonean prince. The first of these events was in the year B.C. 40, the second in 37. However, we are left in no doubt as to which date Josephus here designed. For after telling us that the building of the temple was commenced in the eighteenth year of the King's reign, he goes on to say that it was 'after the acts already mentioned' (*μετὰ τὰς προειρημέναις πράξεις*). Now, the acts just before related by Josephus were the visit of Augustus in the spring to Syria, and his return in the autumn to Samos; and this visit, as we learn from other sources, took place in the year B.C. 20. We may therefore fix the foundation of this, the third temple of Jerusalem, towards the close of B.C. 20 or the beginning of 19. If the Jews, as appears to have been their common practice with days, reckoned the broken year at the commencement as entire, the forty-six years stated from the first building would bring us to the early months of A.D. 27, and this is the more probable time. If, however, the broken year be not so included, we come then to the early months of A.D. 28; but by no possibility can this computation allow a later date. Those, therefore, who place the first appearance of our Lord in the year 29, do so in the very teeth of the deductions.

* Ibid. c. 5.

† See this conclusion more fully established by Dr. Zumpt, '*Des Geburtsjahr Christi*,' p. 297, ed. 1869.

* '*Ant. Jud.*,' lib. xx. c. 9, and lib. xv. c. 11.

which the statement of the Jews in the fourth Gospel enables us to make.

There is another argument which we have reserved to the last, and which, as we hope, will have much weight with a large majority of our readers. It is only by the theory of Mann and Zumpt that we can fully vindicate the accuracy of St. Luke. If in our Biblical chronology we desire to postpone the first public appearance of Jesus till the year A.D. 29, and if we bear in mind that it is incumbent upon us to place his Nativity some months before the death of Herod, we must admit that he was thirty-four or thirty-five years of age at the commencement of his ministry. Now St. Luke has told us that he was then 'about thirty;' and this, were it really brought home to him, would in an Evangelist be a considerable error—above all, in one who speaks of himself as 'having had perfect understanding of all things from the very first.'

We have now brought to a close our argument on the year of the Passion, which we have endeavoured to state as briefly as clearness would allow. But, before we conclude, we desire to express the wish and hope which we have formed that some scholar worthy of the task—Dean Stanley, perhaps, or Mr. Grove—might consent to undertake a local History of Jerusalem, similar to those which we already possess of Rome. From the excavations and researches that are even now in progress, he might compare to great advantage the descriptions in the Old Testament with the traces of foundation that still remain. The essay of M. Jacob Bernays, as published at Berlin in 1861, has with singular ingenuity brought to bear some facts, hitherto unnoticed, on the memorable siege of Titus—facts that any future writer would certainly not neglect. The Arabic manuscripts might—more doubtfully—afford him some new details as to the edifices in the Moslem period, and above all, as to the mosque of Omar. From that era of servitude the spirit of the annalist would kindle, and his materials, far from failing, would gather in masses round him, as he came to the days of the great deliverance—when, after contests fierce and dire, the Holy City was regained by Christian arms under auspices that even Gibbon can scarcely record without a thrill of enthusiasm—when in his own words,—'on a Friday, at three in the afternoon, the day and hour of the Passion, Godfrey of Bouillon stood victorious on the walls of Jerusalem.'*

ART. VIII.—*Recollections of Past Life.* By Sir Henry Holland, Bart., M.D., D.C.L., &c., &c., President of the Royal Institute of Great Britain, Physician in Ordinary to the Queen. London, 1872.

'We stand'—exclaimed Burke, addressing the House of Commons in 1782—'we stand where we have an immense view of what is and what is past. Clouds, indeed, and darkness rest upon the future. Let us, however, before we descend from this noble eminence, reflect that this growth of our national prosperity has happened within the short period of the life of man. It has happened within sixty-eight years. There are those alive whose memory might touch the two extremities. For instance, my Lord Bathurst might remember all the stages of its progress. He was in 1704 of an age, at least, to be made to comprehend such things.' . . . 'Fortunate man, he has lived to see it! Fortunate, indeed, if he lives to see nothing that shall vary the prospect and cloud the setting of his day.'

Change Lord Bathurst for Sir Henry Holland; take the seventy-one years of the present century instead of the sixty-eight dating from 1704, and you have a longer and more momentous period brought vividly within the memory of one man. In 1800, Sir Henry Holland was in his twelfth year, with a mind actively awake to the rush, stir, and tumult of the times. It has since been his lot to watch the shifting fortunes, the alternating decline and progress, of mighty nations and communities in every quarter of the globe—to find the political and social aspect of the civilised world transformed three or four times over—to see thrones rocking and dynasties overthrown—the rise and fall of two empires, two monarchies, and three or four republics, in France—the prostration, division, revival, union, and triumph of Germany—confusion worse confounded, the normal state of things, in Spain—the prolonged struggle of nationality and civil liberty against foreign and spiritual domination in Italy—the fairest provinces of America desolated in the names of freedom and humanity—Europe in arms to decide a fantastic point of military honour—the clearest principles of international law deliberately violated or cynically set aside—the lust of conquest let loose; and no sound constitutional government discoverable from one end of the continent to the other, except in two or three small States, whose individual existence would not be worth a week's purchase if the struggle for warlike supremacy or terror ☐ aggrandisement should recommence.

* 'Decline and Fall,' vol vii. p. 227. Dr. Smith's edition.

True, he has seen England weather storm after storm: the cotton famine causing no perceptible diminution of her wealth: the Indian mutiny restoring and confirming the prestige of her arms and the conviction of her power: the ease with which Fenianism has been kept under, showing that it might be stamped out, like the cattle-plague, if England should get angry and rise in her might. He sees her now; proudly (we trust, not vainly) secure in her Island independence, enjoying a greater amount of prosperity and rational freedom than ever fell to the lot of any other people, ancient or modern. But the political barometer points to 'stormy': there is a fearful chasm between the very rich and the very poor which widens as we gaze upon it: the war between capital and labour may at any moment become internecine: English socialism bears an awkward resemblance to French Communism: the republican spirit stalks abroad unabashed: we have contracted the dangerous habit of estimating institutions, the most time-honoured, the most suited to our habits, by their cost; opinions, especially destructive opinions, ripen with startling rapidity: and considering the green old age of the reminiscent, he may be apostrophised in the very words of Burke: 'Fortunate man, he has lived to see it! Fortunate, indeed, if he lives to see nothing that shall vary the prospect or cloud the setting of his day.'

If unparalleled opportunities for observation, if the widest possible experience of human nature under every imaginable variety of form and influence, could qualify a man to penetrate to the occult causes and probable results of the scenes he has witnessed, of the events that have come to pass in his time, Sir Henry Holland should be exceptionally endowed with that 'mystical lore' which the sunset of life gave to the Scottish seer, should he be able to forecast the future whilst throwing a flood of fresh light on the present and the past. He has been everywhere: he has seen everything: he has known everybody. 'Survey mankind from China to Peru!' Why, he has surveyed mankind from the North Pole to the South, in both hemispheres, in all climes, in all degrees of latitude. He has crossed the Atlantic sixteen times; travelled over more than 26,000 miles of the American continent; made four expeditions to the East, including Cairo, Damascus, and Jerusalem; three tours in Algeria, two in Russia, two in Iceland, several in Sweden, Norway, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Greece, and voyages without end to the Canary Isles, the West Indies, Madeira, Dalmatia, &c.,

with (to use his own words) 'other excursions which it would be useless to enumerate.' He has visited, he tells us, and most of them repeatedly, every capital in Europe; and in every capital he has been drawn, as by a kind of natural fitness or affinity, into the circle most eminent for rank, birth, genius, learning, accomplishment, and fame.

Candide was somewhat surprised at Venice to find that he had been supping with six ex-royalties. Sir Henry Holland would think nothing of it. He has seen so much of august and illustrious personages—of kings and emperors, ex or actual—that it would require an effort of charity or philosophy on his part not to hold them cheap. At Rome in 1814 he was in daily intercourse with Charles IV. of Spain, his Queen, the Infante, and Godoy—the Queen of Etruria, a Princess of Sardinia, a Prince of Saxe Gotha, the ex-King of Holland, Lucien Bonaparte and his wife, Cardinal Fesch, Prince Poniatowski. He was professionally consulted by the Queen of Spain and Godoy, and was presented with a rosary as a mark of favour by the Pope. In 1818, he fell in at Spa with the Emperor Alexander, the Prince and Princess of Orange, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Londonderry, the Duc de Richelieu, Hardenburg, and Talleyrand. He made the acquaintance of Leopold I. of Belgium beside the couch of the Princess Charlotte. In the spring of 1831 he was hastily summoned to a house in Holles Street, and found there a young man labouring under gastric fever and a lady hanging over his bed. They turned out to be Prince Louis Napoleon (now ex-Emperor) and his mother Queen Hortense. Besides royal and princely patients, he can boast of six Prime Ministers of England, with a host of continental statesmen, including Talleyrand, Pozzo di Borgo, Guizot, Palmella, Bulow, and Drouyn de Lhuys:—

'Such practice cannot occur without a certain knowledge of political events and occasional anticipation of changes not yet obvious to the public eye. Several instances of this kind come to my memory, connected chiefly with changes of Ministry at the time. I refrain from mentioning details; nor would they now in truth have any value, save in showing how largely bodily temperament has its share with mental in the government of the world; and how many anomalous incidents of history may find possible or probable solution in the fluctuating health of the actors concerned in them. When reading the histories of the great revolutions of the world as well as the biographies of eminent men, such suggestions have often occurred to me.'

This is a tantalising, provoking passage;

intimating that information of the most interesting kind has been withheld from (we cannot say false) notions of delicacy. We know full well how largely and powerfully bodily temperament acts upon the mind; how often fears of the brave and follies of the wise may be resolved into gout, indigestion, or catarrh. 'Our happiness,' remarked a Turkish lady to Boswell, 'depends on the way in which our blood circulates.' And so may our courage, our virtue, our imagination, or our intellect. Undeniably true is the materialistic doctrine (not necessarily leading to materialism) that a single grain of matter in the sensorium, might have made a coward of Bayard and a raving idiot of Pascal. The irresolution of Napoleon at Borodino was notoriously owing to stomach. According to Hoffman, who was close to the scene of action, the Emperor's *coup d'ail* on the third day at Dresden was perceptibly impaired by the effects of a shoulder of mutton stuffed with onions; and the nature of the complaint which reduced him to comparative inactivity at Waterloo is the subject of a curious note by M. Thiers. The collapse of the Chatham Administration of 1766 was caused by suppressed gout. During the delivery of the speech on the Slave Trade, to which he made his celebrated reply in April, 1792, Pitt was vomiting behind the Speaker's chair. It immeasurably enhances our estimate of Nelson's heroism to know that he was a frequent sufferer from sea-sickness. Mr. Croker plausibly maintained that it was impossible to be a great man without being a good sleeper; his favourite examples being Napoleon, Pitt, and Wellington.

Instance upon instance, throwing light upon what Sir Henry terms the anomalous incidents of history, must be included amongst his recollections of his six premiers. He could probably account, in the simplest manner, for what has hitherto seemed unaccountable: why one of them wrote that very imprudent letter which fell amongst his party like a bombshell, or another made that angry speech which precipitated his fall. It was simply because their guide, philosopher, and doctor was not called in an hour sooner, because the blue pill or colicum was administered too late.

But he rightly, if unluckily, deems that a physician's lips should be sealed like a confessor's. Recollections and reminiscences are commonly entertaining in proportion to their indiscretion; and he is never indiscreet. He carries reticence almost to a fault, rarely indulging in even a stray anecdote; and although his impressions of celebrated persons are freely and fairly given,

his conversations with them are carefully kept back. He might take to himself without the change of a word, the imitative self-commendation of Pope:—

'Envy must own I live among the great,
No pimp of pleasure and no spy of State,
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats:
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This all who know me know, who love me, tell.'

To live among the great as Sir Henry Holland has lived, to hold the social and intellectual position he has held for sixty years requires tact, temper, sound and varied knowledge, a wide range of sympathies, liberality of thought and feeling, independence of tone and bearing—in short the very combination of qualities reflected in his Recollections; and it will be found both curious and instructive to trace the growth and formation of his character. We shall also endeavour to compensate for his reserve by bringing together from other sources, oral and printed, some scattered traits and desultory notices of his contemporaries, which might otherwise pass gradually into oblivion or obscurity and be lost.

He was born at Knutsford, on the 27th of October, 1788, of respectable parentage as we collect from the incidental mention of the old family house of Sandlebridge, and sent to school at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he remained four years, making apparently good use of his time; for on being transferred to Dr. Estlin's school at Bristol, he was named head-boy at once, in succession to John Cam Hobhouse, the late Lord Broughton. This position required to be maintained, like the championship of England, by the fist; and he settled the difficulty by challenging two boys to fight at once. The combat never came off, but the bravado served his purpose, and *tam Marte quam Mercurio* might have been his well-earned motto at starting. Besides a smattering of the classics which he afterwards improved into scholarship, he received his introduction to physical science in his school days, (ad sit omen!) the first chemical experiment that interested him was the effect of laughing-gas.

The choice of a profession is too frequently a matter of caprice or accident. The popular and successful physician was within an ace of becoming a trader, being actually under articles to a mercantile firm at Liverpool, when his better genius interposed, and sent him to study medicine at Edinburgh where he graduated in the autumn of 1811.

Three years were yet wanting of the age required for admission to the College of Physicians, and he resolved to employ the interval in indulging in that love of travel which may be well called the master-passion of his life; for at a subsequent period, when he was rising into practice, he came to the bold resolution of taking two months out of every year for a trip. He began with Iceland, and we must do him the justice to say that he was no holiday excursionist, no idler by the way. He broke away from the beaten tracks into comparatively-unknown regions at a time when the beaten tracks presented difficulties enough to give scope for the full spirit of enterprise. There is a well-authenticated anecdote that, no longer ago than 1829, the late Sir Robert Peel, then Home Secretary, having occasion for a man of proved energy, gave the preference to a barrister on hearing that he had made the grand tour during the long vacation. The grand tour might now be completed without extraordinary exertion, in a month; but the stock of impressions which the hurried tourist by rail and steam brings back with him will be found meagre in the extreme, his main object being to be able to say that he has seen certain places which (according to a well-known suggestion of Sheridan's) he might as well say without seeing them. The charm of the old mode of travelling by malleposte, eilwagen, diligence, or vetturino, was in lingering by the road, in getting acquainted with the intervening country, in being shaken up with strange companions, in seeing something of the manners and customs of the people; and we rather wonder that the monotony of the present mode did not pall on Sir Henry when he had gone the full length of his tether in the same direction three or four times over.

There are 'The Art of Travel' of Mr. Galton, and the 'How to Observe' of Miss Martineau, both abounding in valuable hints; but we were not the less eager to learn what Sir Holland had to say upon the same subject, and how far his experience confirms their suggestions or advice. At the same time large allowances, must be made for the differences of physical strength; since one man might be prostrated by an amount of privation and fatigue of which another would make light. Some fifteen years since we happened to encounter at Cologne an eminent member of the Bar, now a distinguished ornament of the Bench, who had come from England by a night boat, *en route* for Copenhagen with Sir Henry Holland. They were to proceed without stopping to their destination, and our learned friend was so dead-beat already that (as he privately con-

fided to us) his most fervent prayer was that there would be a hitch about the passports, which his companion had gone to look after. They unluckily turned out all right, and he was dragged off looking more like a condemned convict than a pleasure-seeker.

'There are few people,' says Lord Macaulay, when accounting for the intimacy of Warren Hastings with the Baroness Imhoff, 'who do not find a voyage which lasts several months insupportably dull. Anything is welcome which may break that long monotony—a sail, a shark, an albatross, a man overboard. Most passengers find some resource in eating twice as many meals as on land. But the great devices for killing the time are quarrelling and flirting.' Sir Henry was driven to none of them; he did not overeat himself; he did not flirt or quarrel; he was never weary of the waves. A voyage was to him 'a life of open space, pleasantly passed in walking, reading, gazing on the sea and skies, and *sleeping*—a word I put into italics, as emphasising what I have felt as the most genial of the many forms of sleep.' He had also the invaluable resource of writing articles for Reviews; and this Journal has largely benefited by the gift (which it may well be termed) of concentrating the thoughts under such circumstances: of giving definite shape in the cabin to the preparatory reading of the road.* Carrying few books, he touchingly records the loss of one which he prized as Parson Adams prized his *Æschylus*. 'A little volume of Burns, cherished from long familiarity, was swept overboard by a huge Atlantic wave, during a run from Teneriffe to another of the Canary Isles in a half-decked boat. A good daughter replaced it by another copy for my next voyage; but I would rather have lost many things of greater nominal value than this little fellow-traveller of former times.' When sleep is the object, he gives it as the result of his experience that the sonnet is the most effective soporific, in whatever language it may be written. We should have given the preference to the epic in blank verse. He is silent as to the rest of his equipment, leaving us in doubt whether he travelled *impeditus*, like a Sybarite with a portable bath, or *expeditus*, like Sir Charles Napier (the General), who required nothing but what might be contained in a knapsack, and when on his arrival at Calcutta Lord Dalhousie intimated that there was time for a bath before dinner, replied that

* See 'Essays on Scientific and other Subjects contributed to the "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly" Reviews.' By Sir Henry Holland, Bart., &c., &c. London, 1862.

he had undergone a good wash at Alexandria. It was said of one travelled physician that he was wont to start for a two months' trip with a clean shirt in one pocket, and a box of pills in the other, frequently forgetting the shirt. This could never apply to Sir Henry Holland, who—meet him when and where you would, in New York or Norway, the prairie or the desert, on the mountain or the main—was invariably attired with the same neatness and trimness, and in identically the same costume in which he might be seen at all seasons on his way down Brook-street or at his club.

In 'Evenings at Home,' that pearl of books composed for the instruction of the young, is a story entitled 'Eyes and No Eyes; or The Art of Seeing.' Two boys take the same walk, over the heath and through the meadows, by the river-side. The one, on being interrogated, has nothing to say but that he thought it very dull, and had rather by half have gone along the turnpike-road. The other has passed a delightful evening, finding objects of interest in every aspect of nature that met his view. He had traced the remains of a Roman camp, and brought back his handkerchief full of curiosities. 'And so it is,' moralises the tutor; 'one man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge the one acquires above the other. I have known sailors who have been in all quarters of the world and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tipping-houses they had frequented in different parts, and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, a Franklin could not cross the Channel without making some observations useful to mankind.' Unfortunately minds of the Franklin cast are rare. On a division between *Eyes* and *No Eyes*, the *No Eyes* would have it hollow. 'How little,' remarked Johnson, 'does travel supply to the conversation of any man who has travelled; how little to Beauclerk.' *Boswell*—'What say you to Lord Charlemont?' *Johnson*—'I never but once heard him talk of what he had seen, and that was of a large serpent in one of the Pyramids of Egypt.' The reason why the great majority of travellers bring back nothing, is that they take out nothing. There is a Spanish proverb, that he who would bring home the wealth of the Indies, must carry the wealth of the Indies with him; meaning that he must have capital to trade with. Just so, a traveller duly qualified for a wide range would go far towards realising Imlac's conception of a poet, which Rasselas pronounced an impossibility. He should be a

good modern linguist, a classical scholar, a geographer, and a geologist; he should possess a smattering of chemistry, a cultivated taste for art, and a fair stock of historical reading. In short he should be a man of letters and a man of science, or his journey may prove both objectively and subjectively barren; he will see nothing in external nature beyond the surface, and no associations will be awakened by the genius of the place.

In looking for the site of Dodona, Sir Henry Holland came upon that of the oracle of Nymphæum, near Apollonia, similarly described by the ancients as a fountain of fire. His attention was attracted by an extensive and thick deposit of asphaltum (mineral pitch) and, close at hand, a small circular pool of water, which seemed almost as if boiling from the volumes of gas escaping throughout:

'Knowing well the nature of this gas, I struck a light and applied it to some of the bubbles, kindling a flame which speedily spread itself over the pool, to the great admiration of my Albanian guards;—a flame which disclosed immediately the secret as well as the site of the oracle of Nymphæum. It is in some sort an offence against classical lore to reduce these mysteries to the vulgar level of coal-gas, even expressed under the learned name of hydro-carbon. But science is harsh in its demands for reality, and ministers very little to the poetry of human life, still less to its superstitions. Julius Cæsar must have passed close to Nymphæum, on his march from Apollonia to the passes of Pindus. But the great Dictator was not a man to halt on his way for the responses of an oracle.'

Here is a discovery requiring a combination of classical, geographical and scientific knowledge:—

'Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,

As summer clouds flash forth electric fire.

* * * * *

And hence the charm historic scenes impart,
Hence Tiber awes and Avon melts the heart
Aërial forms, in Tempe's classic vale,
Glance through the gloom, and whisper in
the gale,

In wild Vaucluse, with love and Laura dwell
And watch and weep in Eloisa's cell.'

'Far from me, and from my friends,' exclaims the great moralist, 'be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue.' The self-same indifference which he deprecates may be caused by ignorance. How many will use the new route by Brindisi, without once thinking of Horace's journey to Brundisium. How many have stopped at Corfu

or coasted the Isles of Greece, without referring to the *Odyssey*. How numerous are those whose patriotism would *not* gain force upon the plain of Marathon, and whose piety would *not* grow warmer among the ruins of Iona. As for the fine arts, nineteen out of twenty of the well-dressed mob who lounge through the Louvre, the Pitti palace and the Vatican, would own, if they were frank, that they were performing a piece of task work; and that, for want of artistic education or cultivated taste, they agreed at bottom with Lord Byron, when he writes: 'You must recollect that I know nothing of painting and detest it, unless it reminds me of something I have seen or think it possible to see.'

Endowed with most of the qualifications principally in request, there was one which Sir Henry found it convenient to keep back. Except when humanity required him to act in that capacity, he discreetly suppressed the doctor, especially in the East, where, he says, the professional demands made upon him by pashas and their subordinates were an absurd mockery of practice to which the term ludicrous is the lightest that can be applied. 'Conversation on poisons with Ali Pasha, designedly but warily brought on, ended by his asking me whether I knew of any poison which, put on the mouthpiece of a pipe or given in coffee, might slowly and silently kill, leaving no note behind. The instant and short answer I gave that, 'as a physician I had studied how to save life, not to destroy it,' was probably, as I judged from his face, faithfully translated to him. He quitted the subject abruptly, and never afterwards reverted to it.

Law is proverbially a jealous mistress, and we have been wont to fancy Medicine equally strict in requiring the exclusive and unremitting attentions of her votaries. We should have thought that if a physician were in the habit of going away for months together at stated intervals, his patients would call in another, or take an unfair advantage of his absence to get well. But Sir Henry experienced no diminution of fees from the bold scheme of life which he had laid down; nay, he was speedily in a condition to assign a limit to his practice: to say, thus far shall it go, and no farther: to declare that it should never exceed five thousand pounds a year; and to feel that he could easily have exceeded that very respectable maximum if he thought fit. He attributes this exceptional privilege of combining profit with pleasure to the degree in life of his patients, mostly denizens of May Fair, who migrated with the season; but we think he may fairly take credit for the confidence he inspired,

and the comfort they derived from consulting one who cheered and soothed instead of frightening or depressing them. We collect from another passage, what indeed was tolerably well-known already, that he visited the statesmen, the orators, the celebrities, the fine ladies, the stars of all sorts that glitter on his page, not merely as a medical adviser, but as a friend. 'The practice of a west-end physician in London (he frankly admits) abounds in cases which give little occasion for thought or solicitude, and are best relieved by a frequent half-hour of genial conversation.' This will go far towards explaining the prosperous result of the experiment, which he thus exultingly records:—

'My early resolution as to this matter of travel, steadily persevered in, has proved a gain to me through all succeeding life. I have come back each year refreshed in health of body and mind, and ready for the ten months of busy practice which lay before me. On the day, or even hour, of reaching home from long and distant journeys, I have generally resumed my wonted professional work. The new methods of intercommunication since steam and electricity have held empire on the earth, often enabled me to make engagements for the very moment of my return. I recollect having found a patient waiting in my room when I came back from those mountain heights—not more than 200 miles from the frontiers of Persia—where the 10,000 Greeks uttered their joyous cry on the sudden sight of the Euxine. The same thing once happened to me in returning from Egypt and Syria, when I found a carriage waiting my arrival at London Bridge, to take me to a consultation in Sussex-square; the communication in each case being made from points on my homeward journey. More than once, in returning from America, I have begun a round of visits from the Euston Station.'

Of moving accidents by flood and field,—he once narrowly escaped shipwreck in a Greek brig, which, two days afterwards, was nearly captured by a pirate. In crossing a crevasse in Iceland, on a bridge of congealed snow, one of his legs went through, and he was saved by the adroit use of their snow-poles by his guides. He was robbed of his portmanteau, containing journals, sketches, and plans, at the instigation of Ali Pasha, who had reasons of his own for wishing to become acquainted with the contents. He was occasionally arrested on suspicion; and he had two fair chances of being swallowed up by earthquakes. An eager inspector of battle-fields, he was never present at an action; and he says: 'I can ever affirm (although without boasting of it) that I have never fired gun or pistol in my life, either as sportsman or in any other capacity.' He therefore could not have been the medical

practitioner who, complaining to Sydney Smith that he had failed in killing some pheasants that had confidently alighted in the little wood at Combe Florey, was reproachfully reminded that he might have prescribed for them.

Chronological arrangement has been altogether disregarded in these reminiscences, and any attempt to weave them into a regular narrative would be embarrassing from their desultory character and their multiplicity. Sir Henry's Travels in Portugal, Sicily, the Ionian Islands, and Greece were published in 1815, when we find Mrs. Piozzi writing to a Welch baronet from Bath:—

'We have had a fine Dr. Holland here. He has seen and written about the Ionian Islands, and means now to practise as a physician, exchanging the Cyclades, say we wits and wags, for the sick ladies. We made quite a lion of the man. I was invited to every house he visited at for the last three days. So I got the *queue du lion* despairing of *le cœur*.'

His reputation had preceded the publication of this book. On his return to England, in 1814, he formed the acquaintance, which speedily ripened into friendship, of Lord Lansdowne and Lord Holland, at whose houses he fell in with a brilliant and unbroken succession of notabilities. Madame de Staël was the novelty who, next to Byron, attracted the largest amount of homage; so much so that to be publicly associated with her was a recommendation in itself.

'I first met her at a great dinner at Bridge-water House; whence the party adjourned in the evening to the opening of the British Gallery, of which our host the Marquis of Stafford was then President. The accident of her taking my arm during our stay in the crowded Gallery made me a witness of the curious eagerness to see and hear her which prevailed at the time. It also brought me immediately several invitations to meet her in society, from persons whom I had not known before. These things are characteristic, it must be owned, of what may be called foibles, as well as features, of London life. Time has done little since to alter them.'

Her taking his arm may not have been an accident. Rogers used to tell how she took *his* at a crowded reception at Lansdowne House, and made him stand with her half the evening at the exact spot where she could be best seen and approached. Sir Henry was dining with her at Sir Samuel Romilly's when the news arrived of the entry of the Allied Armies into Paris. 'Her emotion was great, and ardently expressed, though leaving it somewhat doubtful whether pleasure or pain predominated. Her life had borne this mixed character throughout. In a single passage she thus denotes her mental

temperament: 'Calme et animée; ce qu'il faut être, et ce que je ne suis pas.' It should be added that she was speaking of Richmond Park. Coleridge said of ghosts that he had seen too many to believe in them: Madame de Staël, that she feared without believing in them. '*Je n'y crois pas, mais je les crains*.' In her case, the ingrained superstition of the nursery was too strong to be overcome by philosophy; in *his*, the consciousness of a morbid condition of mind and body had taught him to distrust the most vivid impressions of the senses as unreal and visionary. Surpassed by many of her sex in fancy, imagination, and delicacy of touch, she may fairly be named as the woman who, by masculine vigour of understanding, in cultivation, comprehensiveness, and power, has done most to rival the boasted superiority of man. Her work on Germany, and her political writings, although M. Thiers terms them the perfection of mediocrity, have never been approached by any female writer in the same line; and it is therefore curious to mark how the feminine love of personal admiration clung to her in the height of her literary fame.

'From my own observation, as well as that of others, I was led to believe that she would willingly have surrendered something of her intellectual fame for a little more of personal beauty. She was ever curiously demonstrative of her arms, as the feature which best satisfied this aspiration. A slip of paper often in her hand, and sedulously twisted during her eager conversation, might be a casual trick of habit, though there were some who gave it a more malicious interpretation. Even admitting this, however, and other foibles, Madame de Staël cannot be otherwise described than as a woman of extraordinary endowments.'

She is reported to have said that she would give all her fame (or her genius) for the power of fascinating; in which she was sadly deficient, as what woman who aims eternally at shining or convincing is not? Speaking of one of the dinner-parties at which he met her, Lord Byron writes: 'We got up too soon after the women, and Mrs. Corinne always lingers so long after dinner, that we wish her—in the drawing-room.'

The heroines of her two celebrated novels, *Corinne* and *Delphine*, were more or less intended for herself. Talleyrand was also represented in *Delphine* under the disguise of a scheming old countess, and on being asked by the authoress whether he had read the book, he replied, '*Non, Madame, mais on m'a dit que nous y sommes tous les deux, déguisés en femmes*.' As Sir Henry Holland must have been familiar with her practice in this respect, we are surprised to

find him giving even cursory sanction to a foolish report connecting another person with *Corinne*. Speaking of the parties at Edinburgh during his student days, he says:—

'Those of Mrs. Apreece gained for a time a mastery over all others. Coming suddenly to the Scotch capital as a young and wealthy widow—with the reputation and fashions of a Continental traveller, at a time when few had travelled at all—acquainted with Madame de Staël, and vaguely reported to be the original of *Corinne*, then fresh in fame—this lady made herself immediately a circle of her own, and vivified it with certain usages new to the habits of Edinburgh life. A stranger to local politics, her parties were largely frequented by the fashion as well as learning of the city, and admission to them eagerly coveted even by the graver departments of science. The story was current of a venerable Professor seen stooping down in the street to adjust the lacing of her boot. My relations of intimacy with her begun here, were continued after her marriage with Sir H. Davy—a union productive of little happiness—and ended only with her death.'

Before reading this passage we should have thought it impossible for any one who knew Lady Davy, to entertain the notion of her having been the original of *Corinne*. She was a clever, active-minded woman, with popular manners, very vain and very demonstrative. Foreign literature was certainly not her forte, and some of her comical mistakes in French and Italian are current still. Despite her estimable qualities, a touch of ridicule clung to her. On hearing that she had been nearly upset from a boat into a lake, Sydney Smith said she was so brown and so dry that she would have turned it all into toast-and-water. On her complaining to Rogers that he had been abusing her, he replied, 'Lady Davy, I pass my life in defending you.' Playfair was the venerable Professor who knelt down in the street to adjust the lacing of her boot; and her Edinburgh experience seems to have inspired her with a notion that she was a constant object of pursuit. Lord Holland had a story of her turning short upon an Italian soldier, who was unconsciously following her at Rome, with '*In-fame soldato, que volete.*'

The story of her second marriage is told in Dr. Bence Jones's history of 'The Royal Institution,' a book abounding in curious and valuable information, to which we shall presently have occasion to recur. In an undated letter to his mother (which Dr. Bence Jones conjectures to have been written about the end of 1811), Davy writes:—

'MY DEAR MOTHER,—You possibly may have heard reports of my intended marriage. Till

within the last few days, it was mere report. It is, I trust, now a settled arrangement. I am the happiest of men in the hope of a union with a woman equally distinguished for virtues, talent, and accomplishments.

* * * * *

'You I am sure, will sympathise in my happiness. I believe I should never have married but for this charming woman, whose views and whose tastes coincide with my own, and who is eminently qualified to promote my best efforts and objects in life.'

Early in 1812 Sir Joseph Banks writes to Sir George Staunton in China:—

'We are going on here as usual, but I think the taste for science is on the increase. The Royal Society has been well supplied with papers, and continues to be so. Davy, our Secretary, is said to be on the point of marrying a rich and handsome widow, who has fallen in love with science and marries him in order to obtain a footing in the academic groves; her name is Apreece, the daughter of Mr. Carr, who made a fortune in India, and the niece of Dr. Carr, of Northampton. If this takes place, it will give to science a kind of new éclat; we want nothing so much as the countenance of the ladies to increase our popularity.'

The Royal Institution, at all events, has been eagerly countenanced by the ladies, who would be equally ready to attend the meetings of the Royal Society, if any opening were afforded—if the smallest amount of temptation were held out: in the shape, for example, of a lecture on the Darwinian system, by Owen or Huxley; on heat, by Tyn-dall; electricity, by Wheatstone; or astronomy, by the President.

On the 9th of April, 1812, Davy was knighted; on the 10th he delivered his last lecture (on the metals) at the Royal Institution; on the 11th he was married. He thus mentions the knighthood and the marriage with apparent unconsciousness of any necessary connection between the two events. But it was no secret at the time that the powerful friends of the lady had procured the title to smooth away her objections to what she was weak enough to consider a *mésalliance*:—

'Friday, April 10, 1812.

'MY DEAR BROTHER,—You will have excused me for not writing to you on subjects of science. I have been absorbed by arrangements on which the happiness of my future life depends. Before you receive this these arrangements will, I trust, be settled, and in a few weeks I shall be able to return to my habits of study and scientific research. I am going to be married to-morrow, and I have a fair prospect of happiness with the most amiable and intellectual woman I have ever known.

'The Prince Regent, unsolicited by me or by any of my intimate friends, was pleased to confer the honour of knighthood on me at the last levée. This distinction has not often been bestowed on scientific men, but I am proud of it, as the greatest of human geniuses bore it; and it is at least a proof that the world has not overlooked my humble efforts in the cause of science.'

Two months afterwards, June 12th, he dedicated his 'Elements of Chemical Philosophy' to Lady Davy, 'as a pledge that he shall continue to pursue science with unabated ardour'—an equivocal compliment, even more susceptible of a mischievous interpretation than the well-known and well-meant dedication to a wife, as 'one who has made the poetry of life reality,' *i. e.* converted it into prose. Sir Humphry's pledge, we all know, was religiously kept; and if in his case, the pursuit of science was interrupted or impeded by matrimony, the result was undoubtedly not produced by uxoriousness. Domestic harmony is rare when both man and wife have high intellectual pretensions and neither is disposed to concede the palm of conversational superiority to the other. Not content with differing at home, Sir Humphry and Lady Davy would wrangle in mixed company across a dinner-table. There is not so much as a passing allusion to her in the touching letters to his brother and sister during his last illness; and the conclusion seems irresistible, that his fate was that of the Irishman, who was so fond of his wife during the first three months that he was ready to *ate* her up, and, before the expiration of the second three months regretted he had not.

The ample tribute to the Berry sisterhood from the graceful pen of Lady Theresa Lewis has secured them their full meed of fame. Passing over Sir Henry's notice of them and their *salon*, we turn to his short account of another lady who filled an analogous position, Lydia White, the Lydia of Horace (Twiss). The Berrys came out under the patronage of Walpole. Lady Davy had her own fortune and connections, with (latterly) her second husband's fame, to trade upon. How Lydia White won her position, remains unexplained. It is not everyone ready to give dinner to the *élite* of the literary or fashionable world, that can get the *élite* of the literary or fashionable world to dine with them.

'This lively and kind-hearted woman, with no pretence to learning of any kind, and suffering under a disease of which she well knew the certain and fatal issue, yet almost to the last made her house in Park-street the open and welcome resort of the best literary

society of the day. Dinner parties elsewhere sent their most approved guests to "look in at Lydia's" in the evening, where all who came were sure of a genial reception, of good society, and thorough freedom from constraint. The whimsical licence of her own speech gave some sanction to it in her guests. Many circles of society have gained fame in memoirs of the time, though less deserving it than the pleasant, open-hearted evenings at Lydia White's.'

The *bon mot* by which she would be remembered had she never made another, shows that she had some tincture of classical acquirement as well as wit. When the prospects of the Whigs were at the lowest, a party of them were dining at her house, she herself being a decided Tory. 'We are certainly in a bad way,' said Sydney Smith, 'and must do something. We could not do better than sacrifice a Tory virgin.' Intuitively seizing the allusion to Iphigenia, she replied, 'Well, I believe there is nothing the Whigs would not do to raise the wind.'

Lady Holland may be appropriately introduced here; for we agree with Sir Henry that the organisation of dinners, and what may be called the police of the dinner-table, were never brought to greater efficiency than by her:—

'The London Season, as it is called, abounds in good dinners and good company; and these dinners take high rank among our social usages. But at Holland House (itself a classical spot) there met almost daily, during a series of years, round a luxurious table, guests eminent in such various ways, that their mere conjunction stamped its character on the society. English and Foreign Ministers and Diplomats, men of learning and of science, historians, poets, artists, and wits, were so skillfully commingled as to make it sure that none but a master-hand could have accomplished the result.

'The master-hand here was that of the mistress, Lady Holland—a remarkable woman in every way, well-remembered by all who knew her—difficult to describe to those who did not. Supreme in her own mansion and family, she exercised a singular and seemingly capricious tyranny even over guests of the highest rank and position. Capricious it seemed, but there was in reality *intention* in all she did; and this intention was the maintenance of power, which she gained and strenuously used, though not without discretion in fixing its limits. No one knew better when to change her mood, and to soothe by kind and flattering words the provocation she had just given, and was very apt to give. In this latter case, indeed, she was aided by a native generosity of mind which never failed to show itself in kindness where kindness was wanted. In my long and intimate knowledge of Lady Holland, I never knew her desert an old friend, whatever his condition might be.

* * * * *

'Her management of conversation at the dinner table—sometimes arbitrary and in rude arrest of others, sometimes courteously inviting the subject—furnished a study in itself. Every guest felt her presence, and generally more or less succumbed to it.'

This is admirably written, with the finest discrimination of character; but Sir Henry should have added that it often required all the prestige of the company and the place, all the charm of Lord Holland's manner and conversation, to overcome the prevalent feeling of apprehension and restraint. When Lord Dudley was asked his reason for persistently refusing to dine at Holland House, he replied, he 'did not choose to be tyrannised over while he was eating his dinner.' Very many did not like it, though they bore with it; there being always one consolation, that highest and lowest were subject to the same tyranny. She once sent her page round the table to Macaulay, to tell him to stop talking. She told Rogers, 'your poetry is bad enough, so pray be sparing of your prose.' At a dinner in South-street she fidgetted Lord Melbourne so much by making him shift his place when he was seated to his liking, that he rose exclaiming, 'I'll be d—— if I dine with you at all;' and walked off to his own house, fortunately at hand. She requested a celebrated dandy to move a little farther off, on the ground that her olfactory nerves were offended by his blacking: the blacking which he vowed was diluted with champagne. Her sneer at the Belgians for being so designated, and the prompt retort of M. Van de Weyer, were recently given by *The Times*.^{*} She never bore malice against those who rebelled against her despotism; indeed, they rather rose in her good graces by a timely exhibition of self-respect; thus fully confirming what Sir Henry Holland says of her native

* Shortly after M. Van de Weyer's arrival in England as Belgian Minister, he was dining with a distinguished party at Holland House, when Lady Holland suddenly turned to him and asked, 'How is Leopold?' 'Does your Ladyship mean the King of the Belgians?' 'I have heard,' she rejoined, 'of Flemings, Hainauters, and Brabanters; but Belgians are new to me.' His reply was in French, in which the conversation had been partly carried on:—

'Miladi, avant d'avoir l'honneur de vous être présenté, j'avais entendu souvent parler de vous, non seulement comme d'une femme de beaucoup d'esprit, mais aussi une femme qui avait beaucoup lu. Eh bien! est-il possible que dans vos nombreuses lectures vous n'ayez pas rencontré le livre d'un garçon nommé Jules César—garçon de beaucoup d'esprit—qui, dans ses "Commentaires," donne à toute notre population le nom de Belges, et ce nom nous avons conservé depuis lui jusqu'à nos jours?'—*The Times*, Dec. 16, 1871.

generosity of mind. Rogers distinctly stated (as reported in his 'Table Talk,') that, instead of sending him to put the crucial question to Sir Philip Francis, she put it herself in his (Rogers') presence, and elicited a reply beginning, 'Madam, do you mean to insult me?' She died in 1845; and we wish somebody gifted with her nerve would ascertain the truth of her reported threat, that if the reminiscent (who was plain Dr. Holland till 1853) by accepting a baronetcy brought another Lady Holland into the field, he should never cross the threshold of Holland House again.

The current of his London life is again suspended in 1814. In the summer of that year he accepted an engagement to attend Caroline, Princess of Wales, as a physician, during the first year of her intended residence on the Continent. The time was a most exciting one, and the most tempting opportunities were presented to him for observing what was passing behind the scenes. It is disappointing, therefore, to find this episode of the life introduced with the remark: 'I have never been a practised relater of anecdotes, and do not pretend thus late in life to take up that character.' The Princess travelled as became her rank, and was everywhere received with the honours due to unblemished royalty. Their chosen course towards Italy was by Germany and Switzerland. During a fortnight at Brunswick, he conversed a good deal with the Duke, and remarked in him 'a grave simplicity, tinged with a shade of melancholy, which might almost, by a superstitious observer, have been interpreted as a foreboding of evil at hand.' This realises the picture in 'Childe Harold':—

'Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain: he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear.'

The halt of a day at Göttingen enabled Sir Henry to visit the veteran Blumenbach, and to spend some time with him in his museum. 'My visit, hurried as it was, showed me the energy and clearness of his mind, little impaired by years.' Seventeen years afterwards we found him unchanged. Pointing to skull after skull of known persons, he said it was impossible to doubt the dependence of mental power and the moral sense on the distribution and quantity of the brain, but he contemptuously disclaimed all belief in 'bumps' or in the alleged capability of the professors of phrenology to map out a skull into sections indicative of the minutest shades of character. On coming to the skull of Robert Bruce, he said that on

ceiving it by the kindness of a Scotch nobleman, he was puzzled what to make of it, and wrote a hasty note to the librarian requesting that all books relating to the hero might be forwarded without delay. "Judge," he naively added, "of my astonishment when informed that a wheelbarrow-full, a first instalment, was on the way."

One of the many questions in history touching which the contemporary evidence is hopelessly irreconcilable is, when, and from whom, the Congress of Vienna received the first intelligence of the escape of Napoleon from Elba. Was it through Metternich, Talleyrand, or the Duke of Wellington? on the 5th of March, the 7th, or the 11th? Sir Henry Holland has set down the occasion on which the news reached Naples, and would probably have no difficulty in fixing the date. The scene was a Court ball. 'Among the guests was the Countess Walewski, very recently arrived from Elba with her young son; and attracting much attention from her known relation to the great prisoner there, as well as from the graces of her own person and manner. Her sudden presence at Naples, and certain other collateral incidents, excited suspicions without defining them. It was that vague whisper which often precedes some event close at hand.' The arrival of this lady from Elba is a fact bearing on another curious point of history, on the romantic story told by Lamartine of her reception at Fontainebleau, in April, 1814:—

'Adversity made her lapse from virtue almost sacred and her love more dear. She wrote to Napoleon to ask to see him again and to offer to follow him wherever he might be led by misfortune. He consented to this interview. The night but one before his departure from Fontainebleau, the young woman was introduced by a secret staircase into the saloon adjoining the bedchamber of her lover. The confidential servant announced to his master the presence of her whom he had consented to see again. Napoleon was plunged in the kind of dreamy stupor which absorbed him since his fall. He replied that he would soon in person summon her who braved shame and adversity for his sake. She waited vainly and in tears a long half of the night. He did not summon her. He was heard walking up and down in his room. The servant entered and reminded him of who was waiting. "Let her wait," said the Emperor. Finally, the entire night being spent and the day beginning to threaten to reveal the secret of the assignation, the young woman, repelled, lost in grief, and wounded to the quick, was led back to her carriage by the confident of her last adieux.'

She must have been of a most forgiving disposition if she afterwards followed her imperial lover to Elba.

Apropos of Monti and Pindemonti, with whom he fell in at Milan, Sir Henry states that, when Lord Byron finally left England, he gave his illustrious countryman a letter to Pindemonti. 'Some months afterwards I received an answer from the latter, affording curious proof how much he had been perplexed by the *perfeveridium ingenium* and wayward character of the English poet. No two men could be more diverse in their qualities. I presume that any intercourse between them must speedily have come to an end.' There was no room for presumption. In a letter to Mr. Murray, dated Venice, June 4th, 1817, Lord Byron writes: 'To-day, Pindemonti, the celebrated poet of Verona, called on me. He is a little, thin man, with acute and pleasing features; his address good and gentle, his appearance altogether very philosophical, his age about sixty or more. . . . After having been a little libertine in his youth, he is grown devout, and takes prayers, and talks to himself, to keep off the devil; but, for all that, he is a very nice old gentleman.'

Sir Henry's professional connection with Queen Caroline led to his being called as a witness for the defence at the Trial of 1821. He positively stated that he had seen nothing improper or derogatory in her demeanour towards Bergaini or any other person at any time, and stood the cross-examination well. What (he says) struck him most in the great lawyers who conducted the case, was their ignorance of foreign usages and the mistakes into which they were consequently led. He was in unremitting attendance on the Queen during her fatal illness till her death; and he mentions, as one of the strange coincidences of medical life in London, that he was called in to see Mrs. Fitzherbert as a patient not long after he had left the Princess of Wales, and continued to attend her for many successive years.

On his arrival in England, after leaving the Princess, he found a pressing invitation from Lord Amherst to join the embassy to China as physician. This he declined at once; but before regularly beginning his professional career in London he made a trip to Belgium, Holland, and France, reaching Paris at the most interesting period of the occupation:—

'The day after my arrival I witnessed a magnificent military show in the review of more than 80,000 English and Hanoverian troops on the plains of St. Denys, where were repeated certain of the manoeuvres of the battle of Salamanca—the Duke of Wellington commanding in person; the Emperors of Russia and Austria, Blücher, Schwartzberg, Platoff, and many other officers of fame present on the field.

Lord Palmerston, then in the early stage of his political life, was among the English spectators of the scene.

The scene is more fully and rather differently described by Lord Palmerston in one of the valuable journals (incidentally quoted in a former Number), discovered by Mr. Cowper Temple too late to be incorporated by Sir Henry Bulwer (Lord Dalling) in the 'Life.' According to Lord Palmerston, the army reviewed by the Duke amounted to 60,000 men, double the number at which it is computed by Sir Henry Holland:—

'The Duke of Wellington told me afterwards that he had not even looked at the ground; that he had intended to have done so, but never could find time, and had only a sketch of it made by one of his officers, whom he sent to reconnoitre it. The Duke had given no orders but to appear upon the ground, and there was not a general of division who knew what was to be done. The first thing the Duke did was to change the position of the whole line, advancing it some little distance forward from the ground they had originally taken up. He then gave a sort of representation of his manœuvres at the battle of Salamanca.'

The review was a complete success. There was another, in the October following, with a smaller army (about 28,000), composed of Danes, British, Hanoverians, Saxons, and Prussians. It was a sham-fight, and on seeing the red-coats advancing in three lines to the front attack, 'it was not,' says Lord Palmerston, 'from national prejudice or mistaken vanity that made us at once exclaim, "How beautiful!"' This review was followed by a dinner:

'When dinner was announced, the emperor took Lady William Russell, the king (of Prussia) took Lady Worcester. Alexander beckoned to the king to go first. The king refused. The emperor insisted. The king was obstinate. The ladies looked foolish. The company expected a battle *royal*. When at last Alexander gave a vehement stamp with his foot, and the king, probably recollecting that his own cudgellers were at Sedan, a long day's journey off, consented to take the post of honour and go first. The second day the king said that as he had given way before, he hoped Alexander would do him *la grace* to take his proper place, which was graciously assented to.'

There were only four ladies present at this dinner, all Englishwomen and wives of English aides-de-camp: Lady William Russell, Lady Worcester, Lady Frances Cole, and Lady Harvey. One of these remarkable, amongst her numerous gifts and accomplishments, for quick perception and accurate memory, has retained a different impression of the scene. She says that, the dinner being at the Russian head-quarters, the Czar

considered himself at home, and therefore requested the King to go first; that the contrast was one of smiling courtesy on both sides; that there was no display of temper, no stamping of feet; and that the ladies did not look foolish; which most assuredly one of them never did.

'In January, 1816 (continues the reminiscence) I entered on my professional life in London, at the age of twenty-seven, with a fair augury of success, speedily and completely fulfilled.' His success, he adds, was materially aided by visits for four successive years to Spa, at the close of the London season. Spa then nearly monopolised the society which may now be found distributed between Hombourg, Baden Baden, Carlsbad, and a host of other watering-places; and his list of distinguished visitors contains most of the first-rate celebrities of the period.

The prevalent belief in Spiritualism is not more discreditable to the understanding than the belief in luck; i. e. the belief that runs of luck at dice or cards may be influenced, modified, or foreseen, and turned to account. The majority of practised whist-players believe in packs and seats, namely, that they have a better chance of winning in particular seats or with particular packs; and every continental gambling-table is haunted by speculators who confidently rely on some infallible contrivance for breaking the bank. Benjamin Constant was reduced to this state of mental and moral degradation when Sir Henry Holland saw him at Spa:

'It was melancholy to see a man of his ability passing the total day at the rouge-et-noir table; defrauding himself by those follies of calculation which bring ruin upon so many weaker minds. He was manifestly ashamed of being thus seen, but the seduction was too strong for his will to overcome. There was indeed in Constant a certain moral feebleness and fastidiousness which prevented his ever retaining long together the position to which his intellects and acquirements entitled him. He reasoned and speculated about events eloquently and ingeniously; but had little faculty either of action upon or resistance to them.'

Benjamin Constant may have had recourse to the gambling-table for self-forgetfulness. He had been the devoted friend, more than the friend, of Madame de Staël. She was the heroine of '*Adolphe*,' the story of a man pursued by a woman ten years older than himself. Whether he was tired of her or not, they had vowed a common hatred to Napoleon, who had expelled him from the Tribunal with expressions of contempt. Yet at the commencement of the Hundred Days, he submitted to a private interview with the imperial despot, and came forth a confirmed Bonapartist and salaried Counsellor of State.

'In 1818, returning by Paris, I was one of the guests at a dinner there which I have every reason to remember. It was at the house of the Countess Rumford, the widow of Lavoisier, a reminiscence in itself. At the table were seated Laplace, Cuvier, Berthollet, Gay Lussac, and Prony; Madame Laplace, Madame Berthollet, and Mrs. Marcet. Berzelius, whose acquaintance I had made the same day at the Institute, came in the evening.'

In the Preface to the work already mentioned, Dr. Bence Jones says of Rumford: 'Not the least strange fact in the history of this original man is that during his life he received no thanks for all that he did for the Royal Institution. Moreover at the present time he is scarcely known as the finder of Davy and the founder of that place where very many of the greatest scientific discoveries of this century have been made.' It is stranger still that the actual President of the Institution, Sir Henry Holland, should describe Rumford's widow as if her sole title to distinction was derived from her first husband. The life of Rumford, in the clear and terse narrative of Dr. Bence Jones, has all the interest of a romance; and no more striking example of *Self-help* is to be found in the animating, hope-inspiring pages of Mr. Smiles.

The Count, Benjamin Thompson by birth and baptism, born in 1753, the son of an American farmer, was apprenticed, in his thirteenth year, to a general dealer at Salem. He neglected the shop or store, drew caricatures, dabbled in science, kept a school, and was altogether in an unpromising way, when (in his twentieth year) a woman of fortune married him and gave him a position. At the commencement of the War of Independence he held a major's commission in the insurgent army, but his loyalist opinions led to his proscription; he changed sides, came to England, and was taken into the Secretary of State's office by Lord George Germain, who, in September, 1780, made him Under Secretary of State for the Northern Department. The year following, he is in command of a regiment of dragoons in Carolina; then Commander-in-chief of the cavalry under Sir Henry Clinton; and in 1783, his rank and half-pay as colonel in the British Service were confirmed to him for life. He had been simultaneously pursuing his scientific researches, and was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1778. In the autumn of 1783, he was on his way to Vienna, with the view of taking part in the war between Austria and Turkey, when he attracted the attention of Prince Maximilian, nephew and heir-presumptive of the Elector of Bavaria, and was induced to spend some days at

Munich. These he turned to such account that in less than a year the uncontrolled administration of Bavarian affairs, civil and military, was practically confided to him.

The reforms he effected in every department of the State changed its entire aspect. He built barracks and warehouses on plans of his own; he established an excellent police; he suppressed mendicity; he set the finances in order; he put the army on an entirely new footing; and his multiplied adaptations of science to the arts of life were no less remarkable for their utility than their originality.* Well-earned honours showered upon him; he was knighted by George III.; he was decorated by several foreign sovereigns; he was made honorary member of several academies, and, after being formally named Chief of the War Department and Lieutenant-General of the royal armies in Bavaria, he received the crowning honour of Count of the Holy Roman Empire in 1791. During the next six or seven years he was constantly on the move, and, in the autumn of 1798, having resolved to return to England for the restoration of his health, the Elector appointed him Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James'. Lord Grenville, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, refused to ratify the appointment of an English subject to this post, and, the elector dying soon afterwards, nothing more was heard of it.

The Count, after wavering between the United States and England, resolved on settling here, and, along with two or three other schemes of mixed science and philanthropy, set about the foundation of the Royal Institution. The most auspicious event in its annals—the engagement of Davy—is announced by him as just effected through his instrumentality, in a letter dated February 16, 1801. Congeniality of pursuit and aim was not the only point in common between these men. Their domestic destinies were strikingly alike. The relations in which the Countess Rumford and Lady Davy stood to their respective lords, before and during marriage, were almost identically the same. The same self-delusion, the same high hopes, the same bitter disappointment. Alas! for science and philosophy! On

* A highly honourable tribute to the memory of Rumford has been recently paid by Professor Tyndall, who, in his own valuable work on 'Heat as a Mode of Motion,' says of Rumford's Essay on the Source of Heat, printed in 1798: 'Hardly anything more powerful against the materiality of heat has been since adduced, hardly anything more conclusive in the way of establishing that heat is what Rumford considered it to be, Motion' (p. 581),

January 22, 1804, Rumford, who had been eleven years a widower, writes to his daughter from Paris :—

'I shall withhold this information from you no longer. I really do think of marrying, though I am not yet absolutely determined on matrimony. I made the acquaintance of this very amiable woman in Paris, who, I believe, would have no objection in having me for a husband, and who in all respects would be a proper match for me. She is a widow, without children, never having had any, is about my own age, enjoys good health, is very pleasant in society, has a handsome fortune at her own disposal, enjoys a most respectable reputation, keeps a good house, which is frequented by all the first philosophers and men of eminence in the science and literature of the age, or rather of Paris, *and, what is more than all the rest, is goodness itself.*'

His amatory style is colder than Davy's, but allowance must be made for former experience of matrimony and difference of age. It grows a little warmer in the next letter :—

'She is fond of travelling, and wishes to make the tour of Italy with me. She appears to be most sincerely attached to me, and I esteem and love her very much.'

The marriage did not take place until the 24th October, 1805. In less than three months, January 15, 1806, he writes :—

'Between you and myself, as a family secret, I am not at all sure that two certain persons were not wholly mistaken, in their marriage, as to each other's characters. Time will show. But two months barely expired, I forbode difficulties. Already I am obliged to send my good Germans home—a great discomfort to me and wrong to them.'

On the first anniversary of the marriage he writes to announce the utter failure of the experiment :—

'Very likely she is as much disaffected towards me as I am towards her. Little it matters with me, but I call her a female dragon—*simply by that gentle name!* We have got to the pitch of my insisting on one thing and she on another.'

On the second (October 24, 1807), to say that he was literally in hot water :—

'I am almost afraid to tell you the story, my good child, lest in future you should not be good; lest what I am about relating should set you a bad example, make you passionate, and so on. But I had been made very angry. A large party had been invited I neither liked nor approved of, and invited for the sole purpose of vexing me. Our house being in the centre of the garden, walled around, with iron gates, I put on my hat, walked down to the porter's lodge, and gave him orders, on his peril, not to let anyone in. Besides, I took away the keys.

Madame went down, and when the company arrived she talked with them, she on one side, they on the other, of the high brick wall. *After that she goes and pours boiling water on some of my beautiful flowers.'*

They came to what is called an amicable separation in June, 1809, when he utters a wild shriek of liberty: 'I find myself relieved from an almost insupportable burden; and, above all, that eternal contradiction. Oh! happy, thrice happy, am I to be my own man again!'

Amongst Sir Henry Holland's recollections of events or sketches of character critical attention is naturally attracted to those which surprise by novelty or invite comment.

In February, 1827, he was sent for to Brighton to attend Mr. Canning. On his return he hastened to Lord Liverpool.

'Having satisfied his inquiries as to Mr. Canning, he begged me to feel his own pulse—the first time I had ever done so. Without giving details, I may say that I found it such as to lead me to suggest an immediate appeal to his medical advisers for careful watch over him. The very next morning Lord Liverpool underwent the paralytic stroke which closed his political life. His pulse alone had given me cause for alarm; but there were one or two passages in our half-hour's conversation so forcibly expressing the harassing anxieties of his position, that I could hardly dissociate them from the event which thus instantly followed.'

In the August following he was in attendance on the death-bed of Canning, when the dying statesman said to him, 'I have struggled against this long, but it has conquered me at last.'

'*Moi,*' exclaimed the lively Frenchman. '*Je fais des chateaux en Espagne.*' '*Et moi,*' replied the melancholy one. '*J'y fais des cachots.*' According to Sir Henry Holland the same contrast in temperament existed between Lord Palmerston and Lord Aberdeen :—

'The inborn vivacity and optimism of the former (Lord Palmerston) pervaded his life both public and private; rescuing him in great degree from many of those anxieties, which press, more or less, upon every step of a minister's career. . . . Lord Aberdeen habitually looked at objects and events through a more gloomy atmosphere. He was wanting in that elasticity of body and spirit so influential in a public career. I recollect, on one occasion, to have seen them as patients in immediate succession for several days together, when this contrast was presented under those strongly marked colours which illness more especially discloses.'

He also bears testimony to Lord Palmerston's extraordinary power of conquering

pain, or rather the disabling effects of pain, by dint of volition. 'I have seen him, under a fit of gout which would have sent other men groaning to their couches, continue his work of writing or reading on public business almost without abatement, amidst the chaos of papers which covered the floor as well as the tables of his room.'

Of Sydney Smith he says:—

'He never looked over again what he had once written; and, as I know, could hardly ever be persuaded to correct the errors of a proof sheet. He revelled in his own manner of handling a subject, and was comparatively careless of its effect on others.'

That Sydney Smith was indifferent to the effect of his writings is a statement which we should be loth to receive on inferior authority; and Sir Henry surely goes a little too far in naming Robert (the elder brother of Sydney), popularly called Bobus, 'the most accomplished scholar and profound thinker he has ever known,' which is tantamount to calling him the most accomplished scholar and profound thinker of the nineteenth century. He was personally unknown beyond a select circle; and we cannot consent to place the man who shrank fastidiously from the open arena above the one who (like Sydney Smith) was ready for all comers at all times, although he occasionally got a fall. Yet Mr. Robert Smith's wit, learning, and fine qualities of understanding are beyond dispute. His Latin poems led Lord Dudley to rank him with Lucretius and Catullus; and we know few things better in sarcastic humour than his well-known description of Joseph Hume and Vansittart (the Chancellor of the Exchequer) as 'Penny Wise and Pound Foolish.' He was a lawyer, an ex-advocate-general, and happened to be engaged in argument with an eminent physician touching the merits of their respective professions. 'You must admit,' urged Dr. —, 'that your profession does not make angels of men.' 'No,' was the retort; 'there you have the best of it; *yours* certainly gives them the first chance.'

James Smith is mentioned as the author of 'The Rejected Addresses.' It was the joint composition of James and his brother Horatio; and their respective shares have been published on authority. Two of the best, the parodies of Scott and Byron, were by Horatio, with the exception of a few lines.

Amongst the Spa reminiscences is one of a man who is still imperfectly understood:—

'Those—and there are yet many—who recollect the genial temperament and masculine, though eccentric, intellect of Henry Drummond, will appreciate the pleasure of a fort-

night's travel with him through a country new to both. He had eyes and understanding peculiar to himself for all he saw, and language and manner as original as his thoughts. He was a man who could not tread along the highway of common opinion either in religion or politics, but his *aberrant* path was always pursued with honesty as well as vigour.'

If Drummond had heard his path called 'aberrant,' he would have objected that, although error is multiform and truth is one, it would be as well to say 'discursive' or 'digressive' till the right path in politics and religion shall have been satisfactorily defined. Quitting the highway to enjoy a prospect is not erring. His mind was constantly putting out feelers. His opinions were not so much formed or fixed as tentative. His intellectual appetite needed variety. His mental constitution required change. Thomson, the author of 'The Castle of Indolence,' (the story has been told of Gay) was seen strolling round Lord Burlington's garden, with his hands in the pockets of his dressing-gown, biting off the sunny sides of the peaches. It was somewhat in this fashion that Drummond dealt with subjects, books, and men. He contented himself with the choicest mouthful of each. To judge him by consistency, was to misjudge him. He never pretended to it. He thought it the mark of a fettered and contracted mind. At Albury Park—which had much in common with Bowood—the society was as miscellaneous and as well chosen for his purpose as the library, and there were few representative men, few men of rank, be their politics what they might, who did not consciously or unconsciously contribute to his store of facts and theories. His conversation, always rich, animated, sparkling, suggestive, and desultory, resembled a kaleidoscope in the brilliancy and heterogeneous character of the materials; whilst his perfect breeding and exquisite refinement of tone, gave the last finish to its charm. His speeches were comparatively ineffective for want of sustained argument and continuity, although he never rose without commanding the attention of the House, did capitably for the first ten minutes, and rarely sat down without giving utterance to a telling sarcasm, a pointed paradox, or a condensed truth. Under what category should we range his favourite doctrine, that there are only two effective modes of governing mankind—by force or corruption, by grapeshot or French cookery? *

* A succinct and clear account of his opinions and distinctive qualities has been given by his noble son-in-law. See the Preface to 'Speeches in Parliament and some Miscellaneous Pam-

It enhances the value and interest of Sir Henry. Holland's impressions that they are given as originally stamped upon his mind by personal observation, without any attempt to confirm or correct them by authority. We shall not complain, therefore, of his taking no notice whatever of our recent account of Talleyrand's *bons-mots*—especially of the *Quoi, Déjà?* which (if applied by Talleyrand to Montrond, which we doubt) was made two hundred years ago.* But an historical parallel like the following seems to challenge comment:—

'In studying Talleyrand—and it was a curious study—a comparison often suggested itself to me in Cardinal de Retz. Their intellectual and moral qualities were of the same general stamp, and attested much in the same way, though on a very different scale of action. Their epigrammatic maxims have the same peculiar flavour, and their ecclesiastical positions the same relation to the actual religion of the two men. The Cardinal, however, doubtless stands lowest in the comparison. The petty incidents and passions of the "Guerre de la Fronde" were little fitted to dignify a public career.'

We should be puzzled to name two characters more diametrically opposed. Talleyrand was a man of intrigue, a closet statesman, cautious, circumspect, and prudent to timidity. De Retz was a man of action, ready at the shortest warning to lay down the crosier for the sword, bold, stirring, and rash to recklessness. Talleyrand always kept in the background, watching the signs of the times, regulated his course accordingly, and influenced events through instruments which he moved, as a wire-puller moves puppets, from behind the scenes. The share he had in bringing the Allies to Paris in 1814, and again in helping Louis Philippe to the throne in 1830, was so managed as to enable him to claim or disclaim the credit or discredit of complicity as it suited him. De Retz courted responsibility instead of shrinking from it. When his plots were ripe, he came prominently to the front to execute them. In the course of a single day, towards the commencement of the Fronde, he preached a seditious sermon in full canonicals at Notre Dame, and appeared armed to the teeth on the barricades. Compare Talleyrand dodging to evade 'the frequent inkstand whizzing past his ear' or quailing beneath the pitiless contempt of Napoleon, with De Retz confronting Anne

of Austria and Mazarin in her privy-chamber, his hand on the hilt of a concealed dagger, his resolute glance crossing her angry frown as sword crosses sword, and her haughty spirit effectually subdued by his. With regard to their maxims or sayings, there is this essential difference: Talleyrand's were polished and prepared, often borrowed, witticisms; De Retz's were either maxims of state, broad and practical in scope and application, or signal proofs of never-failing presence of mind and rare readiness—as, when knocked down in the tumult, with an arquebuss levelled at his head, he apostrophised the assailant, an apothecary's lad, who was about to fire, '*Ah, malheureux, si ton pere te voyait!*'

Talleyrand respected the decencies and conventionalities: De Retz laughed at them. Talleyrand took the earliest opportunity of flinging off the ecclesiastical character; De Retz stuck to it, made it a stepping-stone, and complacently narrates his duels and armours with an archbishoprick at hand and a cardinal's hat in prospect. Allowing that the arena on which Talleyrand figured was better fitted to dignify a public career, his was certainly not a dignified one. But the passions of the Fronde were like other passions in troubled times, with a strong infusion of romance: the passion of Rochefoucauld for Madame de Longueville, epitomised in his 'Maxims' and immortalised by his couplet,* was one of them; the armies of the Fronde were led by Condé and Turenne; nor can the rising of a great capital, the civil commotions which convulse a great nation, be deemed 'petty incidents' in which it is degrading to be mixed up. In morals and religion these mundane priests were about upon a par—*Arcades ambo*—and in assigning the highest place to De Retz, we are simply proceeding on the same principle as Colonel Mannering, when he preferred Dirk Hatteraick to Glossin as the bolder scoundrel of the two.

'If (continues the reminiscence) I were to seek a strongly marked contrast to the character, figure and speech of Talleyrand, I might name Lord Sidmouth, a patient of mine at the same period.' The contrast is so strong that the bare juxtaposition looks strange. Canning's parodies and epigrams had not prepared us to find 'the Doctor' taking the lead in conversation. Yet so it was—the scene Lord Stowell's house in Grafton-street, the doorplate of which was the subject of Jekyll's joke:

* 'Pour meriter son cœur, pour plaire à ses beaux yeux,

J'ai fait la guerre aux rois, je l'aurais faite aux Dieux.'

phlets,' edited by Lord Lovaine (now Duke of Northumberland), 1860.

* 'The Quarterly Review,' Bulwer's (Lord Dalling's) 'Historical Characters,' vol. cxxiii. pp. 401-402.

'Lord Sidmouth was the talker of the party; but the whimsical roll of Lord Stowell's massive shoulder, when uttering some interlocutory phrase of dry humour, was worth more to the eye than any amount of speech to the ear. Lord Alvanley's description of him, as 'a conceited Muscovy duck,' had an amusing personal reality about it, felt even by those who knew his high merits as a Judge and master of international law. His house curiously illustrated the habits of the man, in its utter destitution of all the appliances of luxury or comfort. The furniture was never either changed or cleaned. Year after year I wrote prescriptions there with the same solitary pen—the single one, I believe, in his possession, and rarely used by himself after his retirement from public business. *He had corresponded with Dr. Johnson early in life.* Latterly he rarely wrote a letter. Of society, even legal, he had little or none, and he did not covet it.'

Lord Stowell (then Dr. Scott) was Johnson's travelling companion from Newcastle to Edinburgh, and was accidentally prevented from accompanying Johnson and Boswell in the tour to the Hebrides. They frequently dined together at the Mitre, besides meeting at the Club. He won the Doctor's heart by giving Boswell, who was teasing all his acquaintances for a definition of taste, the following: 'That faculty of the mind which leads a Scotchman to prefer England to his own country.' Speaking of investments, he avowed a marked predilection for 'the beautiful simplicity of the Three per Cents.' He defended dinners for public or local purposes, on the ground that a dinner *lubricates* business. In penuriousness and fondness for port, Lord Stowell and his brother Lord Eldon were alike. It is a moot point which of them said of the other, in answer to the inquiry how much wine he could drink at a sitting, 'any given quantity.'

An entire chapter of the 'Recollections' is devoted to the question, 'which, indeed, every existing generation has motive and right to ask, as to its relations of *better* or *worse*—morally, intellectually, and socially—to the generation going before it.' Sir Henry has supplied materials for an answer, rather than a complete answer in itself, and done so in a manner to ward off, at all events, the imputation commonly levelled at elderly moralists—that, by the very law of their being, they are eulogists of the past. There would be ample apology for him, if he was. It is undeniable that there are eras or cycles of intellectual excellence, as the Augustan age, the Elizabethan age, the age of Louis Quatorze, the age of Queen Anne. If any one who had lived in, and outlived, one of these eras were to say, during a blank interval, that he discerned symptoms of de-

cline, the odds are that he would be expressing not a prejudice, but the fact.

There was a period in Sir Henry Holland's past life when England could boast a constellation of celebrities:—Byron, Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Crabbe, Moore, Rogers, Procter, Campbell, in poetry; Grey, Grenville, Sheridan, Canning, Brougham, Castlereagh, Plunkett, Grattan, Tierney, Peel, in oratory and statesmanship; Hallam, Milman, Southey, Jeffrey, Mackintosh, Gifford, in history and criticism; the Kembles, Kean, Mathews, Farren, Young, Liston, Miss O'Neil (Lady Becher), Miss Stephens (Lady Essex), on the stage; Jekyll, Frere, the four Smiths (Bobus, Sydney, James, Horatio), Theodore Hook, Alvanley, Luttrell, Lady Morley, Lady Aldborough, in wit; Ellenborough, Stowell, Sir William Grant, on the Bench; Scarlett, Romilly, and Copley, at the Bar; Sir Thomas Lawrence, Constable, Wilkie, Turner, Flaxman, Chantrey, representing art; and the Iron Duke, the centre of a gallant band, personifying war.

Then came another not altogether disconnected nor wholly extinct period, when the reminiscent might have gazed round a circle luminous with the names of Melbourne, Palmerston, Aberdeen, Russell, Clarendon, Derby, Grote, Macaulay, Froude, Buckle, Mahon (Stanhope), Lockhart, Herschel, Whewell, Babbage, Murchison, John Stuart Mill, Carlyle, Lytton, Bulwer, Tennyson, Browning, Monckton Milnes, Hood, Eothen, George Eliot, Caroline Norton, Mrs. Somerville, Dickens, Thackeray, Landseer, Eastlake, Maclise, Watts, Millais, Macready, Charles Kean, Fanny Kemble, Wigan, O'Connell, Shiel, Gladstone, Disraeli, Lewis, Wilberforce, Cobden, Bright. Reverting to such periods, seeing nothing coming on to replace what is dying out, no rising genius, nothing first-rate under forty, an octogenarian might be excused for assuming and speculating on an undeniable decline.

It will be understood, of course, that we make a broad exception for the physical sciences, which (under a cluster of bright lights) are advancing with such rapidity that 'what yesterday was an invisible point is our goal to-day, and may be our starting point to-morrow.' Travellers like Speke Grant, and Livingstone,—explorers like Rawlinson, Layard, and Strzelecki, have simultaneously extended and elevated geography. But this is far from implying a corresponding improvement in mind and morals, or in the tone, habits, and constitution of society. Sir Henry Holland has drawn up a kind of debtor and creditor account without declaring the balance. His first item of charg

is 'the over-crowding of the London world : a phrase which will be appreciated by all who have lived in its midst.' The dinner-parties and evening parties, the gatherings of all sorts (he contends) are too large for rational enjoyment. The upper ten thousand (swelled to thirty) are formed by centripetal attraction into crowds resembling mobs, in which the finer elements get mingled with the coarser, to the inevitable deterioration of the best. There is no set or circle to impose laws or pass sentences. Fashion, for want of an autocrat, resembles the lower empire. The black sheep of one quarter may be the white-milk lamb of another. Expelled from Belgravia, she has only to pitch her tent in Tyburnia or May Fair. Intrusive vulgarity, backed by wealth, has gained by this state of things, and to it we are indebted for the acclimatisation on English soil of the *demi-monde*, on the discovery of which M. Dumas the younger, the new Academician, prides himself as on the discovery of a star. But, on the other hand, let it be remembered that Fashion, in its heyday, was a crushing and degrading, if a refining tyranny; that its benefits were confined to the privileged few, and that we are well rid of it, if the greatest happiness of the greatest number is to be the test.

Sir Henry says that he was once called in to prescribe for a fair patient whose illness was occasioned by the refusal of a subscription to Almack's. A non-medical friend of ours was recently called in to advise on a similar case,—that of a young lady who was fretting herself into a fever because she had not been invited to a ball at Strawberry Hill. As she happened to be very pretty, the sympathising mistress of that classic abode proved less obdurate than the patronesses, and the fitting remedy was applied. But the material difference between the two cases was this: our friend's patient would have simply missed a pleasant evening; Sir Henry's was exposed to a downright loss of caste. To be free of the exclusive *coterie*, to have the *entrée* of certain houses, in her time, was like belonging to the *noblesse* under the ancient regime in France. There are now plenty of pleasant houses, with parties of all sorts and sizes, small and select as well as large and indiscriminate: cultivated men and women abound in every quarter; and lines of demarcation are not wanting, although not very rigidly drawn nor very strongly guarded. What we miss are the great houses which were discriminating without being exclusive.

Although rank and wealth still command their fair share of weight and influence, the tendency of recent changes has been to a

mingling of ranks—towards placing the middle class more on a level with the higher. Clubs and railroads have powerfully co-operated in this direction. Men of moderate means now dine and travel like the millionaire; they need not envy the richest noble his post-horses, his library, his drawing-room, or his cook. The notion that men are lured away from the family circle is a mistake, for the percentage who pass their evenings at clubs is not enough to produce the smallest difference in domesticity; and that club-life is an improvement on tavern-life, it would be paradoxical to dispute.

An important step towards the assimilation of classes was forced upon the aristocracy by the overcrowded state of what used to be considered the only gentlemanlike callings and professions:

'She (the Duchess in "Lothair") frets herself too much about her boys: she does not know what to do with them. They will not go into the Church, and they have not fortune for the Guards.

"I understood that Lord Plantagenet was to be a civil engineer," said Lady Corisande.

"And Lord Albert Victor to have a sheep-walk in Australia," continued Lady St. Jerome.'

There are Lords in trade and Honourables on the Stock Exchange. Levelling doctrines and pseudo-liberality apart, is this precisely as it should be? *Noblesse oblige*. There was a time-honoured custom in Brittany for a noble, about to engage in trade, to lay down his titles and armorial bearings, not to be resumed until the derogatory occupation had been definitively abandoned. There was good sense and far-sighted policy in this custom, although modern manners may not admit of its revival. Commerce has not gained in public estimation of late years, notwithstanding this accession of rank and title. 'It is gone, that chastity of (mercantile) honour, which felt a stain like a wound.' To rig the market, to circulate a delusive prospectus, involves no loss of credit, unless there come a crash; and then the judicious speculator, who has sold his shares at a premium, can safely laugh at the dupes:

'Populus me sibilat; at mihi plaudo
Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in
arca.'

We cordially go along with Sir Henry Holland in deprecating the neglect of English Classics, the want of familiarity with Milton, Pope, Dryden, Swift, Addison, and even Shakspeare (now that he has nearly dropped out of the acting drama) which is hourly betrayed by cultivated people in society, and most especially by writers for the

periodical press. And yet, we equally agree with him, the vast amount of talent, knowledge, and wit expended in journalism is one of the most notable characteristics of the times. The English newspapers have well nigh realised Benjamin Constant's axiom: 'The Press is the tribune enlarged: speech is the vehicle of intelligence, and intelligence is the mistress of the world.' As vehicles of intelligence, as workshops of opinion, as mirrors of passing events, as the arena in which conflicting notions and theories are fought out, they supply the best possible materials for self-government, if (as may be plausibly contended) they do not practically and substantially constitute it. Chatham protested in his loftiest strain against calling the Lords and Commons of England together to register the decrees of 'one too powerful subject.' He would protest in vain against their being called together to register the decrees of the Press. But it is the Press distilling the essence of books, speeches, and reviews—the Press, to which we all of us contribute in some shape—the Press, representing the enlightened majority of the nation, the provincial equally with the metropolitan press, that holds this sovereignty and dictates its conclusions or its will.

Admirably as many of the local newspapers are written and conducted, they are mainly indebted for their elevation to the electric telegraph, which places them, in point of information, on a footing of equality and gives them the start in time. At Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Bristol, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dublin—at all the great towns and cities except London—the merchant relies perforce on the local paper for his news, and takes the London paper (when he takes it) as a luxury.

Sir Henry avoids the nice question of social morality, but he is severe on modern dress, male and female. Men dress carelessly and negligently, whilst women are guilty of excesses which are both inexcusable and unaccountable; such, for example, as the unhealthy and unbecoming practice of heaping masses of artificial hair upon their heads. We speak within compass when we say that the dress of a woman of fashion costs three times what it did thirty years since; and the problem where some of them find the means of payment is one which, although frequently raised, it might be deemed indelicate to discuss. This extravagance, being carried farthest by 'fast' people, may be connected with that 'increased *fastness* of living' which has grown up in all classes and occupations.

'Looking especially at home, we find that the augmented speed and hurry of locomotion (and

I can affirm that people walk *faster* in the London streets than they did when I first knew these great thoroughfares) is carried into every other department of life; politics, commerce, literature, science, professional and social existence. The loiterers in life are fewer, and the charm of a tranquil leisure is less appreciated and sought after. The country life of England has also undergone various alteration. Country-houses, if not left vacant for the year, are peopled for a shorter time than heretofore.'

When Fox was expatiating on the pleasure of lying on the lawn at St. Anne's Hill, with a book in his hand, Sheridan objected—'And why the book?' He would find few sympathisers amongst the existing race of politicians. At the same time we do not think that country-house life has deteriorated, although shortened by the habit of passing the early autumn abroad. Even here, however, there is too much movement; too much hurrying from house to house. The late General Phipps made it a rule never to accept an invitation for a less period than would cover the expense of posting at the rate of a day for every ten miles. A tariff on the same principle, adapted to railroad travelling, should be laid down.

To turn to graver topics, our attention is invited to the influence of physical science in promoting a more general and more earnest call for proof in matters which peculiarly belong to faith. We are also told to mark the altered tone and direction of religious controversy, which, no longer content to deal with forms or abstruse doctrines, roughly grapples with the Scriptures, their history, their inspiration, and their truth:—

'Declining, as I must, all speculation as to the causes and future results of the change just described, I am bound to notice one present good arising out of them, in the increased zeal and activity of the Clergy at large—an effect made known to me professionally as well as by general observation. These qualities would be still more beneficial in their influence were they less alloyed by those sectarian struggles and hatreds which dishonour religion now as they have done at every preceding period of ecclesiastical history.'

If ecclesiastical history leaves an unfavourable impression by recording the intestine divisions of Churches, it bears strong evidence to the innate strength of revealed religion, by showing how often it has recovered and righted itself, when, like a tempest-tossed ship, it seemed on the point of sinking. Its alternating fortunes have been clearly traced, and the logical conclusion admirably deduced, by Canon Liddon, in the series of lectures which he has recently delivered at St. Paul's.

Arguing *a priori*, it might be inferred

that the growing demand for positive proof would be fatal to imposture and quackery. But the contrary is the fact. 'It is curious to note how periodical these epidemic visitations of miracle have become. Mesmeric visions and prophecies, clairvoyance, spirit-rappings, table-turnings and liftings, succeed one another in popular fashion, with certain intervals between, to allow prior detections to be forgotten, and to catch the credulous of a new generation.' The last visitation of Spiritualism has proved both virulent and widespread; exposure has proved powerless as an antidote, and (as shown in our last Number) the epidemic has recently broken out, with aggravated symptoms, in the very stronghold of science, the Royal Society itself. 'In all superstitions,' says Lord Bacon, 'wise men follow fools.' Learned men, who are not necessarily wise men, occasionally do: they also occasionally follow rogues; and there is consequently little cause for wonder when a combination of folly and roguery, like Spiritualism, counts distinguished proselytes by the score. It is the eternal ineradicable liability to such delusions that renders the human mind essentially the same in all ages; we fear we must say nearly the same of the heart. What reliance can be placed on education for thoroughly purifying or perfecting either, when we so frequently see the most highly educated men setting the worst example to the rest? Knowledge may prove a panacea for the social errors or abuses which proceed from ignorance, and their name is legion; but, assuming its universal diffusion, it will hardly endow the people at large with the qualities which have been found wanting in the wisest, brightest: in a Bacon, a Brougham, a Voltaire, a Pope. It will not render them proof against vanity, cupidity, or caprice; it will not confer honour or integrity. They will not perforce become provident and self-sacrificing; habitually foregoing immediate personal gratification for general and lasting good. Knowledge will clear the surface without penetrating to the core. As for legislation—

'How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.'

Or, to adopt Mr. Gladstone's words in his Greenwich speech: 'The social problems which confront us, are many and formidable. Let the Government labour to its uttermost, let the Legislature spend days and nights in your service; but after the very best has been achieved, the question whether the English father is to be the father of a happy family, and the centre of a united home, is a question which must depend mainly upon

himself.' The grand hour of trial for society will be when all bad laws shall have been abolished, when all material obstructions to progress shall have been removed, when the baffled demagogue, vainly looking round for a public grievance, shall be brought face to face with the invaluable adage: 'Let every man's reform, like his charity, begin at home, and society, like Thames water, will purify itself.' Public or political virtue reposes on a different foundation from private or domestic virtue: the one must grow spontaneously, the other may be promoted or enforced; and the problem started by Sir Henry Holland's retrospect, the problem to be solved by the England of the future, is neither more nor less than whether the highest civilisation can overcome the vices and weaknesses which we have been taught to believe inherent in mankind.

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- ART. IX.—1. *The Book of Ser Marco Polo the Venetian, concerning the Kingdoms and Marvels of the East*. By Colonel Henry Yule, C.B. London, 1871.
2. *Visits to High Tartary, Yarkand, and Káshgar, (formerly Chinese Tartary), and Return Journey over the Karakoram Pass*. By Robert Shaw. London, 1871.
3. *Travels of a Pioneer of Commerce in Pigtail and Petticoats, or an Overland Journey from China towards India*. By T. T. Cooper. London, 1871.
4. *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*.

If we except that everlasting puzzle, the Sources of the Nile, there is no part of the world that has a stronger claim on the attention of geographers at the present day than the countries traversed by Marco Polo. Geography aims at preparing a table for many appetites, and the problems involved in the exploration of Central Asia and China abound in interest for the antiquary, the man of science, the merchant, and the politician.

Although great advances have been made within the last half century in our knowledge of these countries, and especially in those parts of the great mountain back-bone of the Old World which lie to the north-west of India, and, indeed, in Turkistan both Eastern and Western, we have yet much to learn. But the progress is rapid, and if the next few years should show examples of such pluck and perseverance as have lately been exhibited by men like Cayley, Forsyth

Hayward, Shaw, Cooper, and Captain Montgomerie's emissaries, in Eastern—and by Severtsoff, Semenoff, Struve, Poltoratski, Baron Osten-Sacken, and other Russian explorers, in Western Turkistan, not only may we hope soon to see the true physical features of this vast region laid open before the world of science, but these geographical operations will, it cannot be doubted, prove the forerunners to the establishment of extensive commercial intercourse and, let us hope, at the same time, the surest pledges of peace between the two great nations principally concerned therein. It is, however, with Eastern Turkistan that we have now to deal,—a region which down to 1864, the Chinese had held in subjection for about a hundred years, their latest conquests of the country dating from about the middle of last century. But this was by no means the first time that these regions had formed a part of the empire. Even as far back as the first century of our era the Chinese power extended across the Bolor to the shores of the Caspian. The following ages saw great fluctuations, but the conquests of Chinghiz and his successors again brought the states of Turkistan under the same supremacy with China. When they fell, the native Chinese dynasty which succeeded them held little beyond the borders of China Proper, and it was not till the present Manchu dynasty was in the height of its power, that Eastern Turkistan became for the last time, united to China.

But let us stop to consider the real position which Marco Polo rightfully holds in the history of Oriental discovery; for while all the world recognises him as the Prince of mediæval travellers, who, by the extent and influence of his discoveries, has contributed more than any other to the progress of geography and of our knowledge of the East, it must not be supposed that from him was derived the earliest information respecting either Central Asia or China. We need not stop to discuss the much-disputed question of the position of the Thinae of Eratosthenes, Strabo, and the Periplus of the Erythræan Sea, or of the application of Marinus's. *Serica*, as preserved to us by Ptolemy, to the kingdom of China. It is tolerably clear, we think, that China is the country referred to, and that the *Seres* of Ammianus Marcellinus, corresponding as they closely do in character with the modern Chinese, were intended to represent that people. That the Romans possessed some knowledge of China would seem to be shown by a discovery made by De Guignes of a statement in a Chinese historical work that, in A.D. 166, an embassy, said to have

come by sea, arrived from An-Thou (Antoninus) to the Emperor Yan-hi; and the use of the '*Serica vestis*,' alluded to by Horace and Propertius, would appear to confirm the impression, provided only that silk, and not muslin, were the commodity really alluded to. A more unquestionable record is a narrative in Arabic, written about the year 1173, describing the observations of two Arab merchants who were in China respectively in 851 and 867. This curious document was discovered in the Comte de Seignelay's library by M. Eusèbe Renaudot, and translated and published by him in Paris in 1718. Mixed up with some exaggerations were many curious particulars, so accurate as to prove the genuineness of the story and the intelligence of the narrators. Tea, under the name of *icha*, was distinctly referred to as being universally drunk, infused in hot water, and supposed to be a cure for every disease. Porcelain, silk, and rice, the peculiar dresses, both of the men and the women, and the skill of the people in mechanics, were all described as accurately as we now know them.

When the devastations carried by the Mongols into Russia, Georgia, and Armenia, became more and more alarming in Europe, Pope Innocent IV., at the Council of Lyons, determined to send ambassadors to pacify these formidable enemies, so as to divert these disastrous results from the West; or, at all events, to collect every possible information respecting a people so little known. Accordingly, in 1245, the Minorite friar Giovanni de Plano Carpini, together with five other brothers of the Order, were chosen to undertake this task. Carpini was absent sixteen months. He had the merit of being the first to publish in Europe a rational description of the Mongol nation, and he was also the first European to bring back some account of China from hearsay, or to make mention of the celebrated Prester John. The next European to bring information respecting these countries was William van Ruysbroeck, or De Rubruquis, also a Minorite friar. A rumour had spread through Europe that the Grand Khan had embraced the Christian religion, and St. Louis, being then engaged in the fourth crusade against the Saracens, was anxious to cement an alliance with the Tartars, who were at that time in hostility with the same power on the side of Persia. Accordingly, Ruysbroeck was sent out, accompanied by the friar Bartholomew of Cremona. It was in 1263, at which time Marco Polo was but in his cradle, that they left Acre on their eastward journey, and finally reached Karakoram, the residence of the Great Khan. Ruysbroeck was the

first to make known in Europe that favourite Mongolian drink, the Koumia, produced by the fermentation of mare's milk. He first spoke of the rice-spirit, arrack, and gave an accurate description of the yak. He was also the first European after Ammianus Marcellinus to mention rhubarb as a remedy. In those days it was supposed that the Caspian was connected with the Northern Ocean. It was Ruysbroeck who showed that it was only a lake, the enormous extent of which caused it to be called a sea. His remarks on the Nestorian Christians are full of interest. He says that they inhabited fifteen towns of Cathay, and that their bishop lived at Singan, a town in Western China, where a monument was found in 1625, bearing witness to the ancient existence of a Christian establishment.

At the period when the travels of the Polo family commence, the Tartars were becoming objects rather of hope than of fear, as possible helps against the Mahomedana. So that now Asia lay quite open to the passage of travellers from the West. With the exception of India and the coasts of the Mediterranean, the whole of Asia may be said to have been divided into four great monarchies, under the descendants of the four sons of Chinghiz. Kublai, Chinghiz's grandson, had just ascended the chief throne of the Mongol empire in 1259, and transferred the seat of government from Karakorum, on the northern verge of the Mongolian Desert, to Khanbalig, now Pekin, a step which resulted in the conversion of the Mongol Khan into a Chinese emperor.

At this time the merchants of Genoa, Lombardy, and Venice made their own purchases of silk and velvet in the markets of Kinsay, Zayton, and Khanbalig, now known as Hangchow, Chincheu, and Pekin. In 1254, Nicolas and Maffeo Polo, the father and uncle of Marco Polo, members of a Venetian family which had establishments at Constantinople and the Crimea, made a trading journey to Tartary, Nicolas leaving a wife behind him in Venice, which city they quitted about 1254. It was not, however, till about 1260 that they started from Constantinople eastward. They crossed the Euxine to Roumania, made their way to Bokhara, and after an abode there of three years, attached themselves to the company of an ambassador going to the Court of Kublai Khan. This monarch received them graciously, and was curious in his inquiries concerning the affairs of Europe and the Christian religion. Learning that the Pope was the person regarded with the greatest veneration in Europe, he resolved on despatching them as his ambassadors to

his Holiness, with a letter begging him to send out a hundred persons able to prove that the law of Christ was best. The Khan charged them to bring him some of the oil of the lamp which burns on the sepulchre of our Lord at Jerusalem, and he gave them a tablet of gold which would ensure them supplies wherever they went. They arrived at Acre in 1269, and found that no Pope existed, for Clement IV. was dead the year before, and no new election had yet taken place. So they returned to Venice, where Nicolas found that his wife had been long dead, but had left a son behind her, now fifteen years of age, the Marco Polo whom two years afterwards the travellers took back with them to the East, and with whose story we have now to deal.

To the importance of that story literature has paid its spontaneous testimony. Fifty-seven editions have not sufficed to satisfy the curiosity of the public, and five centuries and a half elapsed without producing a traveller to dispute with the noble Venetian the glory of being the greatest explorer of the continent of Asia. But for this very reason the value of this noble work was necessarily bereft of its true appreciation by the learned. For this end the beaten track of researches, based exclusively on Greek and Latin sources, was insufficient. It was requisite to bring into the field the resources of Oriental literature, and illustrations from Oriental travel. By the aid of these that which was reputed false has become recognised as true; and if we find some chronological errors and misshapen forms of names, the fault may well be attributed to a defective memory in the dictation of a lengthy narrative. We know of no book whatever, to an edition of which accuracy in the text as well as external illustration are more matters of necessity than that of Marco Polo. Accuracy in the text, because he has spoken of parts of Asia scarcely recognisable or hitherto undescribed, and very often a letter more or less in a proper name establishes the reality of the place indicated; learned and abundant illustration, on account of the frequent vagueness and meagreness of detail given by Polo on the facts of which he speaks. In 1868 this 'Review' contained a notice of seven editions of Marco Polo issued during the last half-century in Italy, France, Germany, and England, since the period of Marsden's famous edition in 1818; the most recent, and by far the most learned and valuable, being that produced by M. Panthier, in Paris, in 1865. We do not dwell here on the specialities of these editions, but content ourselves with referring the reader to the article alluded to, in which the important edi-

tion of M. Pauthier was particularly brought under examination. The text selected by M. Pauthier possessed great claims on our esteem. It was derived from a manuscript revised and corrected by Polo himself, and presented by him to Count Thiébauld de Cepoy, envoy to Venice from Charles, Count de Valois, who laid claim to the empire of Constantinople. So far good, very good; and it might seem that, in so far as accuracy of text was concerned, we stood in no need of a new edition. But for the positive adjective 'good' we have the comparative 'better.' In 1824 the Geographical Society of Paris published a French text, which by critical analysis Colonel Yule has demonstrated to be, as nearly as possible, a photographic impress of Marco's original dictation to Rusticiano of Pisa in prison, and written down by the latter in his Italianized French. Besides which, it was superior to every other text that had been published, both in the correctness of its proper names and in the intelligible exhibition of the itineraries. It was also more complete in presenting the whole of the historical chapters. But, more than this, the Italian edition by Ramusio, apparently translated from Fra Pepino's Latin version made in 1320, contains a number of *additional* facts and incidents, the description of which it is impossible to attribute to any one but Marco Polo himself. For example, it and it alone describes a conspiracy ending in the murder of the Mahometan minister Ahmed, at which Polo was present, and even mentions the name of the chief conspirator Vanchu,—facts since found recorded in the Chinese annals in conjunction with the name of Polo. Such evidence is unanswerable. It is clear, then, that no text could be perfect but an eclectic one, embodying the merits of all these three—requirements which had not been met by M. Pauthier's edition. It is true that at the end of the edition the geographical text is reprinted; but, for reasons above shown, that very text deserves to be made the basis of a perfect edition.

So much for accuracy of text. We have now to speak on the subject of learned illustration. When a noble work has been produced like that of M. Pauthier, embodying the results of long study in the languages, the literature, the archæology, the history, and the geography of the East, it would be an ungenerous and presumptuous mind, indeed, that for anything short of a very serious reason, such as the vindication of the desirableness of a new edition, could lend itself easily to words of disparagement. In our own reluctance to do this, we gladly refer to the words of a warm admirer of M.

Pauthier, M. N. de Khanikof, who in a laudatory notice of this book, says:—

'I do not think that M. Pauthier has solved all the difficulties presented by the text of Marco Polo; I will even venture here to throw out some doubts with reference to certain of his explanations and identifications; but at the same time, I think that he has done so much in this respect, that henceforth special works will have to be devoted to the elucidation of those few passages which have escaped his perspicacity, without the necessity of a new general commentary upon the work being undertaken.'

It is obvious, from the appearance of the English edition which we are now bringing under the reader's notice, that Colonel Yule agreed with the former, but not with the latter part of M. Khanikof's comment, and we may refer to the article in this 'Review' already quoted, for proofs that M. Pauthier's edition, while exhibiting contempt for its predecessors, contains errors, both geographical and literary, of the gravest kind, and that the Chinese learning in which M. Pauthier is a proficient, is not an all-sufficient qualification in an editor of 'Marco Polo.'

Before we proceed to comment on this edition of Colonel Yule's, which is unquestionably a very great honour to this country, we must express our conviction that the editor was led to undertake so momentous a task by his having previously prepared for the Hakluyt Society a most valuable cognate work, entitled 'Cathay, and the Way Thither.' This work itself was a marvel of learned and laborious research. It dealt with the asteroids, so to speak, of mediæval Eastern travel, in comparison with whom Marco Polo was a star of the first magnitude. It was a fitting type of the work which was to follow, and well has the antitype answered to the promise. Colonel Yule's 'Marco Polo' is literally a storehouse, nay more, it is a perfect mine of wealth of Oriental geography and history, both ancient and modern. For the purification and completeness of the text itself, no less than seventy-five MS. copies of the work have been hunted up and enumerated by the editor, the greater number of which have passed under his own eyes. The result of all this investigation has been to fix Colonel Yule's decision as to the appropriateness of the form in which he presents the text to his readers.

As it is our object to illustrate Marco Polo's journeys by travels in his footsteps, we will, in order to leave the course clear for that purpose, take occasion here to express our sense of the manner in which Colonel Yule has executed his task. And

what strikes our attention at once is the amazing digestive faculty of the editor. Quantity or toughness of material seem to present no idea to him of hindrance or fatigue; they seem only incentives to his appetite. Stores of knowledge, linguistic, historical, geographical, and purely literary, ranging severally over times both ancient and modern, over countries both Asiatic and European: stores of facts, sought out with speculative keenness and unflagging industry amongst manuscripts in comparatively little known European libraries, requiring personal visits for their examination; correspondence abundant with distant parts of the world; all this effort has been brought to bear on the illustration of these volumes. If a nut has to be cracked, and nuts are plentiful in the locality, the molars are strong, and the incisors are sharp. Difficulties only apparent, yet suggestive to some minds of serious obstacles to belief, have the fluff swept off them by the free hand of a vigorous common sense, while real difficulties are removed by the solvent power of learning, sagacity, and acumen. And let not the reader fall into the error, by no means uncommon, of supposing that, where a great machinery has been brought into play for the completion of a work, the work itself must be something formidable to approach. The perfection of the mechanism of a watch does not diminish, but increase, its utility and the pleasure of its use to the possessor. But should any reader take an interest in the examination of the works, Colonel Yule has amply supplied him with the means. Calendars of documents, recensions of the text, lists of manuscripts and principal editions, titles of books cited, maps and pictorial illustrations in plenty, and, above all, a most welcome index of forty pages, are calculated, in addition to the other editorial helps of which we have spoken, to meet the requirements of every class of student. The whole work is a noble monument of earnest labour and graceful thought, and, thanks to the liberality of the publisher, as refined and costly in its execution as it is handsome in its proportions. No less than seventeen maps and plans and ninety pictorial illustrations of the most life-like and instructive character enrich the book.

If there be a point in which Colonel Yule has laid himself open to unfriendly criticism, it is that, in his love of antiquarian investigation, he has indulged both himself and his readers with occasional digressions; as, for instance, one of considerable length on the war-galleys of the Middle Ages, suggested simply by the sea-fight off Curzola in which Marco Polo was captured by the

Genoese. If, under severe judgment, this rich and valuable contribution to our knowledge should be decided to be a fault, we confess that we shrink from the ingratitude of adding our voice to the vote.

In running over the nearly 900 pages of material such as we have described, it is obvious that we must pass by a vast amount of interesting matter, for which recourse must be had by the reader to the volumes themselves. We may not even dwell on all the loving labour that Colonel Yule has bestowed on the elucidation of the ancestry, the nobility, the kith and kin of the Polo family, down to Marco himself, of whose will he gives a photographic facsimile.

The travellers started from Acre about November, 1271, and first made their way to the Persian Gulf, intending no doubt to proceed eastward by sea. Their route lay through Ayas and Sivas, and thence by Mardin, Mosul, and Bagdad to Hormuz.

At Mosul, says Marco, 'all the cloths of gold and silk that are called Mosolins are made'—a proof that 'muslin' had a very different meaning from what it now has. In the middle of last century it seems to have been applied to a strong cotton made at Mosul. His account of Georgia is very curious. He speaks of a convent of nuns in Georgia near which is a great lake, at the foot of a mountain, in which no fish are found except during Lent, which, of course, was looked upon as a great miracle. As a natural explanation of this, M. Khanikof relates that in the district of Akhaltziké, in Western Georgia, a lake was shown him which was said to possess the same miraculous property, but on examination he found the mystery solved by the fact that the lake's level rose through the melting of the snows at the season of Lent, and the surplus water carried off the large fish into the river Kour, so that in summer there were none to be caught in the lake, and in the winter the lake itself was frozen over.

'In Kerman,' Polo tells us, 'are produced the stones called turquoises in great abundance; they are found in the mountains, where they are extracted from the rocks. There are also plenty of veins of steel and *ondanique*.' Ouseley quotes a MS. on precious stones, which mentions Shebavek in Kerman as the site of a turquoise mine, doubtless Shahr-i-Babek, about 100 miles west of the city of Kerman, where Abbott states that there is a mine of these stones, now abandoned. Although iron-mines are not noticed by modern travellers in Kerman, Edrisi says that excellent iron was produced in the cold mountains north-west of Jiruft, i. e. somewhere south of the capital;

and the 'Jihán Numá,' or 'Great Turkish Geography,' says that the steel-mines of Niris on the borders of Kerman were famous. They are also spoken of by Teixeira. *On-daniqué* or *andanic* is an expression for which no explanation has been found except from Ramusio, who states that the Persian merchants, who visited Venice, all agreed in telling him that it was a sort of steel of such surpassing value and excellence that mirrors or swords made of it were regarded like precious jewels. 'The popular view in the middle ages,' says Colonel Yule, 'seems to have regarded *steel* as a distinct natural species, the product of a necessarily different ore from iron, and some such view is, I suspect, still common in the East. An old Indian officer told me of the reply of a native friend to whom he had tried to explain the conversion of iron into steel—"What? you would have me believe that if I put an ass into the furnace, it will come forth a horse?"'

The geography of the route from Kerman to Hormuz presents problems of very great interest. Since Marco's time no European traveller has been known to take the direct route from Kerman to Hormuz, or Bunder Abassi, its nearest modern representative, but a route eastward of this line and leading through the plain of Jiruft was followed partially by Mr. Abbott in 1850, and completely by Major R. M. Smith, R.E., in 1866. An abstract of Major Smith's 'Itinerary' corresponds in total number of marches with that of Polo. In speaking of the plain of Reobarles, through which the route lay, Marco Polo says that 'the fruits are dates, pistachioes, and apples of Paradise, *with others not found in our cold climate*; and there is a kind of bird called francolin, but different from the francolins of other countries, being black and white, with vermilion feet and beak.' He also speaks of 'the oxen as very large and all over white as snow, with horns short and thick, and between the shoulders a round hump some two palms high. There are no handsomer creatures in the world. When they have to be loaded they kneel like the camel, and rise when the load is adjusted; and their load is heavy, for they are very strong animals. Then there are sheep as big as asses, and their tails are so large and fat, that one tail shall weigh some 30 lbs. They afford capital mutton.' The 'apples of Paradise' are plantains. Mr. Abbott, who has verified all Polo's statements as above quoted, speaks of this southern district as 'the Ghermseer or Hot Region, where the temperature of winter resembles that of a charming spring, and where the palm, orange, and lemon-tree

flourish.' Major Smith says that the francolin here spoken of, is the *darráj* of the Persians, the black partridge of English sportsmen, sometimes called the red-legged francolin. The *darráj* is found in some parts of Egypt, where its peculiar call is interpreted by the peasantry into certain Arabic words, meaning, 'Sweet are the corn-ears! Praised be the Lord!' In India, Baber tells us, the call of the black partridge was less piously rendered—'Shir dáram shakrak!' 'I've got milk and sugar!' The humped oxen of this part of Persia are mentioned by Abbott, but Polo has exaggerated the size, as he has also that of the fat-tailed sheep well known in many parts of Asia and Africa.

But there are other inhabitants of this plain of a temper very different from these docile humped oxen, or the fat-tailed sheep as big as a jackass, that afford capital mutton. Many of the villages have high mud walls as a defence against the hordes of banditti, called *Caranahs* (*Karahunahs*), that is, sons of Indian mothers by Tartar fathers. When these robbers meditate a raid, they cast by enchantment a thick darkness over a space of seven days' journey, and then harry the country in bands of about 10,000 riders abreast, so as to extend across the whole of the fated district, and catch every man, woman, or beast outside of the walled towns. The old men they butcher, the young men and women they sell for slaves. The chief of these scoundrels, Nogodar, took advantage of the absence of his uncle Chagatai, the brother of the great Khan, in Greater Armenia, to attach to himself a large body of horsemen, with which he conquered the provinces of Badashan and Cashmeer, and then entering India, took possession of the province of Dalivar, apparently Lahore. Polo himself was nearly caught in one of the dark expeditions, but escaped with seven companions into a village called Conosalmi. The remainder of his party were either sold or put to death.

The magical darkness produced by the *Karahunahs* is explained by Khanikof as *Dry Fog*, which he has often experienced in Khorassan, combined with the *Dust Storm*, with which we are familiar in Upper India. In Sind these phenomena often produce a great degree of darkness. The belief that in times of conflict they were opportunely produced by enchantment was a thoroughly Tartar one.

The account of Hormuz which for Marco Polo is tolerably full, presents no difficulties but his description of the ships that frequented the port is worthy of notice:—'Their ships are wretched affairs, for as they have no iron to make nails of, they only use

wooden trenails in shipbuilding, and stitch the planks with twine made from the bark of the Indian nut. This does not corrode in sea water, but will not stand well in storms, of which there are many in the Indian Sea. Hence many vessels are lost. The ships are not pitched, but are rubbed with fish oil. They have one mast, one sail, one rudder, and no deck. The cargo is covered with hides, on the top of which are placed the horses which they take to India for sale.' 'Stitched vessels,' Sir Bartle Frere says, 'are still used. I have seen them of 200 tons burden; but they are being driven out by iron-fastened vessels, as iron gets cheaper, except where, as on the Malabar and Coromandel coasts, the pliancy of a stitched boat is useful in a surf. Till the last few years, when steamers have begun to take all the best horses bound to Bombay, almost all came in the way Marco Polo describes.' It may fairly be assumed that Hormuz, the old site of which on the mainland Colonel Yule has been able to identify by the aid of Colonel Pelly, had been intended as the place for the traveller's embarkation for India, but that this unpromising character of the ships put an end to the project. Accordingly, we are led back by Kerman to a large town called 'Cobinan, where they make steel mirrors, of great size and beauty, and also prepare Tutia (tutty) a thing very good for the eyes, and Spodium.' Mr. Abbott has verified Kooch Benan, as a hilly district of Kerman, lying in the mountains east-south-east from a caravanserai ten miles south-east of Gudran, an awkward mode of orientation, but the best at command. There is certainly now no place in the district deserving the title of a great city, and Polo's expression was doubtless an exaggeration.

Eight days from Cobinan is the province of Tonocain, a name which Malte Brun, *père*, was the first to derive from the names of the two cities 'Tun' and 'Kain'—

'Where the Arbre Sol, or, as the Christians call it, the Arbre Sec, grows in an immense plain. It is tall and thick, with green bark on one side and white on the other. It bears a rough husk like a chestnut, but empty. The wood is yellow, like box, and very strong, and there are no other trees within a hundred miles of it, except on one side, where there are trees about ten miles off. And there, the people of the country tell you, was fought the battle between Alexander and Darius.'

On the subject of this notable tree, Colonel Yule has dilated learnedly and interestingly, to the extent of eleven pages. He has no hesitation in pronouncing it the Chinár, or Oriental Plane, but gathers from

the whole tenour of the passage that some eminent individual Chinár is meant. The name varies in different texts. Thus we have 'Arbre Seul,' 'Arbre Sec,' and 'Arbre Sol;' but if we take the result of the analysis, we find the general bearing of the text to be—'The Tree of the Sun [otherwise] called the Dry Tree;' and if any doubt remained on the point, the repeated reference to the Book of Alexander must remove it, for in that legendary History the Tree of the Sun is prominent. We will not here enter into the subject of the Alexandrian romance or the Christian legend of the Dry Tree, for Polo has mixed up both. Colonel Yule thinks that the actual tree referred to was one of those, so frequent in Persia, to which a character of sanctity had attached. One is mentioned by the Persian geographer Hamdallah as having been the staff of Mahomet, and being after many generations deposited in the grave of a holy man named Abu Abdallah Dásitáni, at Bostam, in Khorassan, it struck root and put forth branches. Its name in Persian was literally 'The Dry Tree.' Without making this a ground for determining the site of Polo's Arbre Sec, Colonel Yule is inclined, for a variety of reasons, to place it in the vicinity of Bostam or Damghan. Were it not for the prominent occurrence of the 'Tree of the Sun' in the Alexandrian romance, we confess that we should have felt inclined to fall in with the view of M. Khanikof in adopting the reading 'Arbre Seul.' The following observation by him is very pertinent. 'Where the Chinár is of spontaneous growth, or occupies the centre of a vast and naked plain, this tree is even in our own day invested with a quite exceptional veneration, and the locality often comes to be called "The place of the Solitary Tree."'

Three chapters are dedicated by Polo to the 'Old Man of the Mountain,' named Aloadin, who in former days dwelt in Mulehet, a name which means Place of the Aram. His story in brief is as follows: He caused a certain valley to be enclosed and turned into a Paradise, supplied with everything that could charm the senses, according to Mahomet's description. It had only one entrance, strongly fortified. To this Paradise he introduced youths from twelve to twenty years old, such as were fitted for his purposes, after have given them a sleeping potion so that they did not know how they came there. These youths were called Ashishin, and when the Old Man had occasion for them, he had them taken away in the same state that they were brought in. He then sent them forth with orders to slay any

of his enemies whom he wished to destroy, promising them Paradise whether they lived or died.

In 1252, Alaü, Lord of the Tartars of the Levant, after a three years' siege, put an end to the Old Man and his villainies. The allusion is to the Dynasty of the Ismaelites, an heretical secession from Islam, whose chiefs had their head-quarters at Alamüt (Eagle's Nest) about thirty-two miles north of Kaswin, and had established fortresses of great strength all over the territory. De Sacy has shown that they were called Hashashin from their use of the preparation of hemp called Hashish, and from their system of murder and terrorism we derive the word 'assassin.' There is no difficulty in identifying the Mulehet of Polo with Alamüt, in Mazanderan. The once formidable fort was visited by Colonel Monteith in 1831, and a circumstantial account is given in the third volume of the 'Journal of the Royal Geographical Society,' p. 15. Boccaccio had perhaps read Marco. In the Decameron, Day 3, Nov. 8, a profligate abbot administers to an inconvenient personage a powder of marvellous efficacy, which in the East he had got from a great prince, who declared it to be the same that the Old Man of the Mountain used to employ when he wished to transport any one in sleep into or out of his Paradise.

The murders, or attempts at murder, ascribed to these Ismaelite emissaries were notorious all over the East. Colonel Yule enumerates no less than nineteen notable examples between A.D. 1092 and 1272, including two attempts to murder the great Saladin in 1164 and 1176; an attempt to murder Conrad of Montferrat, titular King of Jerusalem, in 1192; and, last of all, an attempt to murder Prince Edward of England at Acre. Polo's 'Alaü, Lord of the Tartars of the Levant,' is Hulaku, the brother of Mangu Khan, who sent him on this mission. Remusat, in his 'Nouveaux Mélanges,' and M. Pauthier, in his 'Introduction,' have given an account of the expedition taken from the Chinese.

From Alamüt, Marco Polo carries his reader without stopping to Sepourgan, which the similarity of sound has made commentators agree in identifying with Shibrgán, some ninety miles west of Balkh. Polo speaks of the melons of Sapurgan as the best in the world, and says they preserve them by paring them round and round into strips and drying them in the sun; when dry they are sweeter than honey, and are carried off for sale all over the country. Quatremère quotes a history of Herat, in which the dried melons of Shibrgán are

mentioned almost in Polo's words, and Ibu Batuta, speaking of the melons of Khwarizm, says there is no dried fruit so delicious.

Thence to Balkh, where, according to Polo, Alexander married a daughter of Darius, and where the ruins of many fine palaces and buildings of marble still remained. Ibu Batuta, sixty years after Marco's visit, speaks of the remains of its mosques and colleges, and the painted walls traced with azure. Burnes estimates the circuit of the ruins at twenty miles. Here, Polo says, is the end of the Empire of the Tartar Lord of the Levant, and this city is the limit of Persia in the direction between east and north-east. He then abruptly says, 'Now let us quit this city, and I will tell you of another country called Dogana.' But what Dogana is, is a puzzle even to Colonel Yule, and although M. Khanikof proposes a solution of the difficulty, quoting the Arab geographers Yakút and Ishtakri as his authorities, we confess that neither in Yakút nor Ishtakri do we find the information quoted; so perhaps here may lie the reason why Colonel Yule ignored the whole thing.

From Balkh by Talican Polo takes his reader to Casem, the position of which Colonel Yule ascertained from Pundit Manphul, an intelligent Hindoo gentleman, sometime resident agent of the Punjab Government in Badakshan. It lies on the right bank of the river Mashhad, a tributary of the Kokcha, and was, in 1866, the seat of a district ruler under the Mir of Badakshan, styled the Mir of *Kishm*. Three days' journey from Casem brings us to Badashan, or Badakshan, 'a great kingdom whose royalty is descended from Alexander, and the daughter of King Darius,' 'and all these kings call themselves in the Saracen tongue Zulcarniain (Alexander), out of regard for Alexander the Great.' Colonel Yule points out that Zú'l'karnain, 'The Two Horned,' is an Arabic epithet of Alexander, probably derived from the horned portraits on his coins, and occurs in Chaucer's 'Troilus and Cressida,' iii. 931, in the sense of *non plus* :—

'I am till God me better minde send,
At *dulcarnon*, right at my wittes end.'

It is said to have still colloquial existence, in that sense in some corners of England. The use is said to have arisen from the Arabic application of the term (*Bicornes*) to the 47th Proposition of Euclid.

Polo says, 'it is in this province that those fine and valuable gems, the Balas rubies, are found. There is but one special mountain that produces them, called Syghinan. There is also in the same country another moun-

tain in which azure is found.' Ibu Batuta says, 'the mountains of Badakshan have given their name to the Badakshi ruby, vulgarly called "al Balaksh." Chaucer says:—

'No sapphire in Inde, no Rubie rich of price,
There lacked than, nor Emeraud so grene,
Balis, Turkès, ne thing to my device.'

—*Court of Love.*

The locality of the mines is on the right bank of the Oxus, in the district of Ish Kásham and on the borders of Shighnan, the Syghinan of the text. Colonel Yule tells us the mines of Lájwurd (whence *l'Azur* and *Lazuli*) have been, like the ruby mines, celebrated for ages. They lie in the upper valley of the Kokcha, within the tract called Yángán, of which the popular etymology is Hamah-Kán, or "All Mines," and were visited by Captain Wood in 1838. The produce now is said to be of very inferior quality, and in quantity from 30 to 60 poods (36 lbs. each) annually. The best quality sells at Bokhara at 30 to 60 tillas, or 12 to 24 pounds the pood (Pundit Manphul). Surely it is ominous, Colonel Yule continues, when a British agent, writing of Badakshan products, finds it natural to express weights in Russian poods. The following passage occurs only in Ramusio's text of 'Marco Polo;' but, as Colonel Yule truly remarks, it would be heresy to doubt its genuine character, and the country is of such high geographical interest and so little known that we have a pleasure in quoting it:—

'Those mountains are so lofty that 'tis a hard day's work, from morning till evening to get to the top of them. On getting up, you find an extensive plain, with great abundance of grass and trees, and copious springs of pure water running down through rocks and ravines. In those brooks are found trout and many other fish of dainty kinds: and the air in those regions is so pure, and residence there so healthful, that when the men who dwell below in the towns, and in the valleys and plains, find themselves attacked by any kind of fever or other ailment that may hap, they lose no time in going to the hills; and after abiding there two or three days, they quite recover their health through the excellence of that air. And Messer Marco said he had proved this by experience; for when in those parts he had been ill for about a year, but as soon as he was advised to visit that mountain, he did so and got well at once.'

Colonel Yule says—

'Mark's recollection of the delight of convalescence in such a climate seems to lend an unusual enthusiasm and felicity to his description of the scenery;'

but Burnes tells us that at Kunduz both natives and foreigners spoke rapturously of

the vales of Badakshan, its rivulets, romantic scenes, and glens, its fruits, flowers, and nightingales.

Truly it is a pity that we do not know more of this exquisite country. The great ladies of this kingdom, Marco says, all wear drawers made of cotton cloth, and into the making of these some will put 60, 80, and even 100 ells of stuff. This they do to make themselves look large in the hips, for the men of those parts think that to be a great beauty in a woman. The fashion seems to have travelled westwards.

The next chapter on the Pamir is one of the most interesting in the book, and contains, as Colonel Yule says, one of its most splendid anticipations of modern exploration; while conversely Captain John Wood's narrative presents the most brilliant confirmation in detail of Marco's description. In brief it runs thus:—

'Twelve days' journey east and north-east of Badashan is a small province of about three days' journey in all directions, called Vokhan. The people are Mahometans, and speak a peculiar language, and are governed by a None or Count under the Prince of Badashan. Three days' ride north-east through the mountains brings you to what is supposed to be the highest place in the world. On this height is a great lake between two mountains out of which flows a fine river through a plain so fertile that its pastures fatten a thin beast in ten days. Among other beasts found here are large wild sheep with horns of six palms in length, of which the shepherds make bowls to eat from and folds for the cattle at night. They also made large heaps of them by the wayside to guide travellers when snow was on the ground. The plain is called Pamier, and is twelve days' journey across; so barren that travellers have to take with them all they need, and so cold that there are no birds, and even fire burns less brightly and cooks less effectually. Forty days' journey east-north-east carries one through a desolate country called Bolor, whose inhabitants are savage idolaters, living high up in the mountains and subsisting entirely by the chase.'

From the Pamir Polo descended upon Kashgar. Why he should say that it was subject to the Great Khan is difficult to understand, except in a loose and general sense. He acknowledges Yarkand to belong to Kaidu, the boundary between whose territory and the Khan's lay between Karashahar and Kamul, much further east. Kashgar was at the time a Metropolitan see of the Nestorian Church. From Kashgar, Polo brings us to Yarkand. Great as is the interest now attaching to the name, from motives to which modern progress has given a peculiar importance, he says but little of it. More than three hundred years transpired

from the time of Marco Polo before any European traveller, whose narrative has reached us, made the ascent through Badakshan to the plateau of Pamir and the descent to Yarkand. Benedict Goës, a native of Villa Franca, in the Island of St. Michael in the Azores, after a youth of dissipation in the Portuguese Indian service, seized with remorse, entered the order of Jesuits as a lay-coadjutor. In 1594 a mission was sent to the Court of Akbar, at the King's own request, consisting of Jerome Xavier, nephew of the illustrious St. Francis, Benedict Goës, and a Portuguese priest, named Emanuel Pinner. While they were at the Court of Lahore, an old Mahometan merchant arrived from the kingdom of Xetaia, where he had resided for thirteen years at Cambalu, the royal residence. On Akbar asking how he had got admission into the empire, he said it was under the character of an ambassador from the King of Caygar (Kashgar). He further stated that the greater number of the people were Isaunitæ, *i. e.* Christians or followers of Jesus, many were Mussaunitæ, *i. e.* Jews or followers of Moses, and some were Mahomedans. Xavier, suspecting in this account the Cathay and Cambalu of Marco Polo, learned from this merchant and others at Agra that they were in the habit of going from Lahore to Cashmeer, and thence by the kingdom of Rebat (probably Thibet) to Kashgar, from which there was a direct route to China, and became satisfied that the country in question was Polo's Cathay. At the close of 1602, or beginning of 1603, Goës left Agra on an exploratory mission, and so far accomplished his journey successfully as to reach the frontier city of Suchen, where he was detained seventeen months, and died a few days after the arrival of a Christian messenger with supplies from the celebrated Father Ricci at Pekin. As one of his brethren has worded his epitaph, 'seeking Cathay, he found Heaven.' Unfortunately much obscurity hangs over that section of Goës journey which lies between Cabool and Yarkand.

Colonel Yule believes that Goës' route was substantially the same as that followed by Captain John Wood, of the Indian navy, on his famous journey to the Sources of the Oxus, in 1838, *viz.* from West to East, in the direction of the sources of the Yarkand River, and passing two or more of the ridges that buttress the Bolor on the East, descending on Yanghi-Hissar, a city intermediate between Kashgar and Yarkand; while Polo's party seem to have travelled north in the length of the steppe for twelve days, probably following so far the route of Abdul

Mejid in 1860, and then descended upon Kashgar. Unfortunately Goës' diary was lost, and the only record of his important journey which survives is a meagre narrative, drawn up apparently by Matthew Ricci himself, from some fragments of Goës notebook, combined with the statements of his comrade Isaak, the Armenian, and subsequently published by Trigault, in the work entitled '*De Christianâ Expeditione apud Sinas.*' Had the diary survived, it would probably have been by far the most valuable geographical record in any European language on the subject of these imperfectly-known countries. Of routes over the Bolor Tagh and high table-land of Pamir between Badakshan and Kashgar, the only notices accessible are: those of the Chinese pilgrims of the early centuries—these brief but pregnant sketches of Marco Polo, so singularly corroborated, even to minutia, in our own day by Captain Wood—and the fragmentary memoranda of Benedict Goës. Burnouf regarded the term Pamir as a contraction of Upá Méru, 'the country above Mount Meru,' and in this direct association of the name with the holiest spot in the Brahminical Cosmogony, Sir Henry Rawlinson believes that the geographical indications of the Purānas point to Pamir as the site of the primeval Aryan Paradise. To the great altitude of the plateau and to the existence of the lake upon its surface we have very old testimony. The Chinese pilgrims, Hwui Seng and Sung Yun, who passed this way A.D. 518, inform us that these high lands of the Tsung Ling were commonly said to be midway between heaven and earth. The more famous Huen Tshang, who came this way nearly 120 years later (about 644), on his return to China says:—

'This valley is 1000 *li* (about 200 miles) from east to west, and 100 *li* (20 miles) from north to south, and lies between two snowy ranges in the centre of the Tsung Ling Mountains. The traveller is annoyed by sudden gusts of wind, and the snow-drifts never cease, spring or summer. As the soil is almost constantly frozen, you see but a few miserable plants, and no crops can live. In the middle of the valley is a great lake 800 *li* (60 miles) from east to west, and 500 *li* from north to south. This stands in the centre of Jambadwipa (the Buddhist *dvīpa*), on a plateau of prodigious elevation. An endless variety of creatures people its waters. When you hear the murmur and clash of its waves, you think you are listening to the noisy hum of a great market, in which vast crowds of people are mingling in excitement. . . . The lake discharges to the west, and a river runs out of it in that direction and joins the Postu (Oxus). The lake likewise discharges to the east, and a great river runs out, which flows eastwards to the

western frontier of Kiesha (Kashgar), where it joins the river Sita, and runs eastward with it into the sea.'

Colonel Yule remarks that the story of an Eastern outflow from the lake is no doubt legend, connected with an ancient Hindu belief in a plurality of rivers having a common source. In a later form of the same tradition, reported by Burnes, the Oxus, Jaxartes, and Indus are all believed to rise in the Sirikul or Pamir. Wood's account is—

'After quitting the frozen surface of the river, we ascended a low hill, which apparently bounded the valley to the eastward. On surmounting this at 8 P.M. of the 19th February, 1838, we stood, to use a native expression, upon the *Bām-i-Duniāh* or "Roof of the World," while before us lay stretched a noble but frozen sheet of water, from whose western end issued the infant river of the Oxus. This fine lake (Sirikul) lies in the form of a crescent about fourteen miles long from east to west, by an average breadth of one mile. On three sides it is bordered by swelling hills about 500 feet high, while along its southern bank they rise into mountains 8590 feet above the lake, or 19,000 feet above the sea, and covered with perpetual snow, from which never-failing source the lake is supplied. Its elevation measured by the temperature of boiling water is 15,600 feet.'

Goës, who crossed in the autumn of 1803, speaks of the great cold and desolation, and the difficulty of breathing. The British agent, Abdul Mejid, who passed it on his way to Kokan in 1861, says:—

'Fourteen weary days were occupied in crossing the steppe; the marches were long, depending on uncertain supplies of grass and water, which sometimes wholly failed; food for man and beast had to be carried with the party, for not a trace of human habitation is to be met with in those inhospitable wilds. The steppe is interspersed with tamarisk jungle and the wild willow, and in the summer with tracks of high grass.'

Whatever the aspect of the plain may be, as shown in these descriptions, the fattening character of the pasture is quite sustained by later evidence. Timkowski heard that the pasturage of Pamir is so luxuriant and nutritious, that if horses are left on it for more than forty days they die of repletion, and Wood says—'The grass of Pamir, they tell you, is so rich that a sorry horse is here brought into good condition in less than twenty days, and its nourishing qualities are evidenced in the productiveness of their ewes, which almost invariably bring forth two lambs at a birth.'

Polo's great sheep has received from Blyth the name of *Ovis Poli*. The follow-

ing are the dimensions of a pair of horns sent by Wood to the Royal Asiatic Society. Length of one horn on the curve, four feet eight inches; round the base, fourteen and a quarter inches; distance of tips apart, three feet nine inches. It appears to be the same as the *Rass*, of which Burnes heard that the horns were so big that a man could not lift a pair, and that foxes bred in them; also, that the carcase formed a load for two horses. Wood says that these horns supply shoes for the Kirghiz horses, and also a good substitute for stirrup-irons. The following statement, by Wood, is a remarkable confirmation of Polo:—

'We saw numbers of horns strewed about in every direction, the spoils of the Kirghiz hunter. Some of these were of an astonishingly large size, and belonged to an animal of a species between a goat and a sheep, inhabiting the steppes of Pamir. *The ends of the horns projecting above the snow often indicated the direction of the road, and wherever they were heaped in large quantities and disposed in a semi-circle, there our escort recognised the site of a Kirghiz summer encampment.*

With regard to the effect of the great cold upon fire, Humboldt says that he himself has often experienced, when investigating the boiling-point of water, how the flames disperse and leap about at similar altitudes in the Cordilleras of the Andes. Major Montgomerie, of the Indian Survey, who, as Colonel Yule says, has probably passed more time nearer the heavens than any man living, writes to him as follows:—

'What Marco Polo says as to fire at great altitudes not cooking so effectually as usual is perfectly correct as far as anything *boiled* is concerned; but I doubt if it is as to anything *roasted*. We found that rice, *dāl*, and potatoes would never soften properly, no matter how long they were boiled. This of course was due to the boiling-point being only from 170° to 180°. Our tea, moreover, suffered from the same cause, and was never good when we were over 15,000 feet. This was very marked. Some of my natives made dreadful complaints about the rice and *dāl* that they got from the village-heads in the valleys, and vowed that they only gave them what was very old and hard, as they could not soften it.'

But it is desirable that we should here say something in a more categorical form of what has in recent times been done in the way of attempts at exploring, or advancing towards the exploration of the Pamir stoppe. Having already more than once had occasion to refer to Lieutenant Wood, we will briefly state that in 1836 he accompanied Alexander Burnes in his mission to Cabool, and afterwards performed one of the most remarka-

ble journeys that has ever been undertaken in Central Asia. He made a survey of the Indus from its mouth to Attock. At Kalabagh, the point where the Indus escapes from the Salt Range, he found it impossible to stem the current. Undaunted by the difficulty, he landed and went by forced marches to Attock; thence descending the river, he completed his survey amidst the falls and rapids. After reaching Cabool, he crossed the mountains to Khunduz, and was eventually the first European, after Marco Polo and Benedict Goss, who ever reached the *Bam-i-dunya*, or Roof of the World. Thus in 1838 Wood discovered the source of the Oxus, on the margin of the Pamir Steppe, and for this splendid achievement he was rewarded with the Patron's gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society. At about the same time Lieutenant Wyburd, of the Indian navy, penetrated into Central Asia, but his fate still remains a mystery. We all remember but only too sadly how the heroic and accomplished Hayward—of whose noble qualities as a traveller, even the tongue of detraction can only suggest that his pluck may have exceeded his prudence—after having penetrated, *via* Ladakh to Yarkand and Kashgar, discovering the Yangi Pass in the Kuen Lun range which was far easier than the Sanju Pass previously known, explored the sources of the Yarkand River, near the Karakoram Pass, and prepared maps which it was hoped would throw a new light on the configuration of the dividing ranges of mountains. Not content with this, he had resolved, if possible, to cross the passes at the head of Gilgit on to the Pamir, but was murdered on the road to Darkut, in August, 1870. But although we have been thus deprived of the complete map of the hydrography of the Pamir lands, which we might have hoped for from the skill and energy for which Hayward had shown himself so remarkable; yet we had received from him a valuable itinerary, accompanied by his own remarks, of the route from Jellalabad to Yarkand, through Chitral, Badakshan, and the Pamir Steppe, given by the Yarkand merchant, Mahomed Amin, the same person who had been guide to the unfortunate Adolph Schlagintweit, who was murdered in Kashgar in 1857. Another native explorer, Ibrahim Khan, had been sent by Mr. Forsyth from Cashmere, in anticipation of Mr. Hayward's visit; and had actually made the detour by Gilgit, Yassin, and the Darkut Pass, to the valley of the Oxus, which was contemplated by the English traveller, rejoining the head-quarters of the mission at Yarkand; an account of his journey has been published in the 'Proceedings

of the Royal Geographical Society,' vol. xv. No. 5. This journey will form an important link in uniting Hayward's surveys with those of one of Major Montgomerie's native explorers, known as 'the Mirza,' of whom we shall make mention presently, and whose observations have considerably rectified Mr. Hayward's accounts of the hydrography of Kashgar.

Mr. Johnson, an officer of the English Survey, had, in 1865, already indicated a route from Ilchi round the Kuen Lun mountains on to the Chang-Thang plains, by which, as he asserted, wheel carriages could pass from the Himalayas direct into the plains of Central Asia. In his own journey, however, he crossed the great range by two very difficult passes; and the reported level region to the eastward still remains one of the unsolved problems of Central Asian Geography. Johnson's route was improved upon by Hayward, who, in November, 1868, discovered an easier road down the upper valley of the Karakash. About the same time Mr. Shaw, a tea-planter at Kangra, followed the route to Shadulla traced by Johnson. Thanks to the energetic measures taken by Mr. Forsyth (the Government Commissioner appointed to superintend the trade of Northern India), to propitiate the Kushbegie of Eastern Turkistan, this able traveller succeeded in carrying his caravan of merchandise from Leh into the Yarkand territory by a route that had never been made available before. The description of this journey has been recently published under the title cited at the head of the present article. Irrespective of the high importance, geographically, of the countries traversed, the narrative is full of pictures. Mr. Shaw's power as a penman is very great, and his style in description most graphic. There is a vigour and definiteness in his drawing, and a vividness in his colouring, which bring a scene before the eye as clearly as if one were bodily present. His work contains several illustrations of Marco Polo, which we are glad to have occasion to adduce.

Mr. Shaw happened to reach Yarkand at the same time as Mr. Hayward. Although the simultaneous arrival of these two Englishmen was calculated to alarm the Yarkandis, the Kushbegie, who had assumed the title of Ataligh Ghazee, or Leader of the Faithful, treated them with kindness, and expressed to Mr. Shaw his great desire to be on friendly terms with England. The travellers were greatly surprised at the civilisation, wealth, and prosperity of the people, who are essentially mercantile, and who spoke eagerly of trading with India. The intelligence and industry exhibited in the country,

as described by Mr. Shaw, is truly wonderful. It is a perfect network of canals, which are felt to be so important, that even the ruler himself was, during Mr. Shaw's stay at Kashgar, engaged personally in the construction of one, working often with his own hands to encourage the soldiers engaged upon it. New roads are being made and bridges erected. Rest-houses for travellers and wells in the desert are being constructed. The Ataligh Ghazee at the same time propitiates the religious classes of his subjects by a strict enforcement of the laws of Islām, and by the building and endowment of colleges and mosques. Such is the ruler who now governs Eastern Turkistan. After his return to England in January, 1870, Mr. Shaw again went out to join Mr. Forsyth on a friendly mission from the Viceroy of India to the Ataligh Ghazee at Kashgar. From the absence of the latter on a warlike expedition, the mission was not successful in its primary object, but Mr. Forsyth utilised the services of Mr. Shaw in exploring the country between the high table-land at the head of the Karakash River and the Valley of the Upper Shayok, which is one of the chief sources of the Indus. Two grand geographical discoveries were made by Mr. Shaw in this expedition; first, a watershed, so to say, imperceptible between the great river-systems of the Indus and of Central Asia, which he shows are separated by no gigantic mountain-range, but merely by a few yards of level sand, although, it is true, at a prodigious elevation, and secondly, the remarkable fact that the so-called Karakoram Range is no range at all in any correct sense of the term, to the eastward of the pass of that name. To the west of the Pass it is more correctly called the Mustagh Range; no native ever applies the word Karakoram to anything but the Pass itself. There is no continuous ridge dividing the waters of Southern and of Central Asia. The Karakoram Pass is the *lip* of an elevated plateau, situated, it is true, among enormous mountains, but not coinciding in any way with their axis. At the same *séance* of the Royal Geographical Society at which these important communications were made, was also read Major Montgomerie's Report of the Mirza's Exploration of the Route from Cabool to Kashgar, already referred to, and the result was to show, in opposition to Humboldt's theories, that the Pamir highlands were not, as had been supposed, a transverse range joining the Himalaya with the Thian Shan Mountains to the north, but were, in fact, a prolongation of the axis of the Himalaya. The Mirza's account has enlarged the width of the mountain country between the

Upper Oxus Valley and the basin of Eastern Turkistan; 'Hence it is now much easier,' says Colonel Yule, 'to account for the great number of days assigned by Marco Polo, Benedict Goës, and all the Oriental itineraries, to the passage between Eastern and Western Turkistan.' Marco Polo says of the inhabitants of Yarkand, that 'a large proportion of them have swollen legs, and great crops at the throat, which arises from some quality in their drinking-water.' And Mr. Shaw tells us that he had numerous applications for iodine as a remedy for the goitre, but the old theory which connects that disease with the close atmosphere of valleys will not hold good at Yarkand.

From Yarkand Polo proceeded by Khoten, which he calls 'Cotan,' through the provinces of Pein and Charchan, to the city of Lop and the Great Desert. Pein and Charchan were puzzles to geographers until 1870. Light was thrown upon the subject by Mr. Forsyth; he learned that there is still a town of some size named Charchand, about 450 miles east of Khoten, between which and it he reports that merchants travel by a road skirting the northern base of the Kuen Lun. It is famous for precious stones. Shaw, however, states that no caravans now visit it from Khoten, and that whereas Marco Polo represented it as inhabited by a Mussulman race, the balance of evidence is in favour of the contrary. Mr. Forsyth has found an explanation for Pein in the expression Páin Mulh, or 'lowlands,' applied to the desert country north of the cultivated tracts at the base of the Kuen Lun, a country said formerly to have contained cities now buried by sand. With respect to the city of Lop, although the lake of that name appears on all our maps from Chinese authority, no information is supplied as to a town of that name. Polo says 'it is here that travellers repose before entering on the Desert,' in crossing which he says, that 'if any one loses sight of his company, he is led astray by spirits, who imitate the voices of his comrades, and so many have been known to perish.' These goblins are not peculiar to the Gobi Desert, though that appears to be their most favoured haunt; the awe of the vast and solitary wilderness raises them in all similar localities. Colonel Yule has given an abundance of illustrations of this fact. From this desert Mr. Shaw brought home a specimen of the 'keek,' a small antelope of a new species, with lyre-shaped horns, by which the desert is frequented in large herds.

Thirty days through the desert brings Polo to the great province of Tangut, passing through which he arrives at Karakoram, near the upper course of the River Orkhon,

a city of some three miles in compass. In the days of Chinghiz it was the headquarters of his ally, and afterwards enemy, Toghrul Wang Khan, the Prester John of Polo, 'him, in fact, about whose great dominion all the world talks.' The first notice of a potentate so styled was brought to Europe by the Bishop of Gabala in Northern Syria, who came in 1145 to lay various grievances before Pope Eugene III. M. d'Avezac was the first to show to whom this account must apply, and the subject has lately been treated with great completeness and learning by Dr. Gustavus Oppert. Colonel Yule seems to retain a suspicion, contrary to the view now generally taken, that the term may from the first have belonged to the Abyssinian Prince, though circumstances led to its being applied in another quarter for a time. Several chapters are dedicated by Polo to the relations between Chinghiz and Prester John, and to the customs of the Tartars, among which latter may be specially mentioned their circular huts and waggons, made of wands, strongly bound together and covered with felt, in which they travel. Shaw says of this hut in the present day, 'The snugness of it is inconceivable, while nothing can exceed its cleanliness and neatness.'

Another remarkable item in their customs is their military organisation and mode of sustenance on rapid marches. Polo tells us that the Tartar princes in time of war appointed an officer to every ten men, one to every hundred, every thousand, and every ten thousand; so that his own orders were given to ten persons only, and each of these had to pass the orders to other ten. Every one was responsible only to the officer immediately over him. Their discipline and order were marvellous. When the army was on the march two hundred horsemen were sent in advance, and two hundred to the rear, to guard against surprise. When on distant expeditions, they took nothing with them except two leather bottles for milk, a little earthen pot for cooking, and a little tent for shelter. They would ride ten days without lighting a fire or taking a meal, sustaining themselves on the blood of their horses, opening a vein and letting the blood get into their mouths, and staunching it when they had had enough. They prepared solid milk for their journeys in this way. They boiled it, and took off the rich part, which floated, and of which they made butter, the remainder they dried in the sun. Each man took about ten pounds with him, and every morning put half a pound in his leather bottle with some water, which mixed as he rode along, and was ready for his dinner.

When they came to an engagement, they did not fight hand to hand, but rode round the enemy, shooting arrows at them, pretending to run away when it suited their purpose, and turning upon the enemy when they thought they had won the battle; their horses being wonderfully trained for this kind of warfare.

Shaw shows that the military division above described still holds good, but that the titles attaching to various grades of military officers have become somewhat confused, and have been applied to officers of civil divisions similarly constituted.

Polo does not give us any distinct idea of the line he took on entering China, but apparently he went from Kancheu to Sining, which he calls Sinju. It is the Chinese city nearest to Thibet, and the Kokonur frontier, and is called by the Thibetans Ziling or Zilin. From the statement of two Calmucks at Yarkand, whose home it was, Mr. Shaw has been enabled to form a rough estimate of the position of this important commercial city, which he places in Lat. 38° North, and Long. 90° East, or South of Lop Nor and East of Charchand.

Polo now brings us to the province and city of Tenduc, the seat of the Government of Prester John, and which Klapproth, from Chinese authorities, supposed to be identifiable with Thianté or Thianté Kiun, near the great northern bend of the Hoang-ho. Recent discoveries have placed Klapproth's name in very bad odour in the matter of correctness, and M. Pauthier finds severe fault with this identification, he himself holding Tenduc to be a corruption of Tathung in Shansi but Colonel Yule accepts Klapproth's conclusion on the ground that, while he was perfectly aware of the facts about Tathung, the general position of Thianté entirely agree with Marco's indications. The question is broad and difficult one to settle, the more so as Marco's own statements on the matter are very confused. M. Pauthier seems to us from the testimony of other travellers, to be not without a fair show of right on his side. Polo says there is here a class of people called Argons, sprung from the two races of the idolaters of Tenduc and the worshippers of Mahomed. Shaw made unpleasant acquaintance with these gentry. He says, 'Ladakh is infested with a set of ruffians called Argons, half-bred between Toorkistan fathers and Ladakh mothers. Like most half-castes they possess all the evil qualities of both races without any of their virtues.' He speaks feelingly of the trouble he was occasionally by their impositions both as to money and horse-flesh, when he endeavoured to make his exit from Ladakh. 'Here also,' says

Polo, 'is what we call the country of Gog and Magog.' It has often been complained of him that he makes no mention of the Great Wall of China, but Colonel Yule has shown that, whereas the Great Wall was known as the 'Rampart of Gog and Magog,' it may fairly be inferred that the 'Wall' was in his mind when he dictated the above expression, which would be as much as to say 'Here we are beside the Great Wall known as the Rampart of Gog and Magog.' Skirting the northern frontier of China, at length they reached the presence of the Khan at Kaiping-fu, near the base of the Khingan Mountains, and about fifty miles north of the Great Wall. This was about May, 1275. Kublai received the Venetians with great cordiality, and took kindly to young Marco, who was then about one-and-twenty. The latter applied himself to the acquisition of the languages and written characters in chief use among the multifarious nationalities included in the Khan's court and administration; but Colonel Yule adduces proof that he was ignorant of the Chinese language itself, from his mistaken rendering of Chinese names and their meaning. It is observable that whenever a place was known by a Tartar or Persian as well as a Chinese name, he never uses the latter; so that it may be inferred that, when in China, he associated more with the conquerors than with the conquered race. He devotes many chapters to a detailed description of the history, the magnificence, the exploits, and even the personal specialties of Kublai Khan, with accounts of his subjects. We can but select an item here and there. For example, he speaks of jugglers who, when the Khan is seated at table, some eight cubits from the ground, cause cups full of wine to move from their place without being touched, and to present themselves to the emperor; a subject most pleasantly illustrated by Colonel Yule from other documents. The practice of magic is more prominent in Thibetan Buddhism than in any other known form of that religion. Akin to these performances is a class of feats which, strange to say, are recounted by authors widely distant from each other both in time and place. One end of a cord is first slung up into the air with such force as to go out of sight. The juggler then climbs up the cord so swiftly that presently he also is out of sight. Soon after a leg and a hand, and, in short, all the members of the body, come tumbling down and are gathered into a basket by an accomplice. The head falls last, and no sooner reaches the ground, than the limbs, being turned out of the basket, creep together again and form a whole man, who stands up as sound as at first. This and the

basket-murder trick were witnessed in China in the middle of the fourteenth and again in the seventeenth century, and now are practised in Europe. We have seen the former performed a few years ago in the 'Pilules du Diable,' at Paris.

Colonel Yule gives us a portrait of Kublai from a Chinese engraving; but although Polo describes him as very handsome, we doubt if our English ladies will confirm the verdict. He had four empresses and a numerous harem, at least 500 maidens being brought in every other year from a Tartar tribe noted for beauty. From these a selection was made by certain old ladies who slept with them to ascertain if they had sweet breath, did not snore, and were sound in all their limbs. Six of these waited on Kublai for three days and nights, and were then relieved by six others.

Polo speaks of the Khan's hunting leopards, and also of 'eagles broken to catch wolves, foxes, deer, and wild goats, which they catch in great numbers. Those which are trained to wolf-catching are very large and powerful, and no wolf is able to escape them.' Shaw tells us that at Kargalik he 'was shown a newly-caught black eagle of the sort called "Birkoot," which are trained to catch antelopes and deer as falcons do birds. The unfortunate creature was hooded, and wrapped up, wings, talons, and all, in a sheep-skin, and this bundle was suspended (head downwards) from the man's saddle during the march. They consider this treatment has a tendency to tame the bird.' We should think so too!

Colonel Yule speaks of the lack of humour in Marco Polo. We do not agree with him. We think there are indications of a jovial soul pervading the whole *tons* of the work, where occasion admits of it. He evidently loves a good story, the more marvellous the better, and takes pleasure in retailing it. As to wit with the sparkle on it, we can imagine no process by which it may be more readily lost than in the dictation of a long narrative. The ethereal essence is uncommonly liable to evaporate in the decanting. Colonel Yule, however, recognises the occurrence of one joke in the book, relating to the Khan's paper-money. After describing the splendour of Cambaluk (Pekin), he says—'The Emperor's mint is in this city, and he seems to have the secret of alchemy in perfection, for he makes his money of the bark of the mulberry-tree, which costs him nothing. They make paper of the fine white bast or skin which lies between the wood and the bark, and this being cut into pieces of different sizes and signed and sealed by various officials, is issued with as much solemnity

and authority as if it were pure gold or silver. An immense quantity of this money is made every year, the forging of which is punished with death.' If this be a joke, it is one of the sort known as 'practical,' at which he only 'laughs who wins.' To the foreign traders who brought their valuable commodities to Cathay, the receipt of mulberry bast by way of barter, instead of commending itself as a 'merry jest,' must have proved in real earnest to be 'no joke.'

From what has been already said of Polo's linguistic attainments, it will not be wondered at that in no portion of his work is there less accuracy as to the manners and peculiarities of the people than in China Proper. He had observed in the Khan a great delight in listening to the accounts of the manners, the oddities, and the marvels of foreign countries; and when Kublai, pleased with the young man's abilities, employed him on missions in the public service, he took care to store his memory or his note-books with all the curious facts that were likely to interest the Khan on his return. His first mission, apparently, was that which carried him through the provinces of Shansi, Shensi, and Szechuen, and the wild country to the east of Thibet and the remote province of Yunnan; a region which is still very nearly a terra incognita, and in which there existed and still exists, among the deep valleys of the great rivers flowing down from Eastern Thibet and in the rugged mountain ranges bordering Yunnan and Kweichau, a vast ethnological garden, as it were, of tribes of various race and in every stage of uncivilisation. It is a country which of late years has attracted a great amount of attention from the earnest desire to promote the opening of an overland trade between Burmah and China. For many centuries a considerable land trade had been maintained between Western China and the Valley of the Irawaddi, and as early as the first half of the seventeenth century, there is some evidence that the East India Company had a factory or agent at Bhamo. Of this trade the staple export from China used to be the silk of Szechuen, and that from Burmah, cotton; but many minor articles contributed to its aggregate. This trade has been brought to a standstill by the interruption of communication between the Imperial and Mahomedan parts of the province of Yunnan, the western portion of which has established its own independence under a Sultan named Soleiman, who reigns at Talifu. The revolt has continued for nearly twenty years, and the natural effect has been that the trade by the old route from Talifu to Bhamo has ceased, and the present desideratum is to

draw a similar trade in the produce of Western China to our ports on the Bay of Bengal, and, if possible, to construct a railroad from Rangoon to the Chinese frontier beyond the Mekong, or Great Cambodia River. Several expeditions to the east and north-east of Pegu have resulted in view of this object; the most important being that despatched under Major Sladen, political agent at the Court of the King of Burmah, to visit the Mahomedan authorities in Western Yunnan, and to endeavour to bring about a re-opening of the trade. In spite of vexatious proceedings on the part of the Burmese provincial officers, Major Sladen made his way to Momien, the first city of China met with on passing that frontier from the side of the Irawaddi, he being the first European who had ever done so. He was cordially received by the Mahomedan Governor, and every goodwill was expressed for the re-establishment of trade, but as the same causes which had interrupted it still existed, nothing material could at present be done towards its revival. A year and a half before this, an exploring expedition up the Mekong River had been undertaken under the orders of the French Imperial Government. They ascended, first by boat and afterwards by land, to Kiang Hung, the point reached in 1837 by Lieutenant (now General) MacLeod, of the Madras Army, and entering the Chinese frontier at Ssemao (the Esmok of MacLeod), travelled across Southern Yunnan to the capital of the province. A detachment of the party, under Lieutenant Garnier, succeeded in reaching Talifu, but they had to leave it immediately, at the peril of their lives. The result has been, the certainty that there is no hope of using the Mekong as a commercial route from Yunnan, on account of the cataracts and long tracts of rapids that occur in its course. Much the same has been ascertained of the Salween. There remains the Irawaddi, and Major Sladen's ascent to Bhamo in the month of January would show that this river is fairly navigable to that station by steamers drawing not more than four feet of water.

Meanwhile, early in 1868, Mr. T. T. Cooper made an attempt to traverse the unknown region between the Chinese province Szechuen and Assam, but was turned back by the Chinese authorities at Bathang, after making a successful journey up the Yangtse and Taitow-ho rivers and through the frontier town of Tai-tsan-loo. He then endeavoured to cross to Burmah *via* Yunnan, but found this also impracticable. We have placed the title of his narrative, recently published, at the head of this article as illus-

trating that portion of Marco Polo's story at we have now arrived. It is one of those racy descriptions of exciting adventure which we can only look for from men of high pluck, and not too often from them. Better than this—although, from no deficiencies of his own, he was unable to complete the great task which he had proposed to himself—he knew perfectly well what he was about, and, having a definite object as a 'Pioneer of Commerce,' did uncommonly good service.

Among the recognisable places in Polo's mission is Singan-fu, formerly Changgan, the capital of Shensi, the most celebrated city in Chinese history, and the capital of several of the most potent dynasties. To the south-east of the city was an artificial lake with palaces, gardens, park, &c., originally formed by the Emperor Hiaowu, A.D. 100. It has been recently visited by Mr. Williamson, who says that the site of the palace is still to be seen, as well as a celebrated Christian inscription, still perfect, in a ruined temple outside the west gate of the city.

Another notable city is Sindafu, i.e. Ching-tufu, the capital of Szechuen, twenty miles in compass. It had a great stone bridge half a mile in length, with columns of marble bearing a richly painted timber roof from one end to the other, and on the bridge houses in which much trade was carried on. The modern French missions have a bishop there, and Mr. Wylie, who has visited it recently, says that the covered bridge with the stalls is still in existence. In speaking of the province of Caindu, in Eastern Thibet, Marco Polo tells us that 'there grows in this country a quantity of clove. The tree is a small one, with leaves like laurel, but longer and narrower, and with a small white flower like the clove.' M. Pauthier will have it that Marco was here the discoverer of Assam tea, on which Colonel Yule remarks—'Assam is, indeed, far out of our range, but Polo's notice of this plant, with the laurel-like leaf and white flower, was brought strongly to my recollection in reading Mr. Cooper's repeated notices, in this very region, of the *large-leaved tea-tree, with its white flowers*; and, again, of the hills covered with *tea-oil trees, all white with flowers*.' And a hill between Bathang and the Kinsha Kiang is called the 'Hill of the Tea Trees' (Ritter iv. 201). Still, one does not clearly see why Polo should give tea-trees the name of cloves. Colonel Yule conjectures them to be cassia-buds.

'In Thibet,' Polo says, 'their custom is that when travellers come that way, the old women take the unmarried girls and make them over to whomsoever will accept them.'

Mr. Cooper's Journal gives a startling illustration of the continuance of this custom:—

'On the banks of the Kinsha-Kiang, west of Bathang,' he says, 'we alighted at a roadside house, near a grove of walnut-trees, when to my surprise I was invited by a group of girls and two elderly women to partake of a repast under the trees. . . . Having finished, I lighted my pipe and threw myself on the grass, when after a few seconds, they brought a young girl of about fifteen, tall and very fair, placed her on the grass beside me, and forming a ring round us, began to sing and dance. The little maid, however, was bathed in tears. All this puzzled me, when Philip, the Chinese servant, with a long face, came to me, saying,—“Well, Sir, this is a bad business, they are marrying you.” Good heavens! how startled I was.'

These people of Thibet, says Polo, have mastiff dogs as big as donkeys, which are capital at seizing wild beasts. These large dogs are now well known. They would seem to have been the same that are so admirably represented in the lion-hunts on the Assyrian reliefs, and were doubtless the same as those the prowess of which against a lion, Quintus Curtius describes as exhibited by Sophites to Alexander. Mr. Cooper, at Tatsianlu, notes that the Thibetans keep very large dogs, as large as Newfoundlands. Mr. Cooper also notices the eager demand at Bathang for coral, specialised by Polo as 'being sought for by the Thibetans at a high price to hang round the necks of their women and their idols.' That ludicrous and wide-spread custom, so well illustrated by Mr. Tylor under the name of the 'Couvade,' is described by Polo as practised by the Zardandan, or 'Gold Teeth' people in Western Yunnan. When the woman has borne a child, her husband takes her place in the bed, while she gets up, attends to the household, and nurses the pseudo-invalid with the utmost care. That this practice exists in the neighbouring province of Kweichan has lately been shown from a Chinese MS. by Mr. Douglas, of the British Museum.

A very interesting pictorial illustration is supplied by Colonel Yule of a restoration of the ancient city of Pagán, in Burmah, with its towers of gold and silver (the Mien of Polo), compiled from the Colonel's own sketches on the spot.

Polo's description of China concludes with an ample notice of the magnificence of Kinsay, better known by us as Hang-chow, and of Zaiton (Chincheu), the famous seaport, principally visited at that period by navigators from the West.

The very favour in which the three Polos stood with the Khan seemed to preclude all

hope of their return to Europe, for he would not let them go, and but for a happy chance, we should have lost all account of our great mediæval traveller and his doings. An experienced escort was needed for a royal lady who had to make a voyage from China to the Court of Kublai's nephew, Arghun, Khan of Persia, whom she was to marry; and the Venetians were selected. It was an ill-starred voyage, and involved long detentions on the coast of Sumatra, and in the South of India, to which, however, we are indebted for some of the best chapters in the book; and two years elapsed before they arrived in Persia. At length, after a long stay at Tabriz, they made their way to Venice, arriving some time in 1295.

It was probably from the officers of the ships in this and in his former voyage to India that Marco Polo learned what little he knew of the great island of Zipangri, or Japan. The people were fair, gentle in their manners, and governed by their own princes. Gold—its exportation being prohibited—was so plentiful, that the roof of the prince's palace was covered with it. The prodigious opulence of this country tempted the ambition or rapacity of Kublai Khan, who, with a vast fleet and army, attempted to annex it to his empire, but without success. It was Marco's brief description of this insular *El Dorado*, which is supposed to have kindled the spirit of discovery and adventure in the great soul of Columbus. The vast islands and thickly sprinkled Archipelagoes of the Indian Ocean now successively presented themselves to our traveller, and appeared like another world. Champa (Cochin-China), with its woods of ebony; Borneo, with its spices and gold; Locach (Cambodia) with its brazil-wood, elephants, and gold; these were the new and strange countries at which they touched on the way to Java, the pearl of islands, and to Java the less, or Sumatra, an island which he describes as 2000 miles in circumference, and divided into eight kingdoms, inhabited partly by Mahomedans, though numerous savage tribes still roamed among the mountains, feeding on human flesh and every unclean animal.

One of these wild races had a very extraordinary practice:—whenever any individual was ill, his relatives enquired of the priests or magicians whether he would recover or not; if not, the patient was instantly strangled, cut in pieces, and devoured, even to the very marrow of the bones. This, they alleged, was to prevent the generation of worms in any portion of the body, which by gnawing and defacing it, would torture the soul of the dead. Strangers, from the same humane

motives, were eaten in an equally friendly way.

Here were hairy men with tails, and trees from 10 feet to 12 feet in circumference, from which a kind of meal was made. This was sago, the first specimen of which ever seen in Europe was brought to Venice by Marco Polo. The wood of the tree, which was heavy, and sunk in the water like iron, was used in making spears. From Sumatra they sailed to the Nicobar and Andaman islands, the natives of which were then, and are still, but naked savages. They next touched at Ceylon, in Marco's eyes the finest island in the world. Here no grain, except rice, was cultivated; but the country produced a profusion of oil, sesamum, palm wine, sapphires, topazes, amethysts, and rubies. Of this last kind of gem the king possessed the finest specimen in existence, as long as a man's hand, and as thick as a man's arm, and glowing like fire. From Ceylon they proceeded to Maabar, which, however, is not Malabar, but the coast of Coromandel. Here he reverts also to the old Sinbad story of diamonds lying in inaccessible valleys, upon which men throw down pieces of meat, which are pounced upon by eagles, and brought up to the hill top. When the eagles are frightened away, the diamonds are found adhering to the meat. The story is as old as the fourth century, being told, not of the diamond but of the jacinth, by St. Epiphanius, Bishop of Salamis in Cyprus. There was in Marco's time a great and noble city in Tinnevely named Cail, at which all the ships touched that came from the west. The site of this port Colonel Yule, with the aid of Dr. Caldwell, has been able to identify. Passing Cape Comorin, Polo sailed along the coasts of Malabar, where he notices the abundance of pepper and ginger; then along those of Guzerat and Cambaia, and so, across the Indian Ocean, home. In his enquiries and explorations, Marco Polo took pains to acquaint himself with the natural history of each country, and with such products as might become valuable as articles of commerce to a maritime and commercial people like the Venetians. The commerce of India he found stretching, like an immense chain, from the territories of Kublai Khan to the shores of the Persian Gulf and of the Red Sea. He traces down as far south as Madagascar the nautical explorations of the Asiatics of the Middle Ages, and suggests to us why those early navigators failed in discovering the southernmost point of Africa. 'They cannot go,' he says, 'further south than this island and that of Zanguebar, because the current draws them so strongly towards the south, that they

cannot turn back again.' The age of great maritime discovery had not yet arrived, and if the monsoons presented opportunities of boldly sailing out of sight of land, they at the same time exposed adventurous navigators to a new kind of danger, by carrying them far away to the south, across an ocean to which they found no limit. In Madagascar we meet with the fabulous story of the gigantic bird, the Rukh, the nearest illustration of which is the *Æpyornis*, the egg of which, in the British Museum, will hold nearly two gallons and a half. Colonel Yule has given in the volume a representation of this egg of the full size. The name of our root in chess is taken from that of this same bird.

We would not close this paper without one or two retrospective remarks. When Marco Polo, six centuries ago, had achieved his wonderful journey, his narrative was thought to be so full of exaggeration and untruth, that long after his death, it is said that in the Venetian masques one individual always assumed the character of Marco Milioni, to amuse the vulgar with his Munchausen-like stories. In some sense the belief was correct, especially with reference to those accounts which Polo delivered from hearsay. It is undeniable, also, that he had a tendency to describe his own experiences *overtundo*. When, however, on his death-bed, he was asked by his friends to correct his book, by removing everything that went beyond the facts, he replied that he had not told one half of what he had really seen. It has often been charged against him, that he did not mention tea, the fishing cormorant, the compressed feet of the women, &c., items which, if prominently remarkable to us, were not so to him, amid the thousand and one things that he had to record. Let the reader reflect on the amount of confirmation of his statements which the learning and the travel of recent times have produced, and we think his death-bed declaration will be accepted as true. Meanwhile, the application of that learning and that travel is due to Colonel Yule; but it is certain that no mere review can convey an adequate idea of the admirable manner in which he has dealt with his Herculean task.

3. *Pastoral Address of the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland.* Dublin, 1871.
4. *Charge to the Clergy of Armagh by the Archbishop of Armagh.* Dublin, 1871.

MR. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE recently declared at Bristol that it was the duty of the majority in Parliament, when dealing with the question of Irish education, to show great respect and consideration for Irish interests and Irish feelings. This language coming from Mr. Gladstone's late Irish Secretary, looks very like a return to the famous doctrine of Irish ideas, which was popular with the Liberal party when Mr. Gladstone took office. But, after an experiment of a year or two, the Liberal press declared that Irish ideas were 'somewhat inapprehensible;' Mr. Gladstone gave us one of those elucidations of his own rhetoric, with which he favours the world at convenient seasons; and we thought we had heard the last of governing Ireland, not according to the dictates of intelligence and common sense, but at the bidding of some one of the factions which prey upon that country.

It is argued by some supporters of the Government that Mr. Fortescue only means that the question of Irish education must be dealt with in reference to the present circumstances of Ireland. It is sought to apply to Mr. Fortescue's more emphatic language the same process of exegesis which his leader has applied to his own speech at Wigan. It is quite true that any statesman undertaking to legislate on education in Ireland is bound to keep in mind the peculiar influences at work upon Irish society, and the history of existing educational institutions in that country; but these are just the considerations which the Liberal party have shown the greatest indisposition to regard. Had Mr. Fortescue regarded them in past time, we should never have had his supplemental charter to the Queen's University in 1866, nor his letter to the National Board in the same year. Did he keep them in mind now, we should not have him talking of 'the educational services of Irish ecclesiastics.' This speech at Bristol, viewed in connection with Mr. Fortescue's acts in former years, fills us with real alarm, for it leaves no room to doubt that the Ministry are now seeking to sacrifice the educational institutions of Ireland to that one of the Irish factions which it suits them to treat as representing 'Irish interests and feelings.' Under these circumstances it is important to recall to the recollection of our readers what the State has done in Ireland for the education of the people, and briefly

- ART. X.—1. *Report of the Royal Commission of Inquiry.* 8 vols. Dublin, 1870.
2. *Thirty-seventh Report of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland.* 1871.

to lay before them the present state of the question. Fortunately we possess ample materials for our purpose in the voluminous evidence amassed by the Royal Commissioners, who reported in 1870 upon the subject of primary education in the sister isle.

From the time of the Reformation occasional efforts were made by the State to encourage education in Ireland; but in most of the schemes adopted it was assumed that the people had become, or were about to become, Protestant. In those of Elizabeth and James there was no idea that the people had any right to claim, much less that they would claim, to have any opinions of their own in the matter of religion; that the State had adopted a certain form of religion, was held sufficient to insure the adoption of it by the people. Proselytism, properly so called, recognises at least the right of the people to have some voice in the matter; and this spirit first came into operation in the earlier part of the last century, when the State awoke to the consciousness that the Protestantism of the State did not involve the Protestantism of its subjects, and when an organised effort was made to bring the people individually round to Protestantism. Primate Boulter wrote in 1730, 'to bring the nation over to true religion, one of the likeliest methods we can think of is, if possible, the instructing and converting the young generation.' Schools, called Charter schools, were established at the public expense in different parts of the country. In these schools any children that could be got hold of were educated gratuitously, their course of education including instruction in the religion of the Established Church, irrespective of the religion of the parents. The schools were naturally denounced by the priests, and the memory of the policy associated with them makes the cry of proselytism still a weapon of some power in the popular discussion of the question.

In 1812 we discover the dawn of another policy. In that year a Parliamentary Committee laid down the principle that popular education in Ireland should be conducted without any attempt to interfere with the peculiar tenets of the different religious persuasions. Acting on this recommendation the State henceforward recognised two facts in the work of primary education—that the people were Catholic, and were likely to continue so. But the difficulties still remained as to the application of the new principle. The schools to which the State gave assistance continued to enjoin the study of the Bible, and as Roman Catholics objected to the unrestricted reading of the Bible, the mass of the people staid away,

and some other arrangement became necessary.

To meet this difficulty was devised the system of 1831,—the first satisfactory effort to apply the resources of the State to popular education. In that year the late Earl of Derby, then Mr. Stanley, addressed a letter to the Duke of Leinster, announcing the appointment of a Board of unpaid Commissioners to conduct a system of national education. This letter contained the groundwork of the present national system which came into operation in 1833. Mr. Stanley referred to the language of a Parliamentary Commission of 1828 as affording the leading idea of the proposed system. It recommended 'a system which should afford a combined literary and a separate religious education, and should be capable of being so far adapted to the views of the religious persuasions which prevail in Ireland as to render it, in truth, a system of national education for the lower classes of the community.' The Board was 'to consist in part of persons professing different religious opinions.' Thus a denominational element was from the first recognised in the constitution of a portion of the Board, but it was a denominational element selected by the State, not a delegation from the respective denominations. The duties assigned to this Board were to control the funds voted by Parliament and to superintend generally the work of education. Two elements were recognised in the machinery of the system—the Board and the local authorities—the latter term being used to describe the individuals or bodies applying for a share of the Parliamentary grant. The Protestant and Roman Catholic clergy were specially designated as persons to be encouraged to place themselves in this latter category of local authorities. The Parliamentary grant was to go (1) to aid in erection of school-houses, the sites and one-third of the cost of erecting the schools being guaranteed to the Board by the locality; (2) to make certain additions to the salaries of the teachers provided by local funds; (3) to edit and print school-books, and supply these and other school-requisites at half-price; (4) to provide inspection and a training system. The Board were required to see that a register was kept of the attendance of the children on Divine worship on Sunday; that one or two week-days should be set apart in every school for giving the children 'separately, such religious instruction as might be approved of by the clergy of their respective persuasions; that the right of giving religious instruction before or after school hours on the other days of the week was se-

cured to the respective clergy, and the practice encouraged.' In practice some modifications of this scheme have been adopted, for its main characteristic always was that boasted of by Mr. Stanley in 1837, 'that flexibility which admitted of its being managed locally by patrons of different persuasions.' But the Irish system of 1872 remains what its founders designed it to be—a denominational system of a simple kind, with a strict conscience clause. The scheme was intended to give effect to a new policy on the part of the State towards the Roman Catholic population: the Roman Catholics so understood Mr. Stanley's letter; and his scheme was at once accepted, and long warmly supported, by the clergy and laity of that Church. Latterly the Catholic bishops have been its persistent assailants, and their change of policy is sometimes defended on the ground that the principles laid down in Mr. Stanley's letter have been departed from. The most noted modification of those principles is to be found in some of the regulations of the Board as to convent-schools, and one or two other efforts to conciliate the Ultramontane party; but these changes have not been complained of by the present assailants of the national system, nor has the more serious departure from the terms of the Stanley letter—the abandonment of the principle of local aid.

Local resources have done little or nothing for the education of Ireland, and this constitutes the great difference between the Irish system and that existing in England before 1870. The present Irish system of education, with its 6520 schools, is almost entirely the creation of the State. When the Board commenced its operations in 1832, the economic condition of Ireland was nearly at its lowest ebb, and twenty years passed before any improvement could be discovered. The principle laid down in the Stanley letter was, as we have already shown, that the school should be established and maintained by local resources, the State supplementing them. The body seeking the aid of the Board was required to secure a site for the school, one-third of the cost of building, a fund which should be sufficient to supply the cost of repairs, the teacher's salary, and school requisites at half price. Of these conditions of public aid the Board dispensed, from the beginning, with the contribution to the local fund. What had been at first intended as a gratuity from the Board to the teacher in addition to his salary, became his sole income. The other conditions were retained, but not generally enforced. Local aid to secure a site or build a school-house in the systematic way

originally designed might not be forthcoming, but there was many a hamlet school-master who was willing to leave his roadside academy under the hedge and rent a cabin or a room in order to obtain the aid and countenance of the Board. Instead of waiting to assist in building schools of which they might claim the ownership, the Board gave a helping hand to any school that could profess an existence, and was willing to promise adherence to their rules. If the schools were bad schools, they were better than none at all, and were much improved for having the inspection of the Board.

Two classes of schools were soon recognised in connection with the Board. Those provided in compliance with the original scheme as to local aid, being built on sites conveyed to the Board, were called *Vested Schools*, and another class, making more than three-fourths of the whole, were named *Non-vested Schools*. The money for the latter class came almost entirely from the Board in the shape of an annual grant, paid through the patron as a salary to the teacher. The theory of local aid was retained so far as to require a start for the school; but this aid was often of the most formal kind. The term 'erected by the locality,' in some of the returns as to this class of schools, gives a very false idea of the character of the schools. Such a phrase suggests a site with a secure title and a building specially appropriated to school work. But many of these schools are held in yearly tenements, and as large a number as 460, the Commissioners of Inquiry tell us, are held in rooms or cottages rented by the teachers. Speaking of the South of Ireland, Mr. Laurie, one of the Assistant Commissioners, describes the school-houses as either originally dwelling-houses or designed with the contingency of being, at some future time, converted into dwelling-houses. Professor Kavanagh, one of the witnesses presented to the Commission by Cardinal Cullen, says that the structures of these schools are of so low a character that he declines to make any computation of their value.

As to this modification of the original plan, the Board argued in 1849: 'We have done all that could, under the circumstances of Ireland, be safely attempted. We have made no building grants where one-third of the expense has not been locally contributed—no grant for salary where reasonable proof has not been given that there will be a sufficient attendance of children to augment, by their weekly pence, the salary furnished by us to the teacher.' As to the permanent local fund, they say 'this condition was not insisted on because it was impossible. Had

we attempted to enforce it, the country would have rejected our system from the beginning.' To the same effect is the evidence of the resident Commissioner of Education, the Right Hon. Alexander McDonnell: 'About the wisest thing ever done by the Commissioners was the violating, from the very commencement, the rule laid down by Lord Derby; for I am convinced that the circumstance which has enabled us to cover Ireland with schools, instead of leaving the dark parts quite unenlightened and giving almost the whole of the money to the richer parts, has turned upon the bravery and good sense with which the Board has violated that principle.' In the passage we have quoted from the report of 1849, school pence are mentioned by the Board as a test of local aid, and the amount derived from this source has been increasing for some years; but in 1867, it only came to 40,000*l.*, whilst the salaries paid by Parliament amounted to 250,000*l.* The whole annual amount from the localities, including school fees and special donations, is only 52,000*l.*, and does not represent any appreciable amount of assistance as regards each locality. As a matter of fact the local aid entitling each locality to participate in the Parliamentary grant was generally limited to a contribution, in rent or otherwise, towards the first year's expenses; and, in some cases, even this original outlay was a speculation of some enterprising teacher, trusting to recoup himself, not out of the fees paid in the locality, but out of the miserable pittance provided as salary by the State.

Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the Irish system, thus created and maintained by the State, and the one in this country which Parliament legislated for in 1870. The English system, originating in local energy, was maintained by local funds. The State had come in, sanctioned it, and done certain things for it; but the State had no claim to its income, its property, or its credit. This distinctive characteristic of the system existing prior to 1870 was recognised by its most severe critics. Mr. Richards said of it, when introducing his motion on Mr. Forster's Bill, 'Long before the State had awoken to a sense of its duty the religious bodies had been actively at work covering the face of the country with schools in which an education was given which, if not reaching to an ideal standard of perfection, was of great use to the large masses of the people.' The Irish system too may fall short of an ideal standard of perfection, but it was the first general system of education in Ireland, and was established by the State at the public

cost. The denominations have been invited to share in the administration of it, but the money they have administered has been public money, not local aid, or voluntary subscription. We must recollect this contrast when we hear Mr. Chichester Fortescue talking pathetically about 'the educational services of Irish ecclesiastics.' For neither can it be said, that if the Irish clergy did not give money, they gave that encouragement to the work of education without which the people would never have taken advantage of it. All the witnesses before the late Commission testified to the 'eagerness for education,' to use Mr. McDonnell's phrase, which the people exhibit. So sensible were the Commissioners of Inquiry of this readiness of the people of Ireland to receive education, that they declined to recommend the adoption of the principle of compulsion in that country; and with this eagerness of the people Mr. McDonnell contrasts the apathy generally evinced by the managers. The Assistant Commissioners make the same complaints of the indifference of the managers to the work of education, but the vast majority of these managers are those Irish ecclesiastics whose educational services Mr. Fortescue applauds.

Another remarkable characteristic of the Irish system is that, though established by the State and carried on at the expense of the State, it never was designed to be a secular system, and amidst all its difficulties it never has become one. It never was the theory of the men who devoted themselves to the work of the national Board to establish what is now expressed by the term a secular system. There was as little in common between the advocates of secularism and Archbishop Murray, for instance, as there was between the latter and Cardinal Cullen. Many modifications of the rules as to religious instruction have been adopted by the Board from time to time; but religious instruction has never been disregarded. One of the rules we have mentioned as contained in the Stanley letter required the managers to record the attendance of the pupils at Divine worship on Sunday. This in itself shows the spirit in which the scheme of education was framed; but amidst the sectarian animosities of Ireland in 1833 the difficulties of carrying out such a rule were insuperable. Representations against it came from all sides, and no attempt was made to enforce it.

The important clause of the Stanley letter, as to religious education, was the one imposing on the managers of schools the obligation to admit the clergymen of different denominations to give religious instruction,

at special hours, to the pupils of their respective flocks. Many Protestant managers, who consented to the principle of the Board excluding the Bible from the school hours, objected that this regulation as to admitting priests to their schools to give religious instruction made them instrumental to the spread of Popery; and, on the other hand, as the Roman Catholic power grew stronger, the priest objected to go into a school where the patron, and perhaps the teacher, were Protestants and at home, and he was an unwelcome visitor. Long and angry controversies arose with the managers as to the nature of the facilities given for religious instruction out of school hours, and as to the treatment of the minority during school hours. At length the Board escaped from those controversies by giving a new significance to the classification of schools into Vested and Non-vested. The Non-vested schools being, as we have already said, those schools which had not been built by the Board, constituted the great majority of the actual schools, and were generally under clerical management. To the managers then in these schools the Board left it to determine what religious instruction should be given within them, limiting its control to the inspection of the secular education and to the enforcement of a Conscience Clause. In 1843, this principle, leaving the responsibility of providing religious instruction entirely to the managers, was formally adopted in the rules of the Board; and, since that date, it is only in the Vested schools, the schools actually belonging to the Board, that clergymen of all denominations can claim admission to give religious instruction. In the Non-vested schools only one kind of religious instruction can be imparted, such as the manager may determine, and that as fully as he pleases, provided it does not interfere with the secular work of the school nor endanger the religion of the minority. Thus the care of the State to provide for religious education has given a denominational character to more than 70 per cent. of the State schools.

During the next decade of the Board's existence the efforts of the Roman Catholic party were directed to shaping such a Conscience Clause as would give sufficient protection against proselytism in the schools under Protestant management. There are about eighteen rules of the Board now in operation designed to meet all the difficulties raised as to this Conscience Clause. They may be summarised as follows:—Each school must be open to children of all communions. Religious instruction may be given in the school-room, and such as the

patron wishes, but it must be regulated (1) by a time table; (2) it must be before or after the ordinary literary instruction, or at one intermediate time; (3) it cannot be imparted to children of a denomination different from that of the teacher; (4) no denominational emblems are to be put up in the school. The history of this Conscience Clause affords the most curious illustration of the growth of Ultramontane ambition in Ireland. These regulations were nearly all adopted from time to time to quiet Roman Catholic apprehension as to the safety of the minority in schools under Protestant management. They were all, except the last, concessions to the justifiable susceptibility of the Roman Catholic party on the question of proselytism. But no sooner have they been carried to their utmost limits than the Roman Catholic authorities turn round and propose to abolish the principle of a Conscience Clause as to their own schools. It is not protection against Protestant encroachment which they now claim, but liberty to disregard the Protestant minorities in schools under Catholic management. Ultramontane power has developed so rapidly within the last few years in Ireland that the Conscience Clause is now denounced as 'an unnecessary and vexatious restriction upon the fulness of Catholic teaching.'

One of the most instructive chapters in the educational history of Ireland relates to the arrangements of the Board for the training of teachers. It exhibits the risks the State has to run in depending on the co-operation of an irresponsible body like the Roman Catholic episcopacy; and this matter of training is the more important as it has been singled out by Mr. Fortescue as the weak point in the Irish system. When the Board commenced its operations in 1831 there were no trained teachers in the country, and the system was brought into actual working before any such class could be provided. In order to secure teachers at once, the Board determined to recognise as duly qualified such teachers in the new schools as could pass an examination held by the Inspectors of the district. By 1834 the Board had a training establishment in Dublin; but, instead of making training at this school a preliminary to any appointment, they adhered to their first expedient of a local examination by the Inspector, treating training under the Board as a qualification to be superadded subsequently. As the teacher's salary was to be drawn from their funds, in order to afford an inducement to him to go up to the institution in Dublin, they made the amount of his salary depend upon the classification attained in the examination at

the end of the course of training. A portion of the time of the teachers whilst in Dublin was allotted to religious instruction, and for some years both Roman Catholic and Protestant clergymen visited the training institution to give this instruction. As the system spread over the country, the necessity of providing some further means of recruiting the class of teachers was strongly felt. In 1840 the Roman Catholic Bishops urged the Board to establish a model school in each of the four provinces. These schools it was proposed should be models of primary schools conducted on the very best plan, and should give the more promising pupils such a preliminary training as would fit them to take full advantage of the course at the Dublin institution if they adopted the calling of teachers.

At length, about 1843, the Board announced their intention to build a number of such schools over the country. The scheme excited the greatest enthusiasm amongst all classes of people. The Board were overwhelmed with memorials from the larger towns of the North and South, each praying that a particular town might be selected as the favoured site of the proposed school. In the papers printed by the Commission of Inquiry we have memorials signed by the Roman Catholic Bishops of the different districts and the leading members of their flocks. Several of the Irish Liberal members, now engaged in denouncing the training arrangements of the Board, appear amongst the memorialists. Mr. Chichester Fortescue and Mr. Denis Caulfield Heron, were loud in celebrating the wisdom of the scheme. By the end of 1850, many of these schools were in operation, and arrangements were completed or in progress for the erection of those which have since been opened. The State paid the whole cost, amounting to 230,000*l.*, on the faith of the representations made by the Roman Catholic clergy and laity, for no local aid was obtained except such as the school fees supplied to the schools already at work. The schools filled with children, and the Bishops celebrated their success.

But just as these schools began to work, a great change manifested itself in the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. Twenty years had elapsed since that Church had been called to co-operate with the State in the work of education. In consideration of the poverty of the Catholic people, local aid had been nearly everywhere dispensed with. The priesthood had been put in authority in the schools supported by the State; the schoolmaster, paid by the State, was reduced to the condition of the priest's

servant. Every appeal for protection for Catholic minorities in Protestant schools had been responded to by some fresh addition to the Conscience Clause. At enormous expense the State, in order to procure a further supply of these servants of the priesthood—the teachers—had founded institutions all over the country. The Roman Church had made itself by this time a part of the educational machinery of the country, and proceeded now to covet the control of the whole system. By a high-handed act of the Curia, Cardinal Cullen was appointed to the see of Armagh, and the denunciation of the model schools at the Synod of Thurles immediately afterwards heralded the coming struggle. That struggle began everywhere on the death of Archbishop Murray in 1852. From that time forward, whenever the Board—on the completion of its arrangements made years before—opened a model school in any locality, the new school was denounced by the Bishop of the diocese. The mode in which the Bishops carried on the attack against these schools illustrates their policy. Though the model schools were everywhere denounced, and the managers of local schools refused to appoint teachers coming from them, still so popular was the new system of training with the people, that the Bishops did not generally venture absolutely to forbid attendance at them unless in those localities where they had been able to establish Christian Brothers, or Convent schools. These Convent schools, professedly set up as rivals to the State schools, the Board has been weak enough to admit into the class of Non-vested schools; thus supporting competition against the public schools at the public expense. Wherever such schools could be opened by the Roman Catholic authorities, the interdict was immediately laid on attendance at the adjoining model schools. This interdict has not deprived the schools of Catholic pupils, though it has reduced the numbers of that denomination in attendance from 55 to 29·3 per cent. of the whole number of pupils. The position of these magnificent schools is urged as the great difficulty at the present time, and the Royal Commission of Inquiry propose to get out of it by letting these schools on easy terms to any denominational Body undertaking to conduct them as training schools.

One of the Roman Catholic members of the Commission, Sir Robert Kane, protests against this suggestion. Of course, there is only one denominational Body in Ireland which will be prepared to take full advantage of these easy terms—that body which has in its hands the nomination of schoolmasters

to the great majority of the schools. One great purpose of the Ultramontane party will have been accomplished. The interdict on these schools Sir Robert Kane declares, 'was carried out for the purpose of forcing the State to transfer these institutions to the hands of the Church authorities.' Having done what they could during the last fifteen years to obstruct the education of the country, the Bishops are to be rewarded by getting possession of magnificent training schools, built at the public expense, and they are to have this reward on account of 'the educational services of Irish ecclesiastics.' Having triumphed on this point, the Ultramontane party will be able to carry on their attack against the educational system, with the assurance of ultimate success on every other point of their programme. The difficulty of these schools is the creation of the Liberal party. Instead of resisting the attack of the Bishops, the authorities have negotiated and hesitated. The Board has been urged by the Government to yield one point after another. The Ultramontane party have been emboldened to each attack by the very weakness exhibited by the authorities of the State.

The contrast between the demeanour of the Irish episcopate during the first twenty years of the national system, and during the last, cannot be too often insisted on when their educational services are appealed to, and Parliament is asked to give them further control over education; and the more we examine in detail the relations between the Board of Education and the Bishops during those periods the more striking does this contrast become.

Cardinal Cullen argues, in his evidence before the Royal Commission, that the Roman episcopacy everywhere oppose mixed education, and have always done so. The same statement is urged at great length in the startling pastoral of the Irish Bishops, published last October. These elaborate protests are somewhat beside the question. No one alleges that the chiefs of the Roman system regarded mixed education as a good thing in itself, nor objects to their distrust of it. As a matter of principle the Ultramontane party object to any recognition of difference of opinion, or any provision for those who differ. The important point is, that the Irish Bishops of 1833 heartily co-operated with the national system, notwithstanding the defects which it might have, judged by the Ultramontane standard. Archbishop Murray cordially accepted it; as it at present exists it is to a great extent his work. Up to 1863 Roman Catholic dignitaries continued members of the Board, and during

the first twenty years of the system the whole Irish episcopacy, with the exception of Archbishop M'Hale, encouraged their flocks to take advantage of a system which is now assailed as a danger to their faith and a grievance to the nation. Even the negotiations which Archbishop M'Hale's opposition occasioned show that in every practical sense the majority of the Church had taken up the scheme of the Board. In 1840 a meeting of the Bishops was held to conciliate the opposition of Archbishop M'Hale, and the recommendations then sent to the Lord Lieutenant are described as suggested 'for the purpose of receiving the unanimous co-operation of the Roman Catholic prelates in diffusing the advantages of national education.'

The questions discussed at this meeting were submitted to Gregory XVI. the following year, and the Pope's rescript leaves it beyond doubt that at that time the Roman Court itself acquiesced in the acceptance of the national system by the Bishops and people. This document recites the liberal spirit of Parliament in providing for the education of the Irish people, the conflict of opinion amongst the Bishops, the danger *ne ad heterodoxos forte magistros pecunia tota et auctoritas devolvatur*, and the fact that after ten years' experience of the system, the Catholic religion did not seem endangered by it. The controversy is referred to the judgment of the Bishops, and certain suggestions are made as to improvements that might be introduced into the system. These refer to the selection of books and of the teachers in the training schools. No question is raised as to the direct recognition of the teaching office of the clergy, and the suggestions made are stated as points to be considered, not as terms to be insisted on. This rescript was looked upon as a great victory by Dr. Murray and his friends. It was published just about the time when the Board had adopted the distinct rules as to religious teaching in Non-vested and Vested schools. During the next ten years the system spread all over the country, and the Bishops encouraged the Board to undertake the building of the model schools. Then in 1850 came Cardinal Cullen and the Synod of Thurles. The mild policy of such Bishops as Doyle and Murray, M'Nally and Denvir and Blake, had served its purpose, and was now abandoned for a course of resolute aggression. At Thurles the precautions suggested by Gregory XVI. were discussed, not merely as certain guides of conduct, certain objects to be aimed at, but as necessary conditions of Catholic co-operation. Certain rules and prohibitions were founded upon

them, and the present conflict virtually began. In 1858 Bishop Denvir was compelled to retire from the Board, and the last clerical representative of the Roman Catholics in that body, Dean Meyler, died in 1863.

At first the great battle-cry of the Ultramontane party was proselytism, and innumerable elaborations of the Conscience Clause were adopted to meet this charge as regards the North of Ireland schools. Had the Board contented themselves with measures of this kind, all might have been well; but the disposition of the Liberal party to rely upon the assistance of the priests in the government of Ireland became very manifest during Mr. Cardwell's occupation of the office of Irish Secretary. The Bishops were inspired with ever increasing confidence, and were enabled to inspire their political adherents with the same spirit. One point after another was achieved. The proportion of Roman Catholic members of the Board increased from two in seven in 1831, to five in fourteen in 1851, and to ten in twenty in 1860. The result of these changes soon became apparent in the management of the system. The Board had from the first made certain concessions in favour of Convent schools, in consideration of the popularity these schools enjoyed for the education of girls. The convents consented to give up the use of religious emblems, and to allow their schools to be inspected; the Board waived its claim to examine the teachers, and as teachers were paid according to their classification, in order that the Convent schools should not suffer from their refusal to submit their teachers to examination, the Board further retained in their favour the original plan of paying teachers by capitation grants. After 1850 further special regulations were made from time to time in their favour. Building grants were given them and liberal payments for monitors; and in 1864 a special class of monitors was created in addition to the two former classes (some of the witnesses before the Inquiry Commission allege), specially for the benefit of those Convent schools. However that may be, of the 2000*l.* a year allotted for this class of monitors, 1208*l.* are paid to Convent schools. Supported in this way, the Convent schools have been spreading rapidly over the country. They have become formidable rivals to the Board's Model schools, and aspire to the position of training schools for female teachers.

Having traced the history of the Irish system of education, let us briefly notice the recommendations of the Inquiry Commission, and then we shall conclude with some observations on the educational programme

of the Ultramontane party, and on the aim of their present policy, as exhibited in the evidence taken before this Commission. First, as to the result of the Commission. The opponents of the Board appeared before the Inquiry Commission to urge three complaints against the national system. They alleged against it the practice of proselytism, its failure as a system of education, and its unpopularity with the people. As to the first, the Commissioners say, and it is one of the few points on which they are unanimous, 'the practical working of the ordinary National Schools has been such as to leave scarcely any traces of this result.' The evidence shows that the charges of proselytism have utterly broken down. Thus one of the greatest difficulties with regard to State education in Ireland seems to be finally disposed of. The Report goes on to acknowledge the great benefits conferred by the system on the country, and the proceedings of the Commissioners clearly establish the fact that these benefits are appreciated by the people. Roman Catholics like Archdeacon O'Sullivan, Sir Robert Kane, and Mr. Whittle, are specially attached to the principle of mixed education in Ireland. But the opinions of other members of that communion, as of Mr. O'Hara and Mr. De Vere, prove the confidence of Roman Catholics in this particular institution, the National System,—a confidence founded on its practical working apart from any preconceived theories of education. Nearly all the Assistant Commissioners declare that the people are not hostile to it, nor are the second order of clergy generally, and the same testimony is borne by Mr. Mitchell Henry, one of the Liberal members for Galway. He complains that the hostility of Archbishop M'Hale prevents clergymen acting as managers of schools he had established, and adds—'It is certain that if the Archbishop's views were not so very strong on this point, little opposition would arise from his clergy.' Mr. Patrick Cumin says, 'So far as laymen are concerned, I did not find a single individual who was opposed to the National Schools. Catholics and Protestants alike—the men of wealth and the men of humble means—all with one voice agreed in extolling the National Schools, and the benefits which they had conferred upon Ireland.' Mr. Jack reports of West Connaught, that the people do not themselves object to the National System; 'the objections to it are rather stated for them than felt by them.' The Commissioners negative the three general charges brought against the system, and then proceed to recommend certain changes with a view to its improvement. They advise the adoption of the

English principle of payment by results; an enforcement of the original scheme of local aid,—all children to pay school fees or be paid for out of a local rate. More important, at the present moment, are their proposed modifications of the Board's rules as to religious instruction.

The result of their suggestions would be to concede all that the Roman Catholics ask as to religious emblems, whilst the peculiar grievance of the Protestants as to the use of the Bible is left unredressed. These rules would be a great concession to Roman Catholic managers; they would be no concession whatever to Protestant managers. But that is not the chief objection; it is that these new rules would make the great majority of the State schools in Ireland places where no Protestant children could be educated with safety to their religious belief. The training establishment in Dublin is to be maintained, the pupils being lodged in separate boarding-houses, and under the recognised control of the clergy of their own religion. We have already mentioned their recommendations as to the provincial model schools, and pointed out that if these recommendations were adopted, of course the Bodies that would take these schools 'on easy terms' would be the monasteries or convents already established in rivalry to them. To these institutions they would be a great accommodation. This, and some other of the recommendations, would make the suggestions of the Royal Commissioners a great boon to the Ultramontane party. Their chief importance would be the blow they would inflict upon the existing system, the assurance they would give of the ultimate triumph of the Ultramontane policy, and in this light they are denounced by Sir Robert Kane, as intended 'to subvert' the national system. Their immediate results must be such as to make the Ultramontanes very glad to see them accepted by the Legislature. But as they fall altogether short of the Ultramontane programme, and contain many incidental provisions expressly condemned by that party, they cannot for a moment be defended on the ground that they constitute a settlement of the question.

To learn what that programme is we turn to the statements which the Bishops, and the witnesses put forward by them before this Commission, make of their views on popular education, and of their own aims and objects in entering upon the work of education. It is impossible, within the space at our command, to do full justice to the picture of Ultramontane policy which the evidence of the Inquiry Commission supplies. This policy has been developed

in Ireland since the Roman Catholic clergy have been clothed with State authority, and furnished with State funds to carry on the education of the country; and we are asked to believe that it will be lost sight of if we make further additions to their power.

The principle of public education is laid down by Cardinal Cullen—'I would not let the Board interfere in anything except in matters connected with finances and literature.' The State is to pay the money, and nominally to control its employment in literary education. Everything else the Church is to control. This rule seems simple enough, but the simplicity is only apparent. The standard of literary proficiency must be determined in reference to the system of education to which it is applied. What sort of a person the schoolmaster shall be, and how he shall be encouraged to employ his time, whether in devotional exercises, or in teaching reading and writing, all affect this standard, are all involved in the question of the employment of the funds. The Cardinal continues: 'the exercise of the Divine Commission must extend to the supervision and control of every system of education instituted for the children of the Catholic Church, lest in any particular department of knowledge they should be infected with errors or opinions at variance with their faith. We require control so as to be able to teach revealed religion; we require control so as to be able to prevent the spread of error.' The control of literary education then is only left to the State as far as the Church thinks it safe. Bishop Keane admits the universality of this claim. He was pressed as to this point by Mr. Justice Morris, one of the Roman Catholic members of the Commission:—

'The Bishops claim exclusive authority over the religious education, to direct it?—The Bishops claim to direct literary education in such a way as that it shall not interfere with the religious education.

'You have told me what they do claim. I want to know what they do not claim?—Everything outside.

'What is outside secular and religious education? What species of education is outside these two categories?—Very little; scarcely anything except the multiplication table.'

When pressed as to parental authority, he says:—

'The parent can get the child educated a Protestant, if he pleases; but once he adopts the Catholic education he must allow that child to be educated by those who have got a commission from heaven, and who alone have got it.'

Thus the right which the State recognises

in the Catholic parent is considered, in the Ultramontane system, to accrue not to the parent, but to the Church.

Major O'Reilly, and other representatives of the Ultramontane party in Parliament, frequently appeal to the educational codes of foreign countries, or rather to certain parts of those codes. Belgium, Prussia, and France, are constantly cited as affording privileges to the clergy which they are denied in Ireland. But when the Bishops examined are asked if they are willing to accept any of these educational codes as a whole, they repudiate them. Bishop Keane is reminded, that in Prussia the appointment of teachers and the selection of books do not rest with the clergy, but with a lay body; and he replies 'I know, because, just as in France, the power is taken from the Bishops, and they have not got back yet, as recognised by the State, to the position in which they ought to be;' as to Ireland he continues, with marvellous frankness, 'now that the State is beginning to feel the importance of winning the confidence of the Bishops, now is the time for the Bishops to assert their rights, which were refused for so long a time, and which are still in abeyance in France and in Prussia.' The Roman Court saw from the demeanour of the Government how anxious they were to conciliate the Irish clergy. The hint is immediately taken, now is the time to wring from this weak Government such privileges as the Roman system does not enjoy in any other part of the world, and such as may enable Rome to make Ireland the lever to restore her power.

As to school inspection, that is still allowed to the State, but it must be denominational. Bishops Keane and M'Cabe and Cardinal Cullen are all agreed on this, and the demand is repeated in the joint pastoral of last autumn. This is another point in which the Bishops' rights will still remain to be recovered after such concessions as those proposed by the Commissioners have given yet further proof of the anxiety of the State 'to win the confidence of the Bishops.' A very slight step further then will be to appoint the inspector on the nomination of the Bishops; or, if the present system of appointment by examination stand in the way, the familiar alternative is to give the Bishop a veto on any appointment.

Another point frequently urged in pastorals is that a number of Bishops shall, in virtue of their office, hold seats on every Body charged with the distribution of the public fund set apart for education.

Then, when the organisation of the system has been settled, we get some hint of the principles on which its work is to be carried

on. The education given would be of course largely of a religious character, and that it would not be too ambitious in a literary point of view the Cardinal's view of the question is a guarantee. 'Too high an education will make the poor discontented, and will unsuit them for following the plough, following the spade, for hammering iron, or for building walls.' This anxiety, however, about carrying education too far does not refer merely to the pupils, it extends also to the teachers. This deserves attention, for the absolute control of the teacher is the immediate object sought just now by the Bishops. The control of the discharge of his function they already have; for the teacher, though in theory trained by the State, and paid by the State, is the employé of the priest. Any change proposed in the national system this session will have for its object to put the training of the teacher, as well as the supervision of his work, into the hand of the Church. Of the teacher's present position, Mr. Jack, the Assistant Commissioner for West Connaught, gives many details. It is the custom of the priest to impose many duties on the teacher in addition to his school work. Many of them were compelled to teach the Catechism on Sundays in the chapel for three or four hours together. 'Almost all the teachers feel that they must be useful to the clergyman in whatever capacity, not connected with the school, he may desire. The schoolmaster becomes in the west the clergyman's lay assistant. Underpaid as he is now, he is little more than an *ascriptus glebæ* or beadle.'

It is to enable the clerical authorities to fit him still further for this office, that they seek to take possession of the system of training; and Cardinal Cullen's evidence shows what notion of training the clerical authorities have. He is against training altogether as a qualification for teachers. He would judge them by results, and as to certificates of competency. 'I think the country would be better off without so many certificates, I would not require certificates. Those who pass the best examinations and get diplomas most readily, are oftentimes the very worst teachers; they have their thoughts fixed on situations in which they could get on in the world.' The Assistant Commissioners on the other hand complain of the want of training in the Irish teachers; ascribing their shortcomings in this respect to the obstacles to their training, offered by the clergy. Another important fact is the comment of these Commissioners on the teaching of the Convents and Christian Brothers' schools that,—with all its ex-

cellence its effect is marred by the want of method in the teachers. Now these are the very institutions from which the Church proposes to draw its supply of teachers, and, taking these facts in conjunction with Cardinal Cullen's opinion of training generally, we can judge how far the teaching power of Ireland is likely to be raised by handing the training of the teachers over to the Roman Catholic party. The danger of raising the teacher above his work is clear enough, but the anxiety of the Cardinal is to deprive him of any special qualification that should lift him above absolute dependence on the bidding of the priest. He is to get his post not by examination and diploma, but by the favour of the priest, and to pick up his profession under the priest's superintendence.

The Christian Brothers' school and the Convents are the places of education from which the teachers are to be drawn, because the Bishops urge they are both popular and give now the best education to be had in Ireland. The Assistant Commissioners seem to have visited them with a considerable predisposition in their favour, but nearly all of them find fault with the system of education pursued there. No doubt it possesses certain favourable characteristics: the children are gentle and more docile than in other schools, but their literary proficiency is not as great, and the general tone of the school in a literary point of view is pronounced bad. The teachers succeed in improving the moral tone of the children, but they do not give them as good a mental training as the ordinary national schools, to say nothing of the model schools. The higher classes are well educated, but the lower classes are inferior to the national schools. 'Primary education,' says Mr. Balmer 'in its stricter sense, is best promoted amongst younger children in the national schools. Its interests therefore suffer if a good national school is supplanted by a Christian Brothers' school.' So Mr. Renouf pronounces the lower classes in these schools very inferior. 'Many children who had made some progress in reading, had received no instruction whatever in writing or arithmetic. This was not the result of neglect, but of system. A Brother tried to persuade me that it was impossible to teach the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic to children like those who pass in our first standard in England; and he appeared very sceptical when I told him of such a standard.' All this is natural enough, when we recollect that the religious training is the special work of the Brothers: their first principle is that 'the instruction of the children in piety and religion is the great and main end of their institute.' As to the Convent schools, Mr.

Renouf declares that the eulogies lavished on them are not supported by close examination, and these opinions are confirmed by Messrs. Richmond, King, and Jack. In these latter schools, especially, the Commissioners trace the defects to the want of training in the teachers. This is the account we get from competent and not unfriendly critics of these Christian Brothers' and Convent schools, which are so incessantly vaunted by the Ultramontane and the Liberal press. And these schools are now in competition with the national schools, and many of them largely subsidised by the State. Can we hope that further subsidies and a monopoly of the work of education will supply that stimulus to improvement, which the present eager competition has not given?

Another aspect of this question was hinted at by Mr. Chichester Fortescue, and is constantly dwelt upon in the ministerial press. Rosy visions are presented of the effect which the substitution of the Roman Church for the State in the control of education might have in eradicating the rooted disaffection of the people. If anyone believed that the State could ever bridge over the gulf that separates us from the Ultramontane priesthood, this argument would be intelligible; but as that is impossible, cementing their power over the people is only preparing fresh difficulties for ourselves. They will discourage violence, no doubt, and teach submission; but the submission is first of all to the Church; and in defence and support of the Church many things will be at least allowed which would be otherwise unjustifiable. Cardinal Cullen gives us his conception of national loyalty. He was pressed by Sir Robert Kane as to the Roman Catholic complaints against the Prussian system, and replied, 'I believe the Prussian Catholics were so well pleased with their position, that they acted with the greatest loyalty during the late war. They did everything they possibly could to support the authorities.' He takes the fact that his coreligionists in Germany, at a great crisis in the history of their country, were true to their king and fatherland, as evidence that the Bishops must have been satisfied on this point of education. So vast are the pretensions of this episcopate, so absorbed are they in pursuit of them, that they are not able to conceive the obligations which the citizen owes to the State in modern society. The State is, in their view, an usurping power with which the Church has only to make the best terms it can for the time being. But we are not left to conjecture, to judge what sort of loyalty this system would teach. Some of the reading books of the

Christian Brothers were discussed in the evidence. One of the Commissioners, Master Brooke, describes one 'as the most direct training for Fenianism' he could possibly imagine. Bishop Keane and Cardinal Cullen both gave the same explanation; it was intended to implant loyalty by enabling the Irish pupil to contrast the gloomy past with the sunshine of the present. In vain the witnesses were asked to point out a passage where this moral was suggested; nor was it alleged as a matter of fact that the teachers in this school put such considerations before the pupils. This very controversy about education is at the present moment alleged as a justification of some of the violent language about English rule contained in these books. When one of the Christian Brothers examined is pressed about such phrases as 'Erin's fetters,' he answers that he feels one of the fetters himself. Even Mr. Chichester Fortescue does not propose to accept the Bishops' programme, only to approximate to it, and still the education grievance will remain a calamitous cloud over all that sunshine which the Cardinal refers to. The theory that the proposed policy will generate loyalty in Ireland, is worthy of the ministers who supposed that a partial Fenian amnesty would convert disaffection into gratitude.

Nor can we forget altogether the body of children whom the Bishops ask to have sacrificed, in order to give effect to 'the fulness of Catholic teaching.' All over Ireland there are Protestant minorities, whose existence cannot be absolutely disregarded. They are there, and entitled to national education as well as any other portion of the Queen's subjects. The present aim of the Bishops is to secure absolute control over the Catholic majorities, and they trouble themselves as little about the scattered Catholics of the north as about the Protestants of the south and west. 'The vexatious restriction' involved in the present conscience clause must be removed in 70 per cent. of the national schools. The Protestants may be only 10 per cent. of the pupils in Catholic schools, three or four in each of these small mixed schools; and because they are so few they are to be ignored in the school arrangement. They may be admitted as tolerated intruders, but still they are intruders. Under the present system they come in with as good right as the dominant majority. They cannot attend the schools without seeing the power of the Roman Church in numbers and influence. The priest is the patron, the teacher a Roman Catholic, the great majority of their school-fellows Roman Catholics, the whole senti-

ment of the school is Roman Catholic; but it is a peaceful, regulated, not a militant propagandist Catholicism. The schoolroom is free from those pictures and emblems which Protestant feeling rejects. The Protestant child is not called on to witness or to participate in Catholic devotions. It cannot escape the consciousness of its own isolation, but it can enjoy a certain sense of security and independence; and this security is not a favour, conceded by the condescension or the caprice of the dominant power of the neighbourhood, but a right, guaranteed to all by the providence of the State.

When we examine the language of the ministry by the light which the history of the national system affords, it is impossible not to feel great anxiety for the future of this noble Institution. It was designed by some of the ablest men who have had to do with the government of Ireland, in the confidence that a sound system of general education would be a great step towards removing the troubles of the country; that it would open out a field for individual exertion to a naturally quick-witted race, lay the foundations of national prosperity, and reconcile them to our rule. The money of the State was lavishly spent on it, for the country was steeped in poverty; and the religious faith of the people was to be sheltered with jealous care, as well from the respect which the founders of the system entertained for the principle of religion as from their anxiety to mark the contrast between their work and those efforts at popular education which had been made in the last century. In its own schools the national system invited all ministers of religion, equally, to come and teach their respective flocks. In the non-vested schools it trusted to the sectarian zeal of the respective managers, and of that zeal it had had many proofs to provide for the religious training of the pupils. For twenty years the Roman Catholic clergy worked with the Board without reserve; they thus became the channels for distributing the State funds through the country. Not content with drawing these annual supplies from the State, they encouraged the State to invest large sums in erecting magnificent schools all over Ireland. By the time that this investment had been made, on the faith of their co-operation, they awoke to the consciousness that the English Government was desirous 'to win the confidence of the Bishops.' Now is the time, says Bishop Keane, to press our demands. The Roman Church may get back to that position which Ultramontaniam dreams of as its right. The Bishops cannot

get all they ask, but the more they ask the more they are likely to get. Had this mutinous spirit of the priesthood been met boldly when first it shewed itself—fifteen or twenty years ago, there would be no difficulties about this question now. The Ultramontane party dare not even yet drive the people to the alternative of quarrelling with them or rejecting the State system of education. The cry of proselytism is losing its terrors, and the people themselves know the benefits of the system. But the Liberal party, contemplating the miserable failure of their policy to re-establish order in Ireland, cling desperately to the notion that if they can only 'win the confidence of the Bishops' all may be yet well. In this wild hope the Liberal press is ready to sacrifice the acknowledged responsibility of the State for the education of the people. One of the noblest gifts of the English Government to the people of Ireland is to be destroyed for the sake of concealing for awhile longer the catastrophe of Irish administration. The Irish Bishops assembled at Marlborough-street demand what, members of their own body admit, amounts to the whole control of education. The entire evidence of the recent Commission proves that they are not competent for the work, even if they undertook it in good faith. Whatever might be their qualifications for the conduct of small ordinary schools, they are manifestly disqualified for the conduct of training-schools, as the condition of their own large schools, their statements of opinions about training, and their estimate of the position of the teacher clearly prove. Still it is not impossible, from what we have seen of Liberal policy on this question, that Mr. Chichester Fortescue or the Marquis of Hartington may offer them some such instalment as the possession of these model schools, if Parliament can be induced to consent to the proposal. The instalment will be important for what it brings, and it will leave the Bishops quite free to use this increase of power in pushing their further demands. And this policy on the part of the Government is the more criminal, as the inquiries of the Commission prove that if Parliament, relying on the character which the national system has won amongst the Irish people, once made it clear that it intended to maintain that system, the difficulties which at present beset education would immediately fade away. Let the condition of the teacher be improved, and the exertions of the State be directed not to twist or lop away the system, but to secure it room for free growth, in accordance with its nature, and not only will the Ultramontane designs in Ireland be baffled, but the

English Government will have vindicated its self-respect, and have established a real and lasting claim to the good will and gratitude of the Irish people.

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- ART. XI.—1. *Political Problems for our Age and Country.* By W. R. Greg. London, 1870.
2. *The Rights of Labour and the Nine Hours' Movement.* By a Lady. Edinburgh, 1871.
3. *Chambers' Social Science Tracts.* Edinburgh, 1864.
4. *Secret History of the International.* By Onslow Yorke. London, 1871.
5. *Address to the Social Science Association.* By William Newmarch, F.R.S. London, 1871.

ONE of the saddest spectacles on earth is the spectacle of misdirected energies and wasted resources. It is also one of the commonest, the most provoking, and the most disheartening. There is activity in abundance, there is ability, there is zeal to overflowing, there is industry, there are good intentions, philanthropy, and wealth, adequate to the extirpation of many of our social miseries, and the mitigation of many more, if only they were rightly applied, and worked with ordinary vigour and ordinary sense. But—what with want of philosophy and want of thought, want of patience and want of courage, prejudice which stops one road, fear which bars another, and the defects of administrative capacity inherent in our clumsy and stupid way of managing public business—all these means and resources of rectification are thrown away, and social miseries spread, deepen, and gangrene as before. Simple and obvious remedies are scouted or neglected, while the silliest and wildest ones are propounded, and gain a ready hearing from the classes which are maddened by suffering; and, sick of the present, are prepared for any experiment, any struggle, any destruction, which promises, or seems to promise, a better future. We need go no further than our own doors for a startling illustration. The metropolis teems with ignorance and pauperism; its paupers reach 150,000; its totally untrained and uneducated children no statistics have yet accurately numbered; yet the sums annually distributed or available for charitable purposes would suffice to extinguish destitution, and to instruct the whole poor population of London. These funds amount to the enormous figure of seven —"

lions and a half;* enough, as Dr. Hawksley has shown—assuming that one-eighth of the population, or four hundred thousand persons, are wholly destitute and dependent on their fellow-citizens,—to allow eighty-five pounds per annum to every such family for sustenance and education. Yet the evils, against which all these vast resources are provided or can be directed, go on increasing from year to year. In this, as in so many other matters, we endure so much evil and do so little good, because we manage so badly, and are so constantly sailing on the wrong tack.

None of us are more perpetually or more obviously on a false scent than the working-classes and their leaders; and in no case is error so mischievous or so formidable. The Proletariat—to adopt a much-needed foreign word—are right and warranted as to their miserable condition and sensations:—they are wrong only in the causes they assign, and the remedies they would apply. We sympathize with them in every fibre of our frame. We are ready to paint their wretchedly unsatisfactory state and prospects in language as strong as any of themselves could use. We agree with them that their condition is an opprobrium to half the countries in Europe, and more especially to our own. Millions of them lead a life which intelligent beings should not consent to live, and exist in a condition of struggle and wretchedness which makes existence a burden and not a boon. They have a right to be discontented. They do well to be angry. Nay, more:—the rectification, speedy and thorough, of the evils of their condition, is the first duty of every statesman, and the most urgent necessity of every State; and all legislation which does not address itself, mediately or immediately, to this supreme purpose, is of secondary moment, and involves a postponement of higher to lower claims. The improvement, the rescue, the comfort, the well-being (in every sense) of the classes of which we speak, constitute the primary obligation of all who influence opinion or rule the country; first, because these classes are the most numerous, secondly, because they are the most helpless, thirdly, because they are the most unfortunate and suffering;—and we share to the full in the burning indignation they express when questions vital to their interests are pushed into the background to let party conflicts have a fair field to fight in. So far we go along with the loudest and most violent of their leaders. But there we part company as widely as may be. Our indictment against

these leaders is, that they systematically and persistently, and ignorantly even if honestly, divert the people's attention from their real grievances and the true causes of their sufferings, and urge them to measures and objects either wholly irrelevant or certain to aggravate what they seek to cure. They are for ever hounding the people on a false scent, guiding them away from the right track, misinforming them or blinding them as to facts, misteaching them as to principles, and confounding their perceptions as to friends and foes.

The great central truth which lies at the root of the whole problem is that, with few exceptions and slight qualification, the mischiefs under which the working-classes suffer, and which most of them call for legislation—and many even for the overthrow of the actual social system—to remove, lie at their own door, and are remediable by and through themselves, and themselves alone. It is this doctrine which it is, beyond all things, essential to convince them of, and to ingrain fixedly in their minds; and it is the wilful ignoring or denial of this doctrine which, in our opinion, constitutes the fundamental error and the great sin of the men who have got the ear of the Proletariat, and whom alone at present those classes listen to and trust. We have our own country chiefly in mind in saying this; but we believe it to be true in the main not only of France, but of most of the really civilised countries of the Continent as well. To guard against misapprehension, we must add one remark. When we say that most of the sufferings of the labouring classes lie at their own door, primarily at least, we merely mean that they are distinctly traceable to their own ignorance, insobriety, improvidence, and unthrift. How far their rulers and their betters are, even more than themselves—directly or indirectly, in the past or in the present—responsible for this ignorance, insobriety, improvidence, and unthrift, is a painful question which each man ought to ask himself; but the answer to which we forbear to discuss as not relevant to our immediate argument, which is confined to practical conclusions.

It is not long since we had a long and quiet conversation with an active member of the late Parisian Commune, who had taken refuge in this country after the final catastrophe. We endeavoured to obtain from him something like a precise statement of the objects for which so many thousands of French artisans, proletaires, and their half-educated but enthusiastic sympathisers, showed themselves so ready to fight, slay, and die—for which they were prepared to overthrow the established social hierarchy,

* 'The Charities of London,' by Dr. Hawksley.

and which they believed could be attained by no other means. He was an intelligent and not at all an uncultured man; but he had never thought things out, and was full of watchwords and high-flown phrases, and in consequence it was difficult to nail him to any distinct definition or platform. But when by a little Socratic questioning he was run to ground, his view of the aims and inspiration of the originators of the Communal insurrection appeared to be this: 'The artisans and poorer classes of France—i. e. of Paris and the great towns—are ground down (*exploité*) by the capitalists, their employers; they wish to reap the fruits of their own labour; they wish, in fact, to work for their own benefit and not for that of others; they think that all capital ought to belong to the State, and be lent out on moderate interest to associations of operatives, who would thus enter into the full enjoyment of the products of their own industry. They believe that only a Republic, of which the working classes should be the directors, would give them this result; and they know that a Republic of this sort can only be established by a revolution, and therefore they are willing to hazard everything and upset everything in the cause of such a revolution.' Our interlocutor had never distinctly made out either the correctness of his premises or the beneficence of his anticipated results, even if attainable or attained; but the dream was a grand one, and it had intoxicated his imagination. There were to be no more idle and luxurious profligates, scandalising decent livers by their orgies; no more bloated millionaires, buying power by the corrupt use of their ill-gotten gains; no more wretched toilers, ground to the dust by hardfisted employers, forced to labour from the cradle to the grave for the barest minimum of subsistence, scarcely knowing what true life is, and shaming Heaven by their misery and degradation. Every man should sit under his own vine and his own fig-tree, none daring to make him afraid. What generous nature would not willingly lay down his life for the realisation of such a dream?

We have no doubt that his account of the proletarian aims and state of mind was in the main correct, for Mr. Frederick Harrison, in the August number of the 'Fortnightly,' gives much the same description (p. 154):—

'They say that where in a common work labour is no less necessary than capital, and labourers are as worthy of the profits as managers, the system by which the gross result is appropriated to capital, and under which the self-indulgence of wealth soars to yet unimagined heights, whilst the area of misery, igno-

rance, and exhaustion sinks ever deeper, is a system which is doomed to end. And this their claim is good.

'Let us turn to the remedy they propose. The whole social force, they say, which so long has been directed by capital in its own interest, shall be directed by workmen in the interests of workmen. The laws shall no longer be made and administered so as to handicap the labourer in the race of industry. The power of the State shall step in to neutralise competition, and to restrain the selfish abuse of capital. The land, at any rate, they say, must be resumed by the State for the benefit of the whole community, and farmed on social, and not on proprietary, bases. Ultimately, in short, the whole existence of capital, and the ordering of the lives of the community, must be subject to the will of social authority.'

It is the more important to understand that these *are* the views entertained by the French Communalists—by those among them, at least, probably the main body, whose aims and inspirations were social and economic rather than definitely and immediately political—because it is generally believed that the first impulse to the Parisian insurrection was given by the members of the 'International Working Men's Association,' of which we have heard so much in that connection. In the beginning it is nearly certain that many of the leaders of the two movements, as well as their objects, were identical. This International Association has its central seat in London, and includes many thousands of English artisans among its members. It is true, no doubt, that the secretary of that body, who assumes to direct it and to speak and write in its name, is a mischievous, hot-headed, and intemperate German, named Karl Marx. It is true, too, that many of his English colleagues are disgusted at his violence and resist his imperious behaviour, and altogether refuse to be dragged through the mire and blood which have no repugnant qualities for him. It is true again, that the aims of the English element of this Association are principally and primarily business-like and economic—not political, republican, or revolutionary; and that the practical good sense spoken at their various congresses by the delegates from this country, offer a marked contrast to the vague and inflated declamation which passes for eloquence among their continental associates. But it is no less true that many of the current notions about the tyranny of capital and its unfair monopoly of profits, and its hostile position in relation to labour, prevail in England as well as in France and Germany, though in a modified and less irrational shape; and it is certain that the most earnest efforts are being made by the foreign

Chiefs of the International to drag their English colleagues along with them in their political crusades—to commit them to their wild schemes and theories, and, in fact, to change the Association from a Trades-Unionist into a Revolutionary organ. If they should ever succeed, even partially, it will be an evil day for English industry and English peace.*

Meanwhile, the point we desire to seize hold of is the absurdity that lies at the root of this wide-spread notion that capital is the oppressor and the enemy of labour, in place of being, as virtually it is, its offspring, instrument, and indispensable condition. The thinking class of British workmen and nearly all their leaders, perceive this; while maintaining that, partly by custom, partly, as they fancy, through favouring laws, and partly owing to the evil influence of excessive competition, capital manages always to obtain more than its fair share of the profits arising from the joint exertions of wealth and toil. But French operatives, especially the enthusiastic theorists, are slow to be convinced of our fundamental thesis. It was

* See the manifesto recently issued by the General Council of the Association in London, which runs thus, its language betraying unmistakably its un-English authorship:—

‘CONSIDERING,

‘That the emancipation of the working classes must be conquered by the working classes themselves; that the struggle for the emancipation of the working classes means not a struggle for class privileges and monopolies, but for equal rights and duties, and the abolition of all class-rule;

‘That the economical subjection of the man of labour to the monopolizer of the means of labour, that is the sources of life, lies at the bottom of servitude in all its forms, of all social misery, mental degradation, and political dependence;

‘That the economical emancipation of the working classes is therefore the great end to which every political movement ought to be subordinate as a means;

‘That all efforts aiming at that great end have hitherto failed from the want of solidarity between the manifold divisions of labour in each country, and from the absence of a fraternal bond of union between the working classes of different countries;

‘That the emancipation of labour is neither a local nor a national, but a social problem, embracing all countries in which modern society exists, and depending for its solution on the concurrence, practical and theoretical, of the most advanced countries;

‘That the present revival of the working classes in the most industrious countries of Europe, while it raises a new hope, gives solemn warning against a relapse into the old errors, and calls for the immediate combination of the still disconnected movements;

‘FOR THESE REASONS—

‘The International Working Men’s Association has been founded.’

easy to point out to our Communalist friend that capital, in whatever hands (where not the result of mere robbery), is distinctly and certainly nothing more than the produce of industry and skill, either of the actual possessor or of those from whom the actual possessor has inherited it; that it is that portion of the produce of his industry which he or his ancestors have laid by instead of consuming—nothing more, in fact, than accumulated savings; that, as all capital arose out of labour, it is the rightful and inalienable property of the labourer who has first created it, and then stored it up; and that it would be just as fair for the State to lay hold of the savings of the frugal peasant or operative of to-day as fast as he made them, as to appropriate, on any pretext, the capital of the rich man, which is simply *his* savings, or the savings of some one from whom he has received them by gift or by inheritance. It was easy to remind him that this formidable imaginary foe, ‘capital,’ the accumulated savings of the labour of preceding times, was, in truth, not only the best friend, but the *indispensable* condition and material of all profitable industry—that which supplies it with its implements and its machinery—that which *enables it to wait* for the realisation of its profits, for the ripening of its crops, for the sale of its produce—which, in a word, gives the workman wages which are not yet earned, profits which are not yet made, bread which is not yet baked, harvests which are not yet reaped. Give the labourer what his thoughtless advocates demand, his share of the earth’s surface, his seven acres or his ten, but deny him capital (which belongs to others who made and saved it, and which he cannot *claim* either as a boon or a right), and he will starve, the first year, on his fee-simple property. It was not a matter of much greater difficulty to show that it was unreasonable to expect, and would have been unjust in the State to concede, that this indispensable capital should be loaned or advanced to the labourer, without interest or consideration, or security for its repayment. Every labourer who has saved a few hundred francs on his own score and wishes to invest it sees this at once. But when we proceeded to point out to our Communalist that all the private capitalist and employer does is to ask that very interest for his money which the State itself would have to require—that the return he obtains, and which he calls sometimes interest, but oftener profits, consists of three portions (all undeniably equitable in character) namely—(*first*, the mere annual value or rent of his accumulated savings, that which others are willing to give

him for the use of what is undoubtedly his; *secondly*, the insurance for risk he encounters by investing this capital in a fluctuating and uncertain business, or in lending it to men who might fail or defraud him; *thirdly*, the remuneration for *his* labour, skill, and knowledge in managing the business; and, finally, that if artisans began a trade or manufacture on a co-operative system, and on their own behoof, they would equally have to pay all these three considerations—that is, ordinary interest, security, or insurance, in some shape or other, and the salary of a managing superintendent;—when we pointed out these obvious considerations, in addition to those previously enumerated, he seemed altogether puzzled and astonished; for, never having really reflected patiently upon the matter, these things were as new to him as to most of his fellow insurgents. And when, to close the conference, we expressed a sort of mild and hesitating doubt whether—considering that any body of workmen who could lay by money and club it together, or could obtain credit, or give security in character or otherwise, might start in business for themselves, as many had done from small beginnings, and with considerable success—it was absolutely necessary, or even at all worth while, to overthrow a Government, to inaugurate a revolution, to shed life wholesale in a sanguinary civil conflict, in order to try a precisely similar experiment on a somewhat larger scale, and in a decidedly more hazardous fashion—our friend was silenced and perplexed, but, to judge by his countenance, not one whit convinced.

We have always been favourable to the trial and extension of those co-operative partnerships, which, under one set of modifications or another, have been often suggested and occasionally carried out. They are feasible and they are serviceable. Where at all successful, or where even fairly tried, they do good in various ways. They instruct and practise the working classes in the conduct of business, its difficulties, its drawbacks, its multifarious but inseparable conditions. They disabuse their minds of the exaggerated estimates of employers' profits and habits of monopolisation so commonly entertained. They teach the operatives forethought; and if they do not actually augment their aggregate earnings very materially, they do so virtually and most effectually, inasmuch as funds which come to them at the end of the year in the shape of interest and profits, are far more likely than mere weekly wages to be husbanded. The system, too, will no doubt often enrich

them directly, inasmuch as by becoming capitalists and virtually employers, they will reap their fair share of capitalists' and employers' gains. There is no reason whatever, so far as we can discern, why such partnerships should not in time become numerous, if not general. There are benevolent and just-minded employers in Great Britain. There are also fair, intelligent, and saving artisans. These may easily combine on perfectly equitable terms. There is no reason why all employers should not be just and kindly, and all artisans economical, reasonable, and energetic. Then all employers and all operatives might become ostensibly and legally partners,—just as they are by the necessity of their position virtually partners now. Neither is there any reason why working men, as their education rises and their habits mend, as they learn to control themselves and trust each other, should not combine for most industrial undertakings without a master, and be their own employers and choose their own directors. When that time comes, the vexed and perplexing question of Labour *versus* Capital will have lost its vexations and perplexities, and will have been solved. Trades Unions and most other schemes and theories are but false scents, and only put off the advent of the golden day. How easy it would be for a large proportion of our artisans and skilled labourers in every line to become capitalists few reflect, and few even are allowed to know. Yet of the fact there can be no doubt. It can be proved by the testimony of all who are practically acquainted with the wages earned by competent and steady workmen in all the great industries of England where skilled labour is in request. Among the colliers of South Wales, for example, a man can earn 6s., and even 8s., and even more in special cases. The family income, therefore, cannot be estimated at less than 3*l.* a week, or, say, 150*l.* per annum. If it were not for the exhausting, unnecessary, and (as will presently be seen) noxious drafts made upon the means of these people by the Union funds—perhaps even *with* this drawback,—a man might easily lay by 50*l.* a year, and live in comfort on the remainder. A skilled operative in various branches of the iron trade can earn also 3*l.* a week, with the aid of an assistant (often his own son), to whom he pays 10s. or 15s. In the Cotton trade, the more skilful and industrious hands can often earn 30s. or 40s. a week; and, as three or four of a family are often employed, their aggregate income often reaches 50s. or 60s. or more. And so on. Now in all these cases—and, though we do not say they are *average* specimens, they are

assuredly very frequent and widely attainable ones*—the workman might in ten years have 500*l.* in the bank; and twenty such men, combining their savings, would be able to commence business or to join other industrials with a capital of 10,000*l.*, and a credit, owing to their character and their funds, which would readily command 5000*l.* more at least. It is, therefore, obviously in the power of industrious, steady, skilful, and frugal workmen to become capitalists before middle age; and it is their own fault if they do not.†

So much for direct proof. Now for still more irrefragable and convincing circumstantial evidence. We have seen what operatives might save. We will now show what they do waste. The annual expenditure of the population of the United Kingdom in fermented liquors and tobacco exceeds 100,000,000*l.*; that in beer and spirits only reaches 75,000,000*l.* In England alone, the consumption of intoxicating liquors would

* We have now lying before us returns which have been furnished to us from various establishments of the staple industries of Lancashire. These show that the earnings of really good workmen range from 25*s.* to 40*s.*, and in a few cases to 50*s.* a week. The weekly earnings of families, where, as is usually the case, two or three are employed besides the father, are often very large. The following are a few specimens, and not the highest we have heard of:—(1.) 4*l.* 5*s.*; (2.) 4*l.* 7*s.*; (3.) 5*l.*; (4.) 3*l.* 17*s.* 4*d.*; (5, 6, 7, 8.) 3*l.* 5*s.*; (9, 10.) 4*l.* 2*s.*; (11.) 2*l.* 18*s.*; (12.) 3*l.* 8*s.* Here are families with a regular income ranging from 150*l.* to 250*l.* a year, and *paying no income-tax.*

† It is argued, with considerable justice, by Mr. Thomas Wright (Journeyman Engineer), in 'Fraser's Magazine' for October last, that the *income* of operatives cannot fairly be estimated from their weekly *earnings*, inasmuch as owing to periods of slack trade, vast numbers of them are not employed, or at least not fully employed, all the year round. The argument is valid as far as it reaches, but the extent of its range is enormously overstated. There are, no doubt, many occupations where work is casual and fluctuating, but in the larger industries of the country full work is the rule, and 'short time' the exception; and, moreover, the steady and reliable skilled workmen are the last to be thrown out, and are rarely unemployed. There are cases, of course, such as that of dockyard labourers in the metropolis, where occupation, being dependent on winds and other varying influences, is necessarily uncertain; and others, such as railway and to some extent shipbuilding industries, where periods of briskness and slackness alternate, and cause much mischief; but in these cases the wages in good times are extraordinarily high. On the whole we are satisfied that as regards the iron, coal, pottery, cotton, and woolen trades, we have not overstated facts. Still it must be admitted without reserve, that periods of 'flush and reaction' constitute one of the most unmanageable mischiefs with which labour in England has to contend.

allow an expenditure of 10*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* to each adult male. Now, according to the best estimates that can be formed, the expenditure of the working classes alone in drinking and smoking is not far from 60,000,000*l.*—of which 40,000,000*l.* is mere extravagance and excess.* Every year, therefore, the working classes have it in their power to become capitalists (*simply by saving wasteful and pernicious expenditure*) to an extent which would enable them to start at least 500 cotton mills, or coal mines, or iron works, *on their own account*, or to purchase at least 500,000 acres, and so set up 50,000 families each with a nice little estate of their own of ten acres, in fee simple. No one can dispute the facts. No one can deny the inference. After this, what must we think of the sense or honesty or morality of the Proletaires who wish to confiscate the land or the capital of others, or of the leaders who would persuade them it would be right and wise to do so? Were we not warranted in saying that the fate and future of the working classes, their salvation or their ruin, lie in their own hands,—and in no others?

Another false scent along which many popular orators and writers are leading the Proletariat of our country is the division of the soil among a class of peasant proprietors. We cannot but regard this as an erroneous direction to give to the general aspiration after an improved condition, though one incomparably less unsound and less mischievous than that we have been considering. The leaders of whom we speak, often sincere patriots and earnest philanthropists, who seek to foster the 'land hunger' in Ireland and to create it in England, unquestionably do much harm in the former country, and excite futile and extravagant hopes, even if they do not waste and pervert energy by turning it into a channel which is nearly certain to lead to disappointment in the other.

We will deal with the case of Ireland first, as being far the clearest and simplest. The love of a poor man for his native country, even when it is mere ignorant attachment to the soil, to the scenes he is familiar with, to the cabin in which he was born, to the fields he has helped to till, has something in it, no doubt, at once respectable and touching, and occasionally even beautiful. It is a healthy instinct, even where it is nothing but an instinct. But under the circumstances of the country it is indisput-

* See 'Companion to the Almanac,' 1870,—'Self-imposed Taxation.' See also 'Companion' for 1871, for very valuable information as to Mutual Partnerships.

ably one which every true friend to the Irish peasant should labour to enlighten and control, rather than to laud and exaggerate as most of the priests and prominent 'Nationalists' are wont to do. In all old countries, especially in thickly peopled and increasingly populous ones, and where agriculture is the main industry, those who wish to improve their condition and not deteriorate it—to rise, and not to sink—must seek their fortune in more prolific fields of industry. Middle-class Englishmen and mechanics and Scotch shepherds have come to know this, and why not Irish labourers? In plain truth—so plain that no one who sees it fairly stated can resist conviction—it is the 'land hunger' of the Irish cottier, or rather his hunger after *Irish* land, that keeps him poor. The wonder is how any Irishman, a friend to his countrymen, can wish to keep him at home.

Nearly every one (says Mr. Maguire in his account of the condition of Irish settlers in Canada and the United States) had the same tale to tell. 'I landed in New York or Halifax eight, ten, or sometimes only five years ago, without a shilling, or only with an axe; I went up country, worked for wages till I could purchase a few acres of my own; laid by and struggled hard, and now I have a good house and a comfortable farm, all my own property, of 200 or 300 acres, am worth 2000*l.*, 3000*l.*, 5000*l.*; and every one of my sons can be certain of doing just as well.' Yet, observes his reviewer, these men when in their native country had, as a rule, only a miserable holding of three or five acres—for which they were often unable to pay rent—a wretched cabin, no hopes and no ambition. Now, compare for a moment the average, nay, the *certain*, prospect which awaits the sober and industrious Irishman who emigrates to America, with the *best* prospect he could dream of at home, were he ever so sober and industrious. Suppose Ireland 'governed in conformity to Irish ideas,' tranquil and prosperous almost beyond rational anticipation, manufacturers introduced, wages trebled, 'fixity of tenure' conceded, and what would be the brightest possibility within reach of the ordinary Irishman? To earn 18*s.* a week, to hold on lease (say) ten or fifteen acres of not very rich soil, to feel that his sons, if they did not emigrate, could only hold five or three, to live in a hovel comfortable, perhaps, according to his poor notions of comfort, to forget the future, or, if he remembered it, to remember it with deep anxiety. What lies before him ten days further West? In a very few years a position as landed proprietor on a considerable scale, a career, a political career

if he desire it, yearly increasing wealth, ample plenty and comfort, and absolute freedom from all anxiety either for himself or his children. What country in the Old World, what government in Ireland, though 'native' to the core, could offer him anything like this? And wherein lies the secret of the marvellous contrast? Not in government, not in race, not in religion, not in that he is oppressed in the one country and free in the other; but simply and solely in two circumstances which 'no people and no sovereign can alter:—that in Ireland men are redundant, and that in America they are scarce; that in the Old World labour commands only a shilling a day, and land costs 50*l.* an acre; whereas, over the water, labour commands five or eight shillings a day, and land can be bought for five shillings an acre, or less. In one case *one day's* work can purchase one acre; in the other case not less than *three years'* work.

The case of England is different, though not in the feature essential to our present argument. We feel as strongly as either Mr. Mill or Mr. Odger that the condition of the agricultural labourer in most districts is an opprobrium and a calamity to the nation. He ought not to be suffered to remain in it; and he cannot (unassisted) raise himself out of it. We need not describe what has been over and over again depicted and proved *usque ad nauseam*. The thing is a disgrace and a danger—and we need say no more. We are not sure that the condition is not even growing worse year by year. Certainly it is worse in many essentials than it was a century or a century and a half ago. The wages these labourers obtain are a shame. The general and inescapable prospect of the poor-house for their old age is a shame. The condition of their cottages is a shame. Their often having no cottages at all in the parish where they work is, perhaps, the greatest shame of all. But the enthusiasts who hope permanently or materially to mend this condition by facilitating the acquisition of land, by subdivision, by allotments of small acreages, in a word, by endeavouring to force into existence a class of peasant proprietors, leave out of their calculations two essential facts—two elements of the problem—alike indisputable and conclusive. We feel the full beauty of the pictures they draw of the smock-frocked labourer sitting at his own door, under his own fig-tree, looking out on his own ten acres, and with his ten children (which he is sure to have) lying on the sward around him. But when we think of the next step, and picture each of these ten children needing his ten acres also, the economic imagina-

tion breaks down before the unrealisable ideal. These peasants are *too thick upon the ground already*—that is the fundamental cause of their wretchedness: unless they emigrate they will become thicker still, and rapidly so—and what then? This question must not be evaded, and as yet has not been answered.

The other element of the problem is this: When you have given the peasant his acre, or his five acres, or his ten, *how are you to secure that he shall retain it?* Short of a jubilee year like that which the Israelitish legislator is said to have enacted—short of declaring this peasant's farm inalienable, sacred from any claim, untouchable for any debt, unforfeitable for any negligence, misuse, or drunken incapacity, indivisible among any heirs—how is he to keep it? We once had a race of small proprietors in certain counties of England. They have all died out, drunk themselves out, been bought out. When common lands have been inclosed, what has always become of the few acres allotted in actual property to the commoners adjoining? In every case they have been sold to tempting bidders or forfeited for debts. Why shut our eyes to the fact that in densely-peopled countries land (like jewels) becomes a luxury only attainable to, or retainable by, the rich; it can only be purchased or possessed by those who have spare means, and *can afford themselves a superfluity*. The rich man can afford to be satisfied with 2 per cent. for his money (and land rarely yields more); the poor man must have five or ten per cent. The peasant has inherited a farm worth 100*l.* in fee simple, or he has given 100*l.* for it, or a land society has enabled him to pay 100*l.* by difficult instalments. He is proud of it, and attached to it. But a neighbouring proprietor, or a retired tradesman who wants a villa and a garden, offers him 250*l.*, 350*l.*, 500*l.*, for it—he is likely to refuse the offer? Ought he to refuse? Men will always be at hand to give him for his acres more than they are worth: they want them for pleasure, not for profit. They desire them, as they desire jewels, for fashion, for beauty, not caring the least for the return they yield. Five hundred pounds an acre to the millionaire is nothing—to the peasant owner, it is wealth. Therefore, we say that, create as many peasant properties as you please, they will all be swallowed up in a few years by the natural process of sale—unless either peasants become fewer and better paid, and possessed therefore of a superfluity, able to afford themselves a luxury, and *an ostensibly bad or inferior investment*—or unless you actually forbid the sale of such properties:—

that is, add a new and more stringent restriction to those which these very enthusiasts are seeking to remove—tie up land in a stricter settlement than any of those against which their clamour is just now so righteously directed.* Encourage peasants as much as you like to claim allotments and to rent or buy cottages, gardens, small farms; enable artisans to live in houses of their own, with paddocks and flower plots attached;—all that is good, very good, as far as it goes—but do not hope to regenerate or rehabilitate their class by the process. And do not forget the dangers which beset the process in its course and might be fatal to it when successful (unless population became absolutely stationary)—the danger, namely, of leading the labourer, like the Irish cottier, to use his potato fields as a staff instead of a crutch, and work only for himself and not for hire—and the certainty that when you have made all your labourers into peasant proprietors, the class of employers would have died out of the land.†

The various Land-law reformers of the day all assume as the foundation of their reasoning and the justification of their schemes, that the land of a country, by the undeniable conditions of the problem, must belong in proprietary right to the people of that country; because, as no man made it, it was the free and general gift of God to all men, and because, being limited in extent, the monopoly of it by some is an obvious wrong and injury to all others; and that, therefore, those who hold it in actual posses-

* It is a singular instance of the degree to which fanatical or sentimental devotion to one cherished idea can cloud the mental vision and disturb the logical consistency even of the clearest and most trained intellects, that reasoners of the stamp of Mr. Mill should at one and the same moment question the right of private property in land and endeavour both to limit its absolute ownership and to confiscate one of the accessories which cause it to be so valued and cherished—viz. its almost inevitable rise in value with the lapse of time—and yet should seek so eagerly to create a class of peasant proprietors, and dwell so enthusiastically on the enormous economic, sentimental, and patriotic value ('magical' they call it) of the sense of absolute ownership which they would confer upon those peasants. It is scarcely less curious that the same men are arguing and labouring with the deepest earnestness to facilitate and cheapen the transfer of land in order to get it into the hands of a class in whose possession it could only be made to remain by the prompt enactment of the most arbitrary and severe prohibitive fetters against any re-transfer.

† 'Essays on Political and Social Science,' by W. R. Greg, i. pp. 181-139, where the entire question of the secondary consequences of peasant proprietorship on the condition of a State is clearly worked out.

sion can only rightfully do so on the ground that the system of private property in land is a more beneficial arrangement on the whole to the people than any other mode of joint or State tenure. Various plans, more or less well thought out—usually less rather than more—have been suggested for gradually putting the great mass of the population in possession of this their rightful inheritance. Mr. Mill would at present content himself with directing the State to assume the ownership of waste lands, and (on such terms as might be arranged) of estates held by corporations, and of all the increment in the value of the soil arising year after year in consequence of the increase of numbers and aggregate wealth in the country. Mr. Odger would gradually bring back land from the present owners by the produce of a special tax levied upon those owners, and then have the State let that land in small farms, and ‘at reasonable rents,’ to all and sundry—forgetting apparently, among a variety of other forgets, that as there would not be farms for all claimants, some would offer higher terms than others, and rents would soon become as ‘unreasonable’ as ever. Mr. Atherton would solve the matter by the simple plan of decreeing that every baby born should at once become entitled to an acre of land (again at a ‘reasonable’ rent) in the parish where he first saw the light.*

Now, without caring to contest the fundamental premiss of these gentlemen in its abstract shape, we submit that a manifest and fatal fallacy lies at the root of their proposed practical applications of it—a fallacy which vitiates every conclusion they have drawn from their original thesis—a fallacy so obvious that, if they had ever patiently *thought out* their theory instead of merely playing at bo-peep with it, it could scarcely fail to have occurred to them. It is very true that man did not make the land or any portion of it, and therefore, it may be said, can have no right to monopolise its produce or its use. (It is equally true, however, that man—*this* man or his predecessors—did, by his labour, skill, or capital, make the productiveness of the chief portion of this land, and therefore may be held entitled to enjoy and to bequeath it. But this by the way). It is very true that the earth was given by the Creator for the benefit of the whole human race, and not of any particular class or favoured individuals. But it by no means

follows—and yet this is universally assumed by these reasoners and forms the foundation of their whole argument—that any special portion of the earth was created for that special section of the human race which happens to be located there. A man *may* have a natural right to as many acres of the surface of the earth as he can cultivate or as he needs to enable him to live. But it by no means is to be inferred from thence that he has a right to those acres *in any given locality*;—whether he grounds that claim on individual preference or on propinquity, or on the fact that he first dropped from heaven in that latitude and longitude. He may be entitled to it from the great land Bank of the Universe;—there is nothing to show that he is entitled to a bank-note of this or that particular number. Mr. Atherton holds, as we have seen, that he is entitled to it in the parish in which he was born—a claim manifestly absurd because impracticable, inasmuch as in a generation or two in several parishes, if not in all, every acre on this principle would be allotted, and none would remain for the next comer. (Who, therefore, must not be allowed to come,—for we always run upon this same rock at last.) Mr. Mill,—a thinker of different calibre and of a larger order—holds that a man is entitled to his native inheritance of acres in the land, kingdom, political or geographical division of Europe, in which he lives—*i.e.*, in Great Britain, in ‘his country’ as it is called;—and if in a large island, then by parity of reasoning, in a small one equally,—in the Isle of Man, in Jersey, in Alderney, in Heligoland;—if in England or Ireland, then why not in Devonshire, in the parish of Plumstead, out of the park of the Duke of Bedford? We may grant—for it is not worth while to dispute it, perhaps it would not be easy to controvert it—that man is entitled to claim a sufficient portion of the surface of the earth as a field for his labour—as long as there is land enough. We may even grant, to come nearer home and nearer the practical application of the doctrine, that every Englishman who needs it is entitled to be helped to his ten acres;—it is a long step to admit that he is entitled to have them *where he likes*. You may perhaps even stretch a point, and concede for the sake of argument that he is entitled to have them somewhere in the British empire, if he prefers Australia to America, or one side of Lake Ontario to the other. But he is no more entitled to insist upon having his ten acres in England or in Ireland, than to insist upon having them in the parish of Havering, in the county of Surrey, in the climate of

* ‘Land Tenure Reform Association,’ Mr. Mill’s Inaugural Discourse. ‘Contemporary Review,’ August, 1871.

Penzance, or in the neighbourhood of London, because he has a personal predilection for any of those localities.*

The plain truth is that the primary assumption on which is based the entire fabric of the argument we are questioning is distinctly and notoriously false. Land is not limited in quantity. There is enough for all, and to spare. Our own conviction is that there always will be. There certainly will be for countless generations. Vast areas of the richest soil of the globe have not one man per square mile. The land in Canterbury parish may be limited; the land in Kent or Essex may be limited; the land of England may be limited. But practically the land of the world knows no limits; the land of the British empire virtually knows no limits;—it can be purchased of excellent quality at the rate of a day's labour per acre;—and the whole edifice of the argument of the Land and Labour League, foundation and superstructure, falls to the ground.

Another false scent by which the Proletariat have long been led astray is that of attempting to better their condition by Trades Unions and strikes. Few of their errors have been more persistent or more pernicious. Few, it may be added, are more natural to uneducated men, ignorant of the principles of Economic Science. This subject has been so often and so fully discussed that we need only and very briefly point out the chief considerations which serve to show that this scent is inherently a wrong one, and must ultimately lead to harm. In the first place, these associations, so far as their object is to raise the wages of labour, aim at a result which either cannot be attained at all, or could equally well and surely be obtained without them. If Labour is redun-

dant—if two men are looking for one employer—no Trades Union, no power on earth, can permanently raise wages, or prevent them from falling. If labour is scarce—if two masters are looking for one man—no master can prevent wages from rising, and no union is needed to raise them. In the second place, Trades Unions, in order to gain their object in the face of adverse circumstances (and it is in such alone that their operation is even apparently required) can only succeed by means equally unjust, oppressive and violent. They have to prevent redundant labourers from competing with employed ones—to prevent those who have no work from offering to work on lower terms than others in order to obtain employment—to prevent those who are starving and anxious to earn 3s. a day, from replacing those who insist on 4s.* Of course they

* The injustice and iniquity of this has been brought in so clear and original a shape by the lady whose address we have placed at the head of our article, that we cannot do better than quote the passage here:—“The great employer must now weigh with himself, whether it will be better for him to give you what you want or to let you go. If he decides to let you go, you must remember that it was you yourselves who put him to the option, you must abide by your bargain, and go honourably to look for labour elsewhere, without seeking to molest him in any way, or to interfere with his future arrangements. “Ah, but,” you will say, “the contest is not a fair one. He has got Capital to back him, and the moment we turn away, he can bring men from the north of Scotland or the south of England to fill our places.” Now, just think for a moment: will his capital induce a man who is earning twenty-one shillings in Scotland, to come and work for him for twenty, or a man who is working nine hours elsewhere, to come and work ten for him for the same pay? Certainly not; his capital will only enable him to induce a man who is earning nineteen shillings, to come and take twenty from him; or a man who is working eleven hours, to come and work ten for him. And as long as there is a man anywhere who would be glad of such a rise, what business in all the world have you to try and stand between him and his good fortune? What right have you to tell others, that they shall not be content with something because it did not satisfy you? *How would you like, if you saw a loaf marked 6d., in a baker's shop, and you wanted to go in and buy, how would you like if a rival baker placed himself in the doorway, and declared you should not buy the loaf under 7d., which was what he charged? You would say that he had no right to stand between you and your bread; and no more right have you to stand between any other man and his bread.* I have read in the papers how, at some of your meetings, your delegates have spoken of the employers bringing over men from abroad “to undersell the British workman,” in a manner that implied that they considered this a shabby and unpatriotic proceeding. Now, frankly, is not that rather nonsensical? When you sit down to eat your loaf at breakfast, do you hesitate about partaking of it, because the corn

* In pursuing this argument to its legitimate conclusions, we find ourselves wrecked upon yet another rock. The citizens of one State—i.e. the inhabitants of one ‘country’—say France, have multiplied slowly out of providence, and have land to spare. The inhabitants of a neighbouring country, say Ireland, have multiplied recklessly, and have no longer any land to apportion to new comers. Is France to allow Irishmen to overflow into her boundaries and divide her ‘superfluity’ of soil among them? Ought he that hath two coats (one of which he had provided for next year) to give to him that hath none (because he pawned his only one for drink)? Yet if the Irishman may not claim French acres, why may the improvident parishioners of Winslow demand the acres of the prudent parishioners of the adjoining district of Evershed? Why ought I, who have toiled and pinched to get together fifty acres for my old age and my infirm wife or child, to share them with my neighbour who never worked and never fasted, because the soil of the earth is limited?

can only do this by bribes, by persuasion, by threats, and in the last resort by violence. Historically we know that in all difficult cases—i.e., wherever there is a real and chronic excess of labourers, often even without this excuse—violence is inevitably resorted to, leading on to crime, and frequently culminating in murder. Thirdly, strikes and unions, it has been clearly shown, can never (or scarcely ever) *pay*. Even in the few instances where they temporarily raise the *rate of wages*, they never raise the actual *net earnings* of the operative. Even where strikes are successful, and extort the 5 or 10 per cent. augmentation demanded, the balance is almost invariably and inevitably against the workman—i.e., the loss of wages while on strike, added to the constant contribution to the union funds, amounts to a sum larger than that of the increased wages during the period when the state of trade allows him to enjoy them.* In most trades, moreover, where these associations are in active operation, the tax levied on the employed workmen, in order to support in idleness the unemployed, and buy off their menaced competition, amounts to a permanent and very material diminution of his earnings; and it is only where there are such unemployed workmen that unions and strikes are needed to enhance wages or to keep them up. It is probably not overstating the case to say that in many trades every ten operatives have to maintain a possible rival out of their earnings. Fourthly, and lastly; it is undeniable that the operation of unions and strikes is, directly or indirectly (often both) to raise the cost of the article produced—indeed that is usually the avowed aim and expectation, and must be the result if the *capitalist* is to secure his remuneration. Therefore it is demonstrable that, as the effect is to raise the price of the article the workman buys (his house, his clothes, his shoes, his coal, &c.), and fails to raise the net price of the article he has to sell (his labour)—these unions must be noxious and

impoverishing to him. Yet, notwithstanding this unexpugnable process of reasoning, driven home as it has been by the disastrous experience of the operatives during scores of bitter conflicts, they are still persuaded or coerced into supporting these associations, which have driven away or ruined more trades than one already, and we fear will end in expatriating many others. The taxes levied by the unions are far heavier in most departments of industry than those levied by the State.

One other wrong scent remains to be noticed—one on which the masses have been more persistently, and sometimes wilfully, led astray than on any other. It has been the vulgar radical cry for years—too often echoed by politicians who were neither radical nor vulgar—that the people are ground down by heavy taxation; that much of their poverty is owing to extravagant government expenditure; that the revenue burdens of the country are shamefully oppressive, and that of these burdens the proletariat bear more than their fair share. These are common hustings cries; they form the staple of demagogic agitation; they are put forward, in the most ludicrous exaggeration, in all the pomp of figures by popular orators and financial reform associations; yet, whatever may have been the case formerly, every one of these allegations is now demonstrably and notably untrue.* Their fallacy was exposed, and the true facts of the case carefully worked out in an elaborate paper which appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review' for January, 1860; and the whole question may be seen briefly elucidated in Mr. Greg's 'Political Problems,' chap. xii. It is there proved incontestably that the taxation of the country is diminishing rather than increasing, in proportion both to numbers and to wealth; that England is less heavily taxed than either America or France; and that both the cost of collecting the revenue and the severity of its incidence are mitigated by our financial system to a remarkable degree. It is further shown that the proletaires, or 'wage class,' constituting more than *three-fourths* of the population, pay less than *one-third* of the taxes; and that taxation is now so equitably apportioned between the rich and the poor (property and proletarianism), that the former pay more than *six* times as much in proportion to their numbers, and *half as much again* in proportion to their means.' It is proved, too, conclu-

was grown by Foreign Labour? If you want a cheap knapsack to put your clothes in, should you deem it unpatriotic to buy it, because it was of German make? Yes; but then you may object, this Foreign Labour was at any rate carried on on Foreign soil. Well then, if a German tailor lived at one end of your street, who would sell you a coat for fifteen shillings, and an English tailor lived at the other end of the street, who charged twenty shillings for his coat, would the idea that it was unpatriotic deter you from buying the coat from the German? I think not. You would say: "I shall buy where I can find the article that best suits my purse."

* 'Political Problems,' by W. R. Greg, pp. 110-134; where the whole question is concisely discussed in its practical bearings.

* Even Mr. Bright, at no very distant date, did not disdain to encourage and indorse these misleading and disturbing fallacies, by raising the cry of a 'free breakfast-table.'

sively, that 'no necessary of life is taxed'; that the working man need not pay to the State revenue one shilling unless he pleases; that if he does pay anything, it is because he chooses to indulge (like the rich man) in superfluities and luxuries, *i.e.*, in articles which are not essential either to health or strength. And, finally, Mr. Greg points out an indisputable but somewhat demoralising consideration which, whatever other effect it may produce, ought at least to shut the mouths of the popular declaimers of the fallacy we are demolishing, namely, that large sections of the working classes are directly enriched, instead of being impoverished, by a lavish Government expenditure; 'that the utmost amount of retrenchment that could be practically carried out would not relieve their taxation more than a penny or two per week, while an increase in Government activity and outlay would increase the wages of hundreds of thousands of them several shillings per week. They know well enough—what the hustings advocates of economy seems always to forget, and what some of its zealous preachers deliberately keep out of view—that three-fourths at least of the expenditure on the army and navy goes directly or indirectly into the pockets of their class; in the pay and keep of soldiers and sailors, in wages to artificers, in naval and military stores which they manufacture, in gunpowder which they fabricate and the materials for which they procure, in arms which employ the factories at Birmingham and Enfield, and the iron works in Staffordshire and Lanarkshire. They believe, in short (and they are about right), that, of every additional four millions laid out on the national defences, in reference to which the Tories are said to be so wasteful, three millions are *paid* by the middle and upper classes, and are *spent* in the wages of labour.*

Few facts show clearly how little, in reference to this question, the proletariat grasp or consider the simple truth of the case, and how systematically their chosen instructors abstain from enlightening their ignorance or correcting their misconceptions, than the recent clamour against the burden said to be laid upon the people by the expense of Royalty in Great Britain. The entire sum annually paid to Her Majesty and other members of the Royal Family (exclusive of the revenue of the Duchy of Cornwall, an appanage) is, including the last dotations of Prince Arthur and Princess Louise, just 517,000*l.* Now, as we have seen that only about one-third of the revenue of the coun-

try is levied on the working classes, who number 23,000,000—their share of this burden is not quite *two pence* a head, or ten pence for each family of five—equal to the cost of about five glasses of beer per annum. At the same time, as we have shown above, they spend more than three hundred times this sum in drinking and smoking. The pauperism of the land eats away ten millions yearly, and the monarchy only half a million. Yet the complaint of the labourer is concentrated upon the latter. *Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.*

Early in October last the public was startled by the announcement of a new social alliance said to have been entered into between the recognised leaders of the working classes and certain Conservative peers and eminent politicians of the Lower House of Parliament, with a view of securing the attainment of a number of objects which the people have much at heart. It was alleged that the senators, whose names were given, had agreed to a programme, drawn up by some persons well known as connected with extreme popular movements, and had pledged themselves to use their best exertions towards carrying it out by legislative measures. Many of the politicians named, indeed, took immediate steps for the disavowal of any such agreement, and repudiated most of the schemes in question; and it appeared that the whole affair was due to one officious and unauthorised individual who seems to have mystified, if not misunderstood, both of the parties between whom he was attempting to negotiate.* But the

* It is, however, only fair to state that Mr. Scott Russell's explanation (published since the above was written) exonerates him from participation in the graver errors of the program-mists. Indeed, few things can illustrate more clearly into the hands of what mismanaging leaders the organisation of the working classes has fallen, than the comparison of Mr. Scott Russell's original sketch, as he gives it, of the *wants* of the operatives with the *demands* of Messrs. Potter and Co. in the form assumed under their manipulation. Mr. Scott Russell says:—'Six months of last year I devoted to the purpose of studying the real evils which depress the condition of the working men. I conversed with the least educated and the most educated, the less skilled and the more skilled, with the object of learning, not their imaginary grievances or their political fancies, but the real griefs of their daily life. I was soon able to reduce these by careful classification to the number of twelve, and afterwards of seven, and it was thus that the seven points of our movement were not the invention of any one, but grew naturally out of the actual condition of English society. The seven evils which we thus discovered were—I. The want of family homes,

* 'Political Problems,' p. 336.

programme, consisting of seven resolutions (selected, we are told, most carefully out of twenty-four) has been published, and is well deserving of attention, as indicating, almost for the first time, some correct though rather vague perception on the part of the artisan chiefs of the real *needs* of the working class, and of the objects to which their demands should be directed; while curiously crude in their conception of the form in which those claims should be urged, of the modifications requisite to render them rational or just, and of the means by which alone they could practically be worked out. The text of the resolutions is as follows:—

'1. The families of our workmen shall be rescued from the dismal lanes, crowded alleys and unwholesome dwellings of our towns, and placed "out in the clear," where, in the middle of a garden, each family shall have its own detached homestead, and where in wholesome air and sunshine, they may grow up strong, healthy, and pure, under the influence of well-ordered homes. 2. There shall be created a perfect organisation for the self-government of counties, towns, and villages, with power for the acquisition and disposal of land for the common good. 3. A day's labour shall consist of eight hours of honest work. 4. In addition to schools for elementary education, there shall be established schools for technical education and practical knowledge. 5. Places of public recreation, knowledge, and refinement shall be established and maintained as parts of the public service. 6. Public markets shall be erected and maintained in every town for the sale of goods of the best quality in small quantities at wholesale prices. 7. There shall be provided a great extension and reorganisation of the public service on the model of the Post-Office.*

It would not be easy to put forward *aims* in themselves legitimate and desirable, in a more undigested form, or in one more open to honest criticism and objection. Let us

clean, wholesome, and decent, out in pure air and sunshine. II. The want of an organised supply of wholesome, nutritious, cheap food. III. The want of leisure for the duties and recreation of family life, for instruction, and for social duties. IV. The want of organised local government to secure the well-being of the inhabitants of villages, towns, counties, and cities. V. The want of systematic, organised teaching, to every skilled workman, of the scientific principles and most improved practice of his trade. VI. The want of public parks, buildings, and institutions for innocent, instructive, and improving recreation. VII. The want of the adequate organisation of the public service for the common good.'

* Mr. Odger's name does not appear among the Working Men's leaders who concocted this programme, but the name of Messrs. Howell, Applegarth, Hughes, Broadhurst, and Potter do.

take them *seriatim*—it will precisely answer our purpose to do so, as they will bring us at once upon the track of those *true scents* which it is the object of this paper to point out, in contradistinction to the false scents which, in our opinion, the working men of England have hitherto pursued.

But first we must notice a singular omission, strongly suggestive of the inference (we believe a correct one), that this programme proceeds not from the real heart of the artisan class, but from their political or professional leaders and spokesmen. Not a word is said as to the regulation of the liquor trade: yet all who know the internal lives and sentiments of the working classes, especially in the manufacturing districts, are aware that this question not only affects their condition far more directly and powerfully than any other, but lies nearer than any other to the hearts of the best and most thoughtful of their order. They fully recognise that drunkenness is the bane of their people, that it stands incomparably more than any other influence in the way of progress, family comfort, and domestic respectability; that, but for it, squalid poverty might be almost unknown among them. They long to be protected against the temptations to drink which beset them on every side, and against which the weaker and perhaps more numerous brethren have not moral strength to protect themselves. They ask to be protected against those adulterations which are sometimes almost as noxious as the drink itself. There is no question as to the extent or the consequences of this evil influence. No one doubts them; no one is ignorant of them; no one has been suffered to be blind to them; no one can exaggerate them. Yet in a programme professing to contain the well-considered objects, demands, and social purposes of the masses, and the matters on which they call for legislative aid, not one word is said upon the subject; not a sentence indicates that this point, of all others, needs parliamentary intervention on their behalf; and moreover, never yet, so far as we know, have any of the recognised organisers, or self-named chiefs of the working class, directed the powers which their organisation would enable them to wield, either to demand such a reform and regulation of the liquor traffic as would meet their wants, or to aid, with the least unanimity and determination, the attempts volunteered from time to time by private members of parliament, or by different administrations, to grapple with this prolific and pervading evil. The practical difficulties in the way of legislative action on the subject are, we know, immense; it is not easy to feel more confident

as to what ought to be done than as to what can be done; false steps, no doubt, might be only one degree less mischievous than helpless inaction; but this much is certain, that if either statesmen, or the leaders of popular organisations, or the sincere friends of the working classes in public life, or even the great body of the inarticulate masses themselves, were adequately alive to the paramount urgency or the fearful dimensions of the matter, parliament would be compelled to face it and deal with it, without a year's delay, and to deal with it in such a resolute and earnest spirit, with such a concentrated and persistent purpose to arrive at a prompt and beneficent solution of its difficulties, as would overcome alike all habitual inertia, and all interested opposition. What is wanted—what the labouring men have a right to demand—is not that this or that measure shall be passed, or this or that panacea adopted, but that the question shall be grappled with, and not let go till it has been mastered.

Next to this in importance stands, no doubt, the question of decent and healthy dwellings within reach of their work, alike for the rustic labourer and the city artisan. This is about the truest scent they can pursue. It is probably their most indispensable need. The want of such dwellings lies at the root of much of their wretchedness. The absence, or rather the unattainability, of them constitutes a most legitimate and crying grievance, perhaps the greatest of all. It is impossible, we consider, to repudiate their claim, not to have such houses *provided for them*, but (what is a very different thing) to be *enabled to procure them*, to have them within reach of practicable exertion. We need not waste words in pointing out the *essential* character of this necessary of life—a home of some sort in which an existence not wholly unworthy shall at least be possible. This is not asking much. To the want of it, as we all now know and admit, may be traced much of the vice and squalor and much of the destitution of our population—bad health, impure living, craving for drink, frequentation of public houses and gin-shops, and the early death of the bread-winner, spreading epidemics, constant sickness, and all the wretchedness which these involve. This ground has been gone over, even to nausea, assuredly to conviction, in volumes of evidence innumerable. Of course the *form* which this desirable object and legitimate claim is made to assume in the programme we are criticising is extravagant and absurd, and would seem expressly devised to repel sympathisers, and to expose the shallow unreason of its propounders. But the es-

sence of the claim—still more the general character of the aspiration—is irrefragably just. The real need of the labouring class, whether in town or country is, that they shall find suitable homes *within reach of their daily labour*. The foolish declaimer who drew up the demand 'that the families of our workmen shall be rescued from the dismal lanes, &c., of our towns, and placed out in the clear in the midst of a garden,' and so on, might have perceived, if he had given a moment's thought to the matter, that he was requiring for the vast mass of his clients—the entire artisan and handicraft class of our citizens—that their houses should be *far removed* from the scene of their daily labour, precisely the opposite of what they want and wish. But passing over all the nonsense of this framework, the nucleus of the claim is neither irrational nor unjust. Without wishing to lay down any general principle too broad for the occasion, and perhaps, therefore, open to controversy, it does not seem much to allow that, in a community such as ours, the State, the municipality, the central, local, or legislative authorities, should do that for the people which is needful for their good and for the welfare of the nation, and which, from the nature of the case, *they cannot do for themselves*. The labouring poor, whose position and wants we are considering, form part of the community, and the largest part; they contribute to the funds of the State and help to choose its rulers, and they pay municipal rates and taxes in some shape or other. The principle, no doubt, may be mischievously stretched or misapplied, but its correctness is assumed in every public and administrative department. Roads are made by the local bodies or the central government, because individuals cannot make them for themselves, or make them so well. So with the Post Office, so with the police, so with the national defences. Now it is obvious that the working classes in large towns (and we may take the instance of the metropolis as a crucial and a flagrant one), cannot provide themselves with decent, or wholesome, or suitably placed dwellings, however sober and industrious they may be, and however willing they may be to pay a fairly remunerative rent. They cannot purchase sites, they cannot ^{dig} on water, they cannot secure good air, they cannot provide drainage. They are constantly dispossessed by 'improvements,' demolitions,* new streets, new railroads; and they cannot, unaided, re-establish themselves in other suitable quarters

* It is calculated that in the last ten years upwards of 150,000 persons have been thus unhoused in the metropolis.

near their work. They are, therefore, at the mercy of the harpies and the fates. They are simply helpless in these matters. What is this but to say that in matters essential to their well-being, essential to their workmanlike efficiency, essential to the interests of the community, within their reasonable and fair requirements, within, therefore, the range of simple justice, they are utterly powerless to obtain what yet they are perfectly ready to earn? They need, in a word, and have a perfect right to ask for, things which can only be procured by combined effort, by exertions directed by some controlling authority,—that is, by the municipality, or the State, or some association acting under the auspices of the State.

Now, not only is there nothing foreign to sound political economy in this popular demand for decent dwellings for the vast labouring population of our cities,* but in the measures required for carrying it into practical operation, there need be nothing at all at variance with our recognised principles and mode of action. We have laid rates for providing drainage, and we have languidly and ineffectually ventured on legislation to secure something like decent sanitary arrangements in the crowded quarters of the metropolis. We have long admitted and habitually act upon the doctrine that private property, in land and buildings, may be taken from the owners at fair prices for public objects, for any purpose, in fact, which their promoters can persuade the Legislature will be useful. Nay, we have been far too lax in this matter, and have often expropriated most unwilling owners and handed over their property to associations who could only plead their desire to carry out what promised to be a profitable commercial speculation. We have too often acted in such cases recklessly, unprofitably,

unjustly, and for no adequate good to the community. Now, what we habitually do for providing means of locomotion for the richer classes and the furtherance of commercial enterprise, why should we not do for the far more important and more urgent purpose of putting decent dwellings within the reach of the crowded labouring population of our cities—more especially of London. No railway company can prove a preamble half so forcible or half so indisputable; for what is saving half-an-hour of time to busy citizens, or facilitating goods traffic, in comparison with rendering a million of workmen comfortable, healthy, prosperous, sober, and respectable—or enabling them to become so. That one set of the schemes *pays*, and that the other will not or may not, even if a decent objection would not be a true one. Railway companies on an average do not yield a five per cent. return;† and it has been proved by some at least of the Associations for the Improvement of the Dwellings of the Metropolitan Poor, that a steady dividend of five per cent. can be obtained under sound and business-like conditions of administration.‡ Therefore, we say, no valid objection can be raised to the proposal that henceforth Parliament should grant powers to companies having such an object in view, to purchase land and suitable sites in the heart of the metropolis, as readily and as amply as they have parted with them to railway companies. Nay more: it is not easy to say why, if such companies were not forthcoming in sufficient numbers, or with sufficient capital to meet the urgent necessities of the case, the State or the City, acting in the interests of the community, should not lend money to them at any rate of interest beyond that at which they can borrow it, *plus* an addition for the cost of management; or on such terms as they have ere now and repeatedly loaned public funds to private proprietors, especially in Ireland, for drainage of estates and other improvements.‡ We are not generally advocates for multiplying State action and intervention where it

* One of the most substantial grievances of which the rural labourers have to complain is suffered at the hands of those landed proprietors who, with a view of keeping down the poor-rate in their parishes, have pulled down or refused to build cottages on their estates for the labourers habitually employed thereon; thus forcing them to live in other districts and walk long distances to their daily work. It is difficult to characterise this heartless proceeding so severely. Something was done three or four sessions ago to remedy it by Mr. Charles Villiers' Union Chargeability Act; but we believe the evil still prevails in some counties, and few evils are graver or more indefensible. The provision of suitable house accommodation for the agricultural population, of such a description as the programme we are considering specifies would be very easy, and we confess appears to us to be among the most obvious and peremptory social obligations of the landed proprietors of England. Many, indeed, and those among the most extensive, have nobly recognised it and fulfilled it.

* The interest on capital expended in the last twenty years, 1851-1870, has never once reached 4½ per cent., and in seven of those years has fallen below 4. The dividends of several lines have reached upwards of 5 per cent., but in these cases they had borrowed much of their capital at lower rates of interest.—(See Supplement to 'Economist,' March, 1871.)

† See the Reports of these several societies, especially that connected with the respected name of Sir Sidney Waterlow. A general account may be read in a valuable paper by Mr. Plummer in the 'Companion to the Almanac' for 1871.

‡ If we are not misinformed, the Corporation of London has already broken ground in this direction; and the 'Improved Industrial Dwell-

can be avoided; but in a case like this, we should not greatly object to some initiation, at least tentative and experimental, by the Government itself. Not that we believe this will be necessary; but we are certain that, in scarce any instance, could so strong a case be made out for departing from a rule, which we admit is usually a prudent and a sound one.

Thus much, at least, we may say with confidence—and it is amply sufficient for the practical inferences we desire to enforce, and it is, in every point, irrefragable:—that scarcely any social object is so great, so urgent, or so beneficent; that the vast proportion of the working classes (and the class even below them), in London, are destitute of suitable and wholesome dwellings, and can by no effort obtain these for themselves; that such dwellings can be provided so as to pay a fair interest for the sums expended; that there are extensive localities in central and crowded quarters where sites could be obtained, and where it would be most desirable to obtain them—some even where the expropriation of the existing occupiers and owners would, of itself, be a vast public gain; that the needful measures cannot be carried out with the needful rapidity (even if at all) without Parliamentary powers, nor perhaps without Government action;—and, finally, that, in conceding this, we shall neither be violating any sound principle, nor introducing any novel or unsanctioned practice. One thing is absolutely undeniable:—that if half the millions expended during the last twenty years in starting and carrying out *unprofitable* railways undertakings, and half the land taken under the authority of Acts of Parliament for such projects, had been devoted to providing fit and comfortable dwellings for the labouring poor of our great towns, much waste of capital would have been avoided, larger money interest would, on the average, have been realised, an enormous proportion of the people—2,500,000—would by this time have been satisfactorily housed, and a change moral, social, and sanitary would have passed over the aspect of Great Britain such as imagination can scarcely paint in too glowing colours.

It is not necessary to discuss at length the 2nd, 4th, 5th, and 7th paragraphs of the Programme. We all of us desire an improved system of local and municipal self-government. The absence of such a system is among our most pernicious social incapacities;

ings Company' has already borrowed 125,000*l.* from the Public Works Loan Commissioners to assist their operations. But all that has yet been done only provides house-room for about 10,000 persons, not by any means either all of the artisan class; and we need dwellings for many hundred thousands.

ties; though, as to the mode and the means of securing it, considerable differences of opinion and crudity of views still prevail. As to the power to be given to such municipal authorities 'for the acquisition and disposal of land for the public good,' we must know more distinctly what it means before we can pretend to form a judgment as to its desirability. 'Technical and practical, as well as elementary education' we, equally with the framers of the Seven Resolutions, hope to see ere long placed within the easy reach of all classes. Possibly taxes levied upon all could scarcely be applied, if applied judiciously, to an object more directly or indirectly serviceable to all. 'Places of public recreation, instruction, and refinement' we too should wish to see 'established and maintained' in all quarters. Whether they should be maintained as parts of the public service is a secondary question about which we need form no opinion at present. Much has already been done by the liberality of individuals in many districts towards the creation of such parks and museums as are pointed out by the resolution, and, in some instances, these have been aided by public funds; and we believe that even now there is no law to prevent municipal bodies from meeting the wishes of their respective citizens in this direction. What precisely is meant by 'the extension and reorganisation of the public service on the model of the Post Office' we confess we do not understand. It may, if properly defined, turn out to be a desirable object; but assuredly it cannot be regarded as an urgent social want.

But the third and the sixth resolutions demand more detailed examination. 'A day's labour shall consist of eight hours of honest work.' Now, have those who urge this claim, or indeed the claim for any specific limitation of the hours of labour to ten, nine, or eight, ever taken the trouble to analyse their own scheme, or considered the means, the feasibility, or the cost of realising it,—or the purposes to which it would be turned? We concede most cordially the importance to the working man, as to all others, of some daily and weekly leisure from the ceaseless toil of mere bread-earning. Few have preached this doctrine earlier or more zealously than ourselves. It is most desirable that the men should have time for reading or any favourite occupation, the women for learning and practising housewifery, and all for rest and recreation. Therefore it would be desirable that the regular working day should consist of not more than eight or nine hours, *provided* the time thus gained were turned, or were likely to be turned, to good account,—*provided* also that productive labour could be so limited without re-

ducing earnings below the amount needed for comfortable and healthy sustenance,—and *provided* further that the cost of production were not so enhanced by the limitation of the productive period, as to imperil the prosperity or curtail the extension of the special industry to which it was applied. These are the indispensable conditions to the solution of the problem and the attainment of the end. Let us see a little more fully what they involve and what they postulate.

A reasonable amount of leisure may be, and ought to be, a blessing; but if ill used it is not a blessing but a curse; and if a blessing, like all other blessings, it must, as Burke says, be 'bought with a price.' No one acquainted with the average mental and moral condition of the mass of our labouring population, whether metropolitan, mining, or manufacturing, will contend that *at present* the gift of three or four hours of added leisure per diem would be in any sense a boon. Education and civilisation must be further advanced than they are yet, before anything but almost unmixed evil would be the result. The instance of the colliers and other miners in South Wales, whose strike has so recently brought them prominently before the public, is a case in point, and though perhaps an extreme, is a most instructive one. They are among the claimants for a day of eight hours: their wages are enormously high; their work while it lasts is unquestionably severe. Yet what is their position, to their own great injury and the indescribable annoyance of their employers? They idle more or less completely, as was admitted and blamed by one of their own leaders, the first part of the week (too often prolonging or resting after the Sunday's debauch), and then on the remaining days work nearly to the extreme of physical exhaustion.* Here it is not the masters, but the men who stand in the way of the adoption of an eight hours' system.

In many cases, certainly in that of the colliers, a limitation of the working day to eight or nine hours is within the reach of the labourer, if only he wishes it and is willing to purchase it at the necessary cost and sacrifice. It virtually lies within the option of the men themselves. In other cases it does not lie within their power to obtain or within that of their employers to grant. A very few words will make our meaning clear, and establish our dictum beyond question. But let us call attention *in limine* to the significant fact that the demand for an eight or nine hours' labour-day means two very different things, according to the parties by whom it is put forward. Among the workmen

themselves, in their various strikes, and in most recent discussions with the masters, it means not longer leisure, not that work should cease after eight or nine hours, but simply *that overtime* (i.e., pay at a higher rate) *should begin then*. It meant that in the mouths of the Newcastle Engineers, as was obvious from the terms on which the dispute was ultimately compromised. In this shape it may be perfectly legitimate and admissible, or it may not; but in either case it is neither more nor less than a demand for an advance of wages, put forth under the thinnest of disguises,—indeed scarcely with a pretence of disguise, for the mechanics in the case referred to avowed their perfect readiness to work whatever over-hours were necessary from the condition of the trade, provided only they were paid for them. In the mouths of the political or ostensible leaders of working men's organisations, however, the demand really signifies, and resolves itself into, a claim to be paid *ten hours' wages for eight hours' labour*, i.e., for shorter hours and the same pay,—cloaked under the fair seeming of a desire for leisure for mental improvement and wholesome refreshment. Well: this is a legitimate claim too,—provided only it be honest, feasible, and not indirectly or subsequently pernicious. Our sole ground of objection—waiving the frequent insincerity of it—is that its concession is simply *impossible*, without incurring consequences which the working classes could not endure, and sacrifices which they will not make. The whole question lies in a nutshell:—the facts cannot be impugned, and the inferences cannot be escaped.

A reduction of the hours of labour in any trade may be established and, as a rule, can only be maintained, *on condition that the cost of production shall not thereby be enhanced*. This is the *sine quâ non* which must always be borne in mind. The quantity of coal, iron, calico, silk, boots, which can be produced in eight hours is considerably (if not quite *proportionately*—which may be a disputable point) less than can be produced in ten hours. The wages of labour, interest of capital, wear and tear of machinery, and sundry contingent expenses (nearly or quite the same for eight hours as for ten), have to be spread over a smaller amount of production, and must consequently increase its cost. Now, if the cost be thus increased, foreign nations will produce cheaper and undersell us, in the articles in which we come into competition with them,—and where will our trade and the wages for our artisans be then? And who, that knows how vast a production of our industries are supported by foreign demand, dare face the slightest risk of such a result? And who,

* 'Report of Miners' Conferences at Merthyr Tydfil' in October.

well acquainted with the subject, does not know that this risk is something very like an imminent certainty? Moreover, putting out of view foreign trade and the export demand for our goods, it is evident that whatever enhances the price of any one article of consumption, takes an increased sum out of the consumer's pocket, and *pro tanto* diminishes the purchasing power of the labourer's wages, and so far impoverishes him. And if the price of coal is to be thus enhanced by the shorter hours of the collier, why not that of calico by the shorter hours of the weaver and the spinner? Why not that of houses by the shorter hours of the builder, the carpenter, the bricklayer and the plasterer? Why not that of clothes and shoes by the shorter hours of the tailor and the shoemaker, and so on? So that, obviously and undeniably, the first and most certain effect of a general limitation of the hours of labour must be a general advance in the price of everything which labour produces, and *which the labouring man buys*. His wages may be the same, but they will not buy nearly as much.

This has been so clearly put by a most intelligent friend of the working-class in one of the soundest and cleverest Pamphlets* we have seen on the subject, that we cannot do better than quote a passage bearing on this argument:—

'My "few words" have grown into many, and I have not yet spoken to you about the Nine Hours' Movement. What I have to say about that will be very brief. If the masters agree to grant you what you have asked for, can you afford to take it? Of course, what you think right for yourselves, you must think right for other people, if they want it. If you think it right that you should only work nine hours yourselves, you cannot deny that the tailors, the shoemakers, the bakers, the cotton-spinners, the power-loom weavers, the carpenters, &c., &c., have the right to do likewise. This will mean that everything you buy will cost you one-tenth more for labour than it does now. The man who shears ten sheep will only shear nine, and the price of his labour must be divided over nine fleeces instead of ten. The man who cards, can only card the wool of nine fleeces instead of ten. The man who spins, can only spin the wool of nine fleeces instead of ten. The weaver can only weave the wool of nine fleeces instead of ten. The wages of all these must be divided over nine fleeces instead of ten, and finally the tailor who makes the coat can only make nine coats instead of ten, so that when you come to buy the coat, you see how much dearer it must be, owing to the increased cost of labour on it throughout. It will be the same with houses: for all the labour required in building them, and collecting and preparing the materials, one-tenth more must be

paid. Not only will this drive up rents, but, as the landlord who lives upon the rents, will have to pay one-tenth more for the labour expended on all that he consumes, he will charge more for his houses. Again, if we produce less than before, we shall have less to exchange with foreign nations; and tea, and corn, and cotton will be dearer. The question then is, Can you afford to reduce your labour to nine hours?'

But, we may be asked, is it not possible to reduce the hours of labour without thereby thus mischievously enhancing the cost of production, and the price of the article produced? Unquestionably in many cases it is; but by means which the working-man does not contemplate, and at a sacrifice he is little prepared to meet. The aim might be attained, nearly but not quite, if the workmen would be content to receive only *eight hours' wages for eight hours' work*—that is, to be paid at the same rate as now for the amount produced. We say 'nearly, but not quite;'—and the reason of the guarded phrase will be clear from a few moments' consideration. The cost of production of any article consists of two elements—the wages of labour, and what are technically called 'contingent expenses'—i.e., the interest of the capital invested, both fixed and floating, the wear and tear or depreciation of the 'plant' or machinery and buildings, and the outlay on sundry articles used in the processes, such as coal, oil, leather, &c., whose consumption does not bear a strict proportion to the hours of work. Now, these 'contingent expenses'—this second main element in the cost of production—are the same, or nearly the same, whatever be the hours of work; they are almost as great for eight hours as for twelve, and must be reckoned rather by the year than by the day. The proportion which these bear to mere wages in the calculation of the cost of the article produced, varies of course enormously according to the nature of the trade; but probably it is a fair average to reckon that labour constitutes *two-thirds*, and 'contingencies' (interest, &c.) *one-third* of the total. Now, the shorter the hours worked, and consequently the smaller the quantity of goods produced, the heavier will these fixed expenses—this unvarying and inescapable one-third—weigh upon each pound, or yard, or hundredweight of those goods. It is obvious, therefore, that the workman, who determines to work only eight hours and so limits himself to only eight hours' production, must, in order to prevent the total cost of production being enhanced thereby, content himself not with eight hours' wages in lieu of ten or twelve, *but with something like seven hours*. This is the condition on which alone he can solve the problem of limiting the hours of labour

* 'The Rights of Labour,' by a Lady.

without mischievously and onerously, and perhaps ruinously enhancing prices restricting sales, and sapping the prosperity of the particular industry by which he lives. On no easier terms can he obtain his cherished object; for the laws of economic science, being neither more nor less than the laws of Nature, are stern and unrelenting, and no theorising or enthusiasm can shake off their grasp.

Well, then, is the boon of a labour-day of eight hours worth securing at this price? To many it may be; let such purchase it with their eyes open. Again,—could the operatives live in comfort and adequate plenty on the earnings of the day's labour thus reduced? In many trades, and in some years, unquestionably 'yes,' provided they had learned, and were content, to live frugally, soberly, and skilfully; provided, that is, they knew how to make their money go as far as money might do. For, as we hope to show before we have finished, something like twenty per cent. of the operatives' earnings might, as a rule, be saved or spared; and because of late years wages have risen in most branches of industry out of all proportion to the cost of articles of consumption,—some of which, indeed, have on an average fallen in price. We purposely avoid burdening our argument with statistical details, but, on the whole, we are distinctly within the mark in stating that between 1851 and 1871 the general advance of artisan and manufacturing wages has exceeded twenty per cent.; while in perhaps our largest industry (the cotton trade) it ranges between forty and fifty per cent. Moreover, we have returns lying before us, from a locality where business has been by no means exceptionally prosperous, nor wages exceptionally high, nor living exceptionally cheap, but rather the reverse of all this; and these returns show that the average of earnings of all families (including nearly 300 persons) reach 103*l.* a year; and, as nearly as can be ascertained, their average family expenditure (drink of course excluded) is 71*l.*

The irrefragable conclusion from all this is that the limitation of the labour-day to eight hours, if really desired by the working-classes, and desirable for them, must be *purchased by them*; not *bestowed upon them*; that it can be purchased, and cannot be bestowed; that, in a word, it is idle in them, and either ignorant or insincere in their leaders, to seek from Parliament or from any conceivable legislation, or from any external operation whatever

'A gift of that which is not to be given
By all the blended powers of earth and
heaven.*'

* Some objectors may be disposed to urge that we have omitted to notice two other ways

We now come to the 6th resolution—the crudest and most startling of the whole:—'Public markets shall be erected and maintained in every town for the sale of goods of the best quality at wholesale prices.' If in every town, then, as a matter of equity, of course in every village, and wherever men do congregate. If at wholesale prices, why not at cost price. Surely the profit of the manufacturer or the wholesale dealer is not more sacred or legitimate *per se* than that¹ of the retailer. The very form and character of the demand is an excellent specimen of the perverse ingenuity with which the spokesmen of the labouring classes so constantly contrive to caricature their reasonable claims to provoke opposition and repel sympathy by the shallowest extravagance and to clamour for the impossible while neglecting and despising the attainable. The defective and unsound state of the retail trade of the kingdom, owing mainly to the redundant numbers who attempt to live by it, is, as we are about to argue, one of the most serious misfortunes and grievances of the poor. It demands prompt and earnest attention, and we believe admits of great mitigation if not of complete rectification. But the claim of the Resolutionists is neither more nor less than this:—that the State shall take into its own hands the entire management of the largest and most wide-spread trade of the country, and should transact the business for nothing,—i. e. through the instrumentality of official shopkeepers, who shall be paid out of the produce of the general taxation. Let us reflect for a moment what this claim

in which the limitation of the labour-day may be effected without any (corresponding) enhancement of the cost of production,—namely by the masters foregoing an adequate proportion of their (supposed) exorbitant profits,—or by increasing the productive powers of their machinery by improved processes. In answer to the last suggestion, it is enough to say that this course of improvement is perpetually going on, quite independent of the 'hours' question; and that though it cheapens the cost of production *positively*, it does not so *relatively*, and therefore can in no degree protect us against fatal injury to our industry from the competition of foreign nations which work longer hours than we do, and adopt all new inventions as soon as we do. With regard to the first objection, we reply that (taking those who lose as well as those who gain) the profits of capitalists are by no means exorbitant; that capital, if debarred from its legitimate profits, would soon cease to accumulate or to produce, or would remove into other trades and other countries; and, finally, that even if the entire average profits of the employers were to be surrendered, it is very doubtful whether they would compensate (in keeping down the cost of production) for the diminution of productive power by the adoption of an eight hours' labour day. In most cases they certainly would not.

involves—we may be pretty sure that the promulgators of it did not so reflect. It implies that the Government shall become retail tradesmen. It implies sweeping away at one stroke the occupation and the livelihood of probably not less than a million of distributors, and reducing them to destitution, or sending them to seek support elsewhere. It implies the creation and State supervision of a vast army of paid officials, who will have no personal interest in the work of distribution, and must therefore be expected to discharge it in that perfunctory fashion which is the besetting danger of the Civil Service. It implies, further, a gain which is in a great measure deceptive and disguised; for, judging by the usual experience of State action (which has never the repute of economy), the aggregate cost of distribution under the new system is scarcely likely to be less than it is at present, only it would be paid out of the Consolidated Fund. But this would only be in the first instance; for (though our Resolutionists find it convenient to forget or to ignore the fact) this same Consolidated Fund is provided by taxation, and that taxation is levied chiefly by indirect means and by duties on articles of consumption, *which would require to be enhanced* in order to meet the four or five millions needed to pay the cost of gratuitous retail distribution. That is to say, the consumer, instead of paying 6d. per pound on his tea, or 2d. a pound on his sugar, or 1d. on his ale, to the shopkeeper as now, would have that sum levied *in limine* at the Custom House, or by the Inland Revenue Department. Finally,—and this possibly was in the minds of the framers of the strange demand, though they are prudently silent on the subject—the arrangement would be likely to effect an insidious shifting of the public burdens from one class to another,—would change the incidence of taxation without appearing to do so; for two-thirds of the saving effected by this suppression of retail profits would go into the pockets of the wage classes (who are the principal consumers), while two-thirds of the expense of this system of gratuitous distribution would be paid by the propertied classes (who are the largest tax-payers). In short, if the cost of gratuitous distribution were laid upon the article sold, as it in fairness ought to be, there would be no gain, or a very slight one, and the change is uncalled for. If it were charged to the national expenditure in general, the middle and upper ranks would simply be mulcted in order to lower prices for the poor; the employers of labour would be forced to give their labourers a portion of the price of their food in addition to paying them their stipulated wages.

It is well thus to analyse these seemingly beneficial and plausible demands, and see how they look in the nakedness of honest English words.

Nevertheless it is certain that the unsound state of the retail trade is one of the greatest evils of which the workmen have to complain, and its rectification one of the truest scents to which their attention can be directed. The poor are deplorably victimised by the shopkeepers; yet the shopkeepers, as a class, do not realise exorbitant or even adequate gains. The simple explanation of the apparent contradiction is that they are far *too thick upon the ground*.* In many villages, and in the worst quarters of large towns, in London and the manufacturing districts more especially, the number of each man's customers is too restricted to make a comfortable livelihood compatible with a moderate rate of profits and strictly fair dealing. If a tradesman has 500 customers, and turns over 5000*l.* a year, he can afford to be content with 10 per cent. profit on his goods. If he has only 50 customers, and turns over only 500*l.* a year, he can scarcely live upon less than 20 or 25 per cent. Any man can set up a shop who pleases, and the race of competition for employment is so keen, that many more persons set up shops than are needed, or can live by doing so. It is a great mistake to fancy—as a few years ago we fancied (also erroneously) in the case of railways—that competition always or necessarily lowers prices. It often has practically just the opposite effect. It certainly has in many of the quarters and towns inhabited by the artisan class, where we have been able to push close inquiries. We believe we are not overstating the case when we say that probably two-thirds of the existing small shopkeepers *cannot* make a decent livelihood without an extravagant rate of profits, practising adulteration, or using short weights and measures—or all three.†

* Returns of occupations were given far too loosely in the Census for us to pretend to state actual numbers with any accuracy. But in 'Dodd's Food of London,' p. 504, there is an attempt to estimate the number of persons employed in retailing food alone (of all sorts, eatable and drinkable) to the inhabitants of the metropolis. They are reckoned at 100,000, including 24,000 master tradesmen.

† The extent to which adulteration—sometimes innocuous, sometimes pernicious in the extreme—is carried on, with the object of illicitly increasing the profits of retail dealers, we have no means of ascertaining. In the case of tea and beer it is known to be practised to a scandalous extent among the lower class of shopkeepers, and the law offers no efficient means of detecting or punishing the practice. It is earnestly to be hoped that this subject may engage the attention of Government at an early period. No law, however, will ever be effectual without public prose-

One reason for this is, as we said, their too scanty *clientèle*. Another is their frequent and often heavy bad debts. Any contrivance (or regulation, if that were possible) that should reduce the number of retailers by 50 per cent. or 70 per cent., would be probably the greatest practical and immediate boon to the working classes that could be devised. Any squire of a populous village or parish, any great employer of labour in isolated districts, who would establish and maintain one comprehensive store, and enable it to beat out or eat up all rivals, on condition of its adopting honest prices, sound quality, full measure, and no credit, would be rendering a service to the neighbourhood, which scarcely any other boon could equal.

We have taken a good deal of trouble to collect reliable information from different parts of the country on the subject of the difference between wholesale and retail prices, but it is not easy to arrive at any general results. The following may, however, be taken as a summary:—Where articles are contracted for in vast quantities, as in the case of soldiers' clothing and boots, in the supply of meat and bread for prisons or workhouses, the difference between the price paid to the producer and that at which similar goods are sold to the small consumer by the small shopkeeper is enormous—often 50 per cent. But this is scarcely a fair mode of comparison. Again, when the articles, as is often the case, pass through two or three hands before reaching the actual purchaser and wearer, two or three profits or commissions have to be paid, and the cost is proportionately enhanced. But on the whole, in the case of large retailers who carry on business on an adequate scale, and among a safe and respectable class of customers, the rate of profit is by no means extravagant—with the exception of tailors and shoemakers. What the former charge it is hard to say; the latter we believe gain often 50 per cent. at least. The difference between calicoes and shirtings, as they leave the manufacturer and as they reach the consumer over the counter and per yard, ranges from 12 to 15 per cent. and upwards. The retail profit on bread, *i.e.* the difference between the price of flour, *plus* the cost of baking, and the price of the 4-lb. loaf, appears to be from 16 to 25 per cent., supposing there to be no credit and no adulteration. Retail grocers nearly all agree in asserting that they make no profit at all

cutors whose *duty* it is to enforce it by unremitting vigilance. Some information on the subject may be gathered from the Reports of Dr. Hassall and Dr. Letheby; but it is vague and inadequate. The convictions of retail tradesmen for the use of false weights and measures were as follows:—(1863) 6595; (1869) 6139; (1870) 5757.

on sugar, but often lose by it, and we incline to believe their statement. To balance this bare or unprofitable branch of trade, they usually put on 25 per cent. to the wholesale cost of their tea; but probably on an average their net gains do not much exceed 12 per cent. The profits on butchers' meat vary greatly, and we can arrive at no satisfactory data. The retail profit on malt liquor is, however, indisputably excessive. Between the brewer and the drinker, bitter beer we believe increases in cost 100 to 125 per cent. Porter, being *let down*, even when not adulterated, 50 to 75 per cent. 'Fourpenny ale,' from 38 to 50 per cent.

The regular prices of the larger retail dealers, however, afford no criterion whatever of those charged by the smaller shopkeepers, who chiefly supply the handicraft and manufacturing classes, especially where (as is too commonly the case) their customers, by getting into their debt, are helpless in their hands, cannot leave them and complain in vain either with regard to quality or cost. It is, of course, impossible to ascertain with accuracy the extent of the tax thus virtually levied on the weekly earnings of the poor; but in reckoning it at 10 per cent. as a minimum, we have one irrefragable piece of evidence to justify us. We mean that the poor in most cases pay on an average 10 per cent. more for the articles they consume than under a sounder system of distribution, they would need to pay—quality and measure considered. The accounts of the Co-operative Stores,* which are now pretty numerous

* 'The idea of establishing co-operative associations for the sale of articles of food at reasonable rates to the poorer classes was canvassed at the beginning of the present century, and there is a curious letter in the 'University Magazine' for August, 1809, in which the writer points out the very great difficulty, then, as now, experienced by the agricultural labourer in procuring, "with tolerable advantage, even the humble necessities to which his earnings are equivalent." In many instances, he says, a town is several miles' distance from the secluded village in which the labourer lives. As frequent journeys to this town are impracticable, very small shops are consequently opened in the scattered hamlet, and thither the scanty stipend of the peasant family uniformly goes:—

"As these shops are supplied with the various articles in which they deal from no better a source than the largest retailer of the neighbouring county town, and as nothing bordering on competition can be supposed to exist in the seclusion of a confined village, it naturally occurs that the peasant pays nearly 50 per cent. more for his homely commodities than the mechanic, who possesses the advantage of purchasing of more extensive dealers at a market rendered advantageous by a spirit of rivalry. The countryman's ten shillings a week therefore undergo a most afflictive reduction in point of absolute value: an evil that requires little illustration, and which falls with particular severity on the man whose

throughout the country, afford us the data for this conclusion. Last year, on the motion of Mr. Morrison, a return (imperfect but still extensive) relating to 749 Industrial and Co-operative Societies was laid before Parliament, from which it appeared that the average dividend these paid, after all expenses were deducted—i.e. (usually) the yearly sum returned to customers in proportion to their custom, was 555,435*l.*, out of a total of goods sold to the amount of 8,202,466*l.*, or 6½ per cent. But, as this return appears to have included some industrial co-operative undertakings in addition to mere shops, and as the value of the document for our purposes might be thereby to some extent vitiated, we have been at the trouble of procuring exact accounts from four of the best managed Co-operative Stores in Lancashire and Cheshire, which have been at work for many years. The prices at which the articles are sold are generally the same that prevail among the retail shops in the neighbourhood—the quality is genuine and unexceptionable, and the measure given, of course, full and fair—good salaries are paid to shopmen and superintendent, and rents and taxes, as well as all other contingent expenses (interest on shareholders' capital included) are fairly calculated; but the sum returned at the year's end to the customers, in proportion to the amount of their custom, is in one case 5 per cent., in another 7½ per cent., but in the two largest stores it averages

nominal remuneration for labour has not kept pace with the actual decrease evident in the value of money. In consequence of this local deterioration of the labourer's income, he gradually incurs a debt, which binds him more firmly to the necessity of expending his earnings with the village trader, and compels him to purchase without a murmur indifferent articles at a price still more exorbitant than before."

"To remedy these evils, the writer suggests that "a shop be opened by the parish officers of every country neighbourhood, at which the poor might be served with unadulterated articles at a profit just sufficient to defray the expenses of the undertaking. The comparatively extensive capital, arising from the rates of a parish at large, would enable the proprietors to purchase goods at a desirable market. The charge of the establishment would be trivial. Some minor officer of the parish would be willing and able for a small salary to superintend the sale of articles in so limited and unembarrassed a concern; and the whole might be periodically inspected with little additional trouble by the churchwarden or overseer. Even admitting that the profits of the institution might not altogether defray the expenses, the parish would," the writer maintains, "certainly be gainers in the aggregate, for the debt of the pauper generally becomes an indirect burthen on the payers to the poor-rate, under the present order of things." The writer did not take into account what objections and difficulties lay in the way of his scheme."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

rather over 10 per cent.* Notice especially that this result is arrived at after all the cost of distributing (in salaries, rent of shop, carriage of goods, supervision, &c.) has been paid; and that this cost represents the necessary—the *minimum* we allow, but still the necessary and adequate—profits of the retailer; † for the distributors in both cases live out of the expenses of management.

Now let us realise to ourselves what this means. It means simply this: that under a sound system of retail trading—(for there is no reason to believe that these shops are more skilfully or economically conducted than establishments guided by private interest would be: the reverse is almost certainly the case)—the poor might supply all their household wants for one-tenth less than they pay at present, fair weights and measures and reliable quality taken into consideration;—that is, *might virtually add 10 per cent. to their earnings*, or actually save 10 per cent. out of them, without asking their employers for a shilling more than they receive at present.‡

There yet remains for notice another means by which a further large percentage—whether 5 or 10 per cent. we will not pretend to say—might be gained by the working classes. Such frugality, management, and culinary skill as most French housewives of the poorer class usually possess and habitually practise—nay, even such as we find in isolated cases among the more notable in England and Scotland—would, it is notorious, enable families to live better and feed far more comfortably and nutritiously than they now do at a much lower cost. The waste that goes on at the tables of the artisan population, arising partly from carelessness, but still more from ignorance, inefficiency, and unthrift, is deplorable. Not unfrequently actual and reckless extra-

* The accounts of the Civil Service Supply Association (a co-operative store for the middle classes) show a somewhat different result. In this case the gross profits on the sales reached very nearly ten per cent., but as the working expenses, rent, &c. are unusually high, the net dividend does not much exceed 2½ per cent.

† The total cost of distribution in these co-operative stores averages about 5½ per cent. on the amount turned over.

‡ The better class of operatives are well aware of the immense benefits they gain from well-managed stores of this sort; and they would spread far more rapidly and widely but for two obstacles:—*first*, the too general *indebtedness* of the labouring classes, which renders them almost helpless in the hands of the shopkeepers with whom they deal and who have given them credit; and *secondly*, the difficulty they experience in finding capable and strictly honest men of their own class to conduct their co-operative stores, and (we are sorry to say) of trusting them cordially even when they have found them.

gance is added. Those who have the best opportunities of knowing assure us that no class of consumers are so wasteful as the London skilled artisan; and his brethren in Birmingham and elsewhere are not far behind him. The care that squanders nothing, the science and vigilance that make the most of all materials, which we find among French and Swiss peasant families, are here almost unknown. Large employers of labour tell us that if they were allowed to feed their workpeople they could economise very largely on their present household expenditure,* and yet improve upon their actual meals in every particular. We are acquainted with one considerable manufacturing establishment where, for a long course of years, the proprietor *maintained*—fed, clothed, housed, and superintended—from 70 to 100 apprentices, growing children from 13 to 18 years of age, for 5s. a head per week; and nothing could be more nutritious or appetising than the food supplied. Examples on a far larger scale have shown what may be done in this direction. In Paris Madame Robert many years ago set on foot an establishment for supplying working men with good dinners for 2d a head, which allowed her ¼d., or 12½ per cent profit.† Mr. Corbett's admirable cooking depôts in Glasgow have been singularly successful. They supply the best of breakfasts for 3d.—and dinners which may even be called sumptuous for 4½d., and smaller meals at 1d.—and yet are self-supporting.‡ These dining halls are comfortable in the extreme, and much frequented. Ten years ago there were 13 of them in Glasgow, furnishing 400,000 penny rations per month, and attended by 140,000 customers within the same period. There are now 27 branches attended by 10,000 daily. Similar establishments have been started in London, Manchester, and elsewhere, and with similar results. Very substantial dinners are advertised as supplied to working men by Mr. Clark and Mr. Tallerman, in Lambeth and Norton Folgate, at 2d. a head.§ Nor is this combination of economy, with good feeding, the consequence chiefly of the

wholesale character of the proceeding. Mr. Corbett 'has satisfied himself, by the most thorough investigation, that any really thrifty, managing housewife, can provide her husband and family with meals quite as good, and at even less money. The cooking at the depôts is quite plain and simple, and is attended to by persons no more experienced than a tradesman's wife in the higher and more difficult departments of the culinary art.' Of course the housewife must waste nothing, must turn everything to account, must have something like a decent fireplace, *must know how to market as well as to cook*, must not neglect fish, as is so commonly done, and must not turn up her nose at Australian preserved meat, obtainable *net* at 6d. per lb., and prefer English beef and mutton, which, when stripped of bone and other innutritious parts, is calculated to cost *net* nearly 1s. 7d.

Let us now conclude this paper with a concise summary of the principal conclusions. It appears from the calculations of Mr. Greg and Mr. Baxter,* that the aggregate income of the working classes in this country may be taken at about 300,000,000l. Mr. Smiles (as shown in an earlier portion of this article) estimates, on pretty sure data, that the expenditure of those classes in drink and tobacco cannot be less than 60,000,000l., of which two-thirds, or 40,000,000l., must be deemed to be *excessive*,—that is, extravagant and noxious. But in order to be indisputably within the mark, let us assume it to be only *thirty* millions. It thus appears that the working classes spend *ten per cent* of their earnings in needless and mischievous outlay in these articles alone. We have shown, further, that another ten per cent. is lost to them by the unsound condition of the retail system which supplies their weekly consumption. It appears, moreover, that a proportion of their means—certainly not less than five per cent., and probably much nearer ten—is wasted by mere unthrift, that is, by unskilful or careless marketing, housekeeping, and cooking. Finally in the case of a large section of them, another voluntary and most unprofitable mulct is levied upon them in the shape of contributions to Trades Unions and strikes (a tax secretly resented, as we well know, by thousands who yet find themselves practically *forced* to pay it). The total result, then, is this, and it would seem impossible to question its accuracy,—that, at least as regards the manufacturing and artisan class—the skilled or half-skilled labourers of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cheshire, Staffordshire,

* Sir Titus Salt's vast manufacturing establishment near Bradford is a case in point. There very adequate breakfasts and dinners are provided for the workpeople in a comfortable hall at a cost of 1d. to 2d. for breakfast, and 2d. or 8d. for dinner. And the concern is self-supporting at these prices.

† Dr. Letheby's 'Lectures on Food,' p. 197.

‡ See 'Chambers' Social Tracts,' Cheap Cooking Depôts.

§ See 'Report by the Council of the Society for Organising Charitable Relief and Repressing Mendicity,' just issued—a pamphlet which is full of valuable information and suggestions.

* 'Political Problems,' p. 309. Baxter, 'Taxation of United Kingdom,' p. 142.

Northumberland, Durham, South Wales, and the metropolis—the very classes, be it observed, by whom or on whose behalf Republicanism, Trades Unionism, revolutionary schemes, wild political or social theories of all sorts are talked—they might easily, beneficially, by the directest means and in conformity to the soundest rules, reduce their expenditure, *and so virtually increase their wages* by THIRTY PER CENT.* And they might do this of their own mere motion by a simple act of intelligent, resolute, persistent volition, without upsetting society, without demanding an additional shilling from their employers, without asking any aid from the Legislature, without traversing one principle of the most rigid political economy, without any political action whatever. And if they would only do this, every social problem that now harasses them and gravels the statesman and philanthropist alike would, *ipso facto*, be solved, or be placed in the way of speedy and certain solution. And if the Legislative and Administrative authorities respectively did their part likewise, simply in the way of facilitation and encouragement, ere a generation passed away the artisan classes would be sober, they would be educated, they would be well housed, they would be happy; and, to sum up all, they would be capitalists, and might determine the great controversy between capital and labour (which now menaces social peace and order) in their own way; or more probably might discover that it had melted away in the healthier conditions of a satisfied and prosperous community.

But, because they can do all these things for themselves, there is no reason why legislative and administrative aid should not be afforded them with all possible promptitude and zeal, wherever a legitimate opening for such aid can be pointed out. We have already intimated two or three of the modes in which they can be materially helped in their efforts to bring about better days. A wise and equitable regulation of the liquor trade is one of these, and this surely cannot much longer be refused to vast masses of men painfully conscious of their weakness and their dangers, and whose prayer, after all, is only that touching one, long ages ago hallowed by the most sacred of authorities,—‘Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.’ The granting of liberal facilities for providing decent and comfortable dwellings for the poor and for the sanctification of existing ones, is another mode. Such a firm and just execution of the law as will effectually protect both

masters and workmen from the tyranny and violence of Trades Unions is a third. And, finally, such an education beyond mere elementary teaching as shall spread a competent acquaintance with the simplest principles of political and domestic economy, and really enable the artisan classes, to help themselves and to protect themselves, would amply repay, both to them and to society, all the trouble and outlay that could be spent upon it. To such matters as these the most earnest attention of Parliament and of Government ought to be directed without delay and without interruption. No mere political or party question should be suffered to divert us from this urgent work. The Ballot, Irish Education, Church Disestablishment, may be topics well worth discussing in their turn; but they do not press and they do not directly affect the well-being of the masses in comparison. For the next three or four sessions, at least, social questions must take precedence of all others. No doubt, such a programme of proceedings will render the Parliamentary arena somewhat dull to militant politicians: to unregenerate humanity fighting is naturally far more interesting and exciting than working. But the labouring classes have a right to demand that the questions which most vitally and immediately concern them shall, at length, engross the attention of those assemblies which assume to represent them, and which assuredly do rule their destiny. Nay, more: this right it lies in their power to enforce as well as to assert; for we are too apt to forget amid the strife of faction, and we may yet be rudely reminded, that into the hands of these classes a deplorable combination of party ambition, party rivalry, party recklessness, has given over the potential, if not yet the actual, command of the electoral body. At present they only insist that their affairs shall be attended to. Before long, they may insist that their schemes and crotchets shall be carried out. Much ridicule has been cast, and not without justice, upon the late pompous announcement of a ‘New Social Alliance’ between the aristocracy and the working classes. But this much we may take to be undeniable,—that whichever political party shall first grapple, in a courageous and generous spirit, with those great topics which, beyond all others, stir the hearts and come home to the daily life of the proletariat, and shall show a determination to deal with them in the interest of the country at large, and especially of the more helpless part of the community, will reap a well-merited popularity which, if it does not confer office, will at least be power. Only the task must be undertaken in all singleness of mind, without *arrière pensée*, and with no party aim.

* Messrs. Chambers, in their tract on ‘Mis-expenditure,’ estimate these details at a still higher figure.

THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—1. *The New Courts of Justice. Notes in Reply to Criticisms.* By George Edmund Street, R.A. London, 1872.

2. *The New Law Courts and the National Gallery. Facts relating to the late Competitions.* By Edward M. Barry, R.A. London, 1872.

3. *A History of the Gothic Revival in England.* By C. L. Eastlake. London, 1872.

4. *Some Account of Gothic Architecture in Spain.* By George Edmund Street. London, 1865.

5. *The Choice of a Dwelling. A Practical Handbook of Useful Information on all points connected with Hiring, Buying, or Building a House, &c.* By Gervase Wheeler, Architect. London, 1871.

For several years past the public mind has been prepared for an earnest endeavour to obtain a decent building for our courts of law. The attempt has been strenuously made. Time, money, abundant zeal, and superabundant counsel have been lavishly expended. Never, perhaps, in the history of art has so much general intelligence been brought into the preparation for a single work. Never has there been a more unanimous desire that the best thing possible, or even impossible, should be discovered and achieved; and yet the result has been failure and universal dissatisfaction. Our most conspicuous Gothic architects sent in designs, and their exhibition was a severe but salutary lesson to the art-loving public. The old faith in names of familiar notoriety was rudely shaken. It became evident that this notoriety had its foundation in anything rather than good work, and that a dozen architects could not

only make the competition one of mere extravagance, but had openly assumed the incapacity of their judges. The exhibition was melancholy and hopeless, almost without exception,—an artistic *inferno* and a national disgrace.

The whole affair had by general consent sunk into oblivion, out of all sight or willing memory, when one of the competitors raises his head and mutters that his plan had 'forty marks' or more. The effect is like a ghastly resurrection. The plan in question had become offensive by its connection with the corpse-like elevations. If it did meet the requirements of the judges, so much the worse for the plan. These requirements were extremely complicated, and their practical result would have been that fidgeting cleverness which becomes a constant nuisance. Mr. Street's plan is quite clever enough, to say the least of it; and our present relief from the apprehension of another building by the designer of the South-Eastern Hotels and the Westminster Palace Arcade, should make us thankful even for the small mercy of Mr. Street's weak-minded elevations. We have only to revive our reader's recollection of the fact, that Mr. Street's design just reached a painful mediocrity, and that all the rest were positively bad.

Before leaving this question of competitions, the reference in two of the Law Courts' pamphlets to the late competition for the National Gallery should not be overlooked. For that competition ten selected architects, or architectural firms, sent designs; several of them in duplicate; all bad, and most of them egregiously absurd. The design that was said to be the best was fair-

ly on a level with those which articulated clerks prepare for their admission to the questionable benefits of a Royal Academy studentship. Perhaps it was in fact the praiseworthy effort of one of these young gentlemen. In other drawings were a few patches of more graceful work; and these, it appeared, were just those parts of the present façade that one of the competitors had cleverly incorporated in his own design. Of the rest no words can tell the melancholy tale; and we would not attempt it. Yet the author of the 'successful design' quite gravely assures the world of the surpassing merit of his own work, very unkindly gives the names of his competitors, and with amusing unconsciousness makes us note, with something of sympathetic pity, the vain endeavour of 'My Lords' to get themselves well rid of their successful man. Poor Mr. Wilkins was not considered very 'successful' when he built the National Gallery, and the public have waited in patient expectation that, when the Gallery had to be re-designed, our supposed advance in architectural taste and skill would be gloriously manifest. But this vain hope the competition quickly changed to anxious fear, lest the successful architect might be allowed to carry out his plan. And now we all give thanks that Mr. Wilkins's old façade remains to screen us from whatever the new architect may threaten in the rear. We cannot yet afford to exchange the National Gallery elevation for the Charing Cross Hotel.

The competitions for the Foreign Office, the National Gallery, and the Courts of Law, have caused a great expenditure of money and of time, without apparently one good practical result. As exhibitions of wild studentship, they made a great impression on the public mind, and doubt and discontent thus took the place of confidence and hope. Everything about them was delusive and absurd. The judges were ignorant (of course), or even worse, by *dilettante* inexperience. The competing draughtsmen were certainly shrewd speculators in this judicial incapacity and want of skill; and the wondering public were ignorant, inexperienced, and inartistic altogether. Thus we have had our times of tribulation. And now to have got well rid of all our vain expectations from this Law Courts' competition, is, perhaps, the greatest satisfaction that the present state of the business can afford. Let us, then, consider the design that has been accepted by the authorities, and of which the architectural and illustrated newspapers give us very detailed plans and views.

The frontage towards the Strand is some five hundred feet long, which is about the length of St. Paul's, and of others of our

larger cathedrals. In the design of the elevation there was, consequently, no difficulty on the score of dimensions. The rooms are not of any special importance, and there is no apparent reason why the front should not have been treated in a simple and dignified manner. The roof, however, is broken into fourteen distinct compartments, and there are, moreover, just as many angles in the line of wall. This infirmity of outline naturally gives the elevation a very feeble, dislocated look; and, unfortunately, it has no positive redeeming merit. The windows are ugly and mean, the pinnacles absurd, and the tower not worth the cost of its foundations.

This will never do. Simplicity must not be diligently lost, nor dignity and power be frittered all away. These necessary characteristics would be at once attained if the lines of roof and walling were made continuous and straight, interrupted only by the gable of the hall, which might be brought forward to the front, and by the projecting tower, which must be re-designed. The octagonal staircases can be changed in form with no loss of convenience, a range of dormer windows might decorate the roof, and an arcade of shops would enliven the ground-floor frontage abutting on the Strand. The pinnacles and carved bands would be omitted with advantage in every way; and if Mr. Street is unable to design windows and tracery in the graceful manner of the fourteenth century, an advertisement in the 'Builder' will discover plenty of help for him in this rather important branch of Gothic art. Many a 'professional' reputation has been made by the 'assistance' of some clever drawing clerk, whose name, however, does not transpire beyond the narrow range of 'office' notoriety. A successful railway jobber of 'pushing' habits, or a bankrupt builder with efficient patronage, may do wonders as an architect by a judicious expenditure in office salaries.

Now what we have proposed for Mr. Street's design is, in fact, extinction; but there is small blame to Mr. Street for this necessity. He, like the rest of his class, has to please or satisfy a public whose taste in all that concerns the building art is universally degraded. Accustomed through life to the most hideous extent of building that the world ever saw, regarding any knowledge of the house in which he lives as common and vulgar, fit only for builders and low fellows of the baser sort, the average Londoner, in presence of the art that most affects his comfort and his life, is supercilious and ignorant, conceited and debased. Even of the external aspect of the streets he has no clear perception, and has never formed an intelligent opinion. With the architecture of Wigmore-

street he feels quite at home: Cromwell-road and Grosvenor-place he thinks are 'very fine,' and the British Museum, he is instructed, is a masterpiece.

This, then, is the quality of person or mind that an architect who would be successful must seek to satisfy. And, if he has ordinary experience and knowledge of the world, he naturally adopts the most direct and easiest method to command success. Prettiness is, of course, essential. What else is architecture for, if not to be pretty? Of the shortcomings and bad taste of his design he may be perfectly or imperfectly aware, but he overlays it with ornament, and encrusts it with carving, until the whole is pronounced to be beautiful. In this great requisite of modern architecture Mr. Street fails. He has no sense of 'prettiness,' and he substitutes confusion. He was afraid of simple expressiveness, and he has become incoherent. He has grievously erred, not, however, from negligence or want of will, but merely from natural incapacity. Every man is not a born confectioner; and if his work fails through subjection to the influence of a depraved and vulgar public taste, which yet he is unable to satisfy, Mr. Street can hardly be reproached for this unfortunate result.

But there is also the class of *dilettanti* who have to be appeased. These are the people that know all about styles and dates—travelled men, sketchers, ecclesiologists, and the like. Among these Mr. Street appears to have fallen, and to have found their patronage to be as damaging by its priggishness, as the demands of the public are from their ignorance. The influence of this class is occasionally useful, but many a well-meaning architect must have found himself grievously burdened by their equivocal patronage, which becomes a weight quite as often as a support. Mr. Street has been greatly injured by their awkward advocacy. The knowing talk about 'skylines' and 'fenestration,' and all the cant of the literary amateur, has for some months been the language of a certain class of newspapers and magazines. Such 'knowingness' is, however, only that half-knowledge 'that puffeth up'; but its habitual effect is painfully evident in Mr. Street's buildings, which seem either to be paralysed by a pseudo-clerical infirmity, or designed by some sacerdotal epicene. Mr. Street is not the only sufferer from this cause. A large number of our recent churches evince the pernicious influence of this emasculated tone of criticism, and are made mere specimens of the transient ecclesiastical fashion, instead of permanent monuments of art.

The true artist, however, rejects all these

influences and works to please or satisfy himself, regardless alike of public or patrons. That such is the only sound method of practice may be clearly shown by examples of success and failure due to the observance or neglect of this very fundamental law of good design.

In the remarks which we think it our duty to make on the present state, and practical difficulties, of English architecture, we are influenced by no personal or professional prejudice or feeling, and to avoid at first all questions about styles and schools, we will begin by referring to the works of modern engineers. Rennie and Telford had little or no need to regard the opinion of the public. They had the intelligent support and generous confidence of a few men of influence and good sense. And, as the result, the Menai and London bridges are two of the most simple, dignified, and noble buildings in the world. Times and methods have changed. Now we have competitions even for bridges; and engineers, being men of business, and careful to keep safely on the road to professional success, most readily abandon all reserve and start on a career of extravagance and pretence.

Their success may be held to be their justification. With Blackfriars Bridge, for instance, we find the public thoroughly well pleased, though the design is really a wonder of depravity. Polished granite columns, of amazing thickness, with carved capitals of stupendous weight, all made to give shop-room to an apple-woman, or a convenient platform for a suicide. The parapet is a fiddle-faddle of pretty cast-iron arcading, out of scale with the columns, incongruous with the capitals, and quite unsuited for a work that should be simply grand in its usefulness; and at each corner of the bridge is a huge block of masonry *à propos* of nothing, a well known evidence of desperate imbecility.

On the Thames Embankment, again, these big locks, which were probably suggested by the late Mr. John Martin's architectural vagaries, are very freely used, so that, from the river, it would appear that they were the chief object for which the embankment itself was made. The new lamp-posts, of which we have heard so much in the newspapers, are a senseless jumble of 'objects,' from colossal and very ugly fishes to miniature and meaningless faces, thrown together without reference to scale or order of any kind. The garden railing is little better than the lamp-posts, and is even more vexatious from its greater quantity. The comparatively simple railing round Hyde Park is far preferable to this pretty panelling, which will completely

hide the flowers when they grow, and which is in curious contrast with the heavy granite parapet and piers on the other side of the road. This parapet, with its pedestals and piers, is a sad waste of space and money. If it were all cleared away, and replaced by a simple stout iron railing, and a narrow sloping bank of grass, we should have the true effect of an embankment, instead of a mere parapet wall. The road and the river would both look considerably wider, and the prospect along the curve of the embankment would be unobstructed. A clear view of the river would be gained for pedestrians, who now see little but the smoke of the passing steamboats; and the view from the river itself would be less dismal, and not so unpleasantly suggestive of canal locks where 'drags are in constant readiness.' The river, in fact, would look beautiful instead of ghastly, and the saving in hewn granite would be sufficient to provide for every care and protection that could be required. On the outer face of these parapet piers there are large metal lions' heads and rings. They look like door-knockers; but, supposing they are meant for mooring-rings, why are they hung up high in the parapet out of reach, instead of being fixed solidly down on the quay wall, at or below the high-water line? As mere ornaments they are childish; their large size diminishes the apparent scale of the work to which they are attached; and their repetition every thirty yards for some five or six miles will be a weary monument of the dullness of the engineer who designed them.

At Westminster Bridge, the engineer has spent his energy in devising another gimcrack pattern of lamp-post, and a series of bad imitations of Gothic detail; and while so neglecting his special engineering duty, he has committed a very unworkmanlike blunder. The *fascia* of each arch is much broader than the *fascia* of the bridge, which spreads over all the arches. Where these two intersect at the crown of the arch, the greater width is lost in the narrower. The mere statement of this in words is sufficient to show that every arch must appear to be crippled, suggesting the idea of weakness and instability, which the construction and the remarkable vibration of the bridge seem further to justify. These are a few specimens of the absurdities that the proverbially 'practical' engineers commit when they pretend to gratify the public taste. Let us now turn to the architects.

In the immediate neighbourhood is the railing round the grass-plats in Palace Yard, bad in every possible way, and very manifestly so in the extravagance of such an ex-

penditure for the preservation of a few Tom Thumb geraniums. Why cannot architects and engineers learn that the object of a fence is not to distract attention from, but to be subordinate to, that which it encloses? The new arcade or cloister is a similar mistake, with a terrible look of permanence about it. The railings we may hope to clear away, but these deformities in stone are too heavy to be easily moved. It happened that the base for a tall building was remarkably high; and in making the addition of a very short building, this very high and heavy base was continued as part of the new design. Perhaps ineptitude could do no worse. We do, therefore, call special attention to this bit of recent Gothic; and if our readers will take a few dimensions, showing the proportion of area to pier, and will compare these with the cloisters at Westminster Abbey close by, they will be able to understand the value of 'names and things' in the architectural profession.

Of St. Thomas's Hospital it is scarcely fair to speak in this category of public favourites, or candidates for public approval. Public opinion is divided on its merits; and probably its designer, now that he discovers what his drawings really meant, may in this respect agree with the public. About the Midland Railway Terminus, however, there are not two opinions. Here the public taste has been exactly suited, and every kind of architectural decoration has been made thoroughly common and unclean. The building inside and out is covered with ornament, and there is polished marble enough to furnish a Cathedral. The very parapet of the cab road is panelled and perforated, at a cost that would have supplied foot-warmers to all the trains for years to come. This monument of confectionery is a fair specimen of the result of competition among architects for the approval of judges whom they know to be incompetent. The 'Midland' directors are able administrators of the railway business, and probably of their own; but was there any evidence that they were qualified in any way to decide upon the respective merits of the competitors, or to select a design to be built in an important Metropolitan thoroughfare? Is any one of these gentlemen furnished with the necessary knowledge? and if not, how can their accumulated ignorance become efficient in its stead? These are questions that—in the interests of the art, about which they are so very careful when their own interests are equally involved—the competing architects ought, as a condition precedent, to have had satisfactorily answered. Judging by the building, however, we imagine that quite a different course was

pursued; and in the successful design, at any rate, the noble art of building has been treated as a mere trade advertisement. Showy and expensive, it will, for the present, be a striking contrast with its adjoining neighbourhood. The Great Northern Terminus is not graceful, but it is simple, characteristic, and true. No one would mistake its nature and use. The Midland front is inconsistent in style, and meretricious in detail; a piece of common 'art manufacture' that makes the Great Northern front appear by contrast positively charming. There is no relief or quiet in any part of the work. The eye is constantly troubled and tormented, and the mechanical patterns follow one another with such rapidity and perseverance, that the mind becomes irritated where it ought to be gratified, and goaded to criticism where it should be led calmly to approve. There is here a complete travesty of noble associations, and not the slightest care to save these from a sordid contact. An elaboration that might be suitable for a Chapter-house, or a Cathedral choir, is used as an 'advertising medium' for bagmen's bedrooms and the costly discomforts of a terminus hotel, and the architect is thus a mere expensive rival of the company's head cook in catering for the low enjoyments of the great travelling crowd. To be consistent, the directors should not confine their expression of artistic feeling to these great buildings only. Their porters might be dressed as javelin men, their guards as beefeaters, and their station-masters don the picturesque attire of Garter-king-at-arms. Their carriages might be copied from the Lord Mayor's show, and even the engine wheels might imitate the Gothic window near their terminus at York. These things, however, will eventually come; the water tank, we see, is moulded in the Gothic style.

Yet who is to blame for all this? The directors meant well, no doubt, and are in a state of childish or other ignorance. And if the architect is held responsible, he may refer at once to the system. Of course the work is mechanical and unimaginative; but does the public demand anything better? Are there those among us, who are able to judge of work and to sympathise with and efficiently to support a genuine workman? We have, in fact, no real artist workmen, like Fischer of Nuremberg, or John of Padua, and our enterprising directors must, therefore, put up with what they can get—an eminent architect, 'art manufacture,' and sufficient money.

Here, then, is Mr. Street's lesson and example. We are not dealing with an art that ennobles, but with a profession

that pleases, or is supposed to please. And now that so much nonsense has been written about 'Temples of Themis' and 'Palaces of Justice,' it is possible that an architect may have really good common sense, and yet find his courage unequal to the determined assertion of the doctrine that Courts of Law should be simple even to plainness in their general appearance. Law personified is of majestic presence, and were we engaged in preparing a palace for an ideal representative of justice, perhaps our highest efforts would fail to produce a fit abode for so august a sovereignty. But we are now concerned with no ideal, but with a very homely common law, and precarious Chancery practice. We are providing a place for the settlement of miserable disputes, originating in folly or knavery, or in the very imperfection of the law, or it may be in all three combined. It requires but a glance around a Court to see that a grave, not to say a sad simplicity of style, will best reflect the mental, moral, and material condition of those whose interests compel their unwilling attendance. Comfort, cleanliness, tranquillity, and air, are of course essential; but what is called grandeur or magnificence is merely impertinent. It would do to gape at for a day or two, and then be either forgotten or offensive. The Court would not be ennobled, but there would be so much grandeur, and so forth, thrown away or brought into contempt. In fact, the association of Courts of Law seems to be rather with lunatic asylums and debtors' prisons, than with palaces and temples; and, taking a middle position between the two groups, a style neither grandiose nor mean, splendid nor sad, but a happy medium of decent plainness, seems to be the most satisfactory and appropriate.

The Strand front of the building, seventy feet high to the eaves, with an additional seventy feet at the Hall and the Tower, must be effective when designed with simplicity of outline and rhythm of parts, and with such variety of detail as may be necessary to give characteristic expression to the several rooms; and this may easily be done by slight modifications of the windows and their tracery. Above all, we must, in the name of the public, express an earnest hope that the lower part of the Strand front may form a continued extension of the line of shops. The intrusion of a blank stone wall will be a constant and incalculable injury to the neighbouring property. The slightest observation will be sufficient to show that if the lower arches of Somerset House were treated in the same way as those round the Royal Exchange, the Strand would gain im-

mensely in business value, and the building itself, although still a dark cloud over the street, would have a golden lining. Besides, it should be borne in mind that the Strand frontage of Somerset House is only one-fifth of the entire length of the building.

The design for the Law Courts is, however, but of transient interest, in comparison with the popular ignorance of the building arts which the competition has brought to light, and the cause of this ignorance we shall now endeavour to explain.

The fact is that we have at present no such thing as a building art. This is entirely lost. We have what is called the profession of architecture, which, as it pretends to the practice of art, is in the nature of an imposture. The essence of art is handiwork, not the preparations for work, such as the 'designs' and drawings compiled by the architect, his 'assistant,' or his numerous 'staff,' any more than the scaffolding erected by the Irish labourer. Art is the practice of the instructed, free, and self-guided workman—the conjoint operation of head and hand; not the painstaking of an imitator, the dull labour of a draughtsman, nor the dry mechanical drudgery of an artisan. There is no absolute refusal of mechanical assistance or of any worthy tools, but there is a constant tendency to give the utmost play and freedom to the intellect and the imagination—to the well-trained hand and thoroughly instructed mind. The best buildings of all ages have been made, not by professional gentlemen and their drawing clerks, but by labouring handicraftsmen of various schools of art. The chief buildings of the last three centuries of the Art history of Europe have been designed by 'architects.' They are scholarly, elaborate, imposing, expensive, and of late pretty, vulgar, childish, or grim, as the prevailing fashion or individual fancy may have required.

At present there is no help for this substitution of the imposture for the reality. In olden time people, both in public and in private, built on their own freeholds with honest intention, and with the prospect of endurance. They employed workmen whose delight was in the product of their own skill, and with whom the employer was in constant and familiar intercourse. The style of work was national, and as well understood by the people as their own language. People no more thought of building in 'styles' than of talking in 'tongues.' The mason could build simply for a cottage, or gloriously for a cathedral. His perfect familiarity with his work, his good sense and cultivated imagination, were his only guides; and to these plain working men, whom our modern

architects are very proud to imitate, we are indebted for the chief remaining glories of the middle ages. The system was universal until the classic revival. The Art of Egypt, of Greece, of Nineveh, and of Hindustan, was evidently in each case genuine, the product of the workman. No architect, as we understand the word, would have designed the Parthenon, with its amazing delicacy of curve and its rich variety of sculpture. The need and value of these curves would never have been discovered by an architectural draughtsman, and their recognition and adoption show that the builder was a genuine workman. Ictinus, the so-called architect, was a cunning master-builder (*σφοδρὸς οἰκοδόμος*), the *working* head of a band of *working* men. The same is unquestionably true of Phidias and his helpers. Their carvings are clearly spontaneous—not imitative second-hand work. The metopes—some of them archaic in style—prove that even under the prince of sculptors, the older carvers held their own; and the Panathenaic frieze appears to be the direct expression of the chisel, without even previous modeling. The very failings and imperfections of the buildings on the Acropolis are conclusive evidence of this rule, and of the independence of the working mason. Of course there was subordination, but the subordination was all within the workman class. So in our own old churches and cathedrals, the design was obviously done by the workman; in fact, there is no record of design at all. The work was 'built,' or the stone was 'cut'; and that included what we call the design. The constant activity of thought, indicated in slight modifications of plan or detail—the quaint and often exquisite winding up of portions of the work—the natural and spontaneous outgrowth of the carving—the boldness and even coarseness of idea and treatment, in conjunction with surprising delicacy and tenderness of feeling—reveal the master and the workman in a single mind.

But now instead of a class of noble working men, we have the 'architectural profession,' a number of soft-handed 'gentlemen' who may or may not be able to make sketches, or 'plans and elevations,' but who at any rate can get them made—who prepare what are called 'designs' in any 'style,' and submit them to people ignorant of every style for their approval and acceptance. Of course this approval is not gained by real merit, as members of many a building committee can testify, and it argues little for the business sagacity, with which professional men are sufficiently endowed, if the design is not made carefully bad, should the cin-

ployer's whim demand the effort. We remember to have seen this method exemplified in a certain competition with very marked success. Nor is this designing to order the only evil of the system; the profession is, in fact, a mere trade. Designs are made and sent to any distance, to be contracted for by any speculator, who will make money of them if nothing else; and to be built by mere slaves of workmen, who will make sad work of them if they can. The architect's superintendence, instead of being constant and careful, and in a sense almost affectionate and paternal, is scanty, heartless, perfunctory, or altogether wanting. How, then, will the building fare? The only hope would be in the 'clerk of the works,' but he is a sort of stepfather or trustee, who has to adhere strictly to the drawings. There is, consequently, no motive for expression in the work, and none of that 'handling,' the evidence of the artist's presence and effort, which is as valuable in building as it is admitted to be in painting or in sculpture. Nothing is more to be regretted in the so-called restorations at our ecclesiastical buildings than the total loss of this pervading evidence of the workman's mind.

This customary trading in designs has now become absurd. Architects are so little like 'chief builders,' that they almost cease to be builders at all; and there are ludicrous but authenticated tales of their ignorance of their own nominal works. One large building, on which the 'commission' amounted to some thousands of pounds, is said to have been visited by the architect for less than half an hour during its entire construction. We have recently seen the statement, that nearly sixty 'restorations' have been superintended for an 'eminent architect' by one clerk of works. Let our readers translate this fact into the sphere of any other profession, and imagine the Attorney-General, for instance, composing speeches for every circuit in the calendar, and employing law stationers to recite them; or an archbishop 'designing' sermons on commission, with an additional allowance for 'pulpit clerks' to deliver them; or a surgeon receiving heavy fees for operations to be performed, and handing over the necessary 'drawings and specifications' to various country chemists and druggists; and they will be enabled to understand something of the present practice of the architectural profession. It is quite time that the system should be exposed, condemned, and thoroughly exploded. The public should be taught to understand that the names of 'eminent persons' in the profession are delusions, and that they

are themselves the sufferers by the continuance of a deceptive custom, and are deeply interested in its abolition.

There is another remarkable contrast between the old method and the new. On examining any of our ancient buildings, it becomes clearly evident that, however commanding and impressive the work may be to the beholder, it was not so to the builder. His power of intellect and imagination could demonstrate itself in stone, and overcome those minds that had less comprehensiveness of idea in that special direction and form. But his own mind was in no subjective condition. He had no awe of, and little reverence for, his work. He was a 'master worker' and a creator, or an associated 'chief master,' and superintendent of 'creators;' and his work was simply a delight to him, the outward form and expression of a mind sympathetic and serious, but not in the slightest degree superstitious or debased. Nothing can be more opposed to this than the modern counterpart. There is no evidence of delight or power, but only that the architect was intensely eager for applause, and painfully careful for further employment, or else that his mind being weakened by subordination to a vain imagination, he became a feeble worshipper of his own poor work.

The interiors of most of the high ritual churches are marked by the latter peculiarity, and some clear evidences of this kind of mental debasement are seldom wanting. The font at St. Alban's, Holborn, for instance, which has been 'designed' with much care, would be beneath the genius of a manufacturer of Tonbridge ware; and the speckled and spotted coloured brick patterns on the walls, here and at All-Saints', Margaret Street, are precise reminiscences of a favourite nursery toy. These several characteristics are, however, generally more strikingly manifested in what is called the 'reredos,' not the old eastern choir-screens, which are sometimes so called, but a comparatively recent importation from abroad, an un-English innovation, favoured as giving an opportunity for a much-desired patch of prettiness, or the exhibition of such superfluous folly as is not entirely used up in other details of the church, and which gives the communion table the appearance of a quasi-mediæval sideboard.

The old builder had not heard anything about the 'profession' of art. He was a simple workman, and would make the plan, arrange the elevations, and be in fact the foreman of the work. The general requirements might of course be suggested to him, but he and his fellow-workmen contrived the build-

ing and perfected its details. In those times, when handicraftsmen were acknowledged to have brains, and were in the habit of using them, building was not recognised as a 'fine art,' but only as a common and very noble work. These handicraftsmen were evidently men of high culture and powerful mind, with great faculty of expression in their workman's language—a language that for purity, variety, copiousness, and dignity, has never been excelled, and which every one in those days perfectly understood. The enormous quantity of building during the fourteenth century, compared with the then small population of the country, shows that the Englishman of that day must have been at least as well informed on the merits of a house as his very enlightened descendants pretend to be about the favourites for the coming Derby. In those days the working men made the building of a church, or the progress of a cathedral, their great delight and glory. Now we have those superior persons, 'the valuable middle class,' who are 'not working people,' and whose crown of rejoicing may be the 'Derby' or the 'Chester Cup,' but who are utterly ignorant about the construction and architecture of their own dwellings, and have even a conceit of their ignorance.

In those days the mason worked, not in a mental solitude under a greedy contractor and a driving foreman, nor was he instructed by a dainty architect, who as a true builder would be half ignorant and wholly incapable, nor superintended (*overlooked* would be the better word) by a committee destitute alike of knowledge and discernment. He worked at home among his family and his fellow-workmen, who perfectly comprehended, and could at once appreciate, every idea and thought as quickly as the chisel expressed it. The man's circumstances were entirely sympathetic. He had not to send competition drawings to be approved by a dozen men who happened to be rich or well placed; but he was judged by his works, and his judges were his peers. His work was a social one, the direct and lively manifestation of the sentiments and habits of the time. He had to adopt no 'style.' His own homely language was sufficient, and hence the perfect ease and endless variety which charm us in old work. Though the expression is constantly changing, there is nothing incoherent or obscure. There is, moreover, no vanity in the work, and though the workman is direct and simple in the expression of his own mind, he does not think about himself, nor at all about a possible critic. There is no dull care to be correct. There is, on the contrary, a constant de-

velopment of thought and detail that makes the buildings appear to live, and, in an undetected way, we find our sympathies engaged and our interest excited by the very waywardness and seeming errors of the workman. There is no constant or even habitual endeavour at ornament or display. Nothing is more remarkable than the way in which opportunities for decoration are neglected. The builder goes on working in the quietest way until he has a worthy idea to express, and then he does it in the most unconscious manner. The most beautiful thoughts are often thrown into the work as if they were mere common-places. There is no painful striving to make the greatest possible display with the money and material. The man and his associations are the real stamp and informing spirit of the work. How many a village church can be brought to mind where there is not even an external plinth, but the rudest unsophisticated walling, a stumpy 'ungraceful' but very sensible and useful tower, and scarcely a moulding or ornament about the building, until in some unobtrusive doorway, or aisle window, we find the gem of thought that gives dignity and refinement to the entire work. It is true that in many of their largest buildings this simplicity of method did not appear. Men in all ages differ, and there are defective spirits at the best of times. As a rule, however, a profusion of ornament, by which the work is mechanically overlaid, is an indication that something in the nature of a modern architect is causing this artistic aberration. William of Wykeham seems to have been a great transgressor in this way.

In total contrast with what we have thus described is a very marked and nearly universal characteristic of our modern churches. Whether they are 'high' or 'low,' 'correct' or 'impure,' original or eclectic, there is a general and constant straining for effect. It seems as if each architect thought that he would have no other opportunity, and must seize the present chance to make his mark, and light his pound of candles all at once. There is a want of dignity and repose about the building, a consciousness that it will be looked at, and a vain hope that it will be admired, leading to a sort of architectural posture-making and display, that no affectation of propriety, and even asceticism, will save from a charge of meretricious vanity. Now all this is very unbecoming and inconsistent. A church requires nothing of the kind. It is in fact a very ordinary commonplace building, and only particularly remarkable now because domestic architecture is so excessively debased. In olden times, the church was as a rule rather plain in com-

parison with its surrounding houses. Little of the old domestic urban architecture remains; but careful search and examination will show that in most cities there was more expenditure on house than on church decoration. Crosby Hall, and the adjacent churches of St. Ethelburga and St. Helen's may serve as convenient, though perhaps not quite a fair illustration; and at Canterbury and Chester, Lincoln and Exeter, examples might be multiplied. Churches were then known of all men as houses of prayer, and were appropriately humble and unpretending, and even almost obscure. Of public buildings, churches are the most numerous, unless indeed 'public-houses' are included in the category. There is little necessary difference in their plans, excepting what the exigencies of the site require. There need be none of that agonizing superfluity of contrivance and detail that we are compelled to observe and painfully to regret. We know all about the sacred character of the building, the superlativeness of its requirements, and the 'lamp of sacrifice;' but we say that the sanctity of its dedication, and the dignity of its character, would be best demonstrated and maintained by the abandonment of all the frippery and excess of detail that architects find it to be their business to display. There is no 'sacrifice' in this elaboration: its removal would in fact be a purification. The real sacrifice is the offering, genuine, hearty, intelligent, and refined, of the simple working man. The true mason, being serious and unselfish in his work, is generally satisfied with the mild excitement of his ordinary care, and, working in his homely modest way, gains all the variety and change he needs in those occasional hours of imaginative and ornamental work which give all the needful and appropriate enrichment to his worthy building.

This method is impossible for architects. They have none of this healthy mechanical plodding. Their business is not to build but to make drawings. The work that would occupy a mason several weeks or months is indicated by perhaps a single line or at most a few hours' labour at the drawing-board. The professional designer feels and knows, that the public would soon discover that for sound and simple work *his* help is not required, and to save his existence he must needs employ his pencil and bow-pencil pretty freely, until at last it becomes impossible to get the architect and his cleverness, or want of it, out of the mind, and the building is permanently desecrated.

The church of St. James the Less, at Westminster, has been greatly praised for

its decorative work, though it really is but a baby house. Its particoloured tower is built with polished marbles up among the clouds, and of ungainly brickwork level with the eye. Its preposterous ironwork, designed by an architect and manufactured by a mechanic, is so disproportioned as to be absurd, and is quite incongruous with the mean walling that it screens. The interior, chequered all over with bits of colour, is not the serious effort of a man, but mere effeminacy and child's play, giving the same wide-mouthed pleasure as a new trick of sleight of hand. The decorations of the roof are for the most part invisible. The mental debasement which we have already referred to has in this and in many other churches shown itself by making it what children would call 'a place for bogies.' There is a great deal of nonsensical scorn of those who object to Gothic work that it is dark and gloomy; but these childish church architects are the cause, and their works are a justification of this at first sight very reasonable objection. At St. James's the aisle windows are mere slits in the wall, not to admit daylight evidently, but to show some small panels of indifferent stained glass, which cause this dismal darkness, and serve to mystify the weakheaded people for whom such work is sympathetically designed. At St. Michael's, Cornhill, is another of these follies, but there the nonsense was carried so far, that some glazed 'coal plates' have been inserted in the aisle ceilings to light the people, the windows having been given over to the glass painter.

There is no objection to coloured decoration when properly done, and judiciously applied, the work of an intelligent and skilful workman. But this spurious work, designed by draughtsmen, and worked in or stencilled on by drudges, is mere imposture, and no assumed correctness or consistency of style can justify its character. The same rule will apply to decorative mason's work and carving. These may be perfectly correct as to date, and accurate in finish, and still be so mechanical and lifeless as to be repulsive, and a mere defacement of the building. Or they may be rude in workmanship, coarse in material and detail, and even incorrect in style, and yet the whole effect may be glorious. The old builders were men of original and simple thought, which they learnt to express in their work, and by this expression they gradually formed their style. Now we have men who imitate the old styles, but are destitute of true artistic workman's thought and incapable of expression. Such is the rule, and it is curious that these same men

are very apt to object to the works of their worthier modern rivals, on account of their little architectural improprieties.

And here we have the key to the vexed question of the monuments at Westminster. In them we have a perfect history of our modern sculpture. Frequent proposals have been made that the more recent works should be removed, and then the church entirely 'restored.' Of these intruders many are of genuine and noble workmanship, and so become in character and fact consistent and appropriate additions to the building, which is itself of gradual construction, and in varied and successive dialects of art. Among such more worthy works the choir-screen, reredos, pulpit, and communion table are not to be included. These are particularly weak and *jeune* specimens of the dull clerkmanship that architects of eminence live to supply, and thus, we venture to affirm, are mere expensive 'lumber unremoved.' Compare them with the gateway to the chapter-house, or the De Valence tomb, and their sad worthlessness becomes immediately clear. We therefore cannot yet presume to touch our monumental buildings, except most carefully to uphold them. When we have men again to do the work and fashion it, then we may venture, but till then it would be safe to wait.

It is quite time that the public should understand what is really going on under the name of church and cathedral restoration. The architects of the present day are not at all reticent about the 'improvements' done by their equally eminent predecessors, and the ghosts of Wyatt and Nash must have a sad time of it. But never has there been such wanton destruction of the historic associations and genuine artistic character and expression of our ancient buildings as they have suffered during the last thirty years. The game began with the Temple Church; and, as an historical and venerable relic, the building is destroyed. The exterior is new, the interior is scraped, and polished, and painted, and glazed, until it would puzzle an archæologist to put his finger on anything that the Knights Templar actually saw. Then there came the inevitable 'reredos,' and the 'consistently designed' pewing, which we were told was in good taste, and exhorted to imitate. Would it not have been better, if the Benchers must needs have a showy and luxurious chapel, that they should have built one for themselves, and have left the old Templars and their historic chapel quietly alone? As it is, we have lost an interesting monument, and have obtained merely a fashionable church.

This propensity to scrape and daub spread like a disease among the clergy. They stu-

died Rickman and Pugin, Whewell and Britton, and became very learned in the 'styles.' Their intention certainly was good, and manifestly they had no want of zeal; but from the influence of their bookish education, and of the common ignorant contempt of handicraft, they failed to see that the merely literary study of an essentially practical art must of necessity be defective, and that, to avoid the dangers of a little knowledge they should have sought the useful and necessary aid, not of an architect, who is probably no more practical than themselves, but of the village mason, carpenter, and smith. Had this been generally done, and working men been cordially led to join in careful study of the neighbouring relics of the olden time, they would soon have become the 'masters' of their work; and instead of the false and delusive system called a 'profession,' under which we vainly suffer, we should have had a genuine, homely, and noble 'practice' of the building arts by a widespread class or school of cultivated workmen.

Nor would architecture alone have been the gainer. The spread of intelligence among the workmen would have had other great results. There would have been no need then for 'celebrated' engineers or 'eminent' contractors. Our railways, though they look so big and like other things become impressive from their length, are for the most part very simple common-place affairs, little above hedging and ditching. They seldom require more constructive ability than a ten-roomed house or a parish church arcade, and might well have been undertaken in detail by the instructed and intelligent local working men. The country would have saved scores or even hundreds of millions of railway capital, and have had a perfectly developed system of judiciously-constructed lines. George Stephenson was a working man, and it was not he that made the costly blunder of the Britannia Bridge or the lavish experimental waste of the Great Western Railway system.

The movement soon found itself involved in the strifes and struggles of the parties in the church; and, without sturdy power of its own, founded on the broad influence of common knowledge and popular opinion, it sank to mean subserviency, and became for many years a means or cause of grievous injury and evil. Its progress conducted far more to clerical pride than to architectural improvement, and was in fact the great opportunity for social and professional vanity and display. Ecclesiastics pretended to be ecclesiologists, became knowing about metal-work, that it should be wrought and not cast,

and woodwork, that it should be 'stopped' rather than 'mitred'; not discerning that of all metal-work none is so debased as the modern trade specimens of wrought iron and brass. They fell then into the hands of ecclesiastical decorators and furniture dealers; and having been plundered and imposed upon in every way, they are still blind to their losses, and proud of their work, and have yet to make the unpleasant discovery that instead of having churches decorated and restored, they have spent their substance on mere ecclesiastical toy-shops.

Of course there have been architects employed, but this, as the reader is aware, is not an assurance of hope. We have already endeavoured to describe the class, and we now venture to say that these eminent persons have been the bane of art for the last three hundred years. They are, as we have shown, a mere fashion; and their works are like them. If we examine the greatest works of ancient times, such as the Abbey Church at Westminster, with the workmanship genuine, free from shame, and every stone of the building alive with energy of power or beauty of enrichment, we see that such buildings are, in construction and detail, entirely and distinctly the expression of human thought and feeling; that even in ruin they would be charming. Their Renaissance rivals have no such hope in dissolution. Being a mere manufacture, they are in the same category with machine lace and cotton prints, and often vastly their inferiors in design. The old buildings are subjects for our drawings; the new ones but imitations of drawings, and they are related to the drawings from which they are copied as engravings are to the pictures that they feebly represent. There is, perhaps, no better, as there is no more melancholy test of the value of artistic work, than this of dilapidation and decay; and if without destruction, we mentally apply the idea we shall find that buildings, and other works, begin to arrange themselves in an order of merit very different from that which is generally accepted. The details of the new India Office might possibly, in such a case, be disposed of in the Wardour Street of the future, but would never be treasured up in an architectural museum. The 'Vulcanian' style of our iron age would suffer grievous degradation, and the Crystal Palace itself might find its precedence disputed by an old piece of ordnance or the dilapidated framework of a worn-out parasol.

Architecture seems to have been in all countries a very trustworthy indication of the ruling characteristics of the people. In Egypt, the sacerdotal and royal powers combined have given their influence a record to

the end of time. In Egyptian work nothing is weak or sordid. Faith and power thoroughly excluded all the meaner motives. Mere vanity and love of display do not waste themselves in works of such enormous difficulty and endurance, and requiring so many years for their construction as the Pyramids and temples of the Valley of the Nile.

In Greece the Parthenon, in its refinement of architectural outline, is an evidence of the intellectual culture of the ruling class. And the carvings that enrich the work show the perfect acquaintance of the Athenian people with the unrivalled beauty of the human form, a knowledge in which the meanest of the Athenian mob would probably exceed the most cultivated cockney of our time.

In England the massive Norman, bulky with material, but scanty in detail and ornament, grand in idea and costly in execution, may be taken as an illustration of the crushing power of the conquering race. The 'Early English' work of the following century is a symptom of the rising spirit of the working men. Confidence and sympathy were not yet perfectly established, and the English workman, though growing in imaginative power, and in the expression of details, was somewhat chill and formal, yet charmingly graceful in the outlines of his work. To his upper and outer world he could not be genial and unreserved, but among his brethren his cordiality and sympathy were perfectly aroused; and the lavish richness, chastened fancy, and perfect form of the details, moulded and carved, of Early English work, are perhaps the most beautiful memorial of the reviving spirit and happiness of a nation that the history of art can show.

Under the Edwards the national spirit was thoroughly restored. King, Church, and People, each had honour, and all were for the most part on very friendly terms. The genius of the nation then became completely manifested, and the England of that time reached, as the spontaneous expression of the most wonderful age of political formation, the very climax of national architecture in the history of the world. Egypt, Greece, and Rome, each had its peculiar glory, but they had neither a climate that compelled, nor a building material that readily lent itself to, the development of a national domestic architecture such as ours, which was, in fact, the 'prentice work for all the noble monuments that glorify the land. These have a character quite distinct from coëval works in France and Germany, Italy and Spain, a character most evidently due to the greater influence of our domestic buildings.

The workmen then were quite at ease.

They worked among intelligent and sympathizing friends. The clergy, who were the main dispensers of the surplus income of the nation, were men of the people, and they planned and built in a dignified and manly way. Even when, in the course of the fifteenth century, mere commercial wealth became a predominating influence, and the workman was gradually sinking, as the man of trade rose higher in the financial world, the churchmen still maintained the architectural dignity of their order, until at last the tide of luxury swept merit all away, and the Italian fashion took its place. Still in this Italian style Englishmen have succeeded as well as their neighbours. Castle Howard, Whitehall Chapel, and Greenwich Hospital, and more recently the Traveller's Club, and last and best, the Sun Fire Office—the most beautiful work in Europe of its style and dimensions,—show that there has been an artistic spirit among us that could bring good out of evil. But now we have sunk down so low, that a work of such painful incapacity as the London University building is praised by the leaders of the 'profession;' and the Government are presenting to us, on the Piccadilly side of Burlington House, the most contemptible public building that the architectural profession has achieved.

It is necessary to bear in mind that building and architecture are two different things. The one is essentially the workman's work, the other merely a fine name for a spurious—we had almost said—a quack profession. The modern 'chief builder' is, in fact, no builder at all, but only a drawing master. The ancient Egyptians and Greeks, and the Italian and Western 'Goths' were simple workmen, and built in a truthful manly way. Roman building was principally the imitation work of slaves, and very often bad in taste. But the Renaissance Italian is the 'professional style.' With it the profession of architecture became established. Its foundation was a 'knowledge' of 'the orders,' and its practice was that of 'composing' these orders in various fanciful displays. In fact, it might be called a school of architectural 'deportment.' Any draughtsman, with a reasonable knowledge of these 'orders,' might become an architect; and with an eye for outline, and some cleverness in arrangement, he might produce on paper an endless variety of classical combinations. The style was expensive, but when it arose questions of expense were of secondary importance: it was, somehow, seldom the proprietor that had to pay the bill. But the great success of the style was due neither to its novelty, nor its variety, but to the facility with which the architect could prepare, at any distance

from the work, the drawings for an entire building, and the little personal superintendence of the handicraftsmen that the work required. Instead of giving his constant attention to one building, the architect found that he could accept commissions for a dozen or a score. The amount of drawing in each case was comparatively small. A little shuffling of columns and windows revealed some new accident of combination that passed for design; and as for detail, the classic orders served for all. Thus then all parties were well pleased. The employer was in the fashion, and piqued himself on his classic refinement and exceptional good taste: the architect had large practice in a gentlemanly profession: and both, with the vanity and self-gratulation of ignorant conceit, could despise the Duomo of Pisa or the Choir of Westminster, as the rude relics of a barbarous and unenlightened age.

In England Vanburgh and Lord Burlington have made us see how quickly men of literary culture and of noble rank could master the designing 'knack,' and then provide new luxuries of architectural display to put their wondering and confiding friends on the high road to ruin. Blenheim House is critically known as 'picturesque,' but it is a 'scene' rather than a dwelling. There may be a house imbedded in the stonework, but the real effect, which is geological rather than architectural, more suggestive of a quarry than of a palace or a home, is due entirely to non-essentials, to the mass of superfluous material symmetrically disposed, and yet altogether hideous and unseemly; in fact a sort of well-arranged architectural elephantiasis. Burlington House, though an exotic, was a very respectable and praiseworthy effort, and the colonnade was no doubt a grateful memento of the Italian tour. Both the houses have been much admired, and may be acknowledged to reflect great credit on the 'professional' skill of their respective designers.

Gradually, however, the classic enthusiasm wore away. The style ceased to be new, and it was found to be costly. And when what is called the Grecian style had passed through its brief period of public favour, and urgent want arose for some new thing, it happened that a few careful publications about Gothic work appeared, and gained the attention of the artistic world. Here, then, was another chance for the 'profession.' The 'style' was not new, but it was practically unfamiliar. True it was made or developed by working masons, at a time when there was no classical artistic knowledge, and so was merely the picturesque effort of semi-barbarous 'knaves.' It was not classical,

but it would bring business to the profession. The public thought it pretty, the clergy sympathized, as it was 'quite in their line,' and it became curiously enough the fashion to be very proud of any weak imitation of the poor rude workmen that heretofore had been so very much despised. The imitation was faint enough certainly, for the 'profession' had no intention of giving up their gentlemanly position, and becoming real builders, carpenters, and stone-masons. A class of quick-fingered draughtsmen soon prepared 'examples,' gathered from the old masons' work, which their professional customers might mix and mingle, with almost as much facility as the classic orders, and it was really found that designs in the various 'styles' of English and Continental Gothic might be manufactured with such 'correctness' of detail, and so much promptitude and rapidity that the *dilettanti* could be satisfied, the public hoodwinked, and clients thoroughly pleased; while the trading element of the profession was profitably extended, and its returns increased to an amount that was never dreamt of by the half-experienced professional architect of thirty years ago. We had exchanged handicraft long since for finger-work, and the new method is neither an advance nor a reform. We have taken no step towards the necessary and essential change of system, but only made a prudent and remunerative change of face. We have 'instruments' as formerly in place of tools, fingers instead of hands, and 'examples' to serve for brains, just as in the Italian of classic work. We are only moving with the times, and as customers increase in numbers, and correspondingly decrease in average wealth, 'Gothic,' which may be made both cheap and pretty where required, brings more and easier business to the trade. We have, as in the classic revival, compilers instead of artists, and machines instead of workmen, and, worst of all, a public that, constantly advancing in numbers, influence, and architectural ambition, is unable to distinguish good building work and true imaginative art from mechanical copying, scholastic imitation, whimsical conceit, and vulgar pretence.

The new Gothic fashion soon became popular. Firms of competition speculators flooded the market with their illusory but attractive wares. The business had its risks, and for a time expenditure might bring but little prompt return. But names became known, and the constant use of pretty details insured extended popularity. And thus, instead of the quiet local development of the true practice of Gothic work, a fashionable imposture spread throughout the land. 'Art

manufacture,' a falsehood in its very name, was duly established, and fittings and furniture, carving and stained glass, embroidery, painting, metal work and encaustic tiles, all were designed by architects or 'drawing-clerks,' and turned out wholesale, at trade prices, by the manufacturing firms. The workmen is nowhere seen. He is not even heard of. He is at the 'factory' when the bell rings, and he files and polishes the bit of work that he is set to do. But thought, fancy, and volition all are wanting. The man is but a slave, an imperfect machine, whom we may hope one day to supplant by some new patented contrivance, that will have no brains, and consequently be safe from all mistakes, and automatically true. The workman, who is the very spring and source of art, sinks to a mere tool, and instead of thousands of real artists, handicraftsmen, whose mental energies and poetic fancy would by this time have gone far to elevate and refine the whole community of our working class, we have as the total result of thirty years of painful and expensive building, our parish churches and cathedrals, college chapels and town-halls, country mansions and public buildings, laden and encumbered with a profusion of art-manufactured gewgaws, which are thoroughly debasing both to the buildings and the workmen, but bring enormous profit to the manufacturing firms, give fame and fortune to the successful architect, and enable him to pander with a facility that has never before been equalled, to the childish sensuality of the public, the professional vanity of the clergy, and the vulgar luxury of the rich.

We have not far to go for an example of the spirit and method that we have endeavoured to describe. That St. Stephen's Chapel was sacrificed in order that the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Speaker might sit face to face, at the distance of a furlong more or less, is an old grievance. There was no necessity for this mutual gaze, nor for the arrangement that provided for it, but it was just one of those simple, and yet adroit and claptrap artifices, by which a clever architect will astonish and charm a wondering Committee, and secure the approval of a discriminating public. Beneath the chapel was a crypt of unexampled beauty, and this was not destroyed. It was a quiet, retired, unobtrusive place, and there was hope that by a fortunate neglect it might escape uninjured until this Gothic reign of terror had somewhat passed away. Parliament, however, was instructed that it ought to 'have a taste,' and that this could well be shown by lavish votes of money to be spent in bedizening the 'vault.' So this inestimable relic has

now been 'restored' and painted, polished and gilded, glazed, burnished and tiled, and furnished with a toy table and some correctly fashionable chairs, so that the memory of the place is entirely gone, and it might pass for an expensive camera obscura, or a mere show place for the vile rubbish of the decorator's trade. This too is popular, and has the zealous patronage of the sanctimonious connoisseurship of the House of Commons, and the stupid admiration of the meekly gaping crowd.

The neighbouring Chapter House has partly been restored, and so far as the work has gone there is little cause for complaint, and happily much to approve. The upper details of the work, indeed, are lamentably feeble, and for the central cross we have a small edition of our uncouth acquaintance on the summit of the Hyde Park trophy; but these are minor failings, and if the restoration is now promptly arrested, and the masonry is saved from the defilement of the decorative 'artists,' there will be a certain satisfaction gained by the completion of the structure. But let Salisbury be a warning, not an example. The reredos at Ely, and the screens at Lichfield and Hereford, are sufficient monumental records of the audacity of an architect and of the simplicity of his employers. The Munich glass at Glasgow Cathedral shows how easily people are led to waste their substance on a vain show; and all these tend to make the prospect of further outlay on the Chapter House a matter of anxiety rather than of hope.

At the other end of the Abbey is a specimen of the domestic architecture of the revival. The front is a crowded and unnecessary medley of breaks and buttresses, bay windows and stone gables; and in the centre is a weak imitation of an abbey gateway, with two incongruous and false projecting turrets. We enter beneath the arch, and find that the whole affair is a mere frontispiece, of the speculating builder stamp, and that on the front towards the quadrangle, and therefore the more important, if abbey gateways are to guide an opinion, the houses are mere bald brickwork which, had the frontages been reversed, would have been a very suitable extension of the picturesque effect of Victoria Street adjoining. The obscure mediæval workman would not have been nearly so clever as this. It would not have occurred to him to design an elaborate imposture, to make a brave show in front of all the stock properties of the draughtsman's trade, and leave the back all beggarly and bare. There would have been some decent reticence, if only in recognition of the adjoining venerable pile. The Jerusalem Cham-

ber is a pattern of modesty in building, and though forward in position, it is humble in character, and really adds greatly to the apparent height, and to the picturesque effect of the Minster towers. In the new buildings all this is totally reversed, and the contrasted qualities of 'dignity and impudence' are again illustrated by new examples, and on an unusual and inverted scale.

The choir of Chichester Cathedral also is restored, and additions have been made to the oaken stalls and canopies. The old wood-work is not in the best style, but it is simple, and is not inconsistent with the plain Norman piers. The new work is after quite another manner, and everything that the bow-pencil could do for the money has been attempted. The paved floor for such a building should be plain, and perhaps a little rude; but here we have an excessively costly polished particoloured marble work, that makes the old piers and mouldings look coarse by contrast, and itself gives the idea of plate-glass with a pattern under it, a sort of horizontal *potichomanie*. The metal furniture is said to be supplied by 'the Skidmore Company.' How long would it have taken Quentin Matsys to comprehend such a statement as this, and would he not have been led to inquire whether we could get our pictures 'manufactured' also in this way? Here again is a reredos, a big arch and gable intercepting the view of the eastern triforium and the Lady Chapel arch, and by their size and that of the carved figures, greatly reducing the apparent scale of the Cathedral interior. The work is a finely polished, sharply cut, and altogether well-executed piece of mere trade rubbish. It is said to have cost two thousand pounds, and if the subscribers would kindly remove it, the Chapter might congratulate themselves on an architectural benefit worth quite double the amount to the effect of their church. If a bit of carving is required, there are in the south aisle wall two of the very finest works of their period that might well be promoted to the place of honour in the choir, instead of this lumbering piece of furniture statuary. Flaxman's figure of resignation in fortunate proximity might help a visitor to endure patiently this wanton mischief; but restoration is again offensive, and the most charming memorial carving in the country is to be entirely obscured by some stained glass windows that are not worth a glance or a thought of admiration. And this, that we have described, is a favourable specimen of our Cathedral restoration.

The buildings we have quoted are public property (or ecclesiastical), and are therefore under very superior control. As we go

further from the centre of the government in Church and State, we may perhaps fare worse. The architectural gibberish of St. James's Club is cognate with similar discordant and incoherent utterances at Manchester and 'Balliol.' Then there is the whimsical variety of the Gaiety Theatre in the Strand, and at Merton and Keble colleges, and the pretty, childish, half exotic work at the new Museum buildings at Oxford, all which show how desperate are the designer's fears lest they should not be personally recognised and professionally distinguishable: the architect being, in fact, the 'chief end' of the building. In churches we have endless variety of affectation and conceit, from the ritual and grim, and the high and 'correct,' to the Evangelical and dull. And the influence of the architectural Gothic Renaissance is ultimately frittered away in the elaborate showing and despicable meanness of the Dissenting chapel, and the staring vulgarity of the Marine Hotel.

The reason of all this aberration and decline is easily explained. The work of design, as it is called, being in comparatively few hands, there is a great loss of artistic power which would be saved and employed were each building designed by its working men. Builders are of the nature of poets: they are born, not made; and it is therefore true policy to secure and utilize as large a number of artistic poetic minds as it is possible to employ. To ignore these, and to concentrate the work in the hands of a comparatively few, is an abandoned folly, manifest on its mere statement. It prevents the spread of intelligence and cultivation among the working builders, and from them among the masses of the people. It breeds a class of gamblers in competitions, draughtsmen, and surveyors, whose productions are a curse to the nation, and in various degrees of villainess a travesty of art.

We have been endeavouring, in fact, to plant the pyramid on its apex, and, having failed so completely, might we not set to work to build it from its base? For three hundred years we have been trying to build from above downwards. The connoisseurs have pretended to teach the public how to build, and the public fail to learn. Can we not ask the working man to show us what to do? We have spent hundreds of millions sterling with manifestly good intention, and we have succeeded—to the extent of the Law Courts' competition, and Mr. Street's design. Would it not be well to consider whether the profession is worth all this sacrifice, and to endeavour to learn how our forefathers managed? The difference is

extreme. We build no decent buildings; they built no bad ones.

Their method is well known: it is very ancient, and of most honourable usage. Tubal Cain, to begin with, 'was an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron.' How he could get on without drawing at South Kensington it is hard to conceive. Still there is nothing about drawings, but only about 'artificers,' and these were 'instructed'; they had not risen to the level of machines. But in Egypt we do get some notion of the primitive 'surveyor.' 'Therefore they did set over them *taskmasters* to afflict them with their burdens, . . . and they made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, and in brick.' So there is nothing new under the sun. Let us hope then that some providence may arise to rescue our people from their 'hard bondage, in mortar and in brick,' and from the 'taskmasters' that do so grievously 'afflict them.'

Then about a hundred and fifty years later we read of 'Bezaleel, the son of Uri, of the tribe of Judah,' that he was 'filled with the spirit of God . . . to devise curious works to *work* in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in the cutting of stones, to set them, and in carving of wood, to make any manner of cunning work.' Precisely so; and thus it was with our own forefathers. If they had not 'the spirit of God to devise curious work, and to work,' wherever was such a spirit shown? 'And He hath put in his heart that he may teach, both he and Aholiab.' 'Them hath he filled with wisdom of heart, to work all manner of work, of the engraver, and of the cunning workman, and of the embroiderer, . . . and of the weaver, even of them that *do* any work, and of those that *devise* cunning work. Then *wrought* Bezaleel and Aholiab.' So did our forefathers. But will any one say that either our architects or our mechanics are 'wise-hearted men to *devise* and to *make* any manner of cunning work'?

Again, 'King Solomon sent and fetched Hiram out of Tyre'—Solomon did not, it appears, send to Hiram for designs for choice, or proclaim a competition with leave for Hiram to take his chance with the rest—'And he was filled with wisdom and understanding, and cunning to work all works in brass;'—and from the long list of his works, his 'wisdom and understanding' were considerable—'and skilful to work in gold and in silver, in brass, in iron, in stone, and in timber, in purple, in blue, and in fine linen, and in crimson, and to grave any manner of graving, and to find out any device which shall be put to him.' Hiram had evidently

not wasted his time on 'orders' or 'examples.' He was skilful to 'find out,' not to copy. But how he could get on without an eminent ecclesiastical architect and proper detailed working drawings is a wonder, doubtless, to the 'profession.'

We can proceed again, and some four hundred years later the method seems to be unchanged. 'And they put the money in the hand of the *workmen* that had the oversight of the house of the Lord, and they gave it to the *workmen that wrought*, even to the artificers and builders they gave it.' 'And the king and Jehoiada gave it to such as did the work of the service of the house of the Lord, and *hired masons and carpenters* to repair the house of the Lord, and also such as wrought iron and brass to mend the house of the Lord.' 'And they gave the money, being told, *into the hands of them that did the work*. Moreover, they reckoned not with the men into whose hand they delivered the money to be bestowed on the workmen, for they dealt faithfully.' And these men were Jews, and not Christians at all, 'that did the work,' and 'dealt faithfully.' Really as one reads on there is a giddy sense of complete inversion. A metropolitan ecclesiastical building, built and repaired without an architect; no hint of such an intermediate Providence! but 'workmen' that had the oversight; and no reckoning, 'for they dealt faithfully.' Could anything be a greater contrast to our actual system? We have had a dozen architects, and have to admire the Law Courts' design: Solomon had a clever workman, and he built the Temple. We have very tight contracts, and sufficiently sharp practice, occasionally, about 'extras' and omissions, and we are 'Christians' of the nineteenth century of *grace*. The Jews twenty-five centuries ago, that had 'the *law*,' were implicitly trusted, 'for they dealt faithfully.' Surely *we* ourselves are not so far inferior as this. It must be our *method* that is wrong.

But let us make another imaginary step through eighteen centuries of time, and to the other end of the Mediterranean, and refer our readers to the twenty-first chapter of Mr. Street's most interesting and accurate 'Account of Gothic Architecture in Spain,'—a work that does him more credit than any or all of his buildings or 'designs'; and there we have a full revelation of the practice that achieved the noble works which Mr. Street has illustrated for us with his ready pencil and discriminating pen. Nothing can be clearer than the rule (with possibly, but not certainly, one exception), that the architect, as nowadays he would be called, was actually the builder; and we

know that the builder or master of the works was in fact, like Hiram or Aholiab, a working man. There is some symptom of an occasional change of builder, and it appears probable that different men were employed, according to their several ability, at different parts or stages of the building. One man might be entrusted with the main walls, and another might undertake a noble entrance porch, or an elaborate storey of tabernacle work; and this surmise appears to be somewhat justified by the sharpness of the junctions, and the abruptness of the changes in the style of work.

It is quite clear, then, that the builder was a handicraftsman, not a maker of drawings; that he devoted his attention to one work; that he lived at it, and in many cases spent the best part of his life upon it. And in remarkable contrast to the mode of his modern successors, his work was always honourable, and his name was little known, and never advertised or trumpeted abroad. *He* did 'not go up and down; and all his desire was in the work of his craft.' There is in him nothing in the least like our professional class of picture-making, competing, commission-hunting, self-asserting, pamphlet-writing modern architects; of whom truly we could not continue the quotation. 'All these trust to their hands: and every one is wise in his work;' and 'without these cannot a city be inhabited.'

The evidence, direct and inferential, might be accumulated overwhelmingly. Fabric-rolls, history, tradition, muniments, and records, and even the building art itself give evidence. In more than one Continental cathedral the effigy of the architect is seen, and nearly always in his working dress; and those conversant with ancient work, not as mere sketchers, but using practised and discerning eyes, will be able to decide almost as easily as if they saw the work in progress, whether it is the labour of a copyist or the expression of an original mind. When all our workmen are again restored to intelligence and thought, and are relieved from the bondage that professionalism inflicts upon them, we may reasonably expect and hope that they will again be filled with the 'spirit of God' to devise curious works, and that these works being well understood and intelligently appreciated by their neighbours and associates, the noble art of building will gradually be recovered, and its gentle, beneficent, and persuasive influence will quickly spread, until all the handicraftsmen of the land 'deal faithfully,' and become 'wise hearted to devise and to make any manner of cunning work.'

But architects are not the only plague that

desolates our buildings; the lawyers also have smitten them with a paralysing stroke. The visitor to London will remember that in several parts of the town there are groups of streets most regularly planned, and lined with houses very similar to one another in their feeble architectural outlines. They are the estates of noblemen and others, which have been covered with houses under agreements for building leases, generally for a ninety-nine years' term. These are the more obvious instances of the practice; but throughout London and its suburbs not one house in a hundred is absolutely freehold. The average term of the leases is so reduced by lapse of time and by short renewals, that the houses in London will, on an average, be all lost to their present owners within forty years. When this system began is not very accurately known, but the nomenclature of the streets and the style of building shows that it was considerably developed during the last century; and such has been its recent increase, that the buildings of one year would occupy an extent of frontage of something more than fifty miles. This sounds like a careful provision for the increasing population—a business-like anticipation of a public want. Nothing can be further from the fact. The error is one of common sense; but we are far too clever for any such simplicity of method. The houses are built, not primarily as a comfort for the occupant, but as a security for the freeholder. The expression that 'London is a province covered with houses,' has an esoteric significance that the inventor of the phrase was not aware of. London houses and the people of London are merely in accidental contact; there is no community of interests and mutual beneficence between them.

There is nothing that a Londoner will so strenuously condemn as his abode; and this is but an excusable result of all the troubles and inconveniences that his house inflicts upon him. The house in question is generally a wooden booth, covered at the top with slates, enclosed around with a thin film of brickwork, and daubed about with plaster. It can hardly, in fact, be called a building, and for its size it has far less strength and stability than the furniture it holds. The occupant knows nothing about his house; he is in it to-day, but in a twelvemonth he may have forgotten it in the anguish of another equally afflicting domicile. Of the most simple arrangements and details of the building he is utterly ignorant, and is childishly helpless if anything goes wrong. All that is necessary for the health and cleanliness of the inmates, and the preservation and security of the house, is a deep and hid-

den inexplicable mystery, that tends to derange the stomach and irritate the brain. There is the constant appalling fear of the unknown, worse than a skeleton, in every house. And all this torment, ignorance, discomfort, and bitterness of life, with very much besides, as we shall show, is due, to the pernicious influence of leasehold tenure. This is a lamentable statement, and yet there still is hope; but we must look for it, as usual, 'at the bottom.' The working man must be invoked to raise us all; but he himself must have sufficient motive. Moses was well conversant with human nature, and first in his detail of prohibited desires was, not the wife, but 'thy neighbour's house.' And yet we systematically ignore the healthy, social and domestic instinct that urges every man to absolute possession of his home. A more demoralizing custom never has obtained than this of urban leaseholds. The working man, for whom so much is being provided, is practically forbidden to provide for himself, and is totally debarred from practising his handicraftsman's skill in the desirable construction and homeish arrangements of his own abode.

This leasehold tenure, with its gambling speculation, extensive and often fraudulent building agreements—its heavy law costs, complicated mortgages, releases, re-mortgages, and second charges—its doubtful titles and dreary waste of title-deeds—the risks of forfeiture, and the shortening term—forbids prudent men of business to erect substantial, well built houses. Small plots of freehold land, except on the estates of building societies, are seldom in the market, and these estates almost invariably become traps for the inexperienced, and opportunities for the scamp; and, while this system lasts, they will, by the mere force of custom, fall very much into the hands of speculative builders. There can consequently be no hope for the workman or his employers, that they will be well and comfortably housed, until this insecurity of tenure is entirely removed. Nothing would tend so much to improve the dwellings, not merely of the poor, but of the whole community. The architectural, social, commercial, and political effect, would be immense. Workmen would build for themselves, and interchangeably for one another; and those who are not workmen, seeing the superiority of the work done by the bricklayer or mason, smith or wright, for himself or for his fellow-workmen, over the ordinary task or day work of the drudging mechanic, would dispense with architects, surveyors, and builders, and all the class of middlemen, and would see their houses built by the working men, who, being constantly

on the spot, are always interested and well-informed, and with whom they can freely and directly confer. Art and its employer would go hand in hand, equal, mutually respectful, and confiding, and give no place or opportunity for unions or strikes, or international societies. The great class of working men would be freeholders, having an interest in the capital and the soil, as well as in the labour of the country. Nothing has so much tended to demoralize our urban population as their severance from all local and 'territorial' interest in the towns in which they dwell. This is the real cause of low radicalism, parochial scandals, poor-law mismanagement, and all the dirt and dilapidation of the dwellings of the poor. The working men have no local interest, and therefore seek no status in society, lose all seriousness and self-respect, and become dirty, dissolute, and improvident. This, we venture to say, is a well-established fact. There is in the younger men a very general desire to better their condition—not to abandon it, but to improve their domestic circumstances as working men. The pride, that would be a useful influence in maintaining and multiplying the decencies and comforts of a well-built, freehold house, is now wasted on the cumbersome profusion of bad furniture and trashy vanities, that go to form that dreadful institution, the 'best front parlour.'

The greater part of the house property of London and our large towns belongs to no one in particular; there is great division of property, but in the worst possible way, horizontally, we may say, instead of vertically. First, there is the freeholder, who has a ground rent; then secondly, a leaseholder, with an improved ground rent; and third, the nominal proprietor, with the rack-rent; fourth, the first mortgagee; and probably, fifth, the second mortgagee; and sixth, the tenant, or leaseholder, with perhaps, a sub-tenant, yearly, and probably some lodgers by the week or month. Besides these 'interests' there are the lawyers, with their bills of costs, collecting agents, repairing builders, water rates, and insurance charges. This, or something like this, may be taken as the probable condition of three-quarters of the house property of London. The whole metropolis is, in fact, under a curse of law. Law has in our great towns destroyed domestic building as an art. Its decadence can be historically traced in proportion to the extension of leasehold tenure. This tenure breeds the class of 'surveyors,' who gradually engross all power, and simultaneously abandon all care, except for the freeholder. These men are, in fact, the spurious successors of the old builders, the ruck

of the profession, a mass of struggling impotence, to whom we owe all the mean travesties of Grecian, Gothic, and Venetian 'styles,' that speculating builders use to decorate their ill-conditioned works and satisfy the public taste for ornament and 'art'; and their miserable elevations that we see on every side are a fair illustration of our national 'artistic' condition. Their patrons are the lawyers, the solicitors of the 'estates,' who are, indeed, the chief contrivers and manipulators of this demoralizing system; and if now their courts of justice find it difficult to get well housed, there seems to be a very satisfactory and fitting retribution.

It is a remarkable instance of the 'Chinese' endurance of Englishmen, that the people of London have not unanimously struck against this system. They have so small an interest in the houses, that they might, with proper independence and moderation, urge the cessation, by legislative means if necessary, of a custom which is in every way so injurious to all, and particularly to those classes that are now the objects of chief national and social care. A great deal that is very severe is said about the working classes; but those who know them in their homes can testify that their chronic ill-condition is very greatly due to the pernicious customs, the injudicious greed, and the bad or defective legislation of their superiors. Peabody Buildings, and others of the kind, are useful, and, in part, exemplary; but the good that they can do is hardly visible in presence of the enormous evil that remains. The real duty of the upper classes is, not to provide the dwellings of the poor, but to remove every hindrance to their making proper houses for themselves. Of these the greatest evidently are—our almost universal leasehold tenure; complexity of title; and litigious transfers; and while these hopeless obstacles exist, the power of immediate self-interest—the only power that naturally seeks the universal national improvement of the dwellings of the poor—can have no exercise. Legislation, even, can do little positively good, but its chief duty is to prevent such evils. The working man, if he rises in self-respect, and fortunately should free himself from one profession, is yet, in all that affects his home, bound and oppressed by these legal fetters, and Parliament alone can utter the command to loose him and let him go. The workman, then, instead of being, like Issachar, 'a strong ass crouching down between two burdens,' would be relieved of the double incubus of architects and law, and begin to have his own again. His social status will be restored, his mental energy developed, his self-respect

enhanced, and his manners softened. Nothing can be imagined more gratifying in our social progress than such an elevation of the men whose works continually affect our daily life. There will then be no need of the 'profession,' and architects will subside into their proper places as book-makers, artists, business men, students of symbolism and archæology, and, in fact, pupils and illustrators of those very workmen whom they now profess to direct and to control; and it will be again recognised that the glory of a nation is in its men, and not, as lately we have been taught to believe, in its machines.

Leaseholds, then, like copyholds, should, in urban districts, be enfranchised, and the freeholder compelled to receive the value of the existing leases. The political effect, as well as the social and material, would be most beneficial. No political or social influence attaches to the possession of urban ground rents. There is no representative of metropolitan real property. Not a single metropolitan borough is clearly influenced by the opinions of its freeholders. Captain Grosvener's very insecure seat was gained by social, rather than territorial, influences. Nothing more conservative could be proposed than the constituting a great national class of urban freeholders. The thing might easily be tried without any interference with private interests. A dozen or two of civic, ecclesiastical, or charitable corporations hold a large proportion of the London freehold land and ground rents. Such property requires management and care, and must divert the attention of these trustees from their own special duties. Were each ground-rent separately sold, with preference to the leaseholder, and the proceeds invested in Government securities, the corporate incomes would be increased, the care and expense of management would be saved, and the enfranchisement of so many leaseholds would be an incalculable blessing to the metropolitan community. Charitable corporations are at present legally forbidden to buy up and so enfranchise even the leaseholds on their own estates—an evidence of the muddle into which house property has fallen. The tenure being purged, the titles should be certified and registered, so that a transfer might be prompt and cheap. Such measures would greatly enhance the value of all urban property, and house-building would partake in the general improvement. It may be objected that London freeholds are still in the market. We are not discussing accidents, but an almost universal rule, which causes needless injury to fixed and lifelong residents, and to the poor enormous suffering, from which, unlike those who thus afflict them,

they never find it possible to escape. We have here a pernicious, demoralizing, expensive, and very foolish custom, which benefits none, and is a bad example for smaller towns. Its abolition would be a real conservative reform, and it ought at once to be undertaken.

We might then begin to learn some valuable lessons from the working-man. He would practically teach us that before hoping to build grandly we must learn to build simply and modestly, and that before setting to work on Temples of Themis and Palaces of Justice, we had better see that the national ability and discernment is up to the level of a cottage or a barn. We should learn that architecture is not to be a luxury, but a constant common daily work; that all houses should be architectural, and that the architecture of London should not be sought in a few results of competition designs that one may take a cab to see, but that every street and house should be as worthy and as expressive as a temple or a palace: that, because a building is 'public,' there is no reason why it should be prominent, nor that it should be showy because it happens to be big: that a nobleman's mansion, the abode of luxury, refinement, and hereditary rank, should be distinguished by architectural grace far more than the chief office for the settlement or aggravation of the vain disputes that sordid rivalry continually breeds; and that courts of law should be quiet and unobtrusive buildings, in the use of which publicity is perhaps necessary, but to those most interested, grievously undesirable. Nothing could be more painful to a quondam, actual, or possible 'client,' than a noticeable building for these courts of law. Our judges, in their way, are men of taste; and if those who build the courts would make the simple reticent and serious judgments from the bench their models and exemplars, they would achieve all that is possible for justice to demand. But here is the contrast: the judges are content to speak in the vernacular; the architects are working in a dead language. We must relearn our national speech; every child should understand the house in which he dwells as clearly as the book he reads. We should have a building language of our own, by which we may have natural and easy expression of our ideas. No other way is possible. The hand, like the tongue, can be eloquent only in its own idiom.

But, it may be said, are we to go back to the fourteenth century, and ignore all the advancement that mankind has made for the last five hundred years? Nothing of the kind. We would interfere with no advance-

ment; but we surely have advanced enough in luxury of building since the choir of Westminster has planned, and certainly in building art we have gone retrograding quite as far. We may trace the artistic history of the nation back for, if possible, a thousand years, and we shall not find such a pair of public buildings as has just been planted on the Burlington estate. No! what we have now to do is to press forward to the fourteenth century and endeavour to recover all the simple, noble, labour-loving spirit of our great ancestors, and when we have done this we may then again begin to talk about 'advancement.'

Thus art would be planted securely and intelligently in popular practice and experience, and it may be expected to grow and fructify as it has in bygone ages. How different has been its condition under the learned culture of the Connoisseurs! For the last three hundred years these leaders of opinion have 'directed' the public taste. They began with the extinction of the pointed style; and have brought us literally 'down to' the new buildings at the Kensington Museum, where we may note one or two illustrations of our subject. In the entrance-lobby is a cast of Master Mathew's marvellous doorway at Compostella, one of the noblest specimens extant of the workman's art, and worth a pilgrimage to Spain to see. But, looking onwards through the window and across the small courtyard, the eye is pained, and every artistic sense disgusted by the glaring unrelieved red colour, uncouth outline, mechanical details, absurd decoration, and altogether strongly expressed ugliness of the new museum buildings; the nursery, home, and illustration, of what is called 'art manufacture.' It is, in fact, neither 'art' nor in any sense true handicraftsman's work, but mere machine and copy work; heartless, senseless, and absurd; false in principle, and paralysing eventually to the artistic skill of any workman who practises it. The decorations on the columns are only expensive; they have neither ideal beauty nor practical fitness. Were one placed like the central pier of a chapter-house, there might be some excuse for the design. The Trajan column, and the 'apprentice pier,' also, have some similar justification. But these foolish things, placed so high that enrichment cannot be seen from a distance, and on the edge of a platform, so that they can only be seen on one side, the enrichment being continuous and varied round the column, are to be taken not merely as a specimen of 'art manufacture', but of the imbecility to which such practice inevitably leads.

In the chief hall of the Museum are some large wrought-iron gates that have been removed from Hampton Court, with a very proper sense of their value, and of the impossibility of making good the loss should they unhappily be damaged or destroyed. They are not exquisite, but very bold, manly, and effective works; made, and certainly designed, by a thorough workman; and are as good and gratifying a specimen of out-of-door hand-wrought iron-work as can easily be met with. Close by is a gate from Berlin—carefully designed, evidently by a draughtsman or architect, and the drawing then handed over to a manufacturing metal-worker to get it carried out. Nothing can possibly be baser than this work, which is thought worthy of a distinguished place in the Kensington Museum. The cost must have been very great, and the whole is wrought with perfect care and nicety. The labour was probably far greater here than on the older gates; but in all the genius of handicraft, it is the brain of a caterpillar against the intellect of a man, mechanical tool-work; dead as a doornail or a screw, a piece of stupid luxury of expense: in fact, 'art manufacture.'

Apropos of Berlin, we note the recent advertisement of a 'Gothic' competition there. Who the competitors may be, we cannot know; but the deciding judges will probably be Germans or Prussians, and thus accomplished men. This being so, the prospect is forlorn and dreary. The Germans are a scholarly, and not at all an artistic people. Their position in the world of art is essentially that of critics, index-makers, and historians. They 'compose' architecture with great care and refinement. They have a very few works worth looking at, and these not as works of real art, but as exercises of a cultured imitative skill. The Gothic work throughout the country is so well meant, and yet so comically bad, that it becomes difficult to speak of it with properly adjusted thought; and so we simply refer our readers to their memories of the new churches at Wiesbaden, the Town Hall at Berlin, and the Museum at Cologne. Here, at Cologne again, we have the object of a nearly universal admiration. The Minster is a favourable and emphatic specimen of the highest style of professional work. The original design, made at a time when art became stagnant, and composers had begun to take the lead, has been discovered, and for the most part faithfully followed; and shortly we may see completed here the biggest, tallest, most elaborate and uninteresting Gothic cathedral in the world—the very climax of scholastic work. And now for its

results and fruit in practical art training. A small thing will be sufficient by way of passing illustration. At the east end of the church the architect had to make a small retaining wall. There is no need to describe it, and we only refer our travelling readers to it, as another evidence of the feebleness of mind, and want of independent, manly skill that the copying profession most engenders. At Brussels the front steps and balustrade are a companion failure. St. Stephen's at Vienna, and not the Minster at Cologne, is still the noblest church in Germany; and this, with the Duomo at Padua, and St. Peter's Abbey Church at Westminster, form the trio of the chiefest gems of mediæval art, in which the greatest effect of building and beauty of detail are attained with moderate dimensions and expense. The interior of St. Stephen's nave is absolute perfection as a work of art and as a parish church, and its great pyramid of roof looks nobly monumental; while all the recollection of Cologne is spikes, and fritter, 'carried out' in pinnacles and flying buttresses, the biggest birdcage in the universe. The two churches are well worth a contrasting visit; they show so largely and distinctly what is real art and what mere imitative work.

Let us now take leave of the professions, and see what the connoisseurs have done for our buildings. Some thirty years ago Trafalgar Square became the field for amateur *dilettante* diversions. The National Gallery had been declared a failure, though it would be difficult to find any work of this century that shows more refinement of feeling. The two four-column porticos are gems in their way. Still it may be conceded that the unfortunate conditions imposed on the architect had compelled an unsatisfactory result. A committee was then appointed to decide upon the arrangements of the Square, and the Gallery being low in elevation, it was sagaciously determined to deprive it of the rising ground above which it was fortunately placed, to sink a large pit, build a high retaining wall, with a balustrade above, and thus considerably reduce the apparent height of the façade. At each end of the balustrade an enormous block of masonry completely dwarfs the building, and on one of them is a colossal statue of a man and horse, that in a general view reaches to the cornice of the Gallery. Two large water-pans were placed in the pit, and lest the water should be too plainly seen, these pans were kept a foot or two above the level of the ground. To continue the gradation of increasing scale, the lamps have been considerably made fit for a lighthouse and their pedestals

big enough for a statue. Then came the Nelson column, with gigantic steps, and the big bas-reliefs in turn made these look dwarfish; and then the lions minimized the whole. This is the result of years of consideration by the combined talent and connoisseurship of the nation. It would probably be impossible to find on the face of the globe such a combination of ignorance, inexperience, absurdity, and bad taste.*

The late Sir Robert Peel was a known patron of the arts, and a reputed connoisseur. We were assured by him that the new front of the British Museum was to be 'a masterpiece,' and we have an unconnected number of huge useless columns, a mere dull stone-yard. Were the front court enclosed with a comparatively plain stone wall and useful entrances and corridors, these cumbersome columns might be utilized within a spacious hall in area equal to the central dome, with all its adjuncts and annexes. This would be a valuable gain of greatly needed space, a saving of a hundred thousand pounds or more would be secured, all the now hidden marbles would have ample room, and the building would be visible above the gilded iron screen.

We have endeavoured to describe the forlorn condition in which we are left in all that concerns our public as well as private building-works. We have neither artists to build, nor critics to discuss, nor a public worthy to approve of any work. A second competition for these Courts of Law would be but added folly, and a grievous waste of time and loss of temper. If Mr. Lowe and Mr. Ayrton would not be above some little study of the art of building, and, with memory of the errors we have shown, would bring their minds to the consideration of the details of the Law Courts' design, they might be able to help Mr. Street to such a new arrangement of his elevations as will satisfy the uninstructed but perhaps not altogether undiscerning public mind, and might start us once again in the genuine practice of builders' work. But for this end it should

* May we venture to suggest that the 'pit' of the square should be raised, with a slope to the upper edge of the water-pans; that the balustrade, pedestals and colossal statue, and lamp-posts should be cleared away; that a bank of grass and flowering shrubs should be formed on the north side of the square, and that the square itself should be planted with good forest trees. If the great fountains were removed, and a raised garden made in the centre of each basin, four small surrounding fountains would be far more pleasingly effective, with the verdant background, than the big jets can be with background of mean dingy buildings or of dirty sky. The great steps of the column also might be banked with grass or clothed with evergreens.

be absolutely settled, that whoever has the conduct of the work, should be the master workman, devoting his time entirely and exclusively to this one work, not a professional gentleman of large practice, just the worst person to be entrusted with a building. By all means let Mr. Street be employed, if he will comply with this condition. Let us in any case get rid of manufacturers of designs and competition speculators, with all their nonsense about marks and professional etiquette, and their following of drawing-clerks and decorators, whose petty conceits and impertinent meddling have defaced and degraded nearly every building, ancient or modern, in the land.

We say nothing about salary; let that be all that is necessary, or more. But at whatever cost may be the substitute, if we are to have any more professionalism in our public buildings we richly deserve it.

We have referred to the class of drawing-clerks without a compliment, but not without feelings of compassionate solicitude. These gentlemen, who are the architectural expectation, not to say hope, of the next generation, are in a desperately false position; they are, in fact, the real architects of the present. That the more fashionable members of the profession can properly consider, devise, and superintend the widely-scattered works on which they are engaged, is a perfectly inadmissible idea, and clearly demonstrates how really worthless the profession is. By far the greater portion of the work is designed as well as drawn by these clerks. It has been said that an eminent architect allows no drawing to leave his office without his inspection first received; but this places him just on a level with a reader for the press. He is not a poet or creator, but a mere checktaker or turnpike-man. The rôles are, in fact, exchanged. The clerk is the architect, and the architect is the 'clerk of the cheque.' Nothing, then, could be of more advantage to the great body of architectural assistants than a complete change in the method of our building work. Instead of spending their lives in miserable drudgery and vain expectations, with minds enervated by dull routine, alternating with the excitement of the paltry jealousies of a precarious and speculative profession, they might themselves become the true successors of the ancient builders, and passing from a chronic state of anxiety, and disappointment, and despair, attain to a life of real work, true, grateful, ennobling, and refined.

ART. II.—*Thomas Carlyle's Collected Works.* London, 1869-71. 33 vols. 8vo.

THE completion of this new edition of Mr. Carlyle's collected Works affords us a favourable opportunity for endeavouring to form some estimate of the literary character of a man who has, perhaps, produced a greater impression upon his generation than any other living writer.

It is unquestionable that the greatness of a man is measured, partly by the range of his knowledge of truth, and partly by the resoluteness of his action on the truth which he knows. But there is no Englishman of the present day whose power appears, at first sight, so remote from those two sources of power as Mr. Carlyle. How, on the one hand, can vigorous practical action be attributed to a man whose life has been spent in writing, and in a kind of writing peculiarly devoid of that speciality and definite purpose which action demands? On the other hand, what system of theoretical knowledge can, even by an admirer, be attributed to Mr. Carlyle as its founder? What single point of scientific or historical fact has been originally discovered by him? What germinating principle has he hit upon that can colligate and embrace our isolated experiences in a grasp of such tenaciousness that succeeding inquirers may safely employ it in help of their own researches? Granted that he has popularized, made intelligible and picturesque, certain portions of history: it need not be said that Mr. Carlyle's fame and influence has greatly transcended that which any mere popularizer could obtain.

There are, accordingly, those at the present day who hold that Mr. Carlyle's influence has rested on illegitimate grounds: that it has been a deceitful phantasm, a will-o'-the-wisp, luring unstable minds into marshy and unprofitable places. A brilliant writer, a writer of genius, these are words which all will apply to Mr. Carlyle, for these are mere fine words, and do not guarantee any definite opinion on the part of those who utter them; but whether he writes that which is true, solid, and needful to be known, this is not on all sides accorded without dispute. This, then, is the point to which we must address ourselves. Can we, in Mr. Carlyle's works, lay bare any solid core, any framework of reality which remains when all the external appendages have been stripped off, and when it is set before the pure undazzled understanding to approve or reject? We hold that there is such; nor do we exclude even his later writings from this opinion, though assuredly it is no *siccum* in-

men which streams from the pages of the 'Latter-day Pamphlets' and 'Shooting Niagara.'

First, what is it that Mr. Carlyle has attempted to do? What is it that we have a right to expect from him? He is, above all things, a teacher, a moral and political teacher. He is, indeed, a historian as well; and one of his most remarkable qualities, his power of picturesque narrative, belongs to him solely as a historian. But still it is in the other aspect that he comes forward most prominently.

Now the moral teacher is in a peculiar position. He stands almost precisely in the middle place between the man of action and the man of theory. No man, indeed, is entirely theoretical, no man entirely practical. Even the chemist and the astronomer, though their main office is theoretical, namely, a declaration of facts, yet by preference choose those facts out of their respective sciences which are most subservient to future utility, to future action. They have an eye for the practical, and therefore the title of practical men cannot be altogether refused to them. Again, the historian, though his main business is to narrate, is not indiscriminate in his selection of events and periods, but narrates those which seem to him most to touch on the needs of the day; so that he also has a partly practical aim. On the other hand, the statesman and mechanical engineer are chiefly practical, but they cannot help having a theoretical bias as well; if they do not accumulate knowledge, and a great deal of knowledge, moreover, for which they have no immediate use, they will be very narrow and feeble statesmen or mechanicians. And thus Watt had in him a great deal of the theorist: Thucydides had in him something of the practical man. But, on the whole, there can be no doubt that the chemist, and astronomer, and historian, belong to the speculative class of men, the statesman and mechanician to the active class.

The moral teacher, however, has at once and at the same time a knowledge to gain, and a work to perform: and he has not the one more than the other. He must know the right path of conduct; but he cannot know it unless he brings himself into it. He must teach others this right path; but he cannot teach them unless he brings them into it. A purely theoretical knowledge of virtue is no knowledge at all; the true knowledge of virtue is a flame that kindles into energy. To instruct men in goodness is, if the instruction takes effect, identical with making them good:

as well could a man know the pain of fire before he ever touched the flame as know the nature of goodness before he felt a good impulse. And thus those philosophers who make morality to consist in the calculation of consequences, in calculating for our happiness, lose the main element of it. They forget that we must have experienced feelings, before we can begin to calculate about those feelings; that unless we are animated and inspired by a virtuous energy to start with, it is perfectly vain to put forward such an energy, and the happiness attending it, as an end to be aimed at.

The greatest moralists have therefore ever taught men to feel and to act, before teaching them to weigh and to calculate. Look at examples. Has Thomas à Kempis, or Bentham turned more men from a selfish to an unselfish life? Is it from his moral theories, or from his delineation of the pure and magnanimous character of Socrates, that Plato gains most power?

This is the first eminent merit we discern in Mr. Carlyle. He has understood and embraced his function truly. With all his breadth of culture, he has never refined himself away into a simple intellectual thinker. He is all on fire, not merely to know what is right, but to have the right done. He ever refuses to confine himself to the office of a theorist. He appeals to the age, to his country, to the men about him, in strong and urgent entreaty: 'Do this; do not that.' When he treats of the men of his time, or of preceding times, he does not discuss merely whether they have held right opinions, but whether they have acted rightly. Voltaire, Diderot, Fichte—these, whom others carelessly think of as speculatists—Mr. Carlyle insists on dealing with as men. He knows what an effect a man's life has on his opinions; and hence he refuses to make any divorce between the two. In the midst of many changes that have come over him, this fundamental characteristic has remained. Hence, too, the simple, obvious nature of most of his precepts; for truisms and platitudes, though the bane and abhorrence of the speculatist, have often to be urged in practical life, from the proneness of men to neglect what is most evident. 'Work, work;' 'speak the truth;' 'shun cant;' 'have a clear understanding;'—maxims like these form no small part of Mr. Carlyle's ethics.

But yet over the precepts most easy of comprehension he throws a mysterious splendour by reminding men of their universality. From eternity to eternity these remain the same; Nature herself has ordained them; in every time and in every place those pros-

pèr who obey them, those fall into ruin who disobey them. These are the Eternities, the Immensities, of which he speaks so much; nay, they are even the divine Silences, for the force and vigour of these truths lie not in their being spoken, but in their being acted upon. These are the 'unwritten and sure laws of the gods, that were not born to-day or yesterday, but live for ever, and no man knows whence they came,' of which Sophocles speaks. These are what Moses describes; 'the commandment which I command thee this day is not in heaven, that thou shouldst say, Who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it? neither is it beyond the sea. But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it.' Taking these laws as his rule and standard, Mr. Carlyle throws himself into the broad life of his own age and of other ages; narrating, criticizing, preaching, advising, with reverence or with scorn, with laughter or with anger; passing in review statesmen, soldiers, writers, even quacks and impostors. To none is he indifferent.

We are dealing here with the general line Mr. Carlyle has proposed to himself, and not with his special successes or failures in that line; and we hold that his type of moral teaching is the truest. Everything that he writes bears the impress of humanity; he is of our own flesh and blood, not a machine for calculating results. Whatever may be Mr. Carlyle's errors, it can never be said of him that he lacks the material of human nature; he lays a broad and solid foundation, whatever may be the eccentricities of the building.

And in his earlier writings it is plain that he is merely laying a foundation, and no more. That trenchant and aggressive style, which has been his best known quality of late, was then wholly absent from him. He examines; he does not yet judge.

A wide impartiality throughout characterizes the 'Miscellanies.' The attitude is that of one who waits; of one who does not yet know the truth, the perfect and highest course open to man; and who, as not knowing it, surveys with the serenity of suspended force all who come professing to have the truth to impart. Such an attitude has a peculiar charm. When we knew a person's final conclusions, when he has told us all that he has to impart, we may indeed feel grateful to him, but we feel also that we know the limits of that for which we are grateful. But in the yet undeveloped germ there lies an infinite possibility; there is no saying to

what height such a germ may grow, in what directions and forms it may unfold itself; and an eager curiosity gathers around this first working, which cannot attend on the perfectly developed plant. This is the beauty of childhood; but it is a beauty which belongs to all those who, being past childhood, yet know and feel that they are in a state of growth and not of completion.

And certainly, Mr. Carlyle did not affect completion at the time when he wrote his 'Miscellanies.' Then, he was content to receive all the figures of history or literature on the unruffled surface of a mind that could afford to be generous, that was not wedded to any exclusive hypothesis of its own, that could admire without falling down to worship, and sympathize where strong admiration was impossible. Consider the following widely different characters: Burns, Novalis, Johnson, Boswell, Hume, Voltaire, Louis XVI. In including the last-named we are considering the 'French Revolution' as well as the 'Miscellanies;' and indeed they stand side by side, belonging, as they do, to the same period of Mr. Carlyle's life. How few are there who could have discerned something to love and esteem in all the seven men whose names we have set down! How vast is the interval between the German transcendentalist and the strong common sense of Johnson! How opposed are they alike to the intellectual coldness of Hume! And if all these three have the kinship of genius, the common-place unmarked character of Louis XVI. affords no such reason why Mr. Carlyle should trace his fortunes with sympathy. No one who reads the 'Miscellanies' and the 'French Revolution' attentively will deny that the breadth of sympathy displayed therein is one of the rarest qualities ever exhibited by any man. We are not saying that all Mr. Carlyle's judgments, even here, are perfect. Most people will think that he rates Burns too high; and a Frenchman would probably consider that he gave inadequate recognition to the universality of Voltaire. But these defects of a luxuriant nature are trivial when compared with the sterility of ordinary historians and moralists, who can do nothing but barrenly admire or condemn, and have not the patient care which follows a man through the changing scenes of his fortunes, marking at once the internal nature that made him act as he did, and the external consequences, good or bad, that flowed from his act. The cold impartiality of Hallam, so much praised, has no doubt its value; it keeps alive the sense of justice, so much needed among men; but it is not to be

named by the side of that warm intelligence which apprehends, not merely the upshot of a man's life, but the whole course of it.

Of all the characters to whom it was difficult to render justice, but to whom Mr. Carlyle has rendered justice, Boswell is perhaps the most worthy of notice. Our readers will doubtless remember Lord Macaulay's essay on Croker's edition of Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' in which editor, author, and hero meet alike with castigation from that brilliant pen. Of all the persons whom Lord Macaulay ever satirized, there is none on whom a fuller measure of his contempt fell than on Boswell. Here are a few of his sentences:—

'Servile and impertinent, shallow and pedantic, a bigot and a sot, bloated with family pride, and eternally blustering about the dignity of a born gentleman, yet stooping to be a talebearer, an eavesdropper, a common butt in the taverns of London; . . . such was this man, and such he was content and proud to be. Everything which another man would have hidden, everything the publication of which would have made another man hang himself, was matter of gay and clamorous exultation to his weak and diseased mind. That such a man should have written one of the best books in the world is strange enough. But this is not all. Many persons who have conducted themselves foolishly in active life, and whose conversation has indicated no superior powers of mind, have left us valuable works. But these men attained literary eminence in spite of their weakness. Boswell attained it by reason of his weakness. If he had not been a great fool, he would never have been a great writer. Without all the qualities which made him the jest and the torment of those among whom he lived, without the officiousness, the inquisitiveness, the effrontery, the toad-eating, the insensibility to all reproof, he never could have produced so excellent a book. He has printed many of his own letters, and in these letters he is always ranting or twaddling. Logic, eloquence, wit, taste, all those things which are generally considered as making a book valuable, were utterly wanting to him. He had indeed, a quick observation and a retentive memory. These qualities, if he had been a man of sense and virtue, would scarcely of themselves have sufficed to make him conspicuous; but, because he was a dunce, a parasite, and a coxcomb, they have made him immortal.'—*Macaulay's Essays*. ('Works,' vol. v. pp. 514, *seqq.*, ed. 1866.)

Surely it might have occurred to Macaulay that to attribute extraordinary excellence to pure weakness and folly as its cause was, at the very least, paradoxical! Would it have been an unwholesome doubt of his own perspicacity if he had modified the sharpness of his sweeping sentences? Deliberately we say that Mr. Carlyle shows not merely

greater insight, but far greater soberness of mind, than Lord Macaulay when he writes—

'Boswell was a person whose mean or bad qualities lay open to the general eye; visible, palpable to the dullest. His good qualities, again, belonged not to the time he lived in; were far from common then; indeed in such a degree were almost unexampled; not recognisable therefore by everyone; nay, apt even (so strange had they grown) to be confounded with the very vices they lay contiguous to, and had sprung out of. That he was a winebibber and gross liver; gluttonously fond of whatever would yield him a little solacement, were it only of a stomachic character, is undeniable enough. That he was vain, heedless, a babbler; had much of the sycophant, alternating with the braggadocio, curiously spiced too with an all-pervading dash of the coxcomb; that he gloried much when the tailor, by a court-suit, had made a new man of him; that he appeared at the Shakspeare Jubilee with a riband, imprinted "Corsica Boswell," round his hat; and in short, if you will, lived no day of his life without saying and doing more than one pretentious ineptitude; all this unhappily is evident as the sun at noon. . . . Unfortunately, on the other hand, what great and genuine good lay in him was nowise so self-evident. The man, once for all, had an "open sense," an open loving heart, which so few have: where excellence existed, he was compelled to acknowledge it; was drawn towards it, and could not but walk with it,—if not as superior, if not as equal, then as inferior and lackey, better so than not at all. It has been commonly said, The man's vulgar vanity was all that attached him to Johnson; he delighted to be seen near him, to be thought connected with him. Now let it be at once granted that no consideration springing out of vulgar vanity could well be absent from the mind of James Boswell, in this his intercourse with Johnson, or in any considerable transaction of his life. At the same time, ask yourself: Whether such vanity, and nothing else, actuated him therein. . . . The man was, by nature and habit, vain; a sycophant-coxcomb, be it granted: but had there been nothing more than vanity in him, was Samuel Johnson the man of men to whom he must attach himself? At the date when Johnson was a poor rusty-coated scholar, dwelling in Temple Lane, and indeed throughout their whole intercourse afterwards, were there not chancellors and prime ministers enough; graceful gentlemen, the glass of fashion; honour-giving noblemen; dinner-giving rich men; any one of whom bulked much larger in the world's eye than Johnson ever did? To any one of whom, by half that submissiveness and assiduity, our Boszy might have recommended himself. To no one of whom, however, though otherwise a most diligent solicitor and purveyor, did he so attach himself: such vulgar courtships were his paid drudgery, or leisure amusement; the worship of Johnson was his grand, ideal, voluntary business. Nay, it does not appear that vulgar vanity could ever have been much flattered by Boswell's relation to John-

son. Mr. Croker says, Johnson was, to the last, little regarded by the great world; from which, for a vulgar vanity, all honour, as from its fountain, descends. James Boswell belonged, in his corruptible part, to the lowest classes of mankind; a foolish, inflated creature, swimming in an element of self-conceit; but in his corruptible there dwelt an incorruptible, all the more impressive and indubitable for the strange lodging it had taken.—*Carlyle's Miscellanies*. ('Works,' vol. ix. pp. 83, seqq.)

There is no lack, here, of keenness to see the weakness of Boswell. Keeness, indeed, was hardly necessary in such a case; but yet a person of less strength than Mr. Carlyle, had he undertaken to defend Boswell at all, would have somewhat shrunk from the forcible and picturesque delineation of his faults. But not for a moment, not in one single point, does Mr. Carlyle shrink. He gives the full aspect, as it might appear to the most hostile observer, of the gluttony, the vanity, the coxcombry, of the man whose cause he is advocating. And this would appear still more manifestly had we space to quote more at length from his essay. It is not without appreciating and representing the whole that may be said against Boswell that he gives that good element in him—that element so easy to overlook, so certain to be overlooked by all but the most generous natures, and yet an element which no mind of even moderate generosity will refuse to acknowledge when once it is pointed out—the element of love, and admiration, and humility. Few but Mr. Carlyle would have cared to prove the existence of these qualities in Boswell: that he did care to do so, that he had that rare gratitude which consents to blunt the edge of its satire, would of itself be sufficient demonstration of uncommon fineness of nature.

It is curious, again, to compare the criticism of Johnson himself by Mr. Carlyle with that by Macaulay. We are far from saying here that the advantage, as in the former case, lies wholly on Mr. Carlyle's side; for Macaulay had a genuine respect for Johnson, which, considering the extreme difference of their opinions, did him great credit; and the vivacity with which he moves the laughter of the reader against Johnson is good-humoured, and not intended to arouse contempt. On the other hand, there is something elephantine in Mr. Carlyle's essay; it harps too much on general ideas, on the excellence of hero-worship, on the infinity of duty, on the evil of cant; nor is it possible to help suspecting that Johnson would have but imperfectly reciprocated Mr. Carlyle's feeling to himself, had he had

the opportunity of doing so. But still the very defects of Mr. Carlyle arise from an excess of generosity. If he is ever wearisome, it is because he is at such labour to explain why he admires Johnson so much; it is because he has such regard for every token of a noble mind. Nor, again, is he blind to Johnson's limitations; his applause is not indiscriminate. An admirer and sympathizer, he is at the very farthest possible distance from being a follower or imitator.

Here are two passages, one from Macaulay's essay, the other from Mr. Carlyle's, which may serve as a specimen of the different way in which the two writers treat their subject. First let us quote Macaulay:—

'The roughness and violence which he [Johnson] showed in society were to be expected from a man whose temper, not naturally gentle, had been long tried by the bitterest calamities, by the want of meat, of fire, and of clothes, by the importunity of creditors, by the insolence of booksellers, by the derision of fools, by the insincerity of patrons, by that bread which is the bitterest of all food, by those stairs which are the most toilsome of all paths, by that deferred hope which makes the heart sick. Through all these things the ill-dressed, coarse, ungainly pedant had struggled manfully up to eminence and command. It was natural that, in the exercise of his power, he should be "eo immitior, quia toleraverat," that, though his heart was undoubtedly generous and humane, his demeanour in society should be harsh and despotic. For severe distress he had sympathy, and not only sympathy, but munificent relief. But for the suffering which a harsh world inflicts upon a delicate mind he had no pity; for it was a kind of suffering which he could scarcely conceive. He would carry home on his shoulders a sick and starving girl from the streets. He turned his house into a place of refuge for a crowd of wretched old creatures who could find no other asylum; nor could all their peevishness and ingratitude weary out his benevolence. But the pangs of wounded vanity seemed to him ridiculous; and he scarcely felt sufficient compassion even for the pangs of wounded affection.'—*Macaulay's Essays*. ('Works,' vol. v. p. 525.)

There is the common-sense view of Johnson; a view neither bitter nor unjust, but not seeking to penetrate beneath the obvious exterior. Mr. Carlyle is not content with this; he endeavours to prove that Johnson was intrinsically polite and courteous, though he does not, of course, deny the frequency with which the exercise of these qualities was hidden under a rough show:—

'In Johnson's "Politeness," which he often, to the wonder of some, asserted to be great, there was indeed somewhat that needed explanation. Nevertheless, if he insisted always on handing lady-visitors to their carriage; though

with the certainty of collecting a mob of gazers in Fleet Street,—as well might be, the beau having on, by way of court-dress, “his rusty-brown morning suit, a pair of old shoes for slippers, a little shrivelled wig sticking on the top of his head, and the sleeves of his shirt, and the knees of his breeches hanging loose:” in all this we can see the spirit of true politeness, only shining through a strange medium. Thus again, in his apartments, at one time, there were unfortunately no chairs. “A gentleman who frequently visited him whilst writing his ‘Idlers,’ constantly found him at his desk, sitting on one with three legs; and on rising from it, he remarked that Johnson never forgot his defect; but would either hold it in his hand, or place it with great composure against some support; taking no notice of its imperfection to its visitor,”—who meanwhile, we suppose, sat upon folios, or in the sartorial fashion. “It was remarkable in Johnson,” continues Miss Reynolds (*Renny dear*), “that no external circumstances ever prompted him to make any apology, or to seem even sensible of their existence. Whether this was the effect of philosophic pride, or of some partial notion of his respecting high-breeding, is doubtful.” That it *was*, for one thing, the effect of genuine politeness, is nowise doubtful.—*Carlyle’s Miscellanies*. (‘Works,’ vol. ix. p. 101.)

That this passage comes from a deeper and more patiently inquiring mind than Macaulay, will not be questioned. It was written, certainly, by one that did not fear to challenge, and (if need were) to contradict the first obvious appearance of a matter—an eminent and necessary characteristic of all discoverers of hidden truth. Of such a characteristic it is the necessary complement that the possessor of it should be liable to paradox and onesidedness. And yet we do not think that the charge of paradox will be brought against the passage we have quoted, or that, indeed, anywhere in these ‘Miscellanies,’ Mr. Carlyle has forgotten, or swerved from, that basis of common sense and common experience on which we all stand. He never, here, lays aside the practical consideration that he is addressing himself to readers of the nineteenth century—to readers who have already a certain stock of knowledge, which it is useless to ignore and irrational to despise, however largely he may himself be capable of adding to it. He claims and obtains the respect of his readers on the ground that he has a respect for them—that he can enter into their opinions, curiosities, desires. As an instance of his so doing, let us refer to his treatment of the German philosophers—philosophers who were seldom then mentioned but with derision, and whom Mr. Carlyle, in his later phases, has seen fit to discard as containing nothing worthy of attention. It was a better mind, in these earlier days, which led

him, not to profess himself their disciple, not to accept their opinions or any special phase of them in the lump, but to hold them out as examples of sincere and profound inquiry, as well worthy of study on the part of all who look into the difficult parts of speculation. Thus of Kant he says: ‘Perhaps among all the metaphysical writers of the eighteenth century, including Hume and Hartley themselves, there is not one that so ill meets the conditions of a mystic as this same Immanuel Kant.’ And again, very pertinently: ‘It is true, a careless or unpretending reader will find Kant’s writing a riddle; but will a reader of this sort make much of Newton’s ‘Principia,’ or D’Alembert’s ‘Calculus of Variations’? Of Fichte he speaks in terms of enthusiastic admiration. Of the works of the mystic Novalis he says that they are ‘an unfathomed mine of philosophical ideas, where the keenest intellect may have occupation enough; and in such occupation, without looking farther, reward enough.’ He defends Coleridge, as a man ‘able to originate deep thoughts,’ and ‘having more intellectual insight than other men,’ and affirms that his works are ‘like living brooks, hidden for the present under mountains of froth and theatrical snow-paper, and which only at a distant day, when these mountains shall have decomposed themselves into gas and earthly residuum, may roll forth in their true limpid shape, to gladden the general eye with what beauty and everlasting freshness does reside in them.’ Again, not confining himself to the German school, he says of Dugald Stewart: ‘We regard his discussions on the nature of Philosophic language, and his unwearied efforts to set forth and guard against its fallacies, as worthy of all acknowledgment.’ While opposing Locke (in his ‘Essay on the State of German Literature’), he opposes him without bitterness or animosity.

It is needless to remark that Mr. Carlyle was not at this time, any more than afterwards, the adherent of any philosophical or scientific system. Thus, while he says of Kant’s system, ‘we would have it studied and known, on general grounds, because even the errors of such men are instructive’—he never for one moment thinks of entering into its several parts. Minute analysis was never one of his characteristics. But if he never had the power of philosophical analysis, he had then a breadth of feeling and a tolerance, truly philosophical. It is the union of this with picturesque and animated description that constitutes so signal an evidence of power in his early writings; for though there is no discordance between these qualities there is great difference, and

they are generally found in very different characters. To illustrate them both, take almost at random a passage from the 'French Revolution.' Here is one, descriptive of the Reign of Terror; first, of the victims, then, of the multitude:—

'Another row of Tumbrils we must notice: that which holds Elizabeth, the sister of Louis. Her trial was like the rest; for plots, for plots. She was among the kindest, most innocent of women. There sat with her, amid four-and-twenty others, a once timorous Marchioness de Crussol; courageous now; expressing towards her the liveliest loyalty. At the foot of the scaffold, Elizabeth with tears in her eyes thanked this Marchioness; said she was grieved she could not reward her. "Ah, Madame, would your Royal Highness deign to embrace me, my wishes were complete!" "Right willingly, Marquise de Crussol, and with my whole heart." Thus they: at the foot of the scaffold. . . .

'The spring sends its green leaves, and bright weather, bright May, brighter than ever: Death pauses not. Lavoisier, famed Chemist, shall die and not live. Lavoisier begged a fortnight more of life, to finish some experiments: but "the Republic does not need such;" the axe must do its work. . . . Condorcet has lurked deep, these many months; Argus-eyes watching and searching for him. His concealment is become dangerous to others and himself; he has to fly again, to skulk, round Paris, in thickets and stone-quarries! And so at the village of Clamars, one bleared May morning, there enters a Figure, ragged, rough-bearded, hunger-stricken; asks breakfast in the tavern there. He is haled forth-with, breakfast unfinished, towards Bourgl-Reine, on foot: he faints with exhaustion; is set on a peasant's horse; is flung into his damp prison-cell: on the morrow, recollecting him, you enter; Condorcet lies dead on the floor. They die fast, and disappear; the Notabilities of France disappear, one after one, like lights in a theatre, which you are snuffing out.

'Under which circumstances, is it not singular, and almost touching, to see Paris City drawn out, in the meek May nights, in civic ceremony, which they call "Souper Fraternel," Brotherly Supper? Along the Rue Saint-Honoré, and main streets and spaces, each Citoyen brings forth what of supper the stingy maximum has yielded him, to the open air; joins it to his neighbour's supper; and with common table, cheerful light burning frequent, and what due modicum of cut-glass and other garnish and relish is convenient, they eat frugally together, under the kind stars. See it, O Night! With cheerfully pledged wine-cup, hobnobbing to the reign of Liberty, Equality, Brotherhood, with their wives in best ribands, with their little ones romping round, the Citoyens in frugal Love-feast, sit there. Night in her wide empire sees nothing similar. O my brothers, why is the reign of Brotherhood *not* come! It is come, it shall have come, say the Citoyens, frugally hobnobbing.—Ah me! these everlast-

ing stars, do they not look down like glistening eyes, bright with immortal pity, over the lot of man!—*French Revolution.* ('Works,' vol. iv. pp. 325 *seqq.*)

Let this passage be attentively considered, and several things will appear from it. First, that Mr. Carlyle has no special party spirit in relation to the French Revolutionists, or to their opponents. Not, of course, that he is devoid of the natural feelings of men towards events so terrible. He, like another man, can blame the original selfishness of the French nobility—can sympathize with their after sufferings, in many cases heroically endured—can feel horror at the crimes of a Robespierre and a Marat. But these are not, to him, the whole; he can even look with a certain calmness upon these elements of the tragedy, knowing that there lies behind all these another and greater force. This tremendous revolution, as it was not itself the product of individual wills, but the outburst of a suffering nation, so did not either owe its horrors to the wickedness of individual men. The leaders in it were indeed, in the greater number of instances, wicked men; but they were also, with few exceptions, small and vain men. It is paying them too much honour to consider them the real causes of those events of which they were the immediate authors. And so Mr. Carlyle represents the matter. His eyes does not rest on them; he looks beyond for a greater cause.

What is that cause? It is ignorance—the mutual ignorance on the part of men of each other's feelings, tempers, designs. When the different ranks in society stand aloof from each other, the error may at first seem small; but their ignorance of each other's lives is like a dangerous gas, at first stifling all good efforts, and afterwards bursting out into a destructive flame, when the smallest spark of suspicion falls upon it. A small moral obliquity, conjoined with a vast ignorance, is the source of the widest calamities.

Now, we do not know any history whatever in which this great fact of human ignorance, with its enormous consequences, is so fully understood and exemplified as in Mr. Carlyle's 'French Revolution.' Consider, in the passage above quoted, his description of the citizens at their festivities: he shows you these men, in their private relations, when they are engaged in matters at the level of their comprehension, much like other men; they are not fiends—they have affections, duties, pleasures. And yet the awfulness of the situation is never absent from his thoughts. He shows you the minds of men, in all other respects inconceivably

separated from each other, alike in this respect, that they seemed in the midst of black unmixed chaos; as if a new order of things had begun, in which all old experiences were wiped out—in which the extravagance of a line of conduct was no proof that it might not be the very line to lead to safety. And the chaos which men saw was intensified by the very fact that they saw it. All this Mr. Carlyle describes; and his description is most true, most impartial, most serviceable to all who desire to understand men.

The only narrowness that we can find in these early writings is a tendency to disparage, not all successful men, but those whose success was based on qualities perfectly intelligible to the crowd, and who, therefore, had little apparent failure to undergo. This is most apparent in the case of Sir Walter Scott. Scott, says Mr. Carlyle, had no inward struggles—no fervent aspirations after the highest good; and he contrasts him not favourably with the Hindoo Ram-dass, who 'had lately set up for godhood,' and who said that he 'had fire in his belly to consume the sins of the world.' 'Ram-dass,' says Mr. Carlyle, with some wit, 'had a spice of sense in him.' But we venture to affirm that Scott was by no means without that 'spice of sense' as well; Scott knew perfectly that to reform the world was a much-needed, but he also knew that it was a most difficult task. He knew that to reform the world, you must not take the rest of the world to be fools and yourself the only wise man; on the contrary, as Mr. Carlyle himself has said elsewhere, that the best way of reforming the world was to be continually reforming yourself. There is, as Mr. Ruskin has shown, an undercurrent of sorrow and self-introspection in Scott's writings which it is touching to trace. No doubt, Scott was not a speculative or logical thinker; but this is not the ground of Mr. Carlyle's attack. In the same way Mr. Carlyle disparages Byron; and, forgetful of his great superiority in intellectual grasp and breadth of view, sets him down as inferior to Burns. He is offended by the wild chaotic element in Byron; but such an element is the necessary seed-ground of genius, which must mould its own forms, and cannot accept them traditionally in the lump, however much we may lament that so powerful a mind should have remained to the end in these dark solitudes of spirit.

We have dwelt much on the sympathetic element in Mr. Carlyle's early writings, because we think it is not in general sufficiently noticed as belonging to him. It did indeed, from the first, cover, and at last has been entirely overborne by, a deeper character-

istic—a sarcastic and censorious indignation. And it is of this deepest quality of his nature that we now wish to trace the growth.

Mr. Carlyle's censoriousness was at first comparatively latent, because it was directed mainly upon *himself*. His moralizings turned inwards, and not outwards. Through all his earlier essays are scattered hints, involuntarily uttered, respecting the limits which necessity sets against the desires of man, and the resignation with which it is fit that we should acquiesce in these limits. Doubtless, he had met with sorrow; yet he never affects to despise the things, whatever they were, of which he had been disappointed. He is neither a cold-blooded moralist, nor is he a mere Stoic. He has been called, and not altogether untruly, the typical antagonist of Byron; but he is so typical an antagonist, precisely because he is so similar to Byron. He feels the immeasurable longing for happiness which Byron felt; like Byron, he rejoices in the beauty and delight of external things—a delight which is so often wasted and missed by us. But Mr. Carlyle feels this longing, this delight, only to repudiate it; to repudiate it as a principle of life. Yet, feeling as he does the intensity, the immeasurableness of the thing which he repudiates, he cannot be content without something infinite and immeasurable on the other side to set over against it, and by which to overcome it—an infinite and sure *peace* to set over against the infinite but uncertain *happiness* which is what Nature gives us. As long as he was consciously in search of this first principle of emotion and action, so long were his utterances guarded and moderate. But at last he believed himself to have found what he sought. The passage in which he imparts this discovery is contained in the chapter in 'Sartor Resartus,' entitled "The Everlasting Yea." It is necessary to quote it:—

'There is in man a higher than Love of Happiness: he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness! . . . Love not Pleasure; love God. This is the Everlasting Yea, wherein all contradiction is solved; wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him. . . .

'Most true is it, as a wise man teaches us, that "Doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by Action." On which ground, too, let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of invaluable service: "Do the Duty which lies nearest thee," which thou knowest to be a Duty! Thy second Duty will already have become clearer.

'May we not say, however, that the love of Spiritual Enfranchisement is even this: when your Ideal World, wherein the whole man

has been dimly struggling and inexpressibly languishing to work, becomes revealed, and thrown open. . . . The Situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal: work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free.

'But it is with man's Soul as it was with Nature: the beginning of Creation is Light.'—*Sartor Resartus*. ('Works,' vol. i. p. 184 *seqq.*)

This is the central passage in Mr. Carlyle's writings, as indeed '*Sartor Resartus*' is the central work; to it everything which precedes converges; from it everything which succeeds diverges. After writing this, he felt himself enabled to criticize men and events *freely*.

The impressiveness of the passage will be felt, we think, by all; but at any rate by those who study it in connection with what has gone before. We have, however, two remarks to make on it; one with reference to what it contains, another with reference to what it does not contain. Mr. Carlyle says here, 'Love God.' Has he ever said this a second time? Our belief is that he has not; however often he has since bidden men worship, or fall down in wonder before, the Unnameable, the Eternities, the Immensities. The change is noticeable; it is, to say the least, singular that a principle should be laid down with such emphasis and never referred to afterwards.

But secondly, a first principle ought not merely to be true, but complete. Now Mr. Carlyle has frequently asserted, and with the strongest emphasis, that the Eternal Powers reward and punish men. He has likewise asserted that they hate. Do they then, also, love? He leaves us in the dark on this point. We, therefore, think it expedient to inquire this of him. If they do not love, what reason can he assign for this inhumanity in the deepest depths of nature? If they do love, do they love all, or only some? And what is the proof, sign, or trace of their love? Does it lie in the material success of those whom they love? If not, in what?

These questions, which Mr. Carlyle has omitted to consider in his works, we now propose to him, and invite his notice of them. Our own answers we do not, at present, give; nevertheless, if required, we have them.

We now come to Mr. Carlyle's later writings; and we must own that there seem to us in them many and great defects. In saying this, we are not unmindful of the power manifested in them, which is not unworthy of the promise of his early days; nor do we fail to see many deep and piercing truths.

But that they can satisfy the mind which seeks for secure scientific truth, or for a secure basis for action,—this, indeed, we cannot believe. We know well what allowance has always to be made for the possibility of misunderstanding in criticizing the works of a man of genius. If we regarded Mr. Carlyle as unintelligible, we should never venture to say that he was defective. It is because he seems to us entirely intelligible, that we venture to declare him faulty.

It is worth considering how far he has carried out his own principles, which, after all, are worth nothing unless acted on. He said 'Love God;' and we presume he would not exclude from the meaning of this maxim that other maxim, 'Love men.' Now nothing is more marked in his later writings than the absence of tenderness: admiration there is, but not love. There is no spontaneous trust in them; no willingness to believe that what is not seen may be excellent, that actions and dispositions at first sight questionable may be susceptible of explanation, or at any rate of palliation. He is Rhadamantine—inexorable: as soon as a thing appears, it is stamped by him with black or white; and the white marks are very rare indeed.

He also bade men 'act;' and, for the third thing, he bade them 'seek light;' that is, clearness of knowledge. How then has he carried out these maxims? He has certainly gained a good deal of clear knowledge in the historical line; and he has exhibited as much vigour of action as any man can exhibit in the way of writing. Nor is there anything to be said against his conduct in these respects, though something against his consistency, considering the opposition which he has continually affirmed to exist between talk and action. But the real mischief lies here:—For all knowledge, for all action, experience is required; principles, however sound, will do nothing by themselves. Now the field of experience to which Mr. Carlyle's faculty led him was one; the field of experience to which his desires led him was another, and a very different one. His faculty lay in the treatment of all which is deep in feeling, and vivid in external presentation. He might have been an unrivalled historian. But his desire was to exert a strong practical influence on mankind; and his defect in the cool patient understanding, in appreciation of the material mechanism of society, was a fatal barrier against his exerting such an influence. Of the qualities of a statesman he has none. There is not, we will confidently affirm, one single political proposal of his own, in the whole compass of his writings, that is even intelligible, let alone its being feasible or good; scarcely is there an in-

stance of his supporting an intelligible political proposal framed by another. His writings are full of generous political feeling, and contain many considerations that may be made use of by a statesman; but of practical proposals there is an absolute void. That he should have thought himself capable at all of entering on this field was a mistake, and a mistake not without pernicious consequences.

The error, however, was unavoidable. The desire, yet the incapacity, for action was too powerful in Mr. Carlyle to be restrained; what he could not effect himself he was compelled to inculcate upon others. This vehement urgency chafes and mutters beneath the surface even of his earlier writings. He chides the temper, he rebukes it, he represses it; but it is there. In vain does he say that 'no wise man will endeavour to reform a world; the only sure reformation is that which each begins and perfects upon himself.' Mr. Carlyle, in spite of all disclaimers, was bent upon reforming a world. In vain does he take Goethe for his model—the creative, impersonal, tranquil, universal poet. These qualities did not by nature belong to Mr. Carlyle; and he could not assume them. The volcanic fires burst out at length through all the green smoothness of their covering.

Moreover, there is in him a spirit of self-antagonism, of revulsion from his own nature, and, above all, from those parts of his own nature which might seem to be derived from habit or externally imposed argument or principle, that had no little to do with his rejection of his earlier temper of sympathy, and his assumption of the very reverse. To be *natural* and *sincere* has ever been the maxim that he has most earnestly inculcated; yet there is some danger in such a maxim, for all goodness is, in a certain sense, not natural to man. In his own case, the result has been, that his writings are full of extraordinary anomalies.

Nothing does he reprobate more than self-consciousness; yet he is most self-conscious. Rarely can he write five pages without reference to himself. 'Sauerteig,' 'Teufelsdröckh,' 'Gathercoal,' 'Crabbe,' 'Smelfungus,' these, and many more, are all so many aliases of Mr. Carlyle. The reader could well dispense with some of these masquerading shapes, whose varying garbs ever give vent to one well-known hollow yet bitter voice, a compound of Heraclitus and Democritus, the weeping and mocking philosophers in one. He preaches loudly and imperatively; yet his favourite maxim is, 'Speech is silver, silence is golden.' Poetic himself, and the panegyrist of nume-

rous poets, he ends, like Plato, with condemning poets utterly. 'Volcanic' is one of his best known epithets of dislike; is it not just to apply it to himself? He declares that the French Revolution was a divine revelation; yet he is the avowed opponent of democracy. With the reverse intention of Balaam, he went up to the mountains to bless the progress of advancing civilization, and, lo! he was compelled to curse it altogether. These are some of his most remarkable inconsistencies; and the root of it is a something in his character, not without kinship to humility, but the humility of a haughty and self-confident spirit.

Further, this spirit of rebuke and prophecy was in part inherited by him from others. To begin with, it is national: the *perferendum ingenium Scotorum* has long been celebrated; and the mantle of the Covenanters has fallen upon Mr. Carlyle. His tone and principles, his loves and his hatreds, even down to minute instances, bear no small affinity to those which marked that most stubborn and most intense of religious sects. And through the Covenanters he is not ambiguously connected with the old Hebrews. With these he feels himself at one. Rarely does he refer to the New Testament; rarely does he think of saints and martyrs, the souls that died in patience, without anger, without honour, without even the effort for an outward victory. But the old prophets and judges, who assumed the rule and led armies, and denounced the evil-doer, and punished the enemies of God, are ever in his thoughts. Consider the following passages, whether as regards their reference or their character:—

'There is one valid reason, and only one, for either punishing a man or rewarding him in this world; one reason, which ancient piety could well define: That you may do the will and commandment of God with regard to him; that you may do justice to him. This is your one true aim in respect of him; aim thitherward, with all your heart and all your strength and all your soul; thitherward, and not elsewhere at all!'

'God Himself, we have always understood, hates sin, with a most authentic, celestial, and eternal hatred. A hatred, a hostility inexorable, unappeasable, which blasts the scoundrel, and all scoundrels ultimately, into black annihilation and disappearance from the sum of things. The path of it as the path of a flaming sword: he that has eyes may see it, walking inexorable, divinely beautiful and divinely terrible, through the chaotic gulf of Human History, and everywhere burning, as with unquenchable fire, the false and deathworthy from the true and lifeworthy, making all human history, and the biography of every man, a God's Cosmos, in place of a Devil's Chaos. So is it, in the end; even so, to every man who is

a man, and not a mutinous beast, and has eyes to see.'

'The saddest condition of human affairs, what ancient prophets denounced as "the Throne of Iniquity," where men "decree injustice by a law;" all this, with its thousand-fold outer miseries, is still but a symptom; all this points to a far sadder disease which lies invisible within.'

'Like the valley of Jehoshaphat, it lies round us, one nightmare wilderness, and wreck of dead-men's bones, this false modern world: and no rapt Ezekiel in prophetic vision imaged to himself things sadder, more horrible and terrible, than the eyes of men, if they are awake, may now deliberately see.'

All these are from the 'Latter-day Pamphlets.' The substance of such passages as these we shall discuss presently; meanwhile, let there be observed, first, the intensely active spirit which they manifest. There is no patient waiting in them, no quiet sympathy. All is the zeal for action. And, secondly, let it be observed, there is no reasoning in them. When Mr. Browning tries to represent St. John, he makes him argue—a most fundamental error; for not in the whole of the Old and New Testament, except in the Epistles of St. Paul, who had a Greek education, is there a single instance of argument, as we understand the word. Everywhere there is the most intense, the most undoubting affirmation. And Mr. Carlyle has by nature this quality; by virtue of it, and by virtue of his zeal for action, he is Hebraic.

Do we blame Mr. Carlyle for thus urging men to action? Far from it; he does well and rightly in doing so. But we blame him for this, that in his zeal for this one element he has wholly lost sight of all the other elements of a noble character. For thought, for systematization, except so far as it is conducive to immediate brilliant action, he now cares not. For the imagination which apprehends the beauty of material things he cares not. For the inward struggles of the spirit, contending against selfish desires and striving to fashion itself according to the Eternal Will, he cares not. For the germination of great thoughts and great desires out of nothingness into that incomplete and immature existence which is the lot of almost all things at first, he cares not. All these things, of which his early writings are full, are in his later writings unmentioned, discarded, forgotten. Action, and the intellect which immediately determines action, is all that he admires.

What a contrast is this to the enthusiastic praise and sympathy which he once bestowed on such an immature, mystical, unformed writer as Novalis! What a contrast to Mr. Carlyle's own character! For he is in him-

self not in the least like those whom he admires. He is no vigorous, resolute, active man; nor (with all his illuminating flashes of insight) is continuous clearness, well-defined purpose, a characteristic of his mind. He is constitutionally weak; never, he said once on a public occasion, had he written a book without making himself ill by writing it. He is meditative, deep-thinking; his very impetuosity is no mark of a practical nature. And yet it is this man who not only takes upon himself the office of exhorting men to be practical, but who has actually inspired numerous followers, some of them most distinguished and able men, with an enthusiasm for action always intense, and oftentimes good, sound, and effective.

It is no paradox to say that the contrast between Mr. Carlyle's own temperament and the temperament which he admires is at once the cause of his influence, and a proof of the great though partial strength of his nature. If Prince Bismarck or Mr. Bright were to issue addresses exhorting men to leave off theorizing and stick to practice, the exhortation would not carry with it any special weight. It would be replied to them, that they had not known the theoretical side of life. This reply cannot be made to Mr. Carlyle. He, a thinker, and many would add, a mystic, deliberately sets thought below action. He describes, with all the resources of an extensive knowledge and a brilliant imagination, the splendours of the power which displays itself in mighty events, on the great arena of kingdoms; he shows how poor a figure the mere speculatist cuts when brought face to face with these pressing crises of change and peril, how soon he is overthrown before the man who has the ready wit to understand the emergency. And yet in the midst of this, he never seems actuated by any over-measure of indignation against the theorists; he has the air of knowing them to the bottom; he accompanies them to the limit of their efforts, and rather pities than condemns their failure.

Such teaching as this was not calculated to produce any strong effect on men who were already practical and energetic; for, on the one hand, it did not meet any want or defect of their minds, and, on the other hand, it was not definite enough to help them in particular measures. But it produced the strongest effect on those who were naturally theorists. It pointed out to them a new possibility, an Eldorado of the spirit, a vision of mighty characters exerting themselves in accordance with the profoundest laws; for to the success of the man of action they tacitly superadded that truth of meditated design which they themselves in-

strictively aimed at. Let us not say that Mr. Carlyle did a small or poor work in thus rousing thinkers to the desire of action, in inspiring them with a magnificent hope of realized results. The work was great, and will endure. The deliberate omissions alone are evil and pernicious.

Does Mr. Carlyle forget his own sayings about the Silences? It is in silence that the foundation of great things is laid, in the meditative vision, unbroken by inroads from without. But the Silences of late years must complain of neglect on the part of their former worshipper. Or, if he himself has now and then turned his relenting eyes back on them, he has led his followers to far different altars, to those of Force and Strength, under whose hands the benefactors of mankind now, as of old, fare but badly. The exquisite and lucid genius of Mr. Ruskin has been hurried away into subjects which he has not proved, with which he deals as an infant deals with the first seen phenomena of the world. That eloquent historian, Mr. Froude, has in an evil hour been induced to mount the prophetic tripod, and to deliver oracles respecting that demigod, Henry VIII., which awaken in the passers-by feelings of mingled astonishment and amusement. And all this, because Mr. Carlyle has chosen to consider that the only virtue existent is that single virtue of which he himself is absolutely devoid, the virtue of practical ability.

Further; not only does Mr. Carlyle overrate the value of the mere practical intellect, but he does not even always know this quality, when he sees it. He mistakes vividness of insight in particular points of a career for a clear purpose running through the whole. Take, for example, his admiration of Cromwell. That great man is a man whom we do not wish to condemn utterly; he had magnanimous impulses in his heart, and strong intellect in his head; if he was at times cruel, he was far less wantonly so than many generals of his own and succeeding times, who have been esteemed most highly—as, for instance, Turenne; if he aggrandized himself, it may be pleaded for him that his doing so secured a breathing space of settled government for the country, in circumstances when there was great risk of anarchy. We are as unwilling as Mr. Carlyle to believe that his religious sentiments, expressed in his most private letters, and with every appearance of sincerity, were delusive and hypocritical. His portrait bears in it no meanness, or cowardice, or vice; it indicates a character, at any rate, straightforward and genuine. As Englishmen, we cannot but be proud of his imperial patriotism, of his un-

hesitating bearing towards foreign powers. But something more than this has characterized the great statesmen of the earth—Solon, Cæsar, the Barons of the Magna Charta. Their work remained when they themselves were dead, and was the basis of legislation for centuries; that of Cromwell vanished into mist as soon as ever his strong hand was withdrawn. He instituted no system into which the spirit of the nation might flow, preserving itself by its own vigour; he accomplished no enduring work; he stood above those whom he governed, and did not amalgamate himself with their efforts. But of all this Mr. Carlyle thinks nothing: he looks at the immediate splendour, not at the permanent result.

It is precisely the same with respect to his treatment of intellectual systems. No one need be reminded what keen remarks Mr. Carlyle can make about the foundations of such systems; as when he compares the metaphysician to the 'Irish saint who swam across the Channel carrying his head in his teeth,' adding, 'that the feat has never been repeated;' or when he satirizes the Utilitarians by putting to them the problem, 'Given a world of Knaves, to deduce an Honesty from their united action?' But he cannot put truths together, fit them in with each other, harmonize them. In his early works this is simply a defect on his own part; in his later works it becomes also an offence towards others, whose complex thinkings he despises without even endeavouring to comprehend them.

Take, for example, his treatment of Coleridge. Coleridge is not a specially systematic thinker as compared with some others; he did not weld his speculations together with the iron bonds of Spinoza or Kant; and in appearance he is even more unsystematic than he is in reality; for his indolent temper and sickly health caused him too often to write in a nerveless, unpointed style, that disguised the real excellence of his thoughts; and many of his best sayings are mere fragments. But still there is a true sequence in all that he writes; he had formed to himself a full, broad, and not inharmonious conception of the world in which we live, and our duties in it, though, no doubt, he might have worked it out much more clearly in detail, and expressed it in a much more convincing manner, than he did. This, then, was precisely the case to bring out Mr. Carlyle's weak side. Coleridge's faults are very manifest to him; he seizes on the obscure and inadequate expression, and derides even the physical weakness of utterance of the philosopher; and again he feels his own superiority to Coleridge in the practical appli-

cation of truths, in the power of bringing them to bear, in the strong and incisive enforcement of them, on the consciences of men. But he fails to observe wherein Coleridge is superior to himself; the faculty of logical systematization is one which Coleridge has, and if we consider the variety of his mind, has in no mean degree; Mr. Carlyle has it not.

In the 'Life of Frederick the Great' the same fault is discernible. The French Revolution had been a happy subject for Mr. Carlyle; here little or no understanding of complex organizations was required; rather it was the very triumph of the historian to show how all organizations fell prone and shattered before that tremendous flood—to exhibit the living force of human instinct as victorious over all the bonds that would have confined it. But in 'Frederick the Great' Mr. Carlyle has to prove a point; and at proofs he is never good. He has asserted that Frederick was a hero, a surpassingly great man; and he has to show reason why we should think so too. His failure is absurd. What he does show is, that Frederick was a surpassingly great soldier; a very different proposition. To substitute one of these propositions for the other is justly deemed immoral, since it makes material force the test of greatness. And the very faint reprobation with which Mr. Carlyle visits that audacious act of Frederick's, the *δρῆξή κακῶν*, his seizure of Silesia, increases the impression of the immorality of the book. Nevertheless we believe that the idea which Mr. Carlyle in a dim manner had conceived as the central point of his history, was not immoral. Frederick the Great does differ from such monarchs as Louis XIV. and Gustavus Adolphus in this, that his victories had a real permanent result; they were the starting-point of a nation, and whereas France was ruined by Louis XIV., Prussia must date her career of solid and splendid development from the time of Frederick. This fact certainly points to Mr. Carlyle's conclusion; but it only points to it; it by no means proves it. And, indeed, there is very much to be said on the other side. It might plausibly be argued, that the spur and stimulus of victory was in any case much more likely to be beneficial to the slow German temper than to the quick eagerness of the French. But we are not called upon to argue the matter here; we need only observe, that whenever Mr. Carlyle gets beyond the mere battles of Frederick, his inadequacy is complete and surprising.

And yet this very 'History of Frederick the Great' supplies clear evidence that the deficiency of Mr. Carlyle in continuous and

methodical reasoning results from choice, and not from inability. Nothing can be better, as a lucid summary of a long period of history, than his account of the gradual amalgamation of the intensely complex elements out of which the Prussian monarchy was founded. Nor do we know any history in which battles and military campaigns are so adequately described, with such power of seizing the salient points and impressing them on the reader. No words of praise can be too high for his description of such battles as those of Leuthen and Torgau. Having once read them it is impossible to forget them. And it is clear, from Mr. Carlyle's character, why he shows this power of method in his military narrations, and nowhere else. Conquests and victories are brilliant and blazing things, and carry their results on the face of them; the region of doubt, of obscurity, of under-currents, of purpose and character, of slow, scarce-recognised development, does not exist in respect of them; it is possible to apprehend them completely and not partially. Political and social history is precisely the reverse of this: the historian, if he is to be just, cannot always be clear of his judgment; many points are necessarily uncertain; a nation, unlike an army, contains throughout its extent, large tracts of utter darkness, large tracts of what is still more difficult to deal with, the twilight of semi-obscurity. And this is what Mr. Carlyle will not tolerate, will not even recognise, and therefore utterly fails in dealing with.

Nay, more; he is even angry that such is the case, and imputes it as a fault to the statesmen of his own day that they cannot take the command of a nation as a general does of his army, and lead it with unwavering step to some end, the nature of which he does not precisely specify, but which he dimly feels to be something divine and transcendental. And here we approach that doctrine which is the centre of his political teaching; a doctrine which he himself supposes to be very much more than this; which he gives us as the worthy outcome and perfect flower of the meditations of a lifetime. This is his celebrated doctrine of hero-worship, to which we, indeed, can by no means assign the rank claimed for it by its author. It seems to us a torso, wrought indeed by the hand of genius, and bearing the marks of a chisel that struck fire from the stone in its working, but rude, misshapen, maimed, deformed. And though we are aware that in this gigantesque image Mr. Carlyle intends something far beyond the bounds of mere politics, we shall for the present, for the sake of greater definition, confine ourselves to its

political signification. We shall, in short, consider the hero as leading men not simply or chiefly by spiritual influence, but also by material force. It is thus that Mr. Carlyle has of late best loved to contemplate him—as the sword of God, in the splendour of outward action, ruling and chastising the nations.

Now we must guard ourselves against being supposed to assert that this doctrine of hero-worship is, on the political or any other side, *untrue*. That is not our charge against it. Let us, however, before going further, state as briefly as possible what it is. Mr. Carlyle's exposition of it may be put pretty much as follows:—He desires, first, that the action of a state should be resolute, and directed with clear purpose. But, next, he sees that it is impossible to have a perfectly clear purpose perfectly carried out, except under the guidance of one man, who both conceives and executes. Nothing can be more true; for though many men may nominally be actuated by a single purpose, there will always be differences in the way of conceiving that purpose which will blur and weaken the action. Hence Mr. Carlyle demands a head or governor of a state in whose mind the full purpose of the state, which by others is conceived imperfectly and inadequately, should represent itself completely, as in a mirror; he demands that the effort of all persons should be to recognise this man, or the man who comes nearest to this ideal, to set him at their head, obey him themselves, and provide him with sufficient force to put down those who, from their selfish and partial view, oppose themselves to his wiser plan. He is specially indignant with those who think that a nation can be guided infallibly into the right course by the machinery of Parliaments or Congresses, or by any device which makes the final decision to rest with a majority of the nation, simply because they are the majority, without any effort to obtain the judgment of those who are most competent to decide. He demands that there shall be in every case a clear and wise design; and he insists that the wisest design can in its full compass be only comprehended by the one Wisest Man, whom all other men must call to the helm of the state. More than this; he would have, in every portion of society, the inferior natures avowedly guided by the higher, as these would be guided by those higher than themselves, till the whole culminated in that single man whom all the rest judged to be most eminent among them.

Now let it be observed that this theory is not, as it is often represented to be, a theory of mere despotism. There is a vast differ-

ence between saying that all nations should use their utmost endeavours to gain a Head, a Wisest Man, in whom they can trust; and saying that every nation which is governed by a single strong despot has a government which can be approved of. The theory does not even say that every nation should immediately choose for itself a single individual as its head; but only that this is the ideal state of things. Secondly, it is at the very farthest possible distance from any theory that would sanction castes, or the hereditary domination of an aristocratical class, or even the hereditary descent of a monarchy from a king to his descendants; for instance, take the following passage from the 'Latter-day Pamphlets':—

'This question always rises as the alpha and omega of social questions, What methods the Society has of summoning aloft into the high places, for its help and governance, the wisdom that is born to it in all places, and of course is born chiefly in the more populous or lower places? For this, if you will consider it, expresses the ultimate available result, and net sum-total, of all the efforts, struggles, and confused activities that go on in the Society; and determines whether they are true and wise efforts, certain to be victorious, or false and foolish, certain to be futile, and to fall captive and caittiff. How do men rise in your Society? In all Societies, Turkey included, and I suppose Dahomey included, men do rise; but the question of questions always is, What kind of men? Men of noble gifts, or men of ignoble?'—*Stump Orator*.

No republican could express more strongly that cardinal doctrine of republicanism—the essential equality of rights in men, born in whatever rank.

But, thirdly, in spite of Mr. Carlyle's sense of the importance of unity of purpose in the head of the state, he is well aware that his Hero, or Wisest Man, will need the advice, information, and assistance of others who are inferior to himself. And thus Parliaments have a place in his system; for, though he has written much against Parliaments as they actually are, it is erroneous to imagine that he would assign them no function whatever. This will be apparent from the following passages in the 'Latter-day Pamphlets':—

'To King Rufus there could no more natural method present itself, of getting his affairs of sovereignty transacted, than this same. To assemble all his working Sub-kings about him; and gather in a human manner, by the aid of sad speech and of cheerful, what their real notions, opinions, and determinations were. No way of making a law, or of getting one executed when made, except by even such a General Consult in one form or another. Na-

turally too, as in all places where men meet, there established themselves modes of proceeding in this Christmas *Parliamentum*. . . . So likewise, in the time of the Edwards, when Parliament gradually split itself in Two Houses; and Borough Members and Knights of the Shire were summoned up to answer, Whether they could stand such and such an impost? and took upon them to answer, "Yes, your Majesty; but we have such and such grievances greatly in need of redress first"—nothing could be more natural and human than such a Parliament still was. And so, granting subsidies, stating grievances, and notably widening its field in that latter direction, accumulating new modes, and practices of Parliament greatly important in world-history, the old Parliament continued an eminently human, veracious, and indispensable entity, achieving real work in the centuries.'—*Parliaments*.

And so in the following passage from the same pamphlet, which is one of the few pieces of long well-sustained argument in Mr. Carlyle's writings:—

'Votes of men are worth collecting, if convenient. True, their opinions are generally of little wisdom, and can on occasion reach to all conceivable and inconceivable degrees of folly; but their instincts, where these can be deciphered, are wise and human; these, hidden under the noisy utterance of what they call their opinions, are the unspoken sense of man's heart, and well deserve attending to. Know well what the people inarticulately feel, for the Law of Heaven itself is dimly written there; nay do not neglect, if you have opportunity, to ascertain what they vote and say. One thing the stupidest multitude at a hustings can do, provided only it be sincere: Inform you how it likes this man or that, this proposed law or that. . . . Beyond doubt it will be useful, will be indispensable, for the King or Governor to know what the mass of men think upon public questions legislative and administrative; what they will assent to willingly, what unwillingly; what they will resist with superficial discontents and remonstrances, what with obstinate determination, with riot, perhaps with armed rebellion. To which end, Parliaments, free presses, and such like, are excellent; they keep the Governor fully aware of what the people, wisely or foolishly, think. Without in some way knowing it with moderate exactitude, he has not a possibility to govern at all. For example, the Chief Governor of Constantinople, having no Parliament to tell it him, knows it only by the frequency of incendiary fires in his capital, the frequency of bakers hanged at their shop-lintels; a most inferior ex-post-facto method!'

It will be seen that in spite of Mr. Carlyle's prepossession for his supreme ruler, he is well aware that parliaments and peoples have a power of their own, which on occasions they may justifiably use, even against their monarch. And with this admission Mr. Carlyle's theory may be said to close.

There is really nothing to be said against it. It is all true; it may all be granted at once. Let Mr. Carlyle proceed; we wait for his next step. He gives it. *Take your hero, and put him at the head of affairs.* Here we demur. We have accepted Mr. Carlyle's view as an ideal; but it is an ideal, as we shall immediately show, which, though it may indirectly guide us, cannot be taken as a direct aim for our efforts. There is one important preliminary necessity. Mr. Carlyle has surely forgotten the first sentence of Mrs. Glasse's invaluable receipt for cooking a hare,—'*First catch your hare.*' In giving us a receipt for the salvation of society, which receipt has a *hero* for its principal ingredient, he is bound, we submit, to give us information on this primary point: *How we are to catch our hero.* Should we elect him by a plébiscite? Is it to the Prime Minister that we must hand over the absolute command of the national forces? or, pre-chance, is it too bold a guess that it is in Chelsea that the hero is to be found? Will Mr. Carlyle accept the post himself?

To speak seriously; a hero, a man who reaches to the height and length and breadth of his generation; who dominates by right of genius the intellect and will of his contemporaries, is the gift of Heaven. It is not by our wishing that he will come, neither will he depart from us because we may be unwilling to accept him. The age, the nation, which has such a man is happy above other ages and nations; yet the age or nation that has him not may have much of honest worth, and may be loved by us equally, though admired less. And far better is it for the age or nation that has him not to acquiesce in its own inferiority, and not set up a spasmodic strain for a phantasm of heroism.

This is what is so pernicious in the practical result of Mr. Carlyle's teaching; he has forced himself and others to find a hero where heroism was not. It cannot be a genuine aim for a nation, in our period of the world's history, or, indeed, at any period, to try to find a man to whom they may submit absolutely. If such a man comes, well and good; but let us find him spontaneously, and not because we are told that we must find him. It is even salutary to be very sceptical about one who comes forward guaranteed to be such a man. Mr. Carlyle's doctrine is too much the natural instinct of the world already, to add to it that additional sanction which is implied in setting it up as a principle of morality. Is the lending an enthusiastic support to a man of brilliant ability, whose views command so large a following as to render opposition useless, a vir-

tue so extraordinarily difficult of acquirement? Are the mass of men so unduly suspicious of their leaders? Have the Prussians been too obstinately antagonistic to Prince Bismarck? Was not Louis Napoleon for eighteen years undisputed master of France? Has it been unknown in England that a Prime Minister should be, for a time, autocratic? Parliaments, and nations as well, are in truth so perfectly aware of their inherent weaknesses, which Mr. Carlyle is never weary of bringing forward, that they lend an even too ready ear to any man who has a clear and resolute design.

We should say that the very reverse doctrine needed to be inculcated from that which Mr. Carlyle inculcates. Men have to be taught to turn aside from a plausible unity of purpose, which is common enough, and to contemplate instead the complexity and variety of interests which fill a land like ours, and of which only a small part can be thoroughly known by the most comprehensive, earnest, and industrious inquirer. How easy is it to be ignorant! How easy to be unjust from pure ignorance, without a touch of malevolence! Let us study what exists, with all the faculties of our understanding, and do what little we can to amend it; this is the most heroic thing that we can do for our own part and the only possible way of recognising a true hero in another. The inevitable result of our following Mr. Carlyle's advice would be that we should get a hero of mere physical force, who would compel whether he had or had not intelligence to judge that compulsion was beneficial. Such a man is not a great man. A great mind must abstain from action in matters which it has not scientifically proved and got hold of from the root, and much of such abstinence is required even of the strongest intellects. Wise government comes first, strong government only second. However much it is true that a wise governor may sometimes have to compel his people to obey him, it yet is indispensable that we should be satisfied that the governor is wise before we can approve of such compulsion. This prodigious step, that we must be satisfied that we have a man at our head whom we can trust on all points even against our own judgment, Mr. Carlyle takes as a mere nothing. According to Homer, the god Neptune crossed the Ægean Sea at three strides; but if we poor mortals attempted to do the same, we should assuredly get drowned.

The truth is, the real force and vitality of Mr. Carlyle's doctrine of hero-worship does not lie in his recommendation of the hero, as the one single ruler, at all. This is a mere accident; it is a more picturesque

state, it is indeed a better state, when one man gathers into himself all the instincts of the nation and directs them; but it is not a transcendently better state, there is nothing of necessity about it. The real force of Mr. Carlyle's doctrine lies in his preference of men to institutions; in his insistence on the living energy of mind as superior to any external thing, or indeed to all external things put together. Some people think that, just as Mr. Babbage's machine grinds out logarithms, so our excellent Constitution will grind out for us all that is desirable and advantageous. Others, and a more numerous class, think that at any rate virtue and energy cannot be of so much importance as they used to be: that we cannot do without them altogether will be conceded, but they think that our institutions supply their place in a measure, in a certain degree. Now Mr. Carlyle rightly judges, that so far from the progress of society diminishing the importance of virtuous and energetic *men*, it renders them even more important. Indeed, he goes (and we join with him in going) even further; it is not a question simply of more or less importance; it is even the one end of society (and therefore of infinite importance) to produce virtuous and energetic men, and to commit the highest functions to the most virtuous and most energetic. But yet institutions have a value, conserving where they cannot create, and guiding where they cannot animate; and Mr. Carlyle, in his later writings, has forgotten this. Further, it has to be remembered that institutions which are full of meaning and value to one man may be meaningless and valueless to another; of this fact Mr. Carlyle shows no recognition whatever; he would have each individual judge absolutely for himself about them. We deny the right of any individual to judge upon such matters, except he has first made himself acquainted with the feelings and experience of society at large upon them.

Thus while we are not at war with Mr. Carlyle's doctrine of hero-worship as a theory, with his practical application of it we are wholly and entirely at variance. But one thing more remains to be said. What has surprised most people in Mr. Carlyle's later career is, not simply that he has advocated this doctrine, but that he has advocated it with such fanatical and almost terrifying intensity. He declares that we walk in a 'nightmare wilderness, a wreck of dead men's bones, a false world.' Why? we ask. Evils enough and to spare there are in the world around us; but was it a better state of things when the Black Death swept away half the population of England? or when

William the Conqueror laid waste with fire and sword all England north of the Humber? We shall not think so without very much more reason than Mr. Carlyle, or any one, has ever given for our thinking so. Or if it be some deep moral blindness in the age to which Mr. Carlyle refers, we seek in vain through his writings for that light which alone can reveal, and by revealing dispel, the darkness. But our persuasion, our strong persuasion is, that this despondency lies in Mr. Carlyle's own nature alone. Far are we from accusing him of personal vanity; it is not against such a man that such an accusation can be brought. But he suffers, we think, from not having realized his own idea; he has had a vision, a Utopia, before his eyes, which has never been brought into actuality. To speak the plain truth, he has wished *himself* to be the hero of this modern age; not, we repeat, from vanity, but because he has felt in himself somewhat of the power to be so—somewhat, but not the whole requisite power. The amorphous, vast, gigantesque productions of his later years have resulted from the strain to bring out that which yet he was unable to bring out. The discordant elements have been too much for his power of combination; he has let slip now one thread, now another thread, of the intricate skein that needs unravelling; and at last, in sheer despair, he has turned his eyes to the *sword*, which, if it cannot solve, can cut the knot. In this despair we do not join; and, indeed, we deem it unworthy to join in it, for any one who has not been worn out with delayed and frustrated hope. In such an one we can only lament it, and think it mistaken. Just as Bacon said in respect of discoveries, that they are '*temporis partus, non ingenii*;' so it is with the laws and principles which are the welfare of society. Those who first anticipate them seldom see them in their fullness; and if they imperatively demand to see them in their fullness, they will only suffer themselves, in the recoil of failure upon their own minds.

We have said nothing hitherto of that feature in Mr. Carlyle which first strikes and astonishes the casual reader—his style; yet it is a feature which it is impossible to pass over. It is a style which sacrifices clearness in the central idea to vividness in particular points; and this is a characteristic which no brilliance can prevent from being a signal fault. So great a fault is it that not only Mr. Carlyle's reader, but Mr. Carlyle himself, is at times prevented, by the eccentricities of his style, from knowing what the real thing is which he means to impress. He flings out a crowd of ideas pell-

me!; but each separate idea is left to take its chance by itself; there is no subordination in the motley assemblage. This is not good; and of all causes none has been so powerful as this in hindering that complete success which Mr. Carlyle by his capacity was qualified to attain. For there has been a certain amount of wilfulness, and (to say the truth) even of affectation in it; he will often prefer an uncouth and unusual phrase where an ordinary word would express the meaning without the smallest shadow of a difference. This may seem a small matter, but it is precisely in small matters that people ought to conform to the common usage. To differ invests them with an artificial and unnatural importance.

We must now part with this remarkable writer. Without disguising what seem to us his faults, we have spoken of him throughout as a man of extraordinary power. Seldom is it possible to make a criticism on him that he has not himself, to some extent, anticipated and forestalled; in the depths of his own mind, he guards himself against the erroneous deductions that others draw from him. With all his antagonism to his age, he is never arrogant or self-complacent; he can admire and reverence. He for the most part appears one-sided, but he is many-sided; in his impatience and desire for incisiveness he lays such emphasis on that aspect of the truth which he is insisting on, that for the moment he forgets the others. The most spiritual of modern historians, he has been mistaken, not without his own fault, for an admirer of mere physical force. Penetrated to his inmost heart with sympathy for the poor, he has been mistaken, again not without his own fault, for an advocate of their high-handed oppression. To conclude, there is no man who so resolutely goes to the reality of things, determining to make men see what is, through all the veils and forms in which it is wrapped; but he fails in putting his facts together, in deducing from them a tenable design or detailed scheme of action. If there is any point in this article in which we have misunderstood him, or forgotten somewhat that would have defended him against our criticisms, this has not been from want of recognising the honour due to his genius.

ART. III.—1. *Journeys in North China.*

By the Rev. Alexander Williamson, B.A. 2 Vols. London, 1870.

2. *Pekin, Yeddo, and St. Francisco.* By the Marquis De Beauvoir. Forming the concluding volume of a Voyage round the World. London, 1872.

3. *Reports on the Provinces of Hunan, Hupeh, Honan, Shansi, Che Kiang and Nganhwei.* By Baron von Richthofen. Shanghai, 1870 and 1871.

4. *Report of the Delegates of the Shanghai General Chamber of Commerce on the Trade of the Upper Yangtze.* Shanghai, 1869.

5. *Reports of Journeys in China and Japan, performed by Mr. Alabaster, Mr. Ozenham, Mr. Markham, and Dr. Willis, of Her Majesty's Consular Service in those Countries.* Presented to Parliament, 1869.

6. *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society,* 1869 and 1870.

7. *The Tientsin Massacre.* By George Thin, M.D. Edinburgh, 1870.

8. *British Policy in China.* By a Shanghai Merchant. London, 1871.

9. *Correspondence respecting the Revision of the Treaty of Tientsin.* Presented to the House of Commons. 1871.

10. *Parliamentary Correspondence on the Affairs of China.* 1859–71.

11. *The London and China Telegraph.* 1871.

NOTWITHSTANDING the very numerous works on China, it is somewhat surprising how little is generally known of that wonderful country and its strange inhabitants. And the ignorance of the average Englishman—that is, excluding the comparatively small number who have special inducements to study the subject—is rendered, perhaps, the more impenetrable by being shrouded in a veil of purely conventional notions of China which have, so to speak, become stereotyped. A region of universal productiveness, inhabited by 200 millions* of people, united un-

der one Government, with a history at the least two thousand years old—these were objects fitted to excite the keenest interest; while the remoteness of the country and the obstinate exclusiveness of its Government have denied this natural curiosity its legitimate and healthy satisfaction. A halo of romance has thus come to be thrown over everything Chinese, from theories of government to the details of common life, which distorts the vision and misleads the judgment. Whether the Chinese be regarded in the aspect of polished sages discoursing profoundly on ethics, or as comical beings with round heads perpetually passing over quaint bridges, or in gorgeous apparel and with three-haired mustachios, an ell long, exemplifying the dignity of labour by carrying gilded tea-chests over delectable mountains; or even as prim maidens, in blue and purple, banjoing their loves to the soft willow-trees; whether, again, the land is covered with pagodas with tinkling bells, or is full of seething rice-swamps or delicious cool grottoes, we are in each case conscious of a certain unreality in the picture that is called up. Were they the inhabitants of another planet, indeed, the ideal Chinese of our common literature could hardly evoke less true sympathy than they do, and certainly the Vril-ya have been clothed by the author of 'The Coming Race' with more genuine humanity. As a consequence, hardly anything is too extravagant to be believed about China, and contradictory views are frequently held without provoking any sense of their incongruity. Thanks, however, to the recent treaties, this state of things has begun to pass away. The priesthood of Sinologues, which has done so little to propagate the truth about China, no longer monopolizes the sources of information; fresh and active minds have broken in on the mystery, and modern authors, writing like living men of living men, have brought the distant Chinese nearer to us. The late Mr. Wingrove Cook had hardly been a month in Hong-kong, in the capacity of Special Correspondent to the 'Times,' when he wrote disparagingly of what he called 'your twenty-years-in-the-country-and-speak-the-language men;' and his letters went far to redeem the flippancy of the epithet. Determined to see for himself and think for himself, that indefatigable correspondent was enabled, in a very short time, not only to amass information about China of the most important kind, but to throw new light on those political and commercial questions

* Though there are no means of arriving at an exact estimate of the population of China, there can be no doubt that the commonly received one of 300,000,000 is enormously exaggerated. An analysis by Baron von Richthofen of the population of one province, Che-kiang, founded on his own observation, gives the numbers as 8,000,000, whereas the Census of 1812, usually adopted as authoritative, puts them at 26,000,000. It is admitted that in no other province is the exaggeration of the so-called census so conspicuous; but the occurrence of one such glaring error is justly held to invalidate the document in which it is contained, and to destroy faith in even its approximate accuracy as a whole. It is highly

probable that the actual population of China never reached 200,000,000.

which concern us so deeply. Since the Chinese empire was opened up to travellers under Lord Elgin's Treaty in 1861, three great classes have sent their scouts over the length and breadth of the land: the missionaries of science, of commerce, and of religion have vied with each other in bringing obscure portions of the country within the domain of our knowledge. The recent progress of the world, but especially the progress effected in China itself by the Treaties of 1858, has imparted to these researches that essentially practical turn which is their distinguishing characteristic. The length, depth, and rapidity of a river are no longer barren facts in physical geography, but *data* by which the feasibility of steam-navigation may be determined. A dense crowd in an inland city is more than the occasion of an interesting entry in a traveller's diary: it suggests the question of clothing the masses in the fabrics of English power-looms. The classic wheelbarrow, propelled by the auxiliary of sails, is now-a-days the embodiment of misapplied labour and wasted time; and impassable cart-roads lead the traveller, by an inevitable transition of thought, to the contemplation of railways. In short, it is China in its relation to the commercial systems of the world, from which it cannot much longer be kept apart, that has inspired the energies of its modern explorers, and these have already led to some valuable results. The information derived from these sources may, as far as our present purpose is concerned, be classified as showing—

I. That a considerable amount of agricultural wealth, and an inexhaustible store of mineral wealth, are not utilized in China.

II. That, with the exception of those districts which are embraced in the canal systems of China, the existing means of communication are of the most defective kind.

III. That there is still a large available opening for the extension of British trade in manufactured goods.

IV. That the people are, as a rule, well-disposed, and anxious to cultivate commercial relations with Europeans.

A brief illustration of each of these four points will help to show the bearing of Chinese affairs on our national interests in that country.

I. The reports of travellers prove that, from one cause and another, large tracts of arable land are lying waste in several of the provinces of China. This is confirmed by native writers: for among the State-papers which have been lately published are sundry memorials from high functionaries, who make the great area of unoccupied ground the basis of the administrative proposals

which they submit to the supreme Government. In places where the ravages of rebellion have been exceptionally severe, the land has ceased to be cultivated because the inhabitants have disappeared. The Taping scourge, together with the means required to stamp it out, is said to have cost the country the incredible number of 50 millions of people. In parts of the once populous province of Che-kiang it is estimated that only three in a hundred of the inhabitants escaped death at the hands of the rebels. 'It is difficult,' writes one traveller, 'to conceive of a more horrid destruction of life and property than has been perpetrated in these districts, and yet they are only a very small proportion of the area of country that has shared a similar fate.' And the re-population proceeds at a very slow rate in Che-kiang. 'The greater portion of the interior of the empire,' says Mr. T. W. Kingsmill, in his Memorial on Treaty revision, 'though eminently suitable for grazing or tillage, is now a wilderness, beyond the ability or skill of the inhabitants to cultivate to advantage.' For, though immense tracts of land are now in the possession of few persons, only a limited number of square yards can be cultivated by each individual for want of the necessary manure, the supply of which within any given area is, owing to the defective system pursued by the Chinese, exactly proportionate to the number of human beings living on that area. And though the deserted regions of Che-kiang afford unbounded facilities for stock-farming, we are told that the Chinese agriculturists have failed to discover the availability of so obvious a source whence the fertility of the soil might be maintained. Elsewhere, as on the northern confines of the empire which have been described by Mr. Williamson, we read of vast forests which await the axe and the plough to be made to yield food in abundance, for the soil seems well adapted for agricultural purposes. And even if ere long these virgin lands pass into the grasp of the Emperor of Russia, they would be equally available as an outlet for the redundant population of China—if there be any. Russian colonists have not yet found the necessity of exterminating aborigines, and the Russian Government may be credited with more wisdom than to discountenance the influx of such industrious mechanics and agriculturists as the Chinese.* On the other hand, no prejudice of

* Though the Russian authorities are reported to be inviting Korean, to the exclusion of Chinese, settlers along that part of Russian Manchuria which borders on Corea, there are obvious reasons which may account for such a preference

patriotism would stand in the way of Chinese emigrants transferring their allegiance from one alien dynasty to another. That China is over-populated in some parts is proved by the stream of emigration that annually pours from the southern sea-board provinces across the Pacific Ocean and the Eastern seas; but why, with so much un-cleared or untilled land in their own country, they should undertake venturesome, and to them most formidable, voyages to distant lands is a question a full answer to which would throw light on some other obscure features of Chinese sociology. Perhaps, after all, the means of communication may be the principal element in this question, for it is conceivable that even a sea-passage may cost less in money than some long journeys within the limits of China itself, and it is not improbable that the maritime population of Kwangtung are better acquainted with the condition and prospects of California than with those of the more northern provinces of China. Where travelling facilities are exceptionally good, it is found that the resettling of the devastated districts is going on comparatively rapidly. In the province of Nganhwei, for example, which is watered by the river Yangtze, the number of immigrants is so large, that the traveller has often the greatest difficulty in obtaining information regarding the country or the road to some neighbouring place. 'There are instances where only the twentieth man one meets is an old resident,' the new men being natives of several provinces, some near to and some remote from the land of their adoption. The Government evinces so much wisdom in facilitating the re-peopling of the country, and the emigrants adapt themselves so naturally to their new circumstances, that it has been supposed all this is done instinctively in obedience to a national habit transmitted through many generations, during which the processes of devastation and re-settlement have been regularly succeeding each other in China. And the periodical fusion of natives of various parts of the empire thus occasioned has been adduced as a possible explanation of the homogeneity of the Chinese people in language and character.*

In minerals the Chinese empire has been generally understood to be rich; but the more precise descriptions of some of these reserve treasures, with the indications of the means by which they may be turned to

account for the benefit of the country, come upon us with the freshness of a revelation. Both gold and silver are found in almost every province of the empire, the former being procured chiefly by washing the sand of river-beds, which are re-charged by every flood and freshet. It is a laborious, and not a very lucrative process to the persons engaged. Mining is not altogether unknown, though it is discouraged by the jealous policy of the Government; the quartz is reported by Mr. Williamson to be very rich in gold, and nuggets are met with in certain districts. No estimate can be formed of the supply of gold which is buried in the hills, though everything leads to the belief that it is enormous. Of the copper, lead, tin, and quicksilver production scant information has as yet been furnished. The salt wells of Szechuen have been described by Mr. Wylie, who likewise gives an account of petroleum pits there, which are reported to be 3000 feet deep. The oil, though most abundant in Szechuen, is likewise found in the province of Shansi. These are all, however, comparatively unimportant from our external point of view, and it is not wonderful that foreign investigators should have concentrated their attention on the mineral which is destined to play the most important part in improving the condition of the Chinese people, and in facilitating the advancement of foreign commerce. We refer, of course, to *coal*. This is at once the most valuable, the most widely distributed, and the most accessible of all descriptions of the buried wealth of China.

According to a competent writer in the 'London and China Telegraph,' of April 3, 1871, the Chinese coal-fields cover an area of upwards of 400,000 square miles; a number which may well appear fabulous in comparison with the modest 12,000 miles of coal which have sufficed to make Great Britain the workshop of the world. Yet this estimate of the whole receives strong confirmation from the actual descriptions we have of certain portions of the Chinese coal-bearing area, which have been examined by a skilled geologist, Baron von Richthofen, from whose valuable reports we shall make one or two extracts. In the one province of Hunan he finds a coal-field extending over an area of 21,700 square miles, nearly twice that of the coal-beds of the British Islands. There are two perfectly distinct coal-beds in Hunan, one bearing bituminous and the other anthracite; the latter being most conveniently situated with regard to conveyance by water, easily mined, and covering an area equal to that of the Anthracite Coal-field of Pennsylvania. In quality this coal will com-

without prejudice to the general merits of the Chinese as colonists.

* See Baron von Richthofen's interesting remarks on these subjects in his Letter on the provinces of Che-kiang and Nganhwei.

pare favourably with the best kinds of anthracite known.

If, now, we follow the Baron through Hunan, which itself possesses the by no means insignificant coal area of 10,000 square miles, to the province of Shansi, we shall be compelled to share the amazement with which he surveyed the coal-fields which he there found. Their enormous extent, some 30,000 square miles, capable of supplying the whole world, at its present rate of consumption, for thousands of years, is, perhaps, even a less important feature than the unrivalled facilities for mining which these coal-fields offer. The beds vary from 12 to 30 feet in thickness, while the system of coal-bearing strata in this province is about 500 feet in thickness, and contains, besides, an inexhaustible supply of iron-ore. After showing in detail the richness of the mineral products of one district, that of Ping-ting-chau, and the exceptionally favourable juxtaposition of the coal and the iron, Baron Richthofen thus sums up his account of the district:

'These extraordinary conditions, for which I know of no parallel on the globe, will eventually give rise to some curious features in mining. It may be predicted that, if a railroad should ever be ever built from the plain to this region—and there is no other means of ever bringing to their due account its mineral resources—branches of it will be constructed within the body of one or other of these beds of anthracite, which are among the thickest and most valuable known anywhere, and continue for miles underneath the hills west of the present coal-belt of Ping-ting-chau. Such a tunnel would allow of putting the produce of the various coal-beds immediately on railroad carts destined for distant places.'

Of the various kinds of iron-ore which abound in several strata of the coal-formation of Shansi, Baron Richthofen mentions only one as being used by the Chinese. It is 'a mixture of clay iron-ore and spathic ore, together with limonite and hematite, and occurs in irregular accumulations in certain limestone strata at the bottom of the coal-formation.' The native mode of smelting the ore is minutely described by the Baron, who does not hesitate to acknowledge that, rude and feeble as the machinery is, the iron produced is of excellent quality, a result which he attributes, in a great measure, to the superiority of the raw material. 'The few hundred feet of coal-formation furnishes an abundance of every kind of material required:—1st, an iron-ore of great purity, rich in metal and easily fusible; 2nd, all sorts of clay and sand, such as are required for crucibles, moulds, &c.; 3rd, a very superior anthracite.'

Here, then, we have elements of wealth

and power, which might raise their possessors to a commanding position among the nations; and a people the most numerous, the most industrious, the most orderly in the world, and, at the same time, keenly alive to their own interest, when they are made aware of the direction in which it lies; and yet, taken as a whole, their vast stores of coal and iron are turned to no account. A local trade in coal is, we learn, carried on in Szechuen province, in the northern province of Chih-li, and in Manchuria, and, of course, in most other places where coal is abundant; the product of Hunan is even worked sufficiently to feed small distant markets when they happen to be situated on the banks of rivers on which laden boats can be floated. But the only Chinese mines which can be said to be worked in a business-like manner are those in the island of Formosa, whence, under the stimulus of European aid in mining and shipping appliances, a regular export trade in coal of a poor description is carried on with the mainland. The traffic in native iron seems to be even more restricted than that in coal. This state of affairs would appear less anomalous if it could be shown that the domestic and industrial habits of the Chinese were such as to enable them to dispense with valuable minerals like coal and iron. This is not the case, however; for we learn that in the very country where coal most abounds, so desperate is the need for fuel, that the climate has been ruined by the cutting down of all trees and brushwood, and even the roots of grass are diligently dug up to supply firing for domestic purposes.

We know also that, in spite of the enormous disadvantages under which such a commercial operation must be conducted, both coal and iron are sent in large quantities from England to China, while of coal still larger supplies are drawn from America, Japan, and Australia, a certain proportion of all which is for exclusively native use. That an article of so low a monetary value as coal, or even iron, should, after being carried over 15,000 miles of ocean, compete successfully, on their own ground, with the native products of a country which is itself an inexhaustible storehouse of these very commodities, is a fact for which it would be difficult to find a parallel. If we could conceive the existence of manufactures or even commerce at all in England under such conditions as rendered steam-factories dependent for their fuel on supplies of coal brought from China and costing 60s. per ton, and compelled machinists to obtain their raw material—iron—in the same circuitous and expensive manner we might be able to form some idea of

that internal paralysis which, notwithstanding much superficial activity, actually pervades the commercial life of the Chinese. But what is the explanation of their ruinous system of 'carrying coals to Newcastle'? Apart from those general considerations which may account for the backwardness of Chinese enterprise of all kinds, there are special reasons why mining, in particular, should be at a low ebb. First, there exists among the governing class a political objection to mining, which operates with various degrees of force, according to the idiosyncrasies of individual officials, the local customs or traditions of particular districts, and such like. Secondly, ignorance of the principles of mining and of the construction of machinery confines the Chinese miners in many places to the outcrop of coal, which is inferior in quality; and even when vertical shafts are sunk to a considerable depth, as at Loping, near the Poyang Lake, and in several of the coal-districts described by Baron von Richthofen and Mr. Williamson, the appliances in use are found to be inadequate to the overcoming of many of the ordinary difficulties incidental to coal-mining. But there remains another circumstance, sufficient of itself to account for the neglect of the Chinese coal and iron mines—the absence of efficient means of conveyance. So important is this in connexion, not only with the mining prospects, but with the question of the development of foreign trade, that we proceed to consider it by itself, under the next division.

II. China is well known to be possessed of an unrivalled system of water-communication, which, cutting up the lower portion of the great basin of the Yangtze into innumerable insular blocks, furnishes at once a means of transport which, if slow, cannot be surpassed for safety and cheapness, and a convenient method of irrigation. This network of canals, however, covers only a comparatively small area of China; and though next to the canals the navigable rivers appear to offer great facilities for the transport of merchandise, the primitive mode of navigation which is alone at the disposal of the natives causes half the advantages of these magnificent water-ways to be lost. It is only indeed where foreigners have been permitted to run steamboats that the Chinese are enabled to make full use of their rivers. What the dry roads are, we learn by the graphic descriptions of many travellers. The condition of those in the vicinity of Peking has become familiar to most readers since the campaign of 1860. Of the comparatively excellent high-roads in Manchuria Mr. Williamson writes:—

'These roads may be said to be in a state of nature—no one looks after them—nor is there any toll, except at the passes leading into Mongolia. The weather rules them. In the level districts they are just lines of deep ruts, irregular and uneven, which in course of time would become utterly impassable. But the rain obviates this evil by washing them all into a common puddle, when it ceases. Carts then plunge through them, leaving no tracks. The sun hardens them, and this process of repair is perpetually repeated, and it is all they receive.'

We elsewhere learn that as many as a dozen animals, horses, asses, and bullocks, are frequently required to drag small-sized carts over these roads. Mr. Oxenham, of the Consular Service, who travelled from Peking to Hankow, tells a similar tale of the province of Honan:—

'It was with great regret,' he says, 'I was compelled to give up proceeding to the capital of Honan, but the state of the roads rendered it impossible . . . the people unanimously declared the roads too heavy for the passage of carts.'

And at another point of his journey he makes the significant observation,—

'In one place we came upon the astonishing spectacle of Chinamen mending a road.'

Mr. Consul Markham found in Shantung that after rains the roads were almost impassable. The like testimony comes from Baron Richthofen concerning Shansi, and he adds:—

'As the knowledge of the Chinese of the construction of roads does hardly embrace the first principles of this branch of engineering, and as they possess neither skill nor energy in removing obstacles, but are endowed with an infinite amount of patience in overcoming the same natural difficulties day by day, they have never attempted to improve their means of communication with Shansi.'

The first result of this state of things is that the rudest conveyances can alone be used over immense tracts of country. The two-wheeled vehicles which laboriously perform the carrier service in Chihli and Manchuria, give place to those one-wheeled carriages which are found in the central provinces, and these again are forced to give way to beasts of burden in the hilly districts, as well as in other regions where the roads have become impracticable even for wheelbarrows. The mere description of the mode of propelling these, the popular locomotives of central China, sufficiently attests the incalculable waste that is implied in the use of so inconvenient a means of transport. Crossing some uncultivated chalky downs in the province of Honan, where the roads were good, Mr. Ox-

enham came upon large numbers of wheelbarrows, and

'in one place where the country was unusually high and open, and where a strong wind was blowing in their favour, all of them set up a sail to assist them in their journey. The manner in which this was arranged was as simple as it was ingenious. Two long bamboo-poles were fixed upright at the end of the wheelbarrow, to which was attached a piece of cloth, an old coat, a sack, or, in fact, anything which would catch the wind. It was impossible not to admire the ingenuity which could avail itself of so novel an assistance, and the persevering industry which could take so cumbrous a conveyance such long distances. The men who use these cumbrous and loud-shrieking vehicles contrive to take them 70 li (about 20 miles) a day, and in the event of a favourable wind, often 100 li. One man generally manages the wheelbarrow, though he sometimes avails himself of the services of his son, his wife, or his donkey.'

Mr. Markham gives the following account of the conveyances in Shantung:—

The means of traffic along the road are carts, wheelbarrows, camels, mules, and donkeys. The carts carry six to twenty piculs (800 to 2600 lbs.), and are drawn, the larger ones by five mules, and the smaller ones by two. Wheelbarrows carry from two to ten piculs (266 to 1333 lbs.), and are propelled by one man pushing, another in front in a sort of shafts, and a donkey, ox, or mule, in front of all, attached by traces of rope. For the man behind, who has to push, guide, and support the whole weight on his shoulders, the work is terrific, and seemed to me to be the very acme of human labour. These men seldom reach the age of forty years, I was told.'

The severity of the work was found by Mr. Williamson to be even greater in a neighbouring province.

'The barrowmen in Shantung,' he writes, 'are bad enough, but these (of Western Honan) are lower than they. The loads were dreadful, and the work beyond anything I ever saw; the pushing and tugging and swaying of the men's bodies as the barrow rolled over the uneven, often stony road, was terrific, and the ravenous eager eating at the inns on the roadsides excited the most painful feelings. Human labour is cheaper here than donkey-hire; this has gone on for years, and will go on till railways cheapen the carriage of goods, and thus break the yoke from off such slaves.'

The unthrifty character of Chinese land-carriage is thus forcibly illustrated by Baron Richthofen:—

'It is surprising to see what a large number of mules and horses are employed in the carrying trade, and how great a proportion of the agricultural land serves only the purpose of feeding these animals. As the service which

is done by a horse in this region (the northern provinces) is probably, on an average, not more than one-fifth of what it could be on well-constructed roads, it may be said that about four-fifths of the area of the fields retained for raising food for cattle is wantonly lost to the cultivation of other crops.'

Touching the cost of carriage by the rude means we have described, Mr. Markham's estimate falls somewhat short of Baron Richthofen's, whose observations, however, embraced a more extended area. The one is about a third of a penny sterling per pound weight per 100 miles, the other about one-third more, or somewhat less than a half-penny sterling per pound per 100 miles.* The mere conversion of the native tariff into sterling money, however, fails to give us a just idea of the tax which is imposed on trade by the defective carrying-service. It is by comparison of the cost by land and water respectively that we arrive at an approximate estimate of the rate at which the Chinese are paying for their bad roads and vehicles; and this comparison is furnished by Baron Richthofen, who says that 'freight by land is from twenty to forty times more expensive than by water.'

With heavy articles like iron and coal, but especially coal, the cost of carriage of which forms so large an item in their price to the consumer, it is easy to see how the roadless condition of the country effectually precludes the working of the mines. We read that in the province of Shansi, 'coal which costs 1s. per ton at the mine, rises to 24s. at a distance of 30 miles, and to over 42s. at a distance of 60 miles; that only those who live in close vicinity to coal-mines derive any benefit from them, while to others, who live at a day's walk from the mines, coal is a luxury for which they cannot afford to pay.

As we have seen, unless a coal-bed happens to be worked close to some navigable river, or, as in the case of Formosa, to a sea-harbour, it is practically valueless. Baron Richthofen relates, that in the market of Nanyang-fu, in Honan, anthracite coal, which is only carried 30 miles from the mine in the Kiu-li Mountain, is beaten, as regards price, by Hunan coal, which has been conveyed by water twenty-five times the distance. And he also states that foreign wrought-iron is displacing, in the interior, the more expensive-carried native product.

The conditions of transport we have thus

* Mr. Kingsmill states that the journey from Pukow, opposite Nanking, on the left bank of the Yangtze to Peking, a distance of 600 miles over a country free from natural obstacles, occupies about thirty days, and that the cost of transit is about 16s. per ton weight.

glanced at, fully prepare us for the melancholy revelations of our explorers. A local writer relates, that in portions of An-hwei province which he had visited, although close to the banks of the Great River, the people do not even grow the crops for which their soil is peculiarly adapted, because they have no accessible market for their surplus, though there are large urban populations within 100 miles. A like state of things appears also to exist in Hunan; while of Shansi we read that the Chinese consider that one good crop furnishes sufficient food to last during ten successive bad years,—an exaggeration, no doubt, but one which sufficiently indicates the fact that in Shansi no means exist of disposing of the surplus produce. Such facts enable us to understand why famine is a chronic scourge in China. With various soils and a capricious climate, scarcely a season passes in which some portion of the empire is not visited by a drought or inundation; and when either happens in a roadless district, unless the local authorities have laid up stores of grain from the abundant harvests of previous years, from which they can dole out allowances to the sufferers, the people may, and do, starve, as if they were in a besieged city, with plenty and to spare all round them.

‘Honan,’ says Baron Richthofen, ‘ranks among those provinces of China which are most favoured by nature. . . . The population is excessively large. The alluvial regions on the Hwang-ho are subject to destructive floods; the west regions to drought. Intercommunication is . . . slow and expensive. . . . Insufficient crops are therefore productive of great suffering, while superabundance does not benefit the population in the same measure as would be the case if freight were easier and cheaper.’

‘Shansi,’ the same writer observes, ‘in proportion to its area has probably the largest, and most easily workable coal-field of any region on the globe; and the manufacture of iron is capable of almost unlimited extension. Its own resources for supplying its population with food and clothing . . . are far from sufficient, and a considerable importation is required. . . . Flour, grain, cotton, and manufactured goods are the chief articles which Shansi receives in return for iron and coal. The means of intercommunication are of the rudest and most expensive kind, and . . . put bread-stuffs nearly out of the reach of the poorer classes. The mountainous districts in particular are therefore subjected to famine and starvation.’

But it is needless to accumulate further illustration of the fact that large sections of the Chinese population are unable to procure the necessaries of life, though possessed of workable minerals sufficient to buy all the

cereal productions of China; while other sections are forced to supply their immediate wants by cultivating crops for which their soil is not adapted, to the neglect of their natural agriculture, all for want of better means of intercommunication.

We quote from the interesting Memorial of Mr. Kingsmill a summary of some of the results of this state of affairs:—

‘Even were there no excessive levies made by local mandarins,’ he writes, ‘on the trade which continues to survive, the tendency has been to make each small district dependent on its own productions alone. Hence has arisen excessive competition for the necessaries of life; there being no possible market for the surplus products of the district, production ceased when a bare sustenance was obtained; with no imports or manufactories, there was no division of labour; as the population increased, there was no need of the services of additional hands: hence human life and human labour became of the smallest possible account, until finally, while economy of material conveyed at great cost and risk from distant localities became imperative, manual labour, being a drug in the market, had to enter into competition with the lower animals.’

Seeing that coal and iron are the pivots on which the commerce of the world at present turns; that it is through the agency of these materials that the reform in the machinery of transport, which will enable not only the coal and iron themselves, but many other sources of wealth, to be turned to account, can alone be worked out; and that cheap fuel has an especial bearing on any forward movement which foreign commercial interests may make in China, it was natural that modern observers should place these minerals in the front rank of their investigations. But what is true of these bulkier commodities must in some degree be true of other constituents of trade, for every kind of merchandise must be retarded in its progress from the producer to the consumer by slow, difficult, and expensive conveyance. Nor is it possible to express by any money equivalent the real burden thus laid upon commerce. The length of time consumed, and the difficulties and real hardship of the journeys, tending as they do to discourage travelling, must exert an important, though impalpable, deadening influence on trade, by preventing that free interchange of information between buyers and sellers which is essential to the initiation and conduct of business. In a country which possesses no adequate advertising media it may easily happen that a consumer of a given commodity does not know whence to supply his wants, while the producer is at a loss where to find a purchaser; in the one case perhaps an inconvenient, and

therefore expensive, substitute is resorted to, and in the other further production is discouraged. Intensely commercial as China is admitted to be, and keen and accomplished as are its merchants, there seems yet room for much mutual ignorance of this kind. Be that as it may, however, travelling facilities would unquestionably there, as elsewhere, stimulate trade over and above any immediate effect of cheap freight. What the Delegates of the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce urge in reference to the dangers of the navigation of the Upper Yangtze may be applied, in a modified sense, to many of the exposed and laborious land-journeys in China:—

‘The dangers of the way,’ they remark, ‘deter all but the most adventurous from travelling, and hence also from trading; and we are satisfied that, apart altogether from the question of profit and loss, high prices or low, there is a vast amount of latent capital and latent energy kept aloof from that particular branch of trade simply by the want of a safe and easy means of transport.

III. The most casual observer of commercial statistics can hardly fail to be struck with the insignificant extent of our whole trade with China, considering its vast population and the multiplicity of wants incidental to their condition of life. Analyses of the two branches of that trade excite surprise at the limited number of commodities which fill up the lists of our exports and imports. From England we supply the Chinese with cotton and woollen fabrics, lead, iron, and coal—nothing else worth mentioning, unless it be munitions of war which are intended to be used against ourselves some day. From India we give them opium and cotton. Our imports from China consist practically of two staples—tea and silk. Our Board of Trade has recorded its opinion that ‘these are not the conditions of a healthy or solid trade; and that they cause fluctuations and irregularities which have been the source of great commercial disasters.’ But the true explanation of this peculiar state of matters appears to have eluded the researches of the Board. In an elaborate *résumé* of commercial affairs in China, dated May 19, 1869, the phenomenon in question is attributed to the circumstances that ‘the population of China is for the most part in a condition of extreme poverty,’ ‘it is deficient in the desire for the material comforts and elegancies of life,’ and that, moreover, ‘China produces all the raw materials of industry, and with her teeming and laborious population possesses great manufacturing power as regards the principal articles required for

her internal consumption;’ whence ‘it appears very doubtful whether the coarse cottons which are the only manufacture largely exported from the United Kingdom to China . . . can ever do more than supplement the native production in the supply of the great cities accessible to foreign trade.’ There is doubtless a considerable show of probability in this view of the case, but the facts point to a conclusion somewhat more hopeful than that at which the Board of Trade seems to have arrived.

No species of ‘raw material’ is produced more abundantly in China than cotton; and if there is one class of ‘manufacture’ for which the people have peculiar facilities, and which is more extensively followed by them than any other, it is that of ‘coarse cottons,’ the very description of merchandise with which we are able to supply them in the largest quantities. But granting that the exportation of coarse cottons to China had reached its maximum—of which, however, there is no evidence—it would still be fair to argue that the simple and primitive character of this our staple export is symptomatic of a trade in its infancy, and that the important success gained in what is theoretically the least promising part of the field affords the strongest encouragement to look forward to a still larger extension of trade in those miscellaneous articles of exchange which constitute the commerce of other countries, and for which the Chinese do not possess ready means of production or manufacture. In drawing attention to the fact that ‘the export trade of cotton goods to British India is far more varied in its character than that to China, the fine fabrics constituting a large proportion of the whole amount,’ the Board of Trade seems unconsciously to furnish the solution of its own problem. The commercial contrast between India and China is marked by this among other features, that the former country is thoroughly accessible, and the natural inference from the state of matters commented on by the Board of Trade appears to be that the field in China is not yet thoroughly worked,* not even explored; for it cannot be that 200 millions of people have so little and so few things to

* As an indication of how improved knowledge might favour the development of trade, the following extract from Consul Morgan’s despatch to Sir R. Alcock, dated 11 June, 1868, is of interest:—‘Were British subjects allowed to reside at Chang-chia-kou . . . they might teach the Mongolians how to improve their breed of sheep and prepare the wool for exportation, with a result that would . . . tend to increase, in no small degree, the value of the export trade from Tientsin.’

give, and require so little and so few things in return. This idea is of old standing, and has produced an almost universal feeling of vague expectancy in regard to the 'opening' of China. At the termination of the first war the time was thought to have come, and the eagerness evinced in England to supply the assumed wants of the Chinese is well illustrated in the oft-told anecdote of a mercantile firm who sent a consignment of pianos to Hong Kong, based on the apparently moderate calculation that if only a small fraction of the Chinese were fond of music, there could be no difficulty in disposing of a few scores of instruments. The firm in question only paid the penalty, let us hope, of being in advance of their time, for already, in the year of grace 1872, a Chinese lady playing the piano is not an unheard-of thing. Twenty years ago, to judge by the consular reports of the day, it was generally agreed that freer intercourse with the interior of the country was the one thing needful to cause a large increase in our trade; and this formed the key-note of Lord Clarendon's instructions to Lord Elgin for the conduct of his negotiations in China in 1858, with regard to which one is at a loss whether to admire more the statesman-like ideas of the British Cabinet at the time, or the ability with which they were embodied in a treaty, which has produced the most gratifying results. Thirty million pounds of tea—an article which the Board of Trade pronounces to be of 'primary necessity'—yielding 750,000*l.* of revenue, have been added to the annual importation of Great Britain as a consequence of the stimulus imparted to the trade by the opening of the river Yangtze; and our exports of manufactured goods to China have been trebled under the operation of the Treaty of Tientsin. According to the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce, the export trade from the United Kingdom to China in 1858, the year in which Lord Elgin concluded his treaty, had reached the maximum of 2,876,447*l.* It now stands at 9,000,000*l.*, the increase being claimed solely as a result of the treaty. The net pecuniary advantage which this trade brings to the people of England has been estimated at one-third of its gross amount; that is to say, allowing two-thirds, or 6,000,000*l.*, as the cost of the raw material, which has to be paid for to British dependencies and to foreign countries, the remaining 3,000,000*l.* is 'retained in England to pay spinners, weavers, packers, shippers, carriers, and numerous other classes of persons employed about the making up and exporting of the goods.' Rough as such an estimate must necessarily be, it gives us some idea of what the country is gaining every

year by the resolute and clear-sighted policy of Lord Palmerston, for to him primarily belongs the merit of our present Treaty with China.

And the means by which this has been accomplished are plain. Free communication and steamboats have done it all. Not that the minor provisions in Lord Elgin's Treaty are by any means unimportant,—the optional commutation of inland dues, for example, is, even in its very partial operation, working most beneficial results,—but with regard to the past, as to the future, free intercourse outweighs everything else. And the benefits of steam-traffic on the North-China coast and on the river Yangtze are inadequately expressed by the extension of foreign trade which has ensued: the natives are reported to have gained much more, for they are the principal owners of the cargoes which are carried by the foreign steamers, while the face of the Great River is stated to be covered with small sailing-craft, which either serve as collectors and distributors of the steam-traffic, or make longer voyages, carrying the coarser kinds of merchandise under that security from piracy which the constant passing of steamers undoubtedly affords.

Such being the result of the measures of 1858, the question arises, Is no further progress in the same direction possible? And here we are reminded by the memorials of the merchants that the navigable rivers above Canton are still closed against foreign steamers, and that the trade channels communicating with the river Yangtze through the Poyang Lake are in urgent need of steam service. The Siang river and the Tungting Lake channels southward, and the Han river northward from the great central mart Hankow, have likewise been put forward as desirable steam-lines, under the impression that they were navigable, which, however, Baron Richthofen has shown them to be to a very limited extent only. Then the Upper Yangtze, for a distance of 360 miles between Hankow and Ichang, is described as well adapted to steam-navigation, forming the natural highway through a fertile country, and connecting the wealthy province of Szechuen in the west with the great commercial system of the empire. Since the navigation of the river by steam, 600 miles from its mouth to the central point Hankow, has created so much trade, it seems to follow that to extend the system for the remaining 360 miles of stream navigable by ordinary river-steamers would also be beneficial in a proportionate degree. In weighing the probabilities of such results, however, it is necessary to bear in mind that we should no longer be dealing

with the trunk-line of traffic, but with one out of three great branch lines which converge at Hankow as their centre. It is in the gradual results of the adoption of steam on the inner waters generally, rather than in any sudden revolution in trade, such as was caused by the opening of the Lower Yangtze, that we should expect to realize the full benefit of such a measure.

But the thought which seems to obtrude itself most forcibly on all classes of travellers in presence of the actual obstacles to commercial prosperity in China, is that of the introduction of railways. The unanimity with which this point is put forward is remarkable. Mr. Alabaster, Mr. Markham, and Mr. Oxenham, from the official side, dwell on the need existing for railways on the lines of their respective journeys, and the facility with which they might be constructed. The Delegates of the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce, who visited Szechuen, point to the same solution of some of the difficulties in the way of trade in that region. The missionary travellers are full of the same idea. Most important of all, however, are the observations of scientific explorers, who not only show that railways offer the only means of opening up the latent fields of wealth in the country, but in a practical manner distinguish the lines of which the construction would be most feasible from an engineering as well as from a financial point of view. Baron Richthofen, whose language is always guarded, is unable to withhold his strong testimony in favour of railways. One line he sketches out in Hunan, another in Hupeh, while of Honan he writes thus:—

‘The great prospective importance of the region under consideration is founded on its geographical position. The passage of Honanfu is the only future gate to the north-western provinces and Central Asia, from the east. It does not occupy this position at present, nor will it ever do so before railroads shall be built. I hesitate to touch this subject, which to many appears visionary, though probably no foreign resident in China entertains doubt as to the necessity that railroads should, and the certainty that in the course of time they will, be built. But if one speaks of the possible means that may be devised to raise to their true value the resources of northern China, one cannot avoid this question; and if anywhere in China it is here, in the region of Honanfu, where the introduction of modern means of conveyance suggests itself as a step which will be attended with incalculable change of conditions.’

It would manifestly be idle to hazard guesses as to the amount of expansion of which foreign trade with China is capable; but, in support of the general conclusion to

which our examination of the subject points, the opinion of one so well qualified to judge as Sir Rutherford Alcock may fairly be cited. Writing to Lord Clarendon on October 29th, 1869, Sir Rutherford said:—

‘Under other auspices and more favourable conditions, neither of which seem altogether hopeless, the Chinese empire might within the next twenty years offer a vast field of commercial activity, and would soon lead to a consumption of manufactured goods *ten times as large as any at present existing.*’

IV. In considering the means which are available for bringing about the desirable consummation we have indicated, we are met on the threshold of our inquiry by the thought that we have to deal with the interests, the customs, and the prejudices of some 200 millions of human beings, who are sunk in abject ignorance, the so-called educated class scarcely forming an exception, and who may, therefore, effectually oppose unquestionable improvements on unreasonable grounds. To attempt to introduce innovations into such a country, against the inclinations of the people, would manifestly be as impolitic as it would be impracticable; and it is, therefore, important to seek any information that may be accessible concerning the disposition of the Chinese towards foreigners, and the spirit in which they would be likely to hail any of the material improvements that seem to be so much wanted. Nay, more, vested interests deserve fair consideration, even where the temporary interests of the few militate against the permanent interests of the many. No great change can be introduced into a settled populous country without inflicting some injury; but innovators are bound to study the minor as well as the major effects of their measures, and to reduce the prejudicial action to a minimum. In the present case, there is no safer—indeed, no other—guide than experience, and that shows the Chinese to be most willing to use the facilities for locomotion and transport which Europeans have put within their reach. The steamers, both on the coast and on the rivers, are loaded with Chinese cargo and crowded with Chinese passengers; and the very natural fear that steam would throw large numbers of sailors and boatmen out of employment, and thus create embarrassment to the authorities, does not appear to have been well-founded: at least, the only discontent of the unemployed, that we hear of, comes from districts not directly affected by steam-navigation. It is like straining at a gnat to speak of the possible supersession of the mule-drivers in the coal-districts by a more

efficient system of mining and carrying; but it appears that the iron-workers of Shansi have already been, to some extent, supplanted by us. Incredible as it seems, Baron Richthofen is of opinion that 'it is possible the introduction of foreign wrought-iron into those districts which are accessible by water from the Treaty ports has greatly reduced the amount of sale and total production of Shansi iron;' that is to say, that Staffordshire already beats Shansi on its own ground. If anything would tend to compensate the injury thus already sustained by these districts, it would be the introduction into them of new industries which would at the same time promote the well-being of much larger classes than those immediately affected.

The friendly disposition of the people is sufficiently attested by the fact that travellers perform their long journeys through the interior of the country with no apprehension except—and that rarely—from robbers. The populace of Hunan has enjoyed the reputation of harbouring the strongest aversion to foreigners; but, though frequently complaining of incivility, travellers have heretofore passed through that province unharmed. Of the people of Hupeh, Baron Richthofen says:—

'I have not experienced the slightest attempt at an insult, nor even an unpleasant word from them.'

Of the natives of Honan he observes:—

'In few portions of China was I so much molested by the curiosity of the people as in the cities and chiefly the trading marts of Honan. The news of our journey preceded us constantly, and we found frequently tens of thousands of people waiting to see us, and the roads lined for miles by the villagers of the vicinity; but, importunate as this crowding is, it is impossible to be much provoked when one sees the anxiety of the people carefully to avoid anything that might give offence.'

To those who are acquainted with China, such testimony is of course, superfluous; as to them the amiable disposition of the Chinese population, when left to the guidance of their own instincts, is a mere truism. Yet the contrary is so frequently assumed to be the case by writers and speakers in this country, that some even give themselves much trouble to account for feelings of animosity on the part of the Chinese towards foreigners.

Nor is it tolerance, merely, but sympathy and welcome, which foreign visitors meet with in the interior of China. A desire on the part of the native population to enter at once into commercial relations, as we learn

from the Delegates of the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce, was a characteristic feature of their reception in the great cities of the interior. And even the itinerant agents of Bible Societies, in the course of their long journeys, find an eager demand for the publications which they carry with them for sale.

Thus, then, the recent writers whom we have followed, who testify what they have seen, unveil a magnificent field for the spread of our commerce in China. Four distinct classes of them agree on the means by which the field may be cultivated, and they are equally unanimous in their testimony that no serious obstacle would be likely to proceed from the mass of the people concerned.

Unfortunately, however, this is only half the case. Progress in China is not a mere commercial question, to be discussed solely in its bearings on the interests of the population. Its consideration is involved in schemes of international relations which are conducted on obscure and unsettled bases. Our commercial intercourse with the people cannot be separated from our diplomatic intercourse with the governing body of China; and it is within the domain of the latter that the chief, if not the only, real difficulties in the way of amelioration arise.

The whole history of our relations with China proves that the class which monopolizes political power in that country is resolutely and consistently opposed to all foreign intercourse, as such; and the closer acquaintance with the Peking Government and with individual Chinese statesmen, which the events of the last fifteen years have forced upon us, has shown us something of the nature and causes of that hostility, and furnished some data by which to gauge its strength. The existence in the Chinese Government of two parties, divided on questions of foreign policy, is brought prominently forward in the official correspondence which has been laid before Parliament since 1858. One known as the 'anti-foreign,' or 'war' party, is understood to be pledged to the expulsion of foreigners from the soil of China, at all risks; the other, whose views do not admit of so clear a definition, is called the 'peace,' the 'liberal,' or 'moderate' party, and its policy appears to be to hold the balance between the claims of foreigners on the one hand, and the headstrong resistance of the extreme section of its own order on the other. This latter party was well described by Sir F. Bruce as being composed of those who 'are enlightened enough to know that the true policy of China is to conciliate, by a seasonable surrender of her prejudices, that foreign element which she can no longer

hope to repel by force.' At heart, therefore, the whole ruling body in China is opposed to the presence of foreigners in the country. 'The educated class,' says Mr. Wade, our present Minister at Peking, 'from which all Chinese officials are taken, is anti-foreign;' and he adds, 'it is impossible that it should not be,' and that 'its influence with the masses will always be exerted against us rather than otherwise.' In another place the same authority declares, that in the eyes of these educated persons, 'the very extension of our trade must appear politically, or, what is in China the same thing, morally wrong.' 'The concessions made to us,' Mr. Wade further observes, 'have been extorted against the conscience of the nation,' explaining that by 'the nation' he means the educated men in it. Waiving the question of the claim of any section of a population to be called 'the nation,' it will suffice here to note, that in China the so-called educated class is coincident, commensurate, and virtually identical with the governing class. It is not only that the office-holders are selected out of the educated class, but that the primary object of education is the attainment of office. But if a ruling class in any country may be presumed to have interests apart from those of the people as a whole, there are special circumstances attending the system of government in China which create distinct antagonism between the objects sought after by the official order and the interests of the nation—using the word, not in Mr. Wade's sense, but in its more commonly received acceptation. The relations between the rulers and the ruled in China can hardly be described, except in hyperbolic language. We need not seek unbiased information on the subject either in the memorials of British merchants or the columns of the European press in China, whose unceasing invective against the 'Mandarins' has been such as to call for public condemnation at the hands of Sir R. Alcock; nor are we bound to accept as a fair statement of the case the accounts given of the Mandarin system by members of the order themselves, who, with a suspicious excess of candour, sometimes represent the people of China as sheep, and the Mandarins, that is, the educated class, as the wolves and tigers who eat them. But we can hardly be wrong in adopting, as an authority on this matter, Sir R. Alcock, whose views have been matured by a long experience, and whose earnest remonstrances against the 'censure and abuse' heaped upon the Chinese officials by local journalists and others warrant the presumption that he has not overdrawn his picture in a sense uncomplimentary to the officials. In a 'Memorandum

on the Present Condition of the Chinese Empire,' drawn up for communication to the *Corps Diplomatique* in Peking in 1867, Sir R. Alcock wrote:—

'These again (disorder and misrule) are to be traced partly to defects in the Government at Peking, and partly to the venality and incapacity of the whole body of officials throughout the empire. The sale of places and rank fills the public offices with corrupt and incompetent men: while the system of exacting heavy fees of office in the shape of bribes from every officer, on appointment or promotion, to those above him, and especially to the high authorities in Peking, in the several Boards and in the palace, lends a sanction to the only means by which such sums can be raised,—extortion and corruption. From the highest to the lowest rank these vices prevail, to the ruin of the people and discredit of the Government. Justice is no longer administered by the tribunals, but in its place injustice is sold notoriously to the highest bidder. Hence universal discontent, tax riots, and more extensive insurrections.'

Elsewhere Sir R. Alcock incidentally describes, in a single sentence, the salient features of office-holding in China as the 'power of irresponsible taxation;' a state of things which, from our point of view, it requires some effort of the mind to realize. If we suppose Great Britain parcelled out, by a system of wholesale bribery, among a band of hungry tax-gatherers, whose powers of extortion were only limited by the capacity of the people to respond to their exactions; against whom there was no appeal to any tribunal; who were unfettered by any written law; who were bound by no territorial sympathies to the field of their golden harvest, their term of office lasting only for about three years in one locality; we should still have but an inadequate conception of what is comprehended in Sir R. Alcock's picture of official life in China. What renders the state of things at once most calamitous and most desperate is, the absence of political life among the masses, and the paralysis of the moral sense everywhere which condones these corrupt practices. The exceptional mandarin, who would forego his opportunities of enriching himself, would be less likely to be honoured as a patriot than despised as a person who was too simple to be entrusted with the management of affairs. There appears to be no personage in the empire too exalted in station to receive common bribes; for Sir R. Alcock singles out for special remark 'the high authorities in Peking in the several Boards, and in the palace.'

That the oligarchy thus graphically portrayed by the late British Minister should subordinate the national prosperity to what they conceive to be their personal and imme-

diate interests, is perfectly natural; and, from what we have seen of their peculiar type of morality, we can appreciate the remark of the present British Minister, that the increase of foreign trade is considered by them a moral wrong. No ethical research is required to account for the detestation in which the Mandarinate holds foreign intercourse, whether it be commercial, diplomatic, social, or religious. An instinctive dread of change, and of possible disturbance to the system under which the industrial resources of the country are placed practically at the disposal of the bureaucracy, will account for the whole anti-foreign policy of the Chinese Government. The spread of knowledge, and the birth of political opinion among the people of China, as the result of contact with the energetic races of the world, are intelligible subjects of apprehension to the authorities.*

In our relations with a power so constituted and so circumstanced as the Government of China is, it would appear that the gentle agency of diplomacy can find no place. The position attained by foreign nations in China could only be, in the words of Sir R. Alcock, 'created by force, naked physical force;' and his declaration that, 'to maintain or improve that position, we must still look to force in some form, latent or expressed, for the result,' is entitled to the gravest consideration. This is, indeed, plain speaking; and it is no wonder that the Lords of Trade attached 'the greatest possible significance' to the fact thus bluntly communicated to them; 'for if,' they say, 'the principle of creating new openings for trade by force has been definitively renounced by her Majesty's Government, it follows that, unless some other basis can be found on which to rest our future relations with China, our trade with that empire, and the great interests involved in it, must be preca-

rious and insecure.' How urgently 'some other basis' of international relations is needed, will appear from a perusal of the Blue-Book 'China,' No. 5, of 1871, the 467 pages of which are filled with the history of a complete break-down in our diplomatic machinery, as applied to Chinese affairs. It is recorded in this volume that, during the years 1868 and 1869, strenuous efforts were made by the British Minister to obtain, by way of the revision of the Treaty of Tientsin, some concession of trading facilities for foreigners. Steam-navigation on the principal rivers, and a qualified right of residence for commercial purposes in the interior, were among the chief *desiderata*, and the benefit to both Chinese and foreigners was held out as the inducement to grant them. Railroads and telegraphs, the most potent means of stimulating trade, were studiously omitted from the discussion, as being too far in advance of any step the Chinese Government would be likely to take. To obtain the more practical concessions, no device that could be legitimately resorted to by Sir R. Alcock seems to have been left untried; but the substance of the response was an unvarying negative. It happened that concerning one, at least, of the principal subjects of negotiation, there was an unusual unanimity on the part of those who officially represented the mercantile and manufacturing interests of England. Mr. Wade, a loyal advocate of the conservative rights of the Chinese, was 'of opinion that we may fairly urge the Chinese to allow us to trade with steamers' along certain routes where we may be prepared to place consular establishments. He elsewhere specified the Great River, as high up as Chungking, in Szechuen, the Tungting Lake, and other water-courses, as proper to be thrown open to steam-traffic; and he considered 'the multiplication of steamers the most developing agency that we bring to bear on the cause of advancement in China.' The Board of Trade, in the same despatch in which it commented with some asperity on the excess of zeal displayed by Sir R. Alcock in seeking the extension of British commerce—was, nevertheless, constrained to admit that 'there would appear to be no direction in which trade can be extended with less risk than by steam-communication along the Yangtze and other great rivers.' Yet to all the arguments urged in favour of opening these water-courses to steam, as well as to the other proposals of improvement, the Chinese Government opposed a stolid resistance; and the best arrangement that could be made with them, after two years of the most active moral pressure that could be

* 'The increasing intercourse between the Chinese people and foreigners, by means of communication at the Treaty-ports, and the passage to and fro of some 30,000 or 40,000 intelligent natives annually, as well as the introduction of Western scientific and moral teaching through missionary publications and foreign newspapers, now regularly translated into Chinese, is slowly but surely awakening the people to a sense of their own ignorance of the outer world, their general inferiority as a nation, and the artificial nature of the system by which they are ruled. The literati, with intuitive prescience, feel that their craft is in danger, and that their influence will be lost should the growth of foreign intercourse not be checked.'—'British Policy in China,' by a Shanghai Merchant. In this little treatise the salient errors in the conduct of our intercourse with the Chinese are exposed with singular clearness and in narrow compass. The pamphlet will well repay perusal.

brought to bear by any single Power, was such that, on the representations of those commercially interested, the Queen refused her ratification to the Convention in which it was embodied.

Moral suasion, as exerted by England individually, having thus proved unavailing, and coercive measures being out of the question, there would seem to be little hope at present of escaping from the dead-lock in our Chinese affairs, unless it be from 'the concerted action and co-operation of all the Treaty Powers,' as pointed out at the close of the communication of the Board of Trade already cited. The efficacy of, and necessity for, such co-operation has, indeed, been always recognised by the best authorities; and matters have now come to such a pass, that it might be worth while to bring the maxim down from the region of mere theory. 'If there is one act of diplomacy,' wrote Sir F. Bruce in 1860, 'understood by the Chinese, it is that of separating interests which ought to be identical.' And with reference to the special case of the Taku treachery in 1859, he observed, 'there is evidence of a hope on the part of the Chinese that the present question may be considered as one affecting the English only,' a hope that was fortunately disappointed by the continuance of the French alliance through the Peking campaign of 1860. Subsequently we perceive the Chinese patiently following out the maxim *Divide et impera*, and of late years it has been France more especially whom they have endeavoured to isolate from the other Powers. A Chinese minister, in conversation with Sir R. Alcock, 'intimated a conviction, or it might only be a hope, that France might herself, ere long, be so embroiled in Europe as to have little leisure or power to dictate the law to other countries so far distant as China.' These words were uttered on May 19, 1869; and read in the light of the terrible events of 1870, they have a peculiar and painful interest to us. The events of 1870, to which we more particularly allude, are the wholesale massacre of French subjects and protégés at Tientsin, and, almost simultaneously, the overthrow of the French Empire. If the co-operative policy was ever to be employed, then was surely the time for this country to show her adhesion to it by espousing in the Far East the common cause of civilized mankind. Her Majesty's Government, however, held aloof, or interposed only so far as to proclaim their determination to remain passive, thereby virtually sheltering the instigators of the Tientsin massacre from the consequences of their crime. 'Were they not

Frenchmen* who were massacred, and is it not exclusively a French question?' seems to be the burden of the Foreign Office correspondence on the subject, thinly veiled under a flutter of official platitudes. A 'safe course,' doubtless, for the passing moment, but hardly likely to contribute much towards the discovery of that 'other basis on which to rest our future relations with China' which the Board of Trade hopes for from 'the concerted action and co-operation of all the Treaty Powers.'

It should not be forgotten that there is one Power which has not merely a preponderating interest, but an interest compared with which that of all other states is insignificant, in promoting combined action in China, and that power is Great Britain.

ART. IV.—*The Life of John Milton, narrated in Connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical and Literary History of his Time.* By David Masson, M.A. Vols. I. and II. London, 1871.

IF Biography, next after poetry of the highest class, be that form of literature which gives mankind the most intense and enduring pleasure, no excuse is required for a student who, two centuries after Milton's death, endeavours once more, and more perfectly, to tell the oft-told story of that great and eventful life. In its general outlines it is familiar to every one and, although much might be said on the details of Milton's poetry, yet the main scope and character of it has been, on the whole, adequately made known by a long series of criticisms, from Addison to Macaulay and Landor. Thus we shall not here attempt to add one more to the many essays on Milton; proposing rather to give some account of what Mr. Masson has brought before us, or has himself added to our knowledge, and of the plan which he has pursued in the work, so far as the portion yet published enables us to form a judgment. What he has already done, we may say at once, entitles Mr. Masson to the hearty gratitude of those who care for

* One of the victims was Miss Alice O'Sullivan, an Irish lady, well known in the European communities of China. It seems to have been held that by her association with the French and other Sisters of Mercy she forfeited her right to British protection. The Imperial Government of China is said to have appraised her at 3000*l.*, but whether this sum has been accepted, and by whom, does not appear.

our history, and those who study our literature. But the scheme of the book, as described in its title, is a large one; and, we think, one not free from rather serious faults, both in its plan and in its details. And as one-half, or perhaps more, of the whole is as yet unpublished, we shall touch here and there on these defects: feeling sure, from the tone of the book, that Mr. Masson is not one of those authors, sensitiveness and egotism all over, to whom nothing is praise but *all praise*; and that, whether our criticisms should strike him as well-founded or not, he will recognise in them our sincere wish to aid in perfecting a work of national importance.

A word of explanation is, perhaps due also to the reader when an incomplete book, like that before us, is made the subject of review. One reason of our notice is, that a book published by instalments is apt to miss the notice which it may deserve; reader and reviewer alike deferring the matter till it be completed, and thus (unconsciously) discouraging in many ways the completion of it. A second reason is that, in this case, Mr. Masson has both given us already a substantive work of value, and has sufficiently defined the sphere of his labour. What he has done, and what he promises (we may add), alike make us hope, for our own sakes, that, with some needful alteration in the plan, he may be able to 'crown the edifice' without those delays which have too often proved fatal to human good intentions.

Let us here, also, in justice to the writer before us, briefly point out certain special difficulties which will impede or circumscribe the biographer who deals with the life, not of a man of action, but of an artist. What do we ask from biography? It may be briefly answered, 'to enable us to *live* with a man for a few days.' If the author can effect this for us, we shall then truly and delightfully follow the whole course of a life,—but not otherwise. Now, in the case of the poet or the painter, the first, the natural (though the mistaken) impression is that, in order to 'live with him,' we must penetrate into the secret of his soul, unlock the innermost enchanted chamber of his genius, and know, in short, what he never knew himself,—why he thought of that phrase, or laid on that colour. This desire of course, cannot be gratified by any biographer. The artist, probably, could not have satisfied it for his nearest friends,—not even for himself. Nor, could the secret of genius be laid bare, would this be a desirable revelation. The poet, as such, expresses himself in the finished work; he has said in it all that he could say, or desired to say, in relation to poetry. It would destroy the charm,

could he analyse the fine processes of creation; it would seem to him perfectly ludicrous that any one should trouble himself about the sketch and the scaffolding. Hence some have contended that biography has no place in regard to the creative artist. Mr. Tennyson, in some vigorous lines, argues, or seems to argue, that the poet's works are all of his life which the world is entitled to ask for. But the sentiment of the world, from Homer's day downwards, has been wholly against such a silence, and, we think, with perfect justice. No craving can be more inevitable, or connected with higher impulses of the soul, than that which leads us to ask what manner of man he was, who has moved us to our best tears and our most poignant admiration, and how far his own nature was the true reflex or mould of his creations. And the biographies of many artists, in each class, have, as a matter of fact, placed us in this desired position. We do know men such as Dante, Michel Angelo, Dürer, Spenser, Beethoven, Schiller, enough for a much more satisfactory enjoyment of their works than if we had their works alone;—if we do not and cannot learn *why* their genius led them to this or that, we have learned *how* it led them.

It will easily be seen that this is, however, no easy task which we assign to the poet's biographer. Much tact, much delicacy of critical power, must be his, or he will fall short of success; either giving the external aspect of a life only, or creating a false impression of the inner genius. Scott (to make our meaning clearer by an example) has suffered from the error first-named; Shelley from the second. He has been placed before us too much as the world's regenerating philosopher and prophet: Scott as the man of the world. Milton has hitherto suffered a fate somewhat similar to Scott's. His numerous biographers* have rendered mainly the active, the external, incidents in a life which, like Dante's, was, in truth, shared between a double allegiance to poetry and to politics. Johnson's larger mind and clear knowledge of what biography should be, led him, indeed, to a truer idea; but, in his famous *Life of Milton*, he has allowed his own political creed to alloy and obscure his poeti-

* The principal may here be named, without attempting a bibliographical catalogue:—Phillips, Milton's nephew; Aubrey, the antiquary; and Wood, the annalist of Oxford, are the contemporary sources. Toland and Dr. Birch published in 1698 and 1783. Dr. Newton and Dr. Johnson follow during the latter half of the century; Symmons and Todd at the beginning of this. There are other lesser attempts innumerable, and many valuable contributions of detail have been made recently.

cal insight. That Life is, indeed, a masterpiece of ability and monumental weight: the 'grand style' of a genuine, if not a refined, artist is written on every page. As an example of reserve and largeness in the treatment of details, and a magazine of powerful though partial criticism, it stands as a model to be studied by biographers. Yet throughout we hear the growl with which Boswell has familiarized us: *The dog is a Whig!*—and dog's justice, it must be owned, was too often all that Milton himself found from that 'Great Bear' into whose muscular grasp he had fallen.

The preceding considerations may at once seem to point out the general difficulties of Mr. Masson's task, and his justification for attempting it. In perceiving the necessity for combining the story of Milton's life with that of England herself during his manhood, he has simply followed the necessities of the case. Much of the poet's life was unreservedly devoted to politics; and politics, in turn, colour much of his poetry. These historical elements have, therefore, mingled largely in previous lives. Mr. Masson's plan, however, differs very much from those of his predecessors in the degree wherein he inserts a narrative of contemporary history; and here we think it more than doubtful whether he has chosen the scheme most likely to further his own purposes. It is true that no period of English and Scottish history is of more interest than that lying between 1625 and 1674, and true also that, while we have many admirable subsidiary books and essays upon it, we have as yet no adequate history, as such, of any portion. The vast amount of materials, the greatness of the interests involved, the peculiarly partisan character of those interests, explain the deficiency, but explain also the hopelessness of endeavouring to supply it as an appendage to, or grouped around, the life of Milton. If properly executed, the history of this period would obviously be out of all proportion to a single life, presented as a parallel work. The poet would be wholly crushed beneath the vast robes and wrappings of his biography.

In some degree this is the case with Mr. Masson's work, and we are sorry to see, in a rapidly-increasing proportion.

'It is intended,' he said in his preface to the first volume, 'to exhibit Milton's Life in its connexions with all the more notable phenomena of the period of British history in which it was cast,—its state-politics, its ecclesiastical variations, its literature and speculative thought.'

Hence Mr. Masson proposed at the outset to give a general history of the contempo-

rary literature, with those 'incidents and tendencies of the great Puritan Revolution which illustrate Milton's life especially.'

This scheme, even if strictly carried out, by presenting the politics and literature of the time in clear but condensed sketches, was a sufficiently large one; and we are not surprised that Mr. Masson should have anticipated that he would fill not less than three volumes (vol. i. p. vi.). As, however, he has advanced with his work, the history becomes far more prominent than the biography. Thus, in the second volume, he has cast aside the attempt to preserve a continuity of interest, and the book now presents a history, interleaved with chapters referring to Milton. Barely one-third (183 pages among 608) falls to the poet's share; and so far from reaching 1660, the volume closes with the summer of 1643. Now, as the seventeen following years are even more rich in events than the four or five which fill this volume, and infinitely more closely connected with Milton's personal history, it is obvious that Mr. Masson's book will either become one of the longest biographies in existence,* or that the fulness of treatment now adopted must be abandoned, and a whole thus produced which it will be impossible to preserve from the appearance of disproportion and arbitrary selection of contents.

Mr. Masson, conscious that his plan is open to some objection, in the preface to the second volume has given the reasons under which he has acted:—

'No one can study the Life of Milton as it ought to be studied without being obliged to study, extensively and intimately, the contemporary history of England, and even, incidentally, of Scotland and Ireland.'

To follow his author fully, he has also found no little original investigation necessary:—

'Thus . . . a History grew on my hands. It was not in human nature to confine the historical inquiries, once they were in progress, within the precise limits of their demonstrable bearing on the Biography . . . ; and so the History assumed a co-ordinate importance with me, was pursued often for its own sake, and became, though always with a sense of organic relation to the Biography, continuous in itself. I venture to think that this incessant connexion of the History and the Biography in my own thoughts through many years, the History always sending me back more fully informed for the Biography, and the Biography again sug-

* Mr. Masson's scale of work may be partly measured by a comparison with Mr. Todd, in the latest edition of whose 'Life' thirty-six pages include the greater part of the time covered by his successor's two bulky volumes.

gesting new tracks for the History, is a sufficient warrant for the form of the publication.

We must confess ourselves, with reluctance, wholly unconvinced by Mr. Masson's argument. His remarks, indeed, incidentally prove that he has approached his work as a student of Milton's life in a true historical spirit, and with a thoroughness for which every student will respect him. Yet he has fallen, we think, into a serious error as an author when he argues that because, in order to grasp his subject, he was compelled to cover a wide field of interesting investigation, he was therefore entitled to carry his reader also over the area of his researches. A historical painter might as justly conceive himself warranted in exhibiting, together with his finished picture, the first studies and sketches for it, together with the models who sat for the figures, and the dresses and armour from which he painted. Mr. Masson has embodied the results of his labour in his book, and this gives it its great value; but we do not think he has made out any case, theoretically, for embodying also so much of his processes.

Nor, when we look at the practical effects of this peculiar theory, can we regard it as satisfactory, either in reference to the 'Life' as a work of biographical art, or to its probable success with the public. Its 'too much learning' encumbers it. Those who read and re-read it (as we have done) may, indeed, rise from the perusal with a much clearer idea of the circumstances which environed Milton than they had gained from previous biographies. But many, even of such readers, will be provoked by the immense digressions of the scheme; while most will turn impatiently from the work. We say this with reluctance, lest it should seem disparaging to Mr. Masson's labours as a historian. But for these (as such) we feel a high respect. Many of the chapters of English history which he has thus been led to give are obviously of great value. The detailed accounts of the leading members of the Long Parliament, of the Royal and Parliamentary forces, even of that grim Westminster Assembly of Puritans which may justly rank in importance with the great Church Councils of old, although not likely to recommend themselves to those whose first care in history is liveliness of narration, do really enable us to place ourselves within the age, to realize its parties, and to understand why the contest ended as it did. We enter into personal acquaintance with the actors in the game, instead of being permitted only (as is too often the method with historians) to see the moves made, under the light of the author's theory upon the

secrets of the underplay which prompted them. Mr. Masson's long chapters on 'English Presbyterianism and Independency,' from 1564 to 1643 (for the completion of which we have to expect his next volume), are also a clear and, in their way, an interesting narrative of a movement, the importance of which, to English political and social development, not less than to our course in theology and church government, is of immense moment. Those portions which refer to the growth of these forms of thought in America are of special interest, and should be compared with the parallel narrative in Mr. Fraser's excellent 'Life of Bishop Berkeley' (which we noticed in our last number), recounting the efforts of that good man and great philosopher to carry a culture, higher and sweeter than that of Independency, to New England.

Yet the simple notice of these chapters is enough to show the impracticable nature of Mr. Masson's task, and the arbitrariness with which his *copia rerum* compels him to conduct it. 'We cannot relate the events of the Civil War in detail,' he remarks; yet the elaborate and valuable analysis of the staff of each army, and of the mode in which the country was divided between the two great parties, would surely only be in place as the first chapter of such a narrative. The same criticism must, we think, inevitably occur to the reader, as he surveys the capital 'Companion to the Long Parliament,' which Mr. Masson's industry has compiled. This curious personal account of the members should find its place in a detailed history of the debates of that celebrated assembly. Buried as these valuable statistics are in the mass of 'Milton's Life,' we fear they are likely to be of as little service as the stores similarly collected within that wondrous 'Blue Book' literature, of which the alarming flood gathers annually in the dining-rooms and studies of our senators, till the advent of the grouse and the partridge is the sign for its flight to regions where the dignity of the historian forbids him to follow it.

We by no means share in the vulgar horror against a 'large book,' simply as such. Abridgments, sketches, and the like, almost invariably falsify or deteriorate the knowledge which they profess to give, fill the reader with the easy pride of a false science, and mark the declining age of a nation's intellectual energy. We also feel great respect for the diligence and first-hand labour with which Mr. Masson has prosecuted his historical investigations. Hence we have endeavoured to show proof why these investigations, in themselves necessary for the writer of Milton's life, are not, however, really

proper for incorporation within the life itself, after the manner which Mr. Masson has hitherto followed. But, from the reviews which have appeared of his book, and from the spirit of the age, tending more and more at present towards impatience at thorough work or adherence to one subject of thought or study, we do not doubt that most readers will have been at one with our view, upon a mere glance at the volumes before us. Let us, therefore, turn now to the more pleasant and satisfactory task of noticing Mr. Masson's contributions to our knowledge of Milton himself, whether as man or as poet.

Much labour has been expended of late years, since the arrangement and opening of our national records to national use, in deciding upon Milton's ancestry and the place to which the family belonged. The name itself (even if we exclude from consideration the parallel forms of Mitton and Middleton, which appear occasionally identical with it) belongs to about twenty English villages, scattered widely over the soil; and it is likely that, in those ages when surnames were formed and crystallized from a man's business, or appearance, or local habitation, every one of these twenty village Miltons may have given birth to a family designated from it. But the early evidence and the first known facts, in case of the poet, point to Oxfordshire and the neighbouring counties as the true source of his family. The links of direct evidence appear to have been satisfactorily established since Mr. Masson printed his opening chapter; and, in agreement with the conclusions first ascertained by the distinguished antiquarian Hunter, he now satisfactorily discovers the great-grandfather in one Henry Milton, of Stanton St. John's close to Forest Hill, both being little villages on the edge of the old forest of Shotover, familiar to all Oxford students. Henry Milton is known only by his will:—

'In the name of God, Amen: the 21st day of November, Anno Domini, 1558, I, Henri Mylton, of Stanton St. John's, sick of body but perfect of mind, do make my last will and testament in manner and form following: First, I bequeathe my soul to God, to our Lady Saint Mary, and to all the holy company of heaven, and my body to be buried in the churchyard of Stanton: I give to Isabell, my daughter, a bullock, and half a quarter of barley, and Richard, my son, shall keep the said bullock until he be three years old: Item, I give to Rowland Mylton and Alice Mylton, each of them, half a quarter of barley: I give to Agnes Mylton, my wife, a gelding, a grey mare, and two kye, and all my household stuff, whom I make my executrix.'

We think this document worth transcribing,

as a little genuine picture of a substantial husbandman's or yeoman's life six years before the birth of Shakespeare. Henry, like his son Richard (and like Shakespeare's own immediate ancestors), we see, was a sturdy adherent of the old faith, the hold of which was of course stronger in villages than in towns. Richard, as Mr. Masson conjectures, was probably an independent man—hence the dying yeoman's general bequest to his wife. And so, 'sick of body, but perfect of mind,' seemingly at peace towards men and with a manly faith in the future, Henry Milton, after this brief glimpse, passes from our eyes, leaving an impression, that if not in the world's sense, yet in a truer estimate, his illustrious great-grandson was justified in describing himself as 'sprung from an honourable stock'—*genere honesto*—of wholesome English blood.

'Richard my son,' to whom the bullock was given in trust, seems to have followed his father's steps. But we can only imperfectly trace that by marriage with a widow he may have improved his fortunes and raised his position, sending his son John (the poet's father) to the great University which lay in its ancient Gothic beauty, spires and pinnacles (a tower or two perhaps now lost, but the great mass of the Library, the noble Radcliffe dome, Wren's graceful gatehouse, yet unbuilt) below Shotover; although in what position John entered Christ Church is not ascertained. Here, however, probably occurred that great change which must have divided thousands of families during the first half of Elizabeth's reign. John passed from the old religion to the new, was cast off by his father, and between 1585 and 1590 came as a young man to London. There he fixed himself in the then respectable profession of a 'scrivener,' or sworn draughtsman of legal documents—an employment with which business much resembling that of an attorney in our days was naturally united. The proud honesty which seems to have stamped the race was continued in John Milton; *vir integerrimus*, says his son, whose witness we need not suspect: he prospered greatly, and living till 1646-7, saw the first splendid dawn of the glory by which his own name was to be immortalized.

The 'Spread Eagle,' in Bread-street, near Cheapside (for in those days every house of business had its sign), Milton's birthplace, disappeared in the Great Fire. But Mr. Masson has contrived to give us a vivid picture of the locality as it may have looked in 1608:—

'This house was as much in the heart of the London of that day as the houses on the same site are in the heart of the London of this.

The only difference is that, whereas the population of London now exceeds two millions, it was then, perhaps, not more than two hundred thousand souls. The future poet, then, was not only a Londoner, like his predecessors Chaucer and Spenser, but a Londoner of the innermost circle, a child of the very heart of Cockaigne. . . . If, though it is above our measure science to say how much of the form of Shakespeare's genius depended on his having been born and bred amid the circumstances of a Warwickshire village, we still follow the boy in his wanderings by the banks of the Avon, hardly the less is it necessary to remember that England's next great poet was born in the middle of old London, and that the sights and sounds amid which his childhood was nurtured were those of crowded street-life.'

If Mr. Masson's plan includes (as we hold every poet's life should include) a critical examination of Milton's place in poetry, he will doubtless work out the suggestion conveyed by the last words of this passage. Meanwhile it may be noticed that the three great poets whom he has specified as Londoners, not only stand in a direct relation of spiritual descent to each other—Milton avowedly looking up to Spenser, much as Spenser looked up to Chaucer—but that they are all united by one characteristic. Compared with poets like Shakespeare, or Burns, or Wordsworth, they are distinctively *learned* poets. In Chaucer's case this is disguised from our first impression by the lapse of centuries, giving to much that is really court-culture and literary expedient the air of freshness and *naïveté* in our later eyes. But no one will question it in the case of Spenser and Milton; nay, we occasionally feel the literary element almost too predominant. Of course, other circumstances than those of education within the 'great city' may have occasioned, or deepened, this characteristic; for who can pretend to analyse the subtle constituents of genius? Yet it is not improbable that a common cause may be here at work. At any rate, none of these three great men seems to us to have been initiated in the deepest mysteries of Nature. The mountain exultation of Scott, the ethereal ecstasy of Shelley, the deep reverie of Wordsworth—

'The visions of the hills,
And souls of lonely places.'

do not meet us in their verse. Familiar with her beauty and her wealth, they are not quite at home with Nature in her wildness. They have, indeed, learned her lessons well! Yet there is something about them all which reveals that they had not the happiness of being free of her secrets from the cradle; they are children *brought* into the country, not *born* in it.

However these things may be, it is certain that Milton's father held a place in his son's development very unusual among the fathers of poets. His mother's very surname has been long disputed, and all Mr. Masson's diligence cannot decide positively between the rival claims of *Caston* and *Bradshaw*.* She is indeed mentioned with warm praise by her son. But the father, whose musical powers are not yet wholly forgotten, appears to have perceived from the first how gifted a child had been born into his house, and trained him with care as great and appliances as liberal as can have fallen to the share of the best-born children of his day. We do not know when Richard Milton, the dis-inheriting grandfather of Stanton St. John's, who seems to have stood out in his sturdy Roman Catholicism 'recusancy' to the last, may have died; but if he were still alive about 1620, at eighty or so, what a singular contrast, in cultivation and position and sentiment, between him and his bright-haired girl-grandson at St. Paul's!

In the following three chapters Mr. Masson traces Milton's youth, from his days of private study before he entered St. Paul's School, to the close of his Cambridge career in 1632. To this period above 250 pages are devoted, and although here and there some passages occur which a severer sense of literary art and form might have omitted; yet on the whole all who reverence Milton as he should be revered, will be grateful to Mr. Masson for enabling them to follow with a precision and a delightful detail hitherto impossible, the lordly development of that exquisite genius. Here he has also received great assistance from a section of Milton's own writings, with which, it may be suspected, few readers are familiar. We do not allude so much to those early Latin poems, which are known to all in whom love of 'the humanities' has not been extinguished by the sensational cultivation of the day, as to the academical exercises which, in 1674, Milton appended to a small volume of 'Familiar Letters,' at the request of the publisher. Of course these youthful prolixions want the intrinsic value of Milton's maturer work; but they not only give us some glimpses into his ways of thought—they are also valuable, together with the copious details supplied by Mr. Masson from general Cambridge sources, in placing before our eyes the curious picture

* A letter from J. L. Chester, published in the 'Athenæum' of 7th November, 1868 (long subsequent to Mr. Masson's first volume), gives what appears satisfactory proof that she was daughter to Paul Jeffray (or Jefferys), merchant-tailor of St. Swithin's. Mr. Chester is disposed to consider that Caston and Bradshaw may be Mrs. Jeffray's maiden and first-marriage names.

of an English University two centuries and a half ago. From the nature of the case, however, this picture is rather presented in a long series of small points than in any single paragraph. We therefore refrain from quotation, and refer the reader to the book itself.

Yet we cannot altogether pass one incident which, among many others of interest, rises prominently to the mind during Milton's academic career—those stripes which, commemorated by Johnson with a certain half sardonic dignity, in the words of Canning or Frere—

‘erst chastised
Our Milton, when at college.’

Mr. Masson is hardly so full on this curious topic as might have been expected, nor does he exhibit here any of that biographer's over-tenderness which appears a little in his treatment of Milton as a controversialist. Yet we think, on the evidence as exhibited, he might have fairly dispersed the myth for ever. It is incredible that had Milton been flogged as a matter of college discipline, the virulent enemies whom his own virulence shortly drew upon him would have spared allusion to a scandal so suitable for their purposes. Looking at the publicity of such a punishment, to the pains with which his opponents searched out his career, and the unscrupulousness with which they made or adapted gossip to his disadvantage, this negative argument reaches, in our judgment, the highest degree of certainty which argument of that nature can attain. Viewed in this light, old Aubrey's famous statement (interlined like what scholars style a ‘gloss’ in his manuscript collection) that Milton's first tutor, Chappell, treated him with ‘some unkindness,’ namely ‘whipt him,’ may be resolved almost without hesitation, into a private dispute between the two, in which Milton was felt to be in the right by the College itself. For Aubrey goes on to state that, against the ordinary rules, Milton was transferred to another tutor; and we have satisfactory evidence that the impression which the poet left on his University was that of austere purity and unblemished height of character. Is it too bold, therefore, to hope that this legend may henceforth be remitted to limbo?

Mr. Masson gives an excellent summary of Milton's college studies and progress, and of his character as formed at that period of his life. Few men can have left the universities of the time with more learning; none, with a wider and more humanizing cultivation. These studies, with his earlier training, and, far most, the natural gifts and graces which he had thus sedulously edu-

cated, had changed the schoolboy of the ‘Spread Eagle’ into the ‘Lady of his College;’ pure, self-respecting, perhaps a little too self-dependent, austere; yet with an exquisite tenderness and sensitiveness running through the solemn chords of his life like some far-heard but ethereal melody.

Literature, in its highest forms was, no doubt, the object of the career which Milton had framed for himself by July, 1632, when he reached the degree of Master in Arts and (except in one noteworthy case which we shall afterwards touch on) seems to have severed his University connections. What had he effected, by this time, towards that career? We hope that Mr. Masson, who prefixes to his account of Milton's youth a chapter on English contemporary literature which, if longer than modern impatience is likely to welcome, contains a good summary of the facts, will, in a later volume, endeavour to give that critical estimate of Milton's position as a poet which we have already specified as indispensable to a poet's life, properly executed. Meanwhile we may here note that the noble ‘Ode on the Nativity,’ the exquisitely tender elegies ‘On a Fair Infant,’ and on Lady Winchester, had been already written, together with a few smaller pieces in English, and others of some length, in Latin. Mr. Hallam, in that critical history of modern literature which retains its place wholly without a rival in later attempts, has remarked that “‘Comus’ was sufficient to convince any one of taste and feeling that a great poet had arisen in England, and one partly formed in a different school from his contemporaries.” This is strictly true; as ‘Comus’ seems to have been the first published of Milton's English poems. But we think that the criticism would have been equally correct, had the pieces above enumerated been given to the world before 1637.

It is not our wish to attempt more here than a survey, necessarily imperfect, of Mr. Masson's book. Detailed remarks upon Milton as a poet are beyond our scheme. But we may notice as a fact which his later career renders curious, that several of the poems produced by 1632 lead to the inference, that at this time, Milton, though personally Puritan, or something more, to the backbone, was willing to follow in his subjects for verse the current academical sentiment of the day. Beautiful as it is, the epitaph on the Roman Catholic Lady Winchester stands in no traceable personal relation to Milton's own feelings; and the same remark applies to the Latin elegies on the Bishops of Winchester and Ely.

The next seven years of Milton's life, 1632

to 1639, were probably the happiest portion of it. Or if we measure happiness by the larger and more philosophical scale of an Aristotle or an Augustine, and allow that the old man's memories of years spent in laborious tasks of duty and attempts of lofty aim, however imperfectly realized, belong to the higher stage—name it *blessedness*, perhaps, rather than *happiness*!—these years were, at any rate, Milton's brightest, and those in which, with the least external inroad, he pursued the vocation for which Nature, as he now began to be aware, had most specially consecrated him. Service in the Church had been his parents' first choice for the devout and studious boy. But this intention was adjourned or abandoned at Cambridge. Milton, in some often-quoted words, assigns the tyranny of the Prelates as the reason for his change of purpose. And certainly the Church as administered by Laud with the aid of the Council and the Star Chamber; and the Law, bound by precedents and judges;—neither was any place for one trained as Milton had been, and gifted with his peculiar temperament. Let us dwell on this point for a moment. Much as has been written upon it, we think there is still room for reconsideration.

It has been the misfortune of Milton that—living at the time when the first great struggle between 'personal' autocratic government and national self-government was fought in England, and throwing himself with all his might into the cause of freedom,—he has been inevitably judged by the light of political sympathy. We call it his misfortune; yet, probably, Milton, like Dante (with whom Milton's parallelism is deeper and wider than that which Lord Macaulay has indicated), would have thought of himself not more as poet than as statesman and theologian. Looking back now, however, on these great men, are we not justified in saying that, what really lay deepest in them, what swayed them with the largest and most dominant impulse, from cradle to grave, was, after all, the nature of the poet? As we read Macaulay's brilliant essay, he seems to paint Milton as essentially a Puritan of advanced tendencies, a Republican of the highest type; too liberally educated, and too refined by disposition, not to see the beauty of art, yet looking on art and the love of it as a species of unworthy fascination.

'The illusions which captivated his imagination never impaired his reasoning powers. The statesman was proof against the splendour, the solemnity, and the romance, which enchanted the poet. . . . This is an inconsistency which, more than anything else, raises his character in our estimation, because it shows how many

private tastes and feelings he sacrificed, in order to do what he considered his duty to mankind.'

Lord Macaulay has remarked upon this essay, that 'it contains scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approves.' We may, therefore, with less diffidence add that the estimate of Milton above quoted, and others of the same kind, are wrongly framed; Milton, as statesman and as theologian, is always acting under poetical impulse and inspiration. His intense love of freedom, which even Shelley could not surpass, had this in common with his immortal successor's, that it is a poet's Utopia of liberty after which he works and aspires: an horizon which seems always to recede before him. But the very different moral fibre of the two poets has produced a vast contrast in the theories which they each set forth, with powers rarely given to the sons of men. Shelley's future relies all on brotherhood and co-operation. It reflects the overwrought sensitiveness, the 'flower-soft' tenderness, of his singular temperament. Milton, on the other hand, has always before him a world where all men will be even as he:—as high-hearted, as austere, as capable of being a law unto themselves, as much 'underneath the great Task-Master's eye.' Throwing himself into these ideas, like Shelley into his ideal communism, with a force of inspiration which drove every modifying suggestion derivable from the world's experience out of his soul, Milton passed from party to party; serving each in turn, until its inevitable human limitations and weaknesses dissatisfied his inward vision; in one sense, beyond and above his fellows; in another, not capable of working with them to practical results. And in all this we see him strictly obeying the nature of the poet—which, when it exists, must imperiously command the whole man. For the poet, like the poet's cloud,

'Moveth altogether if he moves at all,'

whether contending for the Emperor against the Pope, or for Independency against prelate and Puritan, or, as we love him best, with his 'singing-ropes about him,' in Paradise by the side of Eve and Beatrice.

If this view of Milton's nature and work be correct (and we hope for it the concurrence of those to whom he and poetry are most intimately dear), the political and theological circumstances of his age, though, as we have before observed, essentially bound up with his life, and requiring clear explanation to present that life with due vividness, are yet throughout and always subordinate to Milton's mind and place as a poet. This

conception of the matter, to return to our task, would have materially lightened, if not Mr. Masson's admirable industry, at any rate the amount of its results which he has now given us. His chapters on Laud's church-government and on the contemporary literature of England, might have taken a narrower compass, and been restricted to the notice of those ecclesiastical measures and those writings which may reasonably be supposed to have had a *direct* influence upon Milton's own development. For it is that,—and, Heaven knows, a difficult task enough, when a poet of this order is concerned!—which we really long for. Hence the chapters on Milton's life at Horton,—the period to which three-fourths of his best early poetry belong,—and on the Italian journey, during which his scheme for some poem of larger scope appears to have made a great advance, are of the highest interest. In these chapters, we willingly pardon much that elsewhere might have been spared; here the author's labour and skill in collecting and marshalling detail are all in place: here we have a genuine glimpse of the poet's life hitherto not attainable.

Mr. Masson has taken great pains to describe the friends whom Milton made at Florence, Rome, and Naples, and to set forth the life they were leading in Italy. It is a pleasing picture of amiable and garrulous culture; some pursuit of history, some of antiquities and art; much value set upon literary or genial societies, complimentary and elegant writing. Only in physical science the Italians were seriously showing their strength, though toward issues as yet little anticipated. In short, what we see there is mainly the decay or reaction which follows a brilliant burst of national civilization, in a country where no free action or thought upon matters of practical or immediate interest is permitted. There is much here that reminds of a little German court such as Weimar, when Goethe lived there; nay, to confess the truth, many of the occupations and writings of that distinguished man at Weimar, even as represented to us in the glass held up by too-fond worshippers in England, terribly resemble the conceits and flattering trifles of the 'seicentisti' of Italy. Like Goethe's in Germany, it was, in fact, an 'Alexandrian' age: one of those artificial periods, dear to critics and mannerists, when original genius, should it come forth, will be hampered and suffer as Goethe and Schiller too often show that they suffered. But in Italy, creative power (if we except the first faint stirring of the impulse which was to evolve operatic and orchestral music) there was none. The last echoes of

what looked like real poetry had died with Marini in 1625; Filicaja was not yet born. The last gleams of art were fading out in Guido and Domenichino, and taste had almost abandoned the land whither (to judge by all recent evidence) it is not destined to return. Above the graceful crowd of cultivated mediocrities towered the vast form of Galileo, old, blind, and a kind of half-prisoner on the famous hill which the genius of his youthful visitor was to render familiar wherever the English tongue is spoken:—

'He scarce had ceased, when the superior fiend
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast: the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening, from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.'

Of Milton's converse with that great discoverer, and with other friends, especially the most loved of all, Manso (privileged thus twice in life, for in youth he had also been the friend of Torquato Tasso), of his love, real or fanciful, for the fair songstress of Rome, Leonora, and his attempts in Italian verse, Mr. Masson supplies a history which we commend heartily to our readers. We give a portion of his sketch of Rome as she then was, as a sample of the 'curious diligence' with which he endeavours to enable us to realize Milton's visit. How far the city differed from that hitherto familiar to English winter visitors will be seen at once; how far it may resemble the Rome of the future, it would be interesting to speculate.

'As really the capital of Italy, Rome had still the right to aggregate towards itself whatever was characteristic over the whole peninsula. For more than a century, indeed, despite the subdivision of Italy, and despite the competition of other cities with Rome, this had been the case. Hence, in the arrangements of the city, an unusual number of posts and places, ecclesiastical, educational, and diplomatic, not only affording provision for native talent, but attracting and detaining talent immigrant from other parts of Italy, and from all the countries of Europe. From the necessities of their position as the heads of such a community, the popes and the cardinals had come to regard the patronage of learning and of the arts as a part of their official duties. To build new edifices, surround them with gardens and fountains, and adorn them with sculptures and paintings; to preside at meetings of the academies, and to hold large reunions in their own palaces, at which all the learned were assembled, and at which the best

singing in Italy was to be heard; to collect books and manuscripts, and to employ librarians to catalogue and keep them—such were the occupations of the resident Roman cardinals, in addition to their ordinary business. . . . What the cardinals did, was done also by the secular Romans of rank; and there were few palaces without their galleries and their libraries, large or small.

During the unusually long pontificate of Urban VIII. (1623–1644) the aggregation of Catholic talent in Rome was probably as great as in any other pontificate in the same century. Not that this pope was personally so active a Mæcenas as some of his predecessors had been. He belonged himself, indeed, to the class of dilettanti,—having, as Cardinal Maffeo Barberini, written many Latin, Greek, and Italian poems, which, when they were published collectively in a superb folio volume at Paris in 1642, were accounted highly creditable to the head of Christendom. But, as pope, he occupied himself chiefly in capricious interference in the Thirty Years War, which satisfied neither the French nor the Spaniard; and, as regarded Rome itself, in fortifications and other military repairs, and in the creation of new cardinals. No fewer than seventy-four cardinals were made by him; and, in his zeal for the honour of the office, he first conferred on the cardinals the title of “Eminency,” since borne by them. . . . Such was the accumulation of rich posts and principalities among the members of the pope’s family, that, even after the precedents of former pontificates, Urban’s nepotism seemed outrageous. Rome all but belonged to the Barberini, whose family symbol of the bees met the eye on all the public buildings, and on their carriages in the public drives. . . .

‘In Rome, as in Florence, the organization of educated society, apart from the University and the schools, was in the Academies. Of some fifteen or perhaps twenty Roman academies, existing in 1638, the most celebrated were the *Umoristi*, the *Ordinati*, the *Lincei*, the *Fantastici*, the *Negletti*, the *Malinconici*, the *Partenii*, the *Delfici*, and the *Intricati*. With the exception of the Lincei, of which Galileo was the most illustrious member, all were devoted to eloquence and literature, and chiefly to verse-making and literary archæology, though some tended to theatricals, and some to music. To one or other everybody of account in Rome belonged. What an amount of resident scholarship and authorship there was, to be so accommodated and distributed, may be inferred from two facts. In a curious bibliographical volume of the time, prepared, in compliment to the Barberini, under the title of ‘*Apes Romanæ*,’ or ‘*The Bees of Rome*,’ there is an exact list, with brief appended accounts of all the persons, native or foreign, resident in Rome during the two years 1631 and 1632, who either during these two years gave anything to the press, or had in their previous lives published anything. I have counted the index of names, and find that there must have been upwards of 450 known authors then resident in Rome in a total popu-

lation of 110,000 souls. . . . In a volume of poetry issued in 1637 by the single academy of the *Fantastici*, there are contributions, in the one article of vernacular verse, chiefly sonnets and canzoni, from fifty-one different poets, members of that academy.’

What a singular scene of activity! What a picture, half pathetic, half comic, of a state of life wholly passed and gone, and hardly a relic left of it,—except palaces now let in lodgings, or convents which, as public offices, will renew their old traditions of idleness and corruption! In the midst of all this, partly admiring, partly contemptuous, we may imagine the one true poet, noting much, but enjoying more, and almost ready, it may be fancied, under the eyes of Leonora Baroni, to exchange our distant Thule for the Tiber. This, indeed, was not to be. But Milton’s whole journey reads like a triumphal progress; it is all beauty, and song, and friendship, and the growth of a great mind; nor is the least pleasing element the ungrudging warmth with which the Italians of that day, not yet goaded into local jealousy of the northern races, welcomed the fair-haired guest who, like a youthful Phœbus, had descended again upon Ausonia. But the expedition which began so cloudlessly, was fated to an ending more in accordance with the complexion of human life. News of the death of his dearest English friend, Diodati, must apparently have reached Milton by the time he had arrived at Geneva; and he was already aware of events in England, which called him imperiously homeward.

One beautiful incident of his Genevan visit has been accidentally preserved, and may show the seriousness which his thoughts had taken under pressure of English news:—

‘Among Milton’s introductions at Geneva was one to a Neapolitan nobleman, named Cardouin or Cerdogni, apparently a refugee on account of Protestant opinions, who had been settled in Geneva since 1608, as a teacher of Italian. He, or the ladies of his family, kept an album, in which they collected autographs of visitors, and especially of English visitors to the city. Many Englishmen, predecessors of Milton in the continental tour, had written their signatures in it, and among them no less a man than Wentworth. Milton is asked for his, and writes, characteristically, as follows:

“If Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoope to her.

“*Cœlum non animum muto, dum trans mare curro.*

“*Junii 10, 1639, Joannes Miltonus Anglus.*”

This is the last detail we can trace respect-

ing his journey. The rest may be told in his own words:—

'When I was preparing to pass over into Sicily and Greece, the melancholy intelligence which I received of the civil commotions in England, made me alter my purpose; for I thought it base to be travelling for amusement abroad, while my fellow-citizens were fighting for liberty at home. . . . Then I returned to my native country, at the time when Charles, having broken the peace, was renewing what is called the Bishops' war with the Scots.*

This was in the autumn of 1639. In fact affairs were not quite so far advanced as Milton, dictating long after seems to imply; the 'first Bishops' war' (in which Charles's aim apparently was to put down Presbyterianism, just established by the great 'General Assembly' of 1638) having been just concluded by the peace of Berwick; although the king very soon after recommenced the private endeavours to renew the contest which, in 1640, ended in his own decisive defeat. There was, in fact, no overt breach of national peace for some months; and hence Milton, when resuming at once his literary schemes, and taking his own two little nephews (sons to his now deceased brother-in-law, Phillips) into his first London house in St. Bride's churchyard, was not (we may notice) fairly open to the forcibly-expressed sneer which Johnson levelled at him. Indeed Milton's first thoughts were devoted to the memory of the friendship which he had lost in the death of Diodati. The 'Epitaphium Damonis,' in which he lamented him, and, at the same time, summed up his own aspirations in poetry, is well worthy of the attention which Mr. Masson has devoted to its analysis; although he seems to us to underrate the unreal or factitious character which necessarily attends the employment of the 'pastoral' style, as a vehicle for non-pastoral subject-matter. It is true, of course, that great names have consecrated this mode; Virgil, Dante, Tasso, Spencer, Milton; nor is it easily possible to wish the 'Gallus' and the 'Lycidas' other than they are; yet there is always something hazardous about every treatment in art which departs from *directness*; and the moment the poet declines from his most felicitous or most powerful vein, such a pastoral is always felt to want simplicity, and fails in its natural effect upon the common, or, so to speak, unprofessional reader.† As the 'Epi-

taphium' is probably not familiar to all who care for Milton, we quote a passage of great biographical interest from Mr. Masson, who has (in this case judiciously) rendered the whole poem into the meter which passes muster as Hexameter in English and German.

'Go unpastured, my lambs: your master now
heeds not your bleating.
I have a theme of the Trojans cruising our
southern headlands
Shaping to song, and the realm of Imogen,
daughter of Pandras,
Brennus and Arvirach, dukes, and Bren's bold
brother, Belinus,
Then the Armorican settlers under the laws
of the Britons,
Ay, and the womb of Igraine fatally pregnant
with Arthur,
Uther's son, whom he got, disguised in Ger-
lois' likeness,
All by Merlin's craft. O then, if life shall be
spared me,
Thou shalt be hung, my pipe, far off on some
brown dying pine-tree,
Much forgotten of me; or else your Latian
music
Changed for the British war-screach. What
then? for one to do all things,
One to hope all things, fits not. Prize suffi-
ciently ample
Mine, ...
If but yellow-hair'd Ouse shall read me, the
drinker of Alan,
Humber which whirls as it flows, and Trent's
whole valley of orchards,
Thames, my own Thames, above all, and
Tamar's western waters,
Tawny with ores, and where the white waves
swinge the far Orkneys.'

These lines are an expansion of those which, some months before, Milton had addressed to his friend Manso, wishing for the presence of some as friendly critic:—

'Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina
reges,
Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem.'

It is clear from them that Milton's thoughts, probably under the influence of the land of Ennius and Virgil and Tasso, had turned more towards English history than any other source to find a theme for some great poem and also that he had now, like Dante again, and with equal wisdom, determined to trust his fame, not to the then-predominant Latin language, but to his native *volgare*. Half of these vows Milton kept: but destiny reserv-

* *Defensio Secunda*.

† It is hardly correct, though common, to quote Theocritus as a poet of this class. His exquisite Idyls bear proof, indeed, of his Alexandrian cultivation; yet there seems to be very little in them which is untrue to the realities of Sicilian shepherd-life, or painted conventionally

under a pastoral guise. Theocritus could, in truth, hardly be a Greek, and do otherwise; the *directness* noticed above being one of the special and most enduring notes of Hellenic art, through every mode of its manifestation.

ed for a later hand the fascinating dream of 'Arthur come again :—

'Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen ! *

Whether under the pressure of the age, or by reversion to his earlier instincts, Milton soon began to look to the Bible for his most natural and appropriate subject of song. Entering upon a wide course of reading, he drew up, about this time, a long list of possible schemes for dramatic or epic treatment—the latter form seeming by degrees to gain the predominance in his mind. Milton, in the sense of following, not the 'accidents' of subject and phrase, so dear to poets of the Alexandrian or *dilettante* type, but those principles of taste and treatment in which the Greeks have surpassed all other races, is the most Greek of our poets. Observe how he hence exhibits a gradual advance towards *directness* in his art: quitting Latin for English, subjects too remote for permanent revivification for subjects of eternal interest to the heart of man; finally, the conventionalities of the (literary) drama for the more natural address made by the narrative or 'epic' form.

This curious list has been, very properly, reprinted in full by Mr. Masson. It contains about one hundred subjects—a prospect at which even a Lope de Vega might have looked aghast. Analyzing these, we find that fifty-three are taken from the Old Testament, 'Paradise Lost,' figuring in four drafts, which have been often criticized; eight only from the New. The rest cover early English history as it was understood in that age, with a few from Scotch, and stop short of the Norman Conquest. It is remarkable that no subject whatever occurs from the Round Table series: nor from that portion of our Saviour's life which is painted in 'Paradise Regained: ' whilst it is Sampson the Conqueror, not the Contender, who figures most prominently in the list from the Old Testament.†

In a passage of singular truth and beauty, Mr. Ruskin has somewhere commented upon the pathetic character of the seemingly unnecessary and unrecompensed losses which humanity has often sustained. Of how much, in the life before us, have not we been thus deprived! It is sad, now, to read Milton's hundred schemes, and the many noble phrases in which he has recorded his devotion to his work as poet, and desired

to fulfil it to the uttermost, as a kind of consecration, and that of the highest order—and then to look on the history of his career and see him, from 1640 onward for many years, diverted to controversy and politics, and only resuming his natural sweet vocation when, like Epictetus, old, poor, and blind, and beloved of the gods once more. We do not mean that his gifts were wholly wasted in these new fields: and the thought must be still further distant from those who know Milton and his lofty nature, that he entered upon public strife and public service with any reserve of his great natural powers, or any motive but what seemed to him the highest. On the contrary: it can hardly be doubtful, from the tenor of his whole life, that, like the great Italian with whom we have already compared him, Milton would have spoken of himself as theologian or statesman not less than poet; and also that, like Dante, he threw his whole poet's imagination and fire into what he did for the national service. A hundred passages, in prose and verse, of which the eloquence and passionate beauty have rarely been equalled, rise before us as we write:—passages, too, where we are hardly less touched by the beauty than by the noble pathos with which the writer enters upon the difficult ground of personal allusion—the sensitive and child-like conscience, the modest and manly self-confidence. Yet it is, after all, not in this region that we find *our* Milton; not here, the second star of English poetry. He has himself confessed one justification (if much justification were needed), for a feeling in which, we think most readers will concur, when describing his own 'Reason of Church Government.' 'This manner of writing, wherein knowing myself inferior to myself, led by the genial power of nature to another task, *I have the use*, as I may account it, *but of my left hand*.'

'I decus, i nostrum; melioribus utere fati!'

We shall, therefore, pass over with brief comment the labours and the contemporary history whence those labours arose, which occupy (as we have already noted) too ample a space in Mr. Masson's second volume. We refer here particularly to the details upon the 'second Bishops' war,' which filled the summer of 1640; the debates in the 'Long Parliament,' which began its strangely chequered career in the winter following; the final reluctant preparations for civil war; and the first stages of the war itself. Valuable as much that the author has collected upon these topics, which, whilst England retains her identity, cannot lose their hold upon our deepest interests, may be, it seems

* Milton, *Ad Patrem*.

† Mr. Masson's usual accuracy is thus rather at fault when he remarks (p. 116) that this list exhibits the tenacity of Milton's mind in regard to his poetical projects.

to us wrongly introduced into the life of Milton. For, during this period, it should be remembered that Milton, although a keen politician from the point of view which we have tried to define, yet took no part in the great struggle except as a literary man: a topic to which we shall presently revert. We have already pointed out the irrelevance of Johnson's sneer at the educational work which the poet commenced upon his return from Italy. No war was then raging; he was not in the Commons; he could only 'stand and wait.' But now, when the course of events had made an opening in England for the abolition of the Episcopal system, and the substitution of the Presbyterian, Milton at once contributed his share to the struggle in the single mode which he seems to have considered suitable to his powers and position.

This contribution was made in the form of five treatises or pamphlets, the first three without their author's name (though with no attempt, seemingly, to conceal it), which appeared within about twelve months, dating from June, 1641. Two are replies to similar polemical tracts by Bishop Hall: one to a pamphlet by Archbishop Usher, the others, ('Of Reformation,' and 'The Reason of Church Government,') being works of greater compass, which set forth Milton's views on the historical development of free religious thought in England, and on the form which it ought to attain.

As generally happens, the bitter waters of strife were let out through a personal or accidental impulse. Bishop Hall, a man of considerable ability and reputation as a writer (and to whom, we may remark in passing, Mr. Masson does not seem to us quite just), had been put forward by Laud as the defender of Episcopacy. Milton's earliest tutor, Young, presently joined with other Puritan divines in producing a reply to the Bishop under the ungainly title, characteristic of that age of somewhat Dutch and clumsy humour, 'Smectymnus.' Mr. Masson gives some proof that Milton, who lived much in the society of the leading Puritans, then strongly preponderant amongst the citizens of London, had a hand in this pamphlet. At any rate, we may reasonably believe that its preparation induced him to supplement its arguments by his own treatise 'Of Reformation,' which appeared shortly after. And once launched on the sea of controversy, he poured himself forth not only with the force, and splendour, and conviction of his whole nature, but, we must add, with a personal licence and scurrility to which his genius gave, not only a singular power at the

moment, but an undesirable perpetuation to later ages.

Milton was, indeed, met with weapons too like his own; nor did his indulgence in licence and scurrility, though not unnoticed at the time, with a due sense of his derogation from his better self,* exceed the measure of those odious qualities which controversy—whether political, theological, or scientific—has at all times, before and since, rarely failed to engender. Nor do we agree with the arrogance of those judges of the self-styled 'practical' order, who are disposed to call the poet back with scorn from politics to the Muse, and debar him, as something too 'light' in Plato's over-critical phrase, from taking his part like a man in contemporary action. Nor again, do we sympathise with those who, from an exaggerated literary or sentimental point of view, would treat the time devoted to matters of the day, however pressing in their importance, as unduly stolen from higher and holier things. For each of these estimates involves (we think) a fundamental misunderstanding of what constitutes poetry. The greatest of poets, so far as evidence enables us to judge, have been precisely those who were most completely and emphatically men of their day; 'children,' as the highest of the German poets has said, 'of their age,' though with the mission to 'strengthen and purify it.' The more ethereal and transcendental the gift, the more need that the organ of this inspiration should have its feet firmly planted on the common earth; should share the transitory impulses which he transmutates to permanent issues, should know the very follies and weaknesses which he turns 'to favour and to prettiness.' It is a poor and unwholesome idea of his art, that of the poet piping an idle song, even were it the 'music of the spheres' itself, to idle hearers. Nay, it is at bottom a suicidal idea: for it is not the true music of the spheres which such a writer ever can give: only a sort of harmonica-glass imitation, the fashion of which soon passes, and which, perhaps, never reckoned permanence one of its objects. It is not thus, at any rate, that those poets have worked in whose verse that higher song has been, by the consent of mankind, most dis-

* Fuller, one of the best men of that age personally, and a writer of real distinction, noticed thus Milton's attack upon the martyred bishops of Mary's reign: 'One hath lately traduced them with such language as neither becometh his parts, *whosoever he was that spake it*, nor their piety of whom it was spoken.' It should be remembered that the essay 'Of Reformation,' which called forth this just censure, was published anonymously. Digitized by Google

tinctly audible—Pindar, the tragedians of Athens, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Shelley. Hence, returning to our subject, these controversial pamphlets, with those which followed them, and Milton's labours as Secretary to the Commonwealth, must be allowed their due share in Milton's life: and the illustration which Mr. Masson's chapters on English nonconformity and church-government give, deserves our grateful recognition. If here also not (as we fancy) sufficiently well-digested, yet the human 'somewhat too much' may be excused on a topic not likely to allure most biographers, and for handling which a liberally-minded Scot, we may add, brings some peculiar advantages with him. Yet, after all, we shall be glad when the strictly controversial years in Milton's life are concluded! They helped to form the poet: we can read a noble expression of them in the 'Paradise' and the 'Sampson:' but it is in these results, and results such as these only, that, as part of a poet's life, they are likely, we think, to rouse any vividness of interest.

Take Dante, once more, as a parallel instance. The strife between Emperor and Pope which made the outward history of his life, has an importance in European development comparable to that of our own Civil War and Commonwealth. Yet how eagerly do we turn from Guelph and Ghibelline to the faintest record concerning Beatrice Portinari, or the merest gossip on the composition of the 'Commedia'!

If our position be true, the hope may be legitimately expressed that, for the next twenty years of his narrative, Mr. Masson will content himself with adopting a much less detailed treatment in regard to the State affairs which give to the period between 1640 and 1660 its eminent importance in English history. Let him, we would say, have the courage—perhaps the most painful and arduous act of courage that can be required from a true student—frankly to set aside his copious store of facts illustrating Milton's career as defender of the Commonwealth and Secretary to the Protector, and restrict himself to little more than such terse comment as may make the poet's own personal convictions and attitude towards the politics of the day intelligible. Let him eschew such tempting topics as the peculiar position of Scottish Presbyterianism under Oliver, the transitional agitations under Richard, and the authorship of 'Icon Basilike.' Or rather, when he has completed Milton's *life* on this rigid but rational scheme, let Mr. Masson gather together his materials, and supply one great and lamentable *hiatus* in our history by giving us, for the first time, a fair, full, and

accurate narrative of the Civil Wars and the Protectorate. Tacitus himself, when he set aside the story of Nerva and of Trajan as matter of sufficient fertility to charm and occupy his old age, had hardly a nobler or a more promising field for labour. Vast as the materials are, much has been already done in the way of sifting and preparing them. We have several detailed histories, written each from that party point of view which, as Macaulay remarked, has been at once a bane and a benefit to our literature. We have Macaulay's own splendid sketch, and monographs of value without number on individual lives. One life, and that after Milton's, the life of the greatest Englishman of the time, has, indeed still to be written. Yet even here, valueless or hurtful, as we hold the loose declamatory context and sophistical distortions of the writer, with his tasteless and everlastingly intrusive egotism, the accurate collection of facts and documents presented by Mr. Carlyle is a great contribution to the story of Cromwell. Here is matter enough, but, we are convinced, not more than enough, for ten or fifteen years' work from a student who approached the subject with adequate preparation: nor should it be a slight inducement to such a labour that it might entitle a man to rank in that select band who have, within our own day, deserved the honoured name, oftener claimed than earned, of Historian.

But we are digressing, with the biographer before us, into the very field which a *Life of Milton* should not attempt to cover: we acknowledge, whilst we deprecate, the force of the temptation to which Mr. Masson has succumbed. Two or three curious points remain for notice, which have been carefully made out or illustrated by Mr. Masson, in regard to the poet's personal career during the outbreak of the Civil War. Milton, we have already said, is not fairly open to the charge of leaving Italy in order to take part in public affairs, and then failing in this patriotic profession. On the contrary, after laying out for himself vast schemes in poetry, we have seen how he abandoned his loftier and chosen vocation, and threw himself almost wholly into controversial literature, to be followed, within a short time, by the devotion of his time to high State functions. His pamphlets were obviously the natural contribution of a man, so trained and so gifted, to the first years of the cause. That no one was devoted to that cause with a deeper energy, with a more entire consecration of every faculty, is also indisputable. Yet it is worthy of notice that when, in June, 1641, 'the Parliament had decreed a poll-tax on all English subjects, in order to

clear off the expenses of the English and Scottish armies in the north,' Milton declined or neglected to pay his rate, and was consequently specified as a defaulter by the Exchequer.

'As the date of this document,' Mr. Masson adds, 'is not given, we may suppose, if we like, that Milton's neglect to pay arose from his being out of town when the collection was made; but it is quite as likely that it was intentional. He can hardly, indeed, have objected to giving two pounds or so towards indemnifying the Scots, who at that time were high in his esteem. On the contrary, he may have desired not to part with the Scots too soon.'

This *argumentum ex crumena*, if followed widely in England, would, no question, have been a sufficiently convincing one with Mr. Masson's countrymen; but it does not seem a probable reason for a man of Milton's temper. Nor can we rationally ascribe the refusal to niggardliness; Mr. J. Hunter's diligence having discovered that at the same time a contribution was made in Aldersgate towards relieving the Irish Protestants, then suffering under the Rebellion, to which contribution Milton's share was twice or thrice that of his rich neighbours.

Poets, however, have never been celebrated for an over-business-like regularity towards their creditors; and although Milton's mind and habits remove him from the spendthrift class of a Lovelace or a Herrick, yet 'that abstraction, the Revenue, for which I never cared much,'* may have been set aside by him in favour of the distressed Protestantism of Ireland. But it is more curious that, when the Civil War broke out, Milton cannot be traced as taking any personal part in it. Mr. Masson's candour, rising above that silly and jesuitical hero-worship of modern days, which holds it a kind of perverted duty to conceal facts of awkward appearance in the hero's life, has led him to recite the circumstances whence we should have inferred that Milton would have been found in the Parliamentary forces, or, at least, amongst the Trained Bands and Volunteers of London. By several quotations from 'Paradise Lost,' supported by a passage in the tract upon *Education*, he makes it probable that Milton had himself mastered the drill of that day before this time. He was, further, a skilful fencer, of independent means, and in the prime of life. The merchants and apprentices around him enrolled themselves by numbers for the cause. A 'John MILTON,' even appears as quartermaster to Colonel Pennington's regiment of City Trained Bands. This gave Mr. Masson hope; yet further investigation

leads him honestly to conclude that this John, who appears afterwards, so far as 1660, as 'Major John MILTON,' was not the poet. 'The absolute certainty is, that at no time from the commencement of the war was he out with the Parliamentary army. I am sorry that such was the fact, and cannot account for it.' It was perhaps a similar feeling, that there was here something in Milton's conduct requiring to be accounted for, which led his nephew Phillips to the statement how there was 'about this time a design in agitation of making him Adjutant-General in Sir William Waller's army'—a post for which, however, professional training was eminently required.

Mr. Masson will not admit that Milton's reason for taking no personal part in the war might have been that his weapons were of a different order. He is even at some pains to show that the noble sonnet which the poet wrote for his door 'when the assault' (November, 1642) 'was intended to the City,' was composed as a kind of jest. These reasonings may be just, and personal pride or fastidiousness

'Among the many movements of his mind'

may have governed Milton at this critical conjuncture. Yet we think we shall be safe here, as in most cases, if the simplest explanation be taken. Milton still thought of his vocation as that of the poet. This did not, indeed, deprive him of his rights as a citizen. But he had made his contribution to the struggle through literature—deviating, under the guidance of a wise instinct, the least possible from his natural career. If further reason be sought, it lies, probably, in the imaginative isolation, the austere self-confidence, which marked him both as man and as poet:—

'Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.'

Already his Church-pamphlets had exhibited a mind not more disposed to be limited by kirk than by bishop. Already he might not be ready to place his freedom under the control of another, or to abandon that position of free criticism, the 'fighting for his own hand,' which he kept to the end of his life; that majestic and unfettered magnanimity which maintained itself, not only before the successful presence of the great Protector, but—a far harder trial to a soul such as Milton's—when every hope of the cause which he fondly identified with all that was good in life had vanished, and even his soul was clouded for a season before the spectacle of God's mysterious dealings with his servants:—

'Not only dost degrade them, or remit
To life obscured, which were a fair dismission,
But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt
them high;
Unseemly falls in human eye,
Too grievous for the trespass or omission.
Oft leavest them to the hostile sword
Of heathen and profane, their carcasses
To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captived;
Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of
times,
And condemnation of the ungrateful multi-
tude.'

A heart and a voice like this, truly, were not well fitted to be the obedient mouth-piece and executant of others' mandates. And to the same reason we may perhaps refer the curious fact (unnoticed hitherto, so far as we are aware) that throughout the whole period before his eyesight failed him Milton never appears to have made any attempt to enter the Parliament, in which his fortune and station, with his gifts and celebrity, might, one would have thought, have easily and naturally seated him.

Whatever substance there may be in the above speculations, it is certain that, even from Milton's own time, a degree of mystery has hung over this period of his life, never yet dissipated, but which connects itself naturally with that troubled period when, as in similar ages of civil war, families were divided amongst themselves, and curious relations between party and party sprang up. Milton's own house was thus divided. The grandfather, as we have seen, lived a strict Roman Catholic. The poet's younger brother, Christopher, grew up a Royalist. At the point which we have now reached (April, 1643), this brother, with his father (who seems previously to have retired from his London legal business), was besieged in Reading by the Parliamentary forces. Reading fell, and the choice of departure or residence being left free to the inhabitants, old Mr. Milton, who was probably of a Puritan turn, decided on joining his son John in London, whilst Christopher elected to stay in Reading, which, it should be remembered, was near Oxford, then the headquarters of Charles. John, however, himself was not now in London, but precisely where one would not expect to find a man so devoted as he to the Parliament, and so conspicuous on their side, namely, in the close neighbourhood of Oxford!

'About Whitsuntide it was or a little after,' says his nephew, Phillips, to whose narrative of this transaction little has been added by later diligence, 'that he took a journey into the country, nobody about him certainly knowing the reason, or that it was any more than a journey of recreation. After a month's

stay, home he returns a married man that went out a bachelor; his wife being Mary, the eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Powell, then a Justice of Peace, of Forest-hill, near Shotover, in Oxfordshire.'

We could hardly name two poets between whom more dissimilarity in motive and conduct might reasonably be looked for than Milton and Shelley. Especially in the choice of a wife one would anticipate the greatest difference between the sagacious and self-respecting Puritan, and the youthful enthusiast for free-love, universal brotherhood, and pantheism. Yet this marriage appears not more suggested by wisdom, and little more happy in its results, than Shelley's melancholy union with his first wife, Mary Powell was a girl of seventeen; her father a Royalist country gentleman; her life seems to have been hitherto spent at Forest-hill, amidst country amusements and cavalier hospitality; and there is no proof that Milton had seen anything of her before his brief courtship. The rest of the story is well known. When the young bride's relations, who accompanied her to Milton's house in London, had left her, the solitariness and austerity of her new home wrought so upon her, Aubrey tells us, that within two months poor Mary Milton wearied of her too 'philosophical life,' and gladly accepted an invitation to Forest-hill, to which she went with a 'distinct understanding' (of all sources of misunderstanding the most fertile) that she should shortly return to Aldersgate-street. The expected return did not take place; and how at last it was brought about has been told in verse, beside which poetry, from Homer to our own day, can offer no second strain of more pathetic melody.

Aubrey adds one source of depression, which strikes us as rather singular in that ruder age of youthful discipline; that Milton's wife 'oftentimes heard his nephews beaten and cry.' Mr. Masson, justly sceptical whether Milton himself suffered similar griefs at Cambridge, again disputes the truth of this story; remarking that Phillips, one of the nephews in question, takes no notice of the castigation; an argument which will probably not appear very conclusive to the reader. We think, indeed, from several points handed down by tradition, that, with all Milton's indubitable tenderness of heart and beauty of disposition, there was also a vein of austerity and self-assertion in this great man's nature, which betrayed him at times into a certain harshness:—another point, we may remark, in his similarity to what we may infer regarding Dante. Like other men, he could not escape *les défauts de ses qualités*. Yet, although this, with the

great change of scene, renders Mary Milton's sudden flight to the home of her childhood (and she herself but a child) sufficiently natural, the main facts touching the inappropriateness and rapidity of Milton's choice remain unexplained, and so far as now seems likely, inexplicable. Singular in themselves, the circumstances of this marriage are made more so by their contrast with the general tenor of the poet's conduct and character. It is like an episode from another life abruptly inserted into his.

One point only is clear. The connection between Milton and his old family region near Oxford, interrupted by his father's disinheritance and settlement in London forty years before the date of this marriage, had been curiously resumed at intervals. Whether owing, as has been suggested, to some inheritance which, on the grandfather's death, may have fallen in, or from the wish to have again an interest near Stanton St. John's and Shotover, or whether only through the course of a scrivener's business, money transactions had already passed between Milton's father and the father of his first wife. For whatever reason, Milton himself, then a lad at Cambridge, was introduced into the business, being made the nominal creditor of Mr. Powell for a considerable sum. That this arrangement was contrived by the father in 1627 with a view to subsequent alliance between the families (Mary Powell being also then a little creature of two) seems unlikely. Yet, looking at the marriage, we may reasonably conclude that some intercourse of more than mere lawyer's letters arose; and with this reversion to Oxfordshire we are disposed to connect the fact that Milton himself, in 1635, obtained an *ad eundem* degree from Oxford. At any rate, we can see no other plausible explanation of a step which, if not uncommon, is not likely to have been undertaken by any one without some distinct cause. Thus the marriage may have been half arranged in Milton's mind before the civil war broke out; and hence, again, carried out with haste when circumstances had divided the houses of Capulet and Montague so bitterly. Other conjectures are given by Mr. Masson;* but we can do nothing

more than conjecture. The real lesson of value appears to us to be this: that, although in regard to his public career and the general outlines of his private life, what is known of Milton furnishes a contrast to our scanty information regarding Shakespeare, yet the details of his personal existence, of his loves and enmities, his likings and studies, must remain in the same tantalizing twilight under which we view the similar elements in the career of his great Florentine predecessor.—Is this accident, or is there always something about the Poet which eludes the insight of his contemporaries, and is, perhaps, unknown or irrecoverable even to himself?

ART. V.—*Christian Theology and Modern Scepticism*. By the Duke of Somerset, K.G. London, 1872.]

THIS ducal manifesto of unbelief demands a notice beyond the proportion of its magnitude, its ability, or any influence likely to be exerted by its powers of argument or eloquence. The substance of the essay may be described as almost flimsy. The Duke of Somerset has given to the vast subject set forth in his title a small volume of just 180 pages, as lightly printed as those of a novel; and within this compass he treats—without affecting to discuss, or rather, with an elaborate affectation of *not* discussing fully—no less than thirty-nine points of high moment in as many chapters. We know not whether there be an ironical purpose in the *number*; but the idea would be quite consistent with the whole spirit of the work.

It is because that spirit is highly characteristic of the latest type of unbelief, that we feel called to notice it in a case where the rank and reputation of the writer might be mistaken for a sign that this is the spirit of the educated classes in relation to the Bible and Christianity. The time was when even sceptics approached the mysteries of 'Christian Theology' with religious reverence, and deemed the evidences of Scripture worthy of refutation by serious argument, and by learning not picked up at random; when the triumph they sought to win, in however bad a cause, was at least a triumph of argument. But all this is now changed by a school which arrogates to itself the claim of uttering the conclusive sentence of '*modern thought*,' the *ipse dixit* of an invisible and irresponsible judge, not

* Mr. Masson has expressed one of his conjectures as to Milton's marriage thus: 'Did he come seeking his 500*l.*, and did Mrs. Powell *heave a daughter at him*.' We have marked, but were fain from quoting, several phrases in a similar vein. They are not numerous; but we are sure that their effect upon the reader will not be that intended by the writer. And we trust that Mr. Masson will not take it amiss if, valuing his book as we do, we suggest to him to ask counsel of his own better taste as he proceeds with his work, or revises it for another edition.

simply rejecting all old religious authority, but assuming belief to be an exploded superstition. The very title of the volume before us expresses the spirit of this school by a double antithesis. Christian belief has always taken the form of 'theology,' but the essence of science is 'scepticism:' the former is old, the latter is 'modern,' an epithet equivalent, if not to perfection, at least to an ever growing improvement, the more sure and rapid in the measure of its rejecting whatever is old. But a closer scrutiny of this claim detects the true meaning of the term '*modern*'—a mere *fashion* of the day, adopted by a school of half-educated, one-sided men, who boast of it as loudly and demand as unreasoning a submission, as do the equally qualified leaders of fashion in dress.

'We, in this *later age*'—a phrase on which 'they ring round the same unvaried chimes,'—have come to the conclusion that 'the progress of civilization has not been favourable to faith.' There is scarcely one page of the volume in which we are not met by this offensive assumption. In the compass of a brief Introduction the writer reiterates on every single page such statements as the following:—'the opinions of *educated society* upon the most important questions that can occupy the human mind appear at the *present time* to be more unsettled than at any previous period of European history:'—'a change in religious thought has gradually forced its way through the *cultivated classes* of the community:'—'the whole system of *modern education* tends towards the same result:'—'scepticism has been naturalized in *modern society*,' 'pervades the whole *atmosphere of thought*, and leads the *most learned societies*,' and 'the *mass of society* is anxiously seeking a belief which shall not be at issue with the *moral sense of educated men*:'—'it is *now obvious* that the theology of former days *cannot* be permanently maintained' amidst 'the process of religious change, which is *gradually permeating the Protestant world*.' These phrases occur in just a twentieth part of the whole work, and they are repeated nearly twenty times as often in the remaining chapters.

The complacency with which the writer regards 'this altered condition of belief' of 'the educated Protestant' (for the definite article is made to do yeoman's service in the cause of mere assertion) is matched by the cool scorn with which old beliefs are put aside as dead, and hardly worth burying. For this purpose the past tense is made as serviceable as the definite article. 'So long as Christians *believed* in the personification of evil'—are the opening words of the first

chapter, the whole of which is pitched to the same key-note. 'From the commencement of the Christian era until comparatively *modern* times the existence of evil spirits *was* appealed to in vindication of the Gospel history.' The 'scientific Barrow, and the learned Bishop Bull' are cited to prove 'to how late a period the belief in the intervention of the devil *was* regarded as an important bulwark of the Christian faith.' Yet now—says the higher authority of the Duke of Somerset—'the worthy historians, the wise lawgivers, the vast concourse of witnesses are all equally unavailing; *the spell is broken*—the evil spirits have vanished, and *these phantoms of discredited tradition* will not again re-visit a more *experienced* and *incredulous* world:'—whence we may infer that incredulity is the choicest fruit of experience! The whole witness of the Gospels on this subject is rejected as merely showing that 'the first three Evangelists shared the superstitious notions of their countrymen;' that 'these narratives belong to Jewish traditions, and *are rejected as traditional*:'—from which we learn the curious canon of criticism, that all traditions are to be rejected!

By this easy method not only is a great and difficult question of doctrine summarily disposed of, but its settlement is made to react on the higher question of the credibility of the Gospels; and this is the author's whole gist and aim. Not, indeed, that he argues out his conclusion: that course, we suppose, would be unworthy of 'this period of mental activity.' The Duke of Somerset is content to adopt 'the *obvious* solution, that these Gospels are not exempt from human imperfection.' Using the rhetorical artifice of making a question do duty for an argument, he mentions the omission of demoniacs from the fourth Gospel, and asks, 'Was this silence a tacit repudiation of *idle tales*, which the writer of that Gospel did not wish openly to contradict?' 'This view'—he quietly sums up—'*if adopted*, undoubtedly impairs the authority of the Gospel history. On this subject change of opinion is *inevitable*.' There are, '*it has been said*'—such is his constant mixture of dogmatism and vagueness—'*many other illusions* which will be gradually cast out of the *Protestant mind*, although they may rend their victim as they come out of him, and leave him half dead at their departure:'—a fit type of the mental and moral state to which this book might bring an unwary reader.

We have been led on from the exposure of the Author's method of cool, confident assertion, to its illustration from his treat-

ment of the first of the thirty-nine articles of his essay. But we cannot pass from this particular subject without noticing an *animus* which we have observed as a character of 'modern scepticism.' The doctrines of 'Christian theology' are not merely set aside as effete; they are travestied for the purpose of contemptuous insinuation. Thus we are told that 'Satan, whilst he was the terror of the multitude, was also the *efficient ally of the priest*. In some cases he became the *guardian angel of the Church*, strengthening her empire, and enabling her to repress the lawless violence of men, whom no human authority could control.' These words do, indeed, stand in connection with the claims of Roman Catholic priestcraft; but the Duke of Somerset is little careful to distinguish Romish superstitions from the doctrines of his own and other Protestant churches. He assumes that attitude of hostility to the clergy, as such, which is another special mark of 'modern scepticism': in fact, this antagonism forms his very starting-point.

Our natural and wondering enquiry, how and why such a book as this came to be written, is anticipated in a Preface marked by the affectedly sententious brevity of the chapters that follow it, and striking the keynote of the whole essay.

'For many years past religious questions have incessantly interfered with the social and educational improvement of the community. Instead of gradually diminishing in their effects, these causes of disturbance seem to be increasing.

'A politician would gladly avoid touching these thorny subjects, but he observes that the religious teachers never cease from intermeddling with politics.

'The Church of Rome, as in olden times, pours imprecations on our heads; and the Roman Catholic clergy in the United Kingdom administer the same balm in a more inconvenient form.

'The Established Church distracts us with so many doctrinal disputes and perplexing doubts, that we almost wish she would slumber again, as she did during the greater part of the last century.

'The Non-conformists appear to be exasperated, and threaten to upset everything from the village-school to the cabinet, unless they are allowed to have their own way.

'All these convulsive movements are symptoms of mental disquietude, which forebodes a religious change.

'Meanwhile, every Protestant may exercise his private judgment; and since inquiry cannot easily make matters worse, let us again examine into the fountain-head of all these differences, and see whether there is any possible solution at least of the Protestant difficulties.

'We live in an age of free thinking and plain

speaking, "*rara temporum felicitate, ubi sentire quæ velis, et, quæ sentias dicere, licet.*"'

The very first of these sentences has the true ring of modern scepticism. Religious questions are now to be regarded as an incessant *interference* with our social and educational improvement; an increasing *cause of disturbance* in a Christian State. Religious teachers are spoken of as if they had merely a professional interest in their doctrines and their work; and so throughout the book, all the most earnest and devoted defenders of Christian truth—from Stephen the Hellenist, with his 'lamentably feeble vindication of Christianity,' and Paul the Pharisee, with his Judaizing theology and his Manichæan philosophy—are represented as either interested or self-deceiving persons, labouring in their vocation. Truly if religious teachers intermeddled with politics in the same manner and spirit as this 'politician' does in religion, 'the social and educational improvement of the country' would be in no small danger. But the Duke seems to grudge the clergy even their proper work of discussing the 'doctrinal disputes and perplexing doubts,' which are the very signs that life is stirring on the waters. And no wonder: for his own simpler method is to end the disputes by abolishing all doctrinal teaching, and to get free from the perplexity of doubt by almost universal scepticism. We forbear to characterize the contemptuous superiority with which the 'politician' would conjure back the Church into the spell of slumber out of which it is her happiness to have been roused.

Whether the existing religious agitations are more violent than in other periods of mental and spiritual activity, is a question which it would be difficult to settle. Describing them as 'convulsive'—an epithet not inapplicable to their treatment in his own pages—the Duke discerns in them 'symptoms of mental disquiet, which forebodes a religious change,' that is to say, dissatisfaction with the generally accepted doctrines of Christianity is so general, at least in 'the educated mind,' that nothing remains for us but a religious revolution. Now we ask, first, Is this witness true? Or is it the utterance of a few shallow and conceited sceptics, who arrogate to themselves the name of 'thinkers,' prating to each other of the doubts, of which they are as vain as if they were new truths, and mistaking the echoes of the dark cave to which they have retreated for the voices of general assent? Their confidence of having the age with them seems belied by the very violence and dogmatism of their assertions: for the most

vehement dogmatism is the dogmatism of unbelief. We turn for a moment from the book before us to cite another example of the same spirit.

A few months since one of the school communicated to a public journal some of his experiences 'in search of a good sermon,' for all he could hear near home were a compound of 'humbug' and 'twaddle.' And yet he was not hard to satisfy, for (said he) 'I can listen with pleasure to anybody who speaks like an honest man, who has some moderate faculty of utterance, and *who is not too great a fool!*' In search of these moderate qualities, the wanderings of this 'stray sheep' (for so he called himself) led him to Mr. Voysey as his first experiment. Here he witnessed 'the rare and pleasant spectacle of one who has really something to say which he believes to be of the last importance, and which he says without reservation or equivocation.' We need not state in detail what that something was:—how Mr. Voysey denounced popular Christianity:—how he gave a rare example of the reasoning of 'modern sceptics' by *assuming* man to have been created in the lowest rank of savages ('he might have said a monkey,' adds the reporter), and hence inferring the absurdity of the doctrine of the Fall, *because* it implies that primeval man was perfect:—how the Atonement was denounced, with a long list of doctrines 'only less noxious' than these two 'cardinal errors':—how 'a single sentence was sufficient to abolish the devil, eternal damnation, the doctrines of the Trinity and the Divinity of Christ, the Sacraments,' and more still, as 'superstitions,' to destroy which was the preacher's great work. But our present object is not so much to expose this sort of teaching as to mark its effect on his sympathizing hearer. Will our readers believe that he finds fault with it simply for being *superfluous*? 'Is not Mr. Voysey, one' was forced to ask, rather slaying the dead? Have those *grim doctrines* of popular theology which, as he said, "painted man as worse than a worm, and God as blacker than a fiend," any hold upon educated minds?' Of Mr. Voysey's attempt to 'explode' our belief in the devil it is said, 'surely for persons *above the level of ranters* this is rather waste of powder.' His vehement assaults against what he holds as debasing superstitions are aimed at *ents which lurk only in the lower intellectual strata*—"the coarse interpretations of Christianity popular in an *effete school of theology*"—"antiquated errors that *linger in obscure corners*;" and it has now become merely '*amusing to hear a man refuting the most ignorant and bigoted part of the clergy.*'

When the writer regards all this as but 'doing over again the work of the last century,' his triumphant assumption forms a satire on 'the great waves of thought,' of which he boasts as 'sweeping over Europe.' It is quite true that the modern scepticism of this new age of thoughtful enquiry and unprecedented progress is but a return to the spirit and method of Voltaire and the infidels of the eighteenth century, who themselves followed in the steps of the English deists of the seventeenth, though varnished over with a flimsy show of Biblical learning got from the rationalists of the nineteenth. And now it is all paraded over again, not only with an affected unconsciousness that it has ever been answered, but with a brazen assumption that it is unanswered and unanswerable—that the whole question is settled, and all who retain any remnant of old belief are mere fools and *βεκκεσέληνοι*.

Such is the style of 'modern scepticism,' to which the Duke of Somerset brings the support of his great historic name, his conspicuous position in the political world, and his high rank—the last an advantage which has not yet lost its weight even in the progress of modern society. These considerations, as they must attract the more notice to his opinions, increase his responsibility for their utterance, though they can add nothing to their real value. The Duke of Somerset has no hereditary power to see more of the truth than the humblest student of the Bible; but there may be those who would expect him to maintain the evangelical Protestantism, of which the first Duke of Somerset, with all his faults, was the honest as well as the official Protector. He needed not to justify the conduct of a politician in touching religious subjects; for the cause of Christianity has found many an effective champion among the laity, and some among the nobility of our land. The very title of his book might have raised the hope that another such champion had come forward to add new lustre to the title of Somerset, by maintaining the cause of 'Christian Theology' against 'Modern Scepticism.' But the volume is no sooner opened than it is found to contain abundance of Modern Scepticism, with but little Christian Theology; that little being distorted, perverted, and sometimes (we are compelled to add) wantonly caricatured, for the purpose of justifying the scepticism.

The enquiry is, indeed, opened in the name of the Protestant right of private judgment; but rather on the ground that 'inquiry cannot easily make matters worse,' than with any serious or reverent purpose of making them better. We are invited to 'examine

again into the fountain-head of all these differences—a challenge which no true believer will refuse when it is honestly made—and to ‘see whether there is any possible solution at least of the Protestant difficulties.’ But we soon find that our proffered guide is not in search of a solution, but only bent on proving—or rather reiterating—that none is possible; and he affects to lead us back to the fountain-head, only to show that the well-spring of life is hopelessly corrupted, or, at best, that it sends forth at the same opening both sweet water and bitter. We say ‘affects’ to go back; for of exact, painstaking, critical enquiry into the difficulties of Scripture and its teachings, there is none. The author boasts of the age of free thinking and plain speaking in which we live, as if that were some new thing in Protestant England; but his plain speaking seems to us the expression of little thinking of any sort; nor can we call that thinking free, which is for the most part the slavish echo of the most random thoughts of others, the catch-cry of the mocking-bird claiming the character of ‘native wood-notes wild.’

One fact is enough to stamp the critical value of the work—almost enough, too, to discharge an opponent from any duty of engaging to refute it:—amidst a considerable parade of authorities, there is not from beginning to end one exact reference by which they may be tested. Indeed the author, with cynical candour, discharges himself from the office of making good his objections or examining the arguments by which most of them have already been refuted. His introduction ends with this frank avowal:—

‘To enter fully into these elaborate inquiries would occupy too large a space. . . . The several points at issue are compressed into short chapters, so as not tediously to repeat objections, which are already familiar to many readers.

And this he calls taking ‘a comprehensive view of the subject’—by merely blurring out again objections which are assumed to be ‘already familiar,’ instead of attempting either to solve them, on the one hand, or, on the other, to maintain them by ample argument, and in a spirit conscious of the solemn responsibility of assailing the foundations of Christian faith. By appealing to educated society, the writer deprives himself of the excuse that his work is intended to be popular; and the brief and light form he has adopted leaves him in this dilemma:—Either the objections, which he throws out almost at random, are so ‘familiar’ that their repetition was needless; or, in

any case, they are thrown out in a form which can only be described—in its tendency, if not in its purpose—as mischievous. He might have been content to leave them where they were left by writers of far more power and learning; or, if he had any new views, he should have stated them fully and have sustained them by argument. But he has done neither. If a great book is a great evil, a small book may be a greater evil still. If brevity is the soul of wit, it is not always the spirit of wisdom. As much fallacy and folly may be condensed into a short sentence as whole volumes would be needed to expose. We have lately seen how a cow upsetting a lamp with one kick could spread a conflagration through a great city. The lamp of truth is never exempt from the wanton blows of—well, no matter about completing the parallel; but an Apostle has warned us that the tongue may set on fire the whole course of nature.

The Duke of Somerset is a well-read scholar; and he has the scholar-like practice of showing the bent of his mind by the quotations which he adopts as mottoes; nor are we sure that the spirit of his volume could be better shown than by culling a selection of these ornaments of his chapters.

The motto chosen for his chapter on Hebrew Poetry—‘*Utinam tam facile vera invenire possim quam falsa convincere*’—is at least expressive of the free and easy mode in which he affects to do the latter. The Virgin Mary is at once relegated to the limbo of doubt and placed suggestively on a level with the heathen queen of heaven by the quotation, ‘*Capit inter nubila condit*.’ The gloom into which the writer is led by the difficulties of the Gospel history is expressed by the figure—

‘*Quale per incertam lunam sub luce maligna
Est iter in silvis:*’

but humbler enquirers have found there a path ‘as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.’ The Pauline Theology is described as ‘*non solum philosophia phantastica, sed etiam religio hæretica*.’ against the Pauline Philosophy the Apostle himself is quoted—‘*Ne decipiamur per inanem philosophiam*,’ and the ‘Modern Conclusions’ upon the whole teaching of St. Paul are summed up in another Scripture quotation, in a spirit which we leave our readers to characterize—‘*VADE SATANA!*’

We might add more of the same sort, but we are content to stop here and ask, Is this the tone in which ‘the opinions of educated society upon the most important questions which can occupy the human mind’ ought to be uttered? Truly the Duke of Somerset

goes to the war of Modern Scepticism against Christian Theology with a light heart; but, when his forces come to be reviewed, they might not unfitly be likened to 'troops that can't march, and ships that won't swim.' It is enough to pass them in rapid review, and to show by a few tests that they are unsubstantial phantoms — 'ineptiæ, somnia, nugæ,' in the Duke's classic phrase. The war has been fought out already; and the leader, who now brings some few of the feeblest forces of scepticism back into the field, avows that he has marshalled them not for fight, but for a display which may justify his claiming a triumph. We have read the mottoes borne upon his banners: we have heard the flourish of trumpets proclaiming the accomplished victory of the 'army of doubters' over Mansoul and Emmanuel. When we ask for the trophies of the victory, we find trifles only to be compared with the shells which Caligula picked up on the sea-shore, to carry home as the spoils of the ocean. As little do the objections culled in this book affect the boundless and fathomless ocean of divine truth, the very ebb and flow of which is working out for man those great ends, towards which the Duke of Somerset fails to see any advance 'after eighteen hundred years of Christian teaching.'

Through these centuries of Christian teaching he asserts that 'man has made no advance in certainty of religious knowledge,' and he draws the trite, but false, parallel between science and Christianity; the one receiving all credit for its 'partial success,' while the other is suggested to have failed because 'certainty' is not yet attained, and because there is still a diversity of religious opinion. The objector does not enquire whether it was the purpose of Christianity to exclude that diversity, which has the merit of setting its essential truths in many different lights, and preventing them from stagnating into lifeless formularies, and the still higher use of exalting true spiritual life above all mere forms of opinion. Nor does he attempt the difficult but most necessary definition of that 'certainty' which he misses. He denies to Christianity even that 'partial success' which science has had in 'contributing to the convenience or to the happiness of mankind, encouraging fresh exertions, and opening a prospect of future acquisitions.' He dares to add that 'in the study of revealed religion this process seems to have been reversed.' What! has Christianity turned knowledge and human progress backward? Has it diminished the convenience and happiness of mankind? Does it discourage fresh exertions, and shut out

the prospect of future acquisitions? Ten thousand answers are given by the blessings wrought by Christianity in this world, and the eternal hopes which it holds forth in the world to come.

The fundamental position of scepticism is the impossibility of arriving at truth on religious subjects; and this alleged impossibility is made the one ground for denying a divine revelation. The believer, on the other hand, points to a revelation actually made, as proving that what is impossible with man has been made not only possible, but a living reality, by God himself. The sceptic merely *affirms* the first position, or, at best, maintains it by arguments which prove to him that religious truth lies beyond the range of what he understands by 'science.' But the believer offers positive proof, from the strict laws of historical truth and scientific criticism, that such a revelation has in fact been made, that it confirms and is confirmed by the witness which Nature bears of God, and that it, and it alone, meets the moral and spiritual wants and troubles of which human nature is ever conscious. How then is this issue to be tried? The two chief classes of sceptics give two answers. The 'scientific' sceptic, no longer reasoning 'from Nature to Nature's God,' denies that Nature has any room for God, or that authority can ever be a ground of belief. With this school we are not at present specially concerned. The writer before us only alludes briefly to the progress of physical science as one of the causes which 'have concurred to modify the religious beliefs of the Protestant world.' The former loyalty of philosophy, science, and literature to revealed religion is recognised, with allusions to Locke, Newton, and Addison, savouring (in the last case at least) of sarcasm. But this alliance, he tells us, is now converted into hostility, and he echoes the scorn which the scientific sceptic throws on any attempt to show the harmony of science and religion.

We had thought it one of the noblest efforts of 'modern thought' to bring any apparent antagonism of divine and human science to the test of free but calm reasoning; and to enquire whether the true God does not bear one consistent witness of himself in the threefold light of revelation, the laws of nature, and the working of the human mind. Nay more, we had fondly deemed it one of the glories of our own and of more than one preceding age to have made, in this work of reconciliation, some 'advance in certainty of religious knowledge.' But it is the peculiar character of Modern Scepticism, not to retrace and disprove the advance thus

made, but loudly and scornfully to deny it, and to affirm that 'scepticism has been naturalized in modern society,' and we are required to confess the fact of this change of belief at the peril of being branded as fools or pilloried as hypocrites. If we venture to suggest that true views of science may be reconciled with the right interpretation of Scripture, we are sure to be told that none but 'a scientific man' has a right to an opinion on a question of science, but that he may tie down the theologian to the very narrowest and most literal sense of Scripture which seems to contradict a scientific fact. A sort of infidel inquisition is set up, to bring the Galileos of theology to confess upon their knees that the world of matter is the centre of all truth, and that the light of God must move in obedience to it.

This intolerance is practised in the name of Science, the very essence of which is an humble readiness to receive truth of every kind; in the name of a Philosophy which contradicts its very title by showing neither love nor reverence for wisdom. We might say that Modern Scepticism belies the very name of which it boasts; for, in the original and best sense, this philosophic title denotes the attitude of impartial observation. No contrast can be greater than that between the genesis of scientific truth and the development of religious unbelief as we see it working in this boastful age of science. When the true man of science sees through an old error, and discovers a new truth, he sits down to a long course of *patient* enquiry, continued *observation*, and repeated experiment, *before* he allows himself to be *convinced*, or proclaims it to the world. When at length he makes it known, he displays no spirit of arrogant dogmatism; but he submits it modestly to the investigation of those most competent to confirm his discovery or to detect his mistake. But where the infinitely momentous questions of religion are at issue, we continually see the sceptic hugging every doubt as if it were the discovery of a new truth. Instead of labouring to enlighten the world by finding the true solution, he exults in having obscured the sun with his tiny puff of smoke. If the objection has been answered over and over again, he only clings to it the more fondly, and repeats it like a child trying to rekindle an exploded squib. A growing habit is formed of rejecting everything that is generally accepted; till, the inner light being put out, the sceptic declares that all who see what he is blind to are in the same darkness.

But the volume before us rather illustrates the other type of scepticism, which may be

called the pseudo-critical. Its purpose is not so much to set science and philosophy against religion, as to set Scripture against itself. We had almost said that the writer quotes Scripture in the fashion of a well-known proverb: but in all soberness we affirm that no 'wresting' of texts could be more violent at one time, or more insidiously offensive at another, than some to be found in his pages. He strikes the key-note by quoting the saying of Selden, that the words '*scrutamini scripturas*' have undone the world: but, as usual, he gives no reference to enable the reader to test the sense or connection in which the apparent paradox was used. In vain would he seek any authority in Selden for saying that our Lord's solemn appeal, 'Search the Scriptures,' ought to have made the Jews see that in them they had *not* eternal life, or that the noble-minded Bereans, when they searched the Scriptures daily, ought to have found that the things preached by Paul were *not so*, but were a mixture of Jewish tradition and oriental philosophy.

'The search of the Scriptures has impaired the authority of Scripture, and the learned endeavours to remove obscurity have increased doubt.' Is this *really* so? Have a cloud of witnesses, such as Grotius and Butler, Paley and Lardner—not to quote many a name *illustrations* in our own day—gathered together the testimony of history, and science, and philosophy, all in vain? Was it reserved for the Duke of Somerset, in this tiny volume, to neutralize all the libraries of Christian Theology, and undo all that stands proved in the '*De Veritate*' and the '*Credibility*'? Above all, is the Bible to bear witness against itself, and the more we know the Holy Scriptures, are we to find them the less able to make us wise unto salvation? The author boasts of appealing, in the spirit of '*the Protestant*,' to an '*open Bible*.' Is, then, the Bible now opened for the first time? The phrase recalls to mind the age when the Bible was first laid open for every man to read it in his own tongue. Who has not been touched by the picture of the humble seeker for truth bending with reverence over the open volume, free to all alike, though chained to its desk in the Church porch? What if we were to add to the picture a Duke of Somerset—not a Protector of the Realm and Church of England—standing at the elbow of the poor reader (for the very education of the poor, it seems, is to be imbued with scepticism) to poison his mind with doubts? What if some mischievous opponent had come to the open Bible only to tear out leaf after leaf, and to scribble over the remaining fragments with com-

ments, suggesting that the Hebrew prophets were themselves sceptics, the Evangelists mistaken in their facts and deluded in their notions, the 'Acts of the Apostles' a collection of fabulous traditions, and the Pauline Epistles a compound of fantastic philosophy and heretical religion?

The whole system of pseudo-critical scepticism begins at the wrong end. The true critic examines first the evidence by which the genuineness and authority of the Bible is established, and then he approaches the difficulties suggested by its contents. Internal evidence on the negative side must be absolutely overwhelming to outweigh the direct evidence of testimony; and even in such a case the negative conclusion is not fully justified, till at least the chief flaws in the external evidence are exposed. But modern scepticism passes over the question of testimony altogether, and outrages the very first canon of evidence by resting its case on internal difficulties alone. The question whether God revealed to Moses—we do not say a system of cosmogony, for that term at once raises difficulties that do not exist—but some great first truths concerning the creation of the world and man—is to be first approached by examining the evidence for the genuineness of the record, and for the divine mission of Moses; and then the difficulties are to be taken into account. If we indeed possess the historic record of Moses, that he did lead Israel out of Egypt in the manner described in the Exodus, the arithmetical difficulties raised by a Colenso can only prove that the critic has misunderstood the meaning of his text. So with the objections to the New Testament in the volume before us, we fail to see a sign of any real earnest study of the very first step in the mere approach to 'Christian Theology.' If it has been proved that St. Luke professed truly to write the deeds and words of Jesus from the testimony of 'eyewitnesses and ministers of the word'—and if St. John wrote, 'he that saw it bare record, and his record is true, and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye might believe'—it would almost seem as if there were self-condemning irony in the assertion, that 'the educated Protestant no longer believes what the Evangelists believed and affirmed.' What a witness against that 'modern education' which is the boasted ally of 'modern scepticism'!

In one brief sentence, indeed, the author does just touch upon the argument from miracles. From what he is pleased to call the 'admission' (!) of the Evangelists, that the multitude believed John the Baptist to be a prophet, while they hesitated to acknowledge Jesus, he draws the sweeping in-

ference, 'This admission *disposes of* the reasoning of Paley and other writers, who argue that miracles were indispensable as the credentials of a divine mission.' A wonderful example of how few words may suffice to heap error upon error. The characters of a *prophet* and of the *Messiah* are confounded, and that in the case of the very prophet who himself so clearly warned his hearers against the confusion; and the nature of the argument from miracles is quite misstated. Where did the Duke of Somerset find in Paley, or the authorities whom he quotes with such nice accuracy as 'other writers,' that miracles were essential as the credentials of every prophet? He might have learnt better from the Jews themselves, who said of the very case he cites, 'John did no miracle; but all things that John spake of this man were true.' The people, familiar in their history with prophets, and on the very strain of expectation for 'that prophet' who was to rouse them to a new national life, believed John, without miracles: but no miracle was enough to reconcile them to a Messiah whose kingdom was not of this world, and the divine claims which His miracles attested were resented as blasphemy. In both cases their course was consistent with the self-righteous and exclusive character into which the Jewish nation had long been settling down. And yet the very writer, who admits 'the simple truthfulness' which marks the record, holds it to be 'unfavourable to the conclusions' drawn by the Evangelists!

The wisest of men—unless the Duke of Somerset has found a *wiser* in this modern age of progress—has expressed by a pair of proverbs, paradoxical at first sight, the difficulty of dealing with a certain class of opponents. In some cases we may perhaps combine the two maxims, giving answer enough to expose the conceit of fancied wisdom, but not enough to join issue on the level of the objector's folly. Few of the Duke of Somerset's objections deserve a specific answer; but a few may serve to expose his spirit and method, and to justify our treatment of his book as a type of the character of 'Modern Scepticism.'

In the usual style of assumption, which declares the work of destruction to be already done, we are told that 'the manifestations connected with the nativity and baptism of Jesus *had in early times* been withdrawn from the province of legitimate history'! The angelic visions of Zacharias and the Virgin, the alternate hymns sung by Elizabeth and Mary, the choir of angels chanting to the shepherds—are 'presented in the poetical form of earlier Hebrew records,'

and on that sole ground are rejected without a word of reasoning. A chapter of four pages suffices to discredit the star seen in the East as a fragment of the astrology which the Christian Church denounces, the voice from heaven at our Lord's baptism as 'a common superstition of the Jews,' and the dove as an emblem of Syrian idolatry! The first is disposed of in the usual style of random assertion and insinuation. 'Modern expounders' (who?) 'now admit' (where and for how long?) 'that the star belongs to the poetical imagery of a nascent creed' (whatever this pretty phrase may mean). 'It has indeed a *curious family likeness* to the star described by Virgil, and *even recalls* the astrological associations commemorated by Horace. Poets are often plagiarists, and fiction repeats itself in different minds.' Was Balaam's prophetic vision of the Star in the East, we wonder, an unconscious anticipation of Virgil and Horace? Yet such incoherent suggestions as these lead to the momentous conclusion, '*the Protestant therefore feels himself justified* in discarding this portion of the Gospel from the category of authentic history.' Is there in all this the semblance of an argument to invalidate the testimony borne by eye-witnesses to a *phenomenon*, to which their testimony is the more credible just because they do not attempt to explain it? Surely it was a striking sign of the universal blessing to spring from the stable at Bethlehem, that the false science of the Chaldaean sages should be overruled to lead them to that lowly roof, where they shewed the truth which our author himself confesses—'Wisdom and wealth have bowed down in humble submission to the superior power of a faith, which in its original purity must for ever hold the human mind in subjection.'

On the voice from heaven we have a characteristic argument. The sceptic is always ready to quote, as authorities against each other, the very Scriptures whose authority he professes to reject. So we are told, 'the epistle ascribed to St. Peter (not even specifying which) so far *disparages* these voices that it refers to the word of prophecy as a *more sure proof of divine truth*!' Can the Duke of Somerset's 'modern education' have failed to teach him the force of a climax? The strange inference is clenched by a sneer—'A modern Protestant cannot be expected to be more *Catholic* than St. Peter, or to attach high authority to a phenomenon which an Apostle had *depreciated*!' How depreciated? Let the Epistle itself answer—'We have not followed cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord

Jesus Christ, but were eye-witnesses of his majesty. For he received from God the Father honour and glory, *when there came such a voice to him from the excellent glory*. . . . AND THIS VOICE WHICH CAME FROM HEAVEN WE HEARD.*

As to the emblem of the dove, which is affirmed with the most striking emphasis to have been really seen by the Baptist and the bystanders,† we stand aghast at the spirit in which these words could be deliberately written:—'The dove had been an object of popular veneration in Palestine, and it is *not to be supposed* that a special miracle was performed for the purpose of consecrating an old Syrian superstition. These symbols have the stamp of Jewish legends, and it is *now needless* to discuss them further.' Needless, we suppose, because the discussion is finished: needless, we echo, because the propounder of the theory has not even opened any serious discussion in its support.

Such is the process which is held to justify the assertion, that, '*if the early chapters of the Gospel history can be no longer received as a record of actual events, this conclusion has been arrived at from the study of Scripture itself*!' All is resolved into the poetic and typical language of pure Judaism, uttering its aspiration for deliverance from the heathen conquerors, and the establishment of a Jewish kingdom under a national sovereign. 'The hymns and types of the Gospels may please imaginative minds, but they do not satisfy *the religious wants of the present age*. The exigencies of *modern thought* require *more distinct and definite convictions*'; and such convictions—unless they be purely negative—modern scepticism affirms to be unattainable! In this dilemma we may be thankful that minds are still left imaginative enough to attune their devotion to the harp of David, and to respond with heart as well as voice to the songs of Zachariah and Mary and Simeon.

After all this, the author admits that the Jewish spirit of the first Christian poetry 'appears to refute the theories which ascribe the Gospels to a later period.' And he confesses that—

'The imputation of forgery and fraud made against the evangelists by writers in the last century has been dispelled by a more careful study of the Gospels.'

His whole labour is to show that the difficulties are not about, but within, the Scriptures; to throw a cloud of doubt and discredit, not over the text, but over the writ-

* 2 Peter i. 16-18.

† Matt. iii. 16, Mark i. 10, Luke iii. 22, and especially John i. 32-34.

ers themselves; to exhibit the Evangelists as honest and only too simple recorders of traditions current among the first disciples, the Apostles as enthusiasts, 'in whose vehemence we see the tongues of fire, but we look in vain for the holy inspiration.' This view, supported by scarcely more than the semblance of one or two illustrations, may then demand a fuller refutation, when its propounder explains how *contemporary writers* (for this is his own admission) could be honest recorders of a false tradition about the facts of which they professed to be eye-witnesses! Enough of this system of carping and cavilling at point after point picked out for the purpose of being perverted and distorted: there is no escape from the position that the genuineness of the Scriptures, the honesty and credibility of the writers, and their claim to Divine authority, must stand or fall together.

The 'Acts of the Apostles' is treated like the Gospels, as a 'traditional' record of uncertain date, in defiance of the distinct statement of the Preface, which identifies the author with that of St. Luke's Gospel,* and of the fact that the author uses the first person to imply his own part in the events which he records.† One of the strangest arguments for this traditional character is found by the writer in the defence of St. Stephen. He concedes that 'this speech has, however, the character of authenticity'; but he adds that 'the author of the Acts, had he not adhered to *traditions*, could undoubtedly have composed a *more effective* speech in favour of Christianity'! Of course this means that the Duke of Somerset can supply him with such a speech, and its scope would be as follows:—'Writing with *the acquired knowledge of a later age*, he could have described Stephen overwhelming the Sanhedrim with ancient prophecies and recent miracles.' So it seems, that the *ancient* prophecies, to which our Lord and His Apostles constantly appealed, and the *recent* miracles, which had been wrought before the eyes of Stephen's hearers, and by Stephen himself, were a part of the acquired knowledge of a later age! Again, our eager critical enquirer for 'historical truth' seems to think that the author of the Acts would better have discharged his duty as an historian by refusing to 'adhere to traditions' which supplied him with a speech having 'the character of au-

thenticity,' and preferring, after the manner of Livy, to compose another for Stephen, adapted to the more advanced knowledge of a later age! And yet the materials of this speech were to be derived from the ancient prophecies, of which Stephen had full knowledge, and from miracles so recent in his time, that the Duke of Somerset complains of him for not appealing to them! But these were the very topics out of which the whole controversy arose: the resurrection of Christ was the one great fact which had been proclaimed by the Apostles and their followers daily and hourly since the Pentecost: and the miracles which were daily wrought spoke for themselves. 'Stephen,' however, 'did not even explain the Gospel which, *it is said*, he had expounded in the synagogues with irresistible force.' Of the sneer we need only say that, if Hellenists endowed with the power and eloquence of Saul of Tarsus 'were not able to resist the wisdom and spirit by which he spake,' the 'lamentable feebleness' discovered by the Duke of Somerset must be purely subjective.

Of all who have ever read the speech before him, is our author alone unable to see that its whole aim was to 'show the connection between ancient dispensations and recent events'! It is based on the great principle, so familiar to the Jews, and so persistently attacked by sceptics, of the historical nature of the Divine revelation. It showed the consistent dealings of God with His people, through every age of their history, in raising up prophets whom they as persistently refused to hear; and thus the argument leads up to the climax of their obstinacy in the rejection of Christ. The essence of the charge against Stephen was that he had spoken 'blasphemous words against this holy place and the law:' and, in reply, he shows how his accusers and judges had rejected Christ just as their fathers rejected the great law-giver who was his type: how, as their fathers had always profaned the temple by their idolatries, they were refusing the truth, foreshadowed by Solomon when that temple was dedicated, that the Most High has a still higher and holier abode. The protomartyr had not to preach the Gospel or prove its truth to enquiring hearers—that he had been doing daily—but to convict the consciences of unjust judges, who were already resolved on his destruction. He was at the very point of his argument, when its 'lamentable feebleness' carried such conviction to his hearers, that they, his judges, stopped him with an outburst of wild fury. 'When they heard these things, *they were cut to the heart*, and

* Compare Luke i. 3, and Acts i. 1.

† See Acts xvi. 10–18, xx. 5 *et seq.* These wonderful indications of the authorship of the book, in the use of the first and third person, according as St. Luke was or was not with St. Paul, are far beyond the reach of such criticism as the Duke of Somerset's.

gnashed upon him with their teeth'—a movement which our sceptic calls 'the not unnatural remonstrance of the Council'!

If there be one branch of biblical criticism that has been more satisfactorily treated than another, it is the argument from the essential agreement and the undesigned coincidences between the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles of St. Paul. But our author asserts that the argument of the 'Horæ Paulinæ' must be rejected, and, we need scarcely add, rejected with contempt. As an example of the 'calm reason' and 'fair criticism,' with which the question is to be discussed, he says, 'Of course Paley arrives at the sound orthodox conclusion *which is expected from an English divine*!' He is so delighted with the sneer, that he must needs repeat it in a form striking at once at the Acts, at St. Paul, and at the clergy, whom he seems to dislike even worse than the Apostle. His 'prominent objection to the narrative in the Acts consists in its *incompatibility with the moral character and truthfulness of St. Paul.*' As an example, he cites St. Paul's vow in the Temple, shutting his eyes to the distinction between the yoke of imposed Judaism which Paul resisted, and his voluntary compliance with the usages of the Temple service; and then he exclaims—

'An English clergyman in the enjoyment of a lucrative benefice, with a pleasing prospect of promotion, may be pardoned if he yields some of his opinions for the sake of tranquillity,—but he should not measure St. Paul by his own standard.'

Is not this in the worst spirit of Tom Paine?

For the rest, he singles out two or three cases of trivial apparent discrepancy, which have been explained over and over again by Paley and later writers; while the innumerable examples, which those writers have irrefragably established, of essential and clearly unpremeditated agreement, are passed over in utter silence. And here we may remark the total absence of any real use of standard authorities throughout the book. This sweeping impunerg of Christian Theology barely condescends to give some dozen random references to the works of Christian theologians. This exponent of modern thought betrays—unless we might more truly say, affects—utter ignorance of modern Biblical criticism, except some rationalistic glosses picked up at random and paraded as fixed conclusions.

As one example out of many, we may take the text cited in support of his monstrous position, that the Pauline philosophy

was based on the doctrine of the essentially evil character of matter! 'The creature was made subject to vanity. . . . The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain until now.* Even if the application of these words to the whole frame of inanimate nature were not 'a poet's dream,' how would it support the inference? So far from the creature being in a state essentially evil, it is 'subjected to vanity *unwillingly* by the power of *one who subjected it*'—the external conquering power of evil: beneath that power it 'groans,' like one born to freedom beneath a tyrant, sustained by the 'hope' of a 'deliverance from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the Sons of God.' What trace of Manichæism is there here?

But the truth is—as a slight knowledge of New Testament Greek and 'modern' criticism might have taught our writer—that 'the creature' (ἡ κτίσις) of the whole argument denotes the *rational creation*, the mass of unregenerate human nature, as yet lying in bondage to the yoke of sin, and outside of the Gospel light and liberty, its yearnings for which still bear witness to the sense of lost freedom and the glorious hope of redemption. For the rest, can any one, who has listened beside the open grave to St. Paul's argument on the resurrection of the body, admit for a moment the idea that he taught the essential evil of matter?

There is far more audacity than novelty in finding an example of the 'fluctuating and uncertain traditions' collected by the 'author or compiler of the Acts' in the three accounts of St. Paul's conversion. If ever a case of that 'difference in some details,' which is often the truest mark of real agreement, has been thoroughly discussed, it is surely this. Instead of three different traditions of the event, we have one only in a strictly narrative form by the writer of the Acts; the other two are in the Apostle's own speeches, made in his defence before different classes of hearers. The varieties in the points of view, and in the incidents dwelt upon, are exactly such as we might have expected from the different circumstances of the speaker, the hearers, and the writer. There is not a word in either which really contradicts the rest; and there is no other case of essential agreement combined with diversity of form, which we would more readily take as a crucial test of truth, at least to any mind not fortified against a fair judgment by the foregone conclusions of modern scepticism.

It is worth the while to examine more

closely a case perhaps less familiar, as the one by which the author professes to make out, in just two pages, the thesis that 'The Epistles contradict the Acts.' His proof of this is none other than the famous comparison of St. Paul's movements after his conversion, as narrated in Acts ix., and as appealed to by the Apostle himself in Galatians i. and ii. As usual, the Duke does not condescend to these references: it is enough for him to cite 'the author of the Acts' and 'according to St. Paul's Epistles.' How convenient an instrument of gross misquotation this loose method becomes in his hands, will be seen in a moment.

As if he had made a discovery, he observes that 'St. Paul attached, *apparently*, great importance to the assertion, that he did not receive his Gospel from man, but by revelation of Jesus Christ. In support of this assertion he emphatically states that he conferred not with flesh and blood, nor went to Jerusalem to the Apostles, but went into *Arabia*.' Observe the omission of the words so essential to the account of the Apostle's movements, 'and I returned again unto *Damascus*'! (Galatians i. 16, 17). In the Acts (ix. 19-23) we have a fuller account of the new convert's residence at Damascus, strikingly confirming the statement of the Epistle, that he began at once to preach the Gospel which he had received by revelation, instead of 'conferring with flesh and blood.' The temporary retirement to Arabia is passed over in the Acts as unessential; though the concoctor of a 'traditional history' would certainly have brought it in from the Epistle: but by omitting Damascus in the Epistle, our champion of 'fair criticism' makes it appear as if *Arabia* only were named in the one place in contradiction to *Damascus* in the other!

Our critic proceeds—'After three years, he (Paul) says, he went to Jerusalem, and abode with Peter, as he carefully adds, for fifteen days. During this period he only saw Peter and James. This special reference to dates *awakens a suspicion* that Paul's Christian doctrine had been ascribed to human intervention, and that St. Paul was intent on refuting this assertion.' So fond is the writer of vague surmise, and so bent on showing his own ingenuity of conjecture, that he puts as a 'suspicion,' and as above 'apparently,' the avowed gist of the Apostle's own argument (verses 11 and 12). But this *suspicion* of the modern sceptic becomes next an '*assertion distinctly made* by the author of the Acts, who states that Paul, after his conversion, received his *baptism* and the *gift of the Holy Ghost* from *Ananias* at *Damascus*'! A pause of startled wonder

suspends for a moment our apprehension of the argument. St. Paul says, 'the GOSPEL, which was preached of me is *not after man*, for I neither *received it of man*, nor was I *taught it*, but by the *revelation of Jesus Christ*.' And this claim we always thought to be made good by the account given in the Acts of the appearance and words of Christ to Saul of Tarsus in the moment of his conversion, and the visions with which he was favoured during his three days' blindness and solitude, besides those others on which he himself insists (2 Corinthians xii. 1, *seqq.*). But now it seems that the author of the Acts makes the 'distinct assertion,' that Paul did receive his *Gospel*, its *teaching* and *revelation*, *from man*, because, forsooth, he received his *baptism* and the *gift of the Holy Ghost* through the agency of Ananias! Was ever confusion of thought and language carried further! There are, indeed, two distinct assertions on the matter in the narrative of the Acts: one is that the *revelation* was quite separate from the office of Ananias, to whom the Lord said, 'I WILL SHEW HIM how great things he must suffer for my name's sake;' the other is, that Ananias went to Saul as the messenger of Jesus that had *already 'appeared unto him in the way'* (Acts ix. 16, 17).

Next we have the attempt to prove a contradiction about the Apostle's first journey to Jerusalem. The account is quoted from the Acts (ix. 23-28) of Paul's flight from Damascus and his introduction by Barnabas to the Apostles, with whom he was 'coming in and going out at Jerusalem.' The flight, however, is placed (tacitly at least) in direct sequence with the conversion; thus concealing the correspondence of the 'many days fulfilled' at Damascus with the 'three years' of Galatians i. 18. Then comes the daring case of misquotation that we have referred to:—'*In order to connect Paul still more closely with the Apostles* THIS BOOK (the Acts) states that "Paul showed first unto them of Damascus and Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judæa, and then to the Gentiles." St. PAUL *explicitly denies this*, and declares before God, that after the fifteen days at Jerusalem he came into the regions of Syria and Cilicia, and was unknown by face unto the churches of Judæa.*

* By verifying the quotations—a process the more needful as the Duke makes it difficult by suppressing his references—the reader will find some apparently slight, but rather significant variations. In Acts xxvi. 20 we have, 'unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem,' two stages which are brought seemingly closer by the Duke's reading 'them of Damascus and Jerusalem.' In the clause 'throughout the coasts of Judæa, and then to all the Gentiles,' the 'ther.'

See what we have here! '*This Book states*'—in implied connection with the opening of St. Paul's ministry (for this is the whole argument)—what, on turning to the book, we find to be the Apostle's own summary of his whole career, in his defence before Agrippa, in marked connection with the close of that career at Jerusalem (Acts xxvi. 21). '*This Book states*' what 'Paul explicitly denies' (*implicitly*, if at all)—the one passage being from his own mouth, the other from his own pen! '*This Book states*'—in words used by the Apostle to illustrate his direct mission by Christ, but adopted by the reporter 'in order to connect Paul' with human teachers!

If it is meant the speech is not genuine, but the invention of the writer of the Acts, this ought to have been clearly stated and proved. Till then we may fairly assume that the Duke would say of it, as of the defence of Stephen, '*This speech has the character of authenticity*,' and that the writer of the Acts did not, in this case any more than in that, 'compose a more effective speech' than that which almost persuaded King Agrippa to be a Christian. Meanwhile we have the Apostle quoted against himself, to prove that he is contradicted by some one else! And the words used 'in order to connect Paul more closely with the Apostles' begin with 'first unto them of Damascus'—the very stage of his ministry insisted on in Galatians i. 17 as preceding any intercourse with the Apostles! No wonder that the more 'advanced' sceptics, who belaud the Duke of Somerset, regard the fact of the appearance of his book as of greater import than its contents, and confess it to be 'not all new, nor anything like exhaustive'!

To exhaust his errors, however, in this one crucial case, we must return from his daring flight of misquotation. St. Paul's 'explicit denial' of what he said before Agrippa consists in the assertion, 'that after the fifteen days at Jerusalem he came into the regions of Syria and Cilicia, and was unknown by face unto the churches of Judæa' (Galatians i. 21, 22). This quotation also is garbled by suppression: but first compare it with Acts ix. 29, 30. Here we have the Apostle's speedy departure ac-

counted for by a plot of the Hellenists, whom he had confuted, like Stephen, in the synagogues, to put him to Stephen's death. We have his departure by way of Cæsarea to Tarsus, the 'regions of Cilicia' to which he tells us that he went. Could any case of mutual confirmation between two independent documents be stronger! How, in all this, do 'the Epistles contradict the Acts'?

Just thus—'according to Paul's *Epistles*, seventeen years had elapsed after his conversion before he had any *intercourse* with the church at Jerusalem.' A careful writer would have explained that his 'seventeen years' were made up of the three years of Galatians i. 18, and the fourteen years of Galatians ii. 1. A candid writer would not have assumed that no possible room is left for any visit to Judæa and Jerusalem between these two. An exact writer would not have made a vague allusion to 'St. Paul's Epistles,' but would have verified and *completed* the quotation he had just made, '*I was unknown by face unto the churches of Judæa which were in Christ: but they had heard only*, That he which persecuted us in times past now preacheth the faith which he once destroyed. And they glorified God in me' (Galatians i. 22–24). Though during the fortnight spent at Jerusalem the Apostle did not become *personally known to the churches throughout* JUDÆA, they heard and rejoiced in the very success mentioned in the Acts: and this is the Apostle's denial of any intercourse with *the church at* JERUSALEM! Surely a teacher of a new religion might spend fifteen days of zealous work in London, and his fame might spread through the country districts, and yet he might be 'unknown by face' in the remoter counties where Dukes have sometimes delighted in trying their strength with Bishops.

Some will say, 'We have seen all this in Paley.' Precisely so! Then why not answer the old refutation of the old objections, which you blurt out as new discoveries? You ask us to produce our proofs: we point to them as long established; and the rejoinder is, that Paley was a self-seeking divine, who brought down Paul to his own moral level! Such is a fairly-selected, and surely a sufficient, sample of the argument against the 'Acts of the Apostles.'

The Duke of Somerset must needs allege a motive for the concoction of this false traditional narrative of the apostolic history—flinging out the point with his usual vagueness and then withdrawing it with equal levity. '*Learned critics*'—who, when, where, and on what grounds!—have

is not in the original (a fact of which the Italics gave fair warning); but its insertion helped to mark a sequence of time that suited the objection. The strong asseveration in Galatians i. 20 applies specifically, not to the statement quoted by the Duke, but to the words, 'But other of the Apostles saw I none, save James the Lord's brother.' Such points of accuracy form the best test of the care and honesty of an enquirer on matters of criticism.

suggested that the object of this book was to effect a compromise between the two divergent doctrines, and to reconcile the followers of Paul with the Judaizing Christians—the book closing (as he has already told us) with the irreconcilable breach within the two! ‘With this view,’ he has no scruple in suggesting that ‘the author *would*’ do what amounts to wilfully falsifying his account both of facts and doctrines. But, after all, ‘there are several objections to the adoption of this solution *which need not be here discussed*!’ From whatever motive then, and in what spirit towards these solemn subjects, was the ‘*solution*,’ forsooth, thrown out? Can such conduct be described in any other words than Solomon’s:—‘As a madman who casteth flames, arrows, and death, so is the man that deceiveth his neighbour, and saith, Am not I in sport?’

In the midst of this darkness visible and confusion worse confounded the Duke of Somerset at length sees a ‘ray of light;’ and it is this—we are to learn, from discrediting the Acts, to disbelieve still more the Gospels which he has already treated as traditional stories full of error! And, as usual, this luminous result is to take the form of a *suspicion*, with which the reader is ‘irresistibly impressed’ from the use of such an ‘authentic criterion’ as the Duke of Somerset’s surmises and assumptions. When first we read his promise of a ray of light, we could but compare him to Diogenes kindling his glimmering taper at mid-day, but on no such honest quest; but we find that he is only holding up a dark lantern to our eyes, with the cry, ‘You must be a fool not to see that the sun is put out!’ We can only answer the vain boast in the prophet’s words—‘Woe unto them that put darkness for light and light for darkness! Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight!’ We have the Duke of Somerset’s assurance—against the evidence of his book—that ‘doubt tempers the mind to humility.’ In that state of mind we trust that he may at length find the fulfilment of the promise—‘I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them and crooked things straight.’

For we do not believe that the state of ‘modern society’ in relation to Christianity is so hopeless as this school of sceptics would have us confess. The very loudness and eagerness, with which they proclaim that the religious revolution is already accomplished, betrays the restless thoughts of the few, rather than the firm convictions of

the many. The moral causes of that restlessness are a more difficult and delicate question than we care to pursue now; nor would we seem to impute motives. But of its mental causes, one at least is to be found in the false ideas of progress which possess many half-trained minds. The leading principle avowed by this school seems to be that, if not in every age, assuredly in our own, the progress of humanity is always from the worse to the better; and if the word *modern* is not the climax of perfection, it is only because the future must be better still. Hence, as Christian Theology is *not modern*, it must be effete; as Scepticism is *modern*, it must be so far right. Apart from the fallacy of the principle, we deny the facts. The ancient fabric of Christian Theology, which (beyond and above all cavil about minor differences) the Duke of Somerset admits to have been held in every age, and which he recognises by the choice of his points of attack—that ‘faith once for all delivered to the saints’ has proved itself also modern in every one of the successive ages, by reappearing in the hearts and minds of believers as an ever living power, to meet the ever recurring sense of sin, to be the ever fresh spring of goodness, love, and charity. Thus, in the words of St. John, the commandment is both old and new. On the other hand, we deny that the shallow and dogmatic scepticism now flaunted before us is modern, much less the product of modern *thought*. But even if it were, should that be a paramount claim on our belief and reverence—if, indeed, we may speak of believing a system of doubts and revering a spirit of irreverence? Clever and ardent minds have often a short rather than a comprehensive sight—magnifying the present, viewing the past at a distorted focus, and seeing the future only in a haze of illusion. For them the past is done with, the present is all important, and by proceeding in the same path they hope to attain a perfect future. But it is not given to any one age—and only self-satisfied vanity can suppose it given to our own—thus to embrace all the ages at once, nor to one generation to hold ‘the earth and the fulness thereof’ in its narrow grasp. Man is always losing as well as gaining—forgetting as well as learning—destroying in the vain hope of building up something better. This is his infirmity and his misfortune: let him beware of making the destruction of the past his deliberate choice. Intent on some slight defect, vain of some fancied discovery, he forgets the reasons for the old things that he goes about to destroy: nay, he forgets the reasons for his own improvements as soon

as they are made; and the change of to-day becomes the reproach and ridicule of to-morrow. This is, perhaps, the chief error of our age in its attitude to the past: certainly it is the fundamental error of modern scepticism, which seems to wish to repeat the boast of Attila, by crushing out true life from every spot where it leaves the footprint of its headlong 'progress.' Far truer is the saying of Niebuhr—who assuredly had no dread of free enquiry or even scepticism in its sound sense—'no present can bear fruit, nor the future give promise, unless its roots are firmly fixt in the past.'

It is the Nemesis of the rash or wanton destroyer, that he has still the task before him of 'building up again the things he once destroyed' with worse materials, and under less favourable conditions; and it is his best fate if he learns that, after all, he must work, with long and late repentance, on the old foundations. Even the sympathizing critic of Mr. Voysey (whom we quoted above) confesses that the old religious beliefs 'had some pith and substance in them, and were not in danger of *dissolving into mere sentimentalism*;' and he regrets that Mr. Voysey '*passed a little too smoothly over the positive side of his teaching*.' We may certainly say the same of the Duke of Somerset. He holds out to us a 'Glimpse of Better Days'—*Auspicium melioris avi*. But, alas! the settlement of the great questions raised must 'be left to the judgment of another generation'—for these results we must wait, remembering that truth is the daughter of time and not of authority; for so does he misapply to religious truth the motto of Bacon which he puts on his title-page. Rightly objecting to one element of 'Modern Education' that 'an exclusive devotion to physical science may perhaps disqualify the mind for the more enlarged contemplation which a nobler philosophy requires'—he regards this education as the hopeful means of—we shudder at the prospect!—depriving even the poor of the Gospel preached to them, and bringing them also to the dead level of modern scepticism. In fact, the chief practical purpose of the book seems to be, in reference to this great controversy of our day, to insist on education being made, not merely secular, but anti-Christian. He began with the complaint, that 'religious questions interfere with the social and educational improvement of the community': he ends with this 'glimpse of better days'—

'A large portion of the people will, it may be hoped, be better educated. Their opinions will then approximate to the view now prevalent amongst the cultivated classes of society.'

But these opinions!—how negative!—how vague!—how remote! Meanwhile the modern sceptic finds his last refuge in the old, old delusion of 'Sentimental Theism.' After disparaging Faith as 'bordering more closely on the feelings than the reason;' he adds—

'There is, however, one unassailable fortress to which she may retire—faith in God. In this unapproachable sanctuary she will reign supreme. Here, at last, the natural and supernatural will be merged in one harmonious universe, under one Supreme intelligence.'

'In affliction and in sickness, the thoughtful man will find here his safest support. Even in that dread hour, when the shadows of death are gathering around him, when the visible world fades from his sight, and the human faculties fail, when the reason is enfeebled, and the memory relaxes its grasp, faith, the consoler, still remains, soothing the last moments, and pointing to a ray of light beyond the mystery of the grave.'

In the plaintive eloquence of this passage we would gladly see, for the noble author, and those who share his views, that '*auspicium melioris avi*' of which he has had a glimpse so dark. They will find it, if they will learn that the truth here proclaimed is not the substitute for, but the very foundation of, that Christian faith which alone reveals God to man. It is here that 'Christian Theology' proves itself to be the only 'practical religion.' At the root of all the speculative and critical and scientific errors of 'Modern Scepticism' lies its blind refusal to confess that man is sinful. The refuge of pure Theism to which the sceptic flies, is the very one which the soul conscious of sin finds to be no refuge, but too truly an 'unapproachable sanctuary,' till it is opened by that atonement, which is only revealed through our faith in the facts and doctrines of the Scriptures. Remove the reconciling doctrines of Christianity, and all that is left of faith in God must be whelmed in the abyss of doubt, and its object will be but an Unknown God—the OTTIE reserved to be devoured last by the one-eyed monster of modern scepticism.

Already we hear, 'more advanced' sceptics than the Duke of Somerset admitting that his confession of the existence of a God is a fault of the same class as that with which he charges the supporters of revelation; and apologizing for such Theism as 'a caravan-serai of thought,' a resting-place which may be compassionately allowed to those whose minds are not yet made up to Atheism. The true goal of the 'extreme,' which is further defined to mean '*finished convictions*,' is the position that God is not even to be conceived of as comprehensible by the hu-

man mind; and this obstacle must be removed before the 'evidences' are even to be listened to! The consciousness which testifies of God is ignored; and Providence in the outer world, Conscience and Faith in the inner, are alike denied.

In conclusion, we repeat, that our only reason for noticing a book, which has so little to recommend it to the serious inquirer—whether sceptic or believer—is to hold up to the light of day the intolerance and dogmatism which characterizes the sceptical school. The bigotry, which was formerly imputed to the theologian, is now the distinguishing attribute of the sceptic. But 'it is not to be endured,' to use the words of Dr. Arnold 'that scepticism should run at once into dogmatism, and that we should be required to doubt with as little discrimination as we were formerly called upon to believe.'

ART. VI.—*A Book of Parliamentary Anecdote, Compiled from Authentic Sources.*

By G. H. Jennings and W. S. Johnstone. London, Paris, and New York, 1872.

THERE is a comic History of England. Why might there not be an anecdotal one, in which the salient points should be placed in broad relief by memorable sayings and striking incidents—by well-chosen traits of valour, virtue, patriotism, eloquence, and wit! There is no pleasanter mode of conveying knowledge, no surer mode of durably impressing it. The most fugitive attention is caught by anecdotes: the most volatile mind retains them so long as it retains anything; and none but the shallowest will miss the moral they point, the reflections they suggest, or the conclusions they justify. The compilers of 'A Book of Parliamentary Anecdote' have manifested no extraordinary amount of discrimination or research. Their materials are drawn from familiar and easily accessible sources; their arrangement is open to grave objection; yet their main object, as explained in their Preface, has been attained. They have produced an amusing, useful, and interesting work; nor is it well possible for any thoughtful reader, at all given to political speculation, to skim their pages without picturing to himself the various stages by which the British Parliament has reached its proud pre-eminence amongst the legislative assemblies of both hemispheres; without evoking scene after scene, or crisis upon crisis, in which its in-

dependent existence was rudely threatened by high-handed prerogative from without, or its character, as an instrument of freedom and civilization, sadly compromised by faction or corruption from within.

When Madame de Staël was expatiating to the Emperor Alexander on the good fortune of Russia in possessing such a ruler, he replied, 'Alas, Madame, I am nothing but a happy accident.' Can the British Parliament, looking either to its origin, its constitution, or its growth, be honestly described as anything else? Where are the marks of contrivance or design, of unity of plan, of calculated harmony of parts? Which of the three branches of the legislature at its creation or inception held, or was intended to hold, the same relative rank which it holds now? Mr. Butler relates in his 'Reminiscences,' that Moreton, Chief Justice of Chester, happened to say in the House, 'King, Lords, and Commons, or (looking at the first Pitt) as that right honourable member would term them, Commons, Lords, and King.' Pitt called him to order, and desired the words to be taken down. They were written down by the clerk. 'Bring them to me,' said Pitt, in his loftiest tone. By this time Moreton was frightened out of his senses. 'Sir,' he stammered out, addressing the Speaker, 'I am sorry to have given any offence to the right honourable member or to the House. I meant nothing. King, Lords, and Commons—Lords, King, and Commons—Commons, Lords, and King: *tria juncta in uno*. I meant nothing; indeed, I meant nothing.' Pitt rose: 'I don't wish to push the matter further. The moment a man acknowledges his error, he ceases to be guilty. I have a great regard for the honourable member, and as an instance of that regard, I give him this advice: whenever he *means* nothing I recommend him to *say* nothing.'

This incident is related in illustration of Pitt's ascendancy, which must have been absolutely overwhelming if he could bully an eminent lawyer into a craven apology for words which by no great latitude of interpretation, might be proved historically true. Again and again has the order of precedence been practically reversed. The very shifting of places which he blurted out in his confusion has occurred. It was Lords, King, and Commons frequently, if not normally, under the Plantagenets: King, Lords, and Commons, under the Tudors: Commons, Lords, and King, during the Great Rebellion. Where the varying arrangement fails, is in not conveying an accurate impression of the contrast presented by the Commons as they started and as they stand. The obscure and

unhonoured state from which they emerged recalls 'the dirt and seaweed whence proud Venice rose.' The burgesses were summoned solely to vote subsidies. The right of representation was regarded as an oppressive burthen from which the smaller boroughs frequently petitioned to be freed. The Commons dared not initiate any measure of legislation: too happy to procure the redress of their grievances by tacking a humble prayer or a halting hesitating condition to a money bill. They prostrated themselves like slaves before the Crown. They crouched like menials, and bent uncovered, like vassals owing suit and service, before the Lords. They received wages from their constituents: like other paid agents, they were bound to abide by their instructions; and it would have puzzled Burke to confirm the proposition by authority when he told the electors of Bristol that a member of the British Parliament was not a delegate.

All readers of Hume will remember the story of Henry VIII. sending for Edward Montague, a member who was supposed to have considerable influence, and thus apostrophising him: 'Ha! man! will they not suffer my bill to pass?' and, laying his hand on Montague's head, then on his knees, 'Get my bill passed by to-morrow, or else to-morrow this head of yours shall be off.' The Bill was passed on the morrow. To complete the humiliation of the Commons, the Cardinal Minister treated them with no more respect than his master.

'In full blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice and fortune in his hand.'

It was in this plenitude of pride and power in which the satirist has painted him, that Wolsey, fearing lest a subsidy of extraordinary amount (800,000*l.*) might not pass smoothly, announced his intention to be present when it was brought forward. He came in state, and delivered a solemn oration, setting forth that less than the sum demanded would not answer the prince's occasions; and then looked round for a reply, 'Getting none, he required answer of Mr. Speaker (Sir Thomas More), who first reverently on his knees, excusing the silence of the House, abashed at the presence of so noble a personage, able to amaze the wisest and best learned in a realm, and then, by many probable arguments, proving that for them to make answer was neither expedient nor agreeable with the ancient liberty of the House; in conclusion for himself showed that though they had all with their voices trusted him, yet except every one of them could put into his own head their several

wits, he alone in so weighty a matter was unmeet to make his grace answer.'*

The Cardinal, angry and mystified, as he well might be, suddenly arose and departed. The next time More waited on him at Whitehall, he said: 'I wish to God, Mr. More, you had been at Rome when I made you speaker.' 'Your Grace not offended, so would I too, my Lord,' replied Sir Thomas, 'for then should I have seen the place I long have desired to visit.' The subserviency of the Third Estate is rendered more glaring by the means which More's ready wit suggested for extricating them from the dilemma.

Queen Elizabeth expressly prohibited Parliament from meddling with State matters or ecclesiastical causes, and she sent members to prison who dared to transgress her imperial edict in these particulars. When James commanded a conference between the House of Commons and the Judges, he commanded it (to use his own words), 'as an absolute king,' from whom all their privileges had been derived. He stuck to this pretension, which was rather evaded than contested; never called together his faithful Commons except when he wanted money, and never met them without quarrelling with them. His sense of their growing importance, however, was betrayed in 1620 by his pettish exclamation when the deputation of twelve waited on him at Newmarket to present the declaration against monopolies: 'Chairs! chairs! here be twal kynges comin.' And again, by his apostrophe to the restive horse: 'The de'il i my saul, sirrah, an you be not quiet, I'll send you to the five hundred kings in the House of Commons; they'll quickly tame you.' When the Prince (Charles I.) and Buckingham were promoting the impeachment of the Earl of Middlesex, the canny old king told his son that 'he would live to have his bellyfull of Parliamentary impeachments.'

During the Reform Bill agitation of 1831, an enthusiastically loyal orator at Nottingham called on the lieges to rally round their sovereign 'like the barons at Runnymede.' This style of rallying was discontinued after the wars of the Roses, which made sad havoc amongst the peerage. Only twenty-nine temporal peers were summoned to the first Parliament of Henry VII. They numbered fifty-nine at the death of Elizabeth, 139 the year after the Restoration, 168 at the death of Queen Anne, exclusive of the 16 representative peers of Scotland, 174 at the accession of George III. In the first ten years of his reign forty-

* Roper's 'Life of Sir Thomas More.'

two peers were created, or raised to a higher order in the peerage. Lord North created or promoted about thirty. In 1801, when Mr. Pitt temporarily left office, he had created or promoted 140 British peers.* The House of Lords now consists of nearly five hundred members, including the episcopal bench and the representative peers; yet the augmentation has hardly kept pace with the increase of wealth and population.

The silken barons, who replaced the iron barons, were, most of them, the creatures of the Crown, and the House of Lords could hardly be said to possess an independent existence or will of its own till after the Great Rebellion. When it began to play a leading part in Government and legislation, its leaning towards the Crown was influenced by the frequent attendance of the King at its sittings. Charles the Second used to say they were as good as a comedy. They lost their comic character towards the conclusion of the reign, but the King was present during the whole debate on the Exclusion Bill, which was prolonged till eleven at night. Subsequently to the Revolution, the attendance of the Sovereign as a listener, would have been deemed unconstitutional, and the custom has consequently fallen into disuse.

The conflicts between the two Houses, with their comparative weight and influence at different epochs, are replete with dramatic situations and details. Take, for example, the conflict in 1700, when the Commons brought in a Bill for annulling the royal grants of forfeited property, and sought to force it intact through the Lords by coupling it with a money Bill. The Lords passed amendments: the Commons rejected them: the Lords passed them a second time, and a second time received the Bill back again with a threatening intimation that it must pass. In every conflict of this kind the final appeal must be to the people, and the boldest champions of the peerage felt that they had no alternative but to give way. It is worthy of remark that the hero of Blenheim then acted the part so frequently acted in our time by the hero of Waterloo. The Duke of Marlborough counselled concession as the lesser of two evils. Better pass a bad Bill than provoke another revolution or civil war. This is substantially the same argument by which the Duke of Wellington persuaded the Lords to pass the Reform Bill, the same by which he satisfied himself that he was bound to support the Bill for the abolition of the Corn Laws. He

told a Protectionist Peer, who expressed a bad opinion of it, 'Bad opinion of the Bill, my Lord! You can't have a worse opinion of it than I have, but it was recommended from the throne; it was passed by the Commons by a large majority, and we must all vote for it. The Queen's Government must be supported.'

Has not this (the great Duke's favourite) doctrine been carried farther than he intended or could have wished? The Queen's Government—meaning Government as involving law and order—must be supported; but not any particular government or ministry, nor any particular policy in which their official existence may be wrapt up. Sound well-considered legislation is an impossibility, if all honest judgment is to be waived in deference to a so-called public opinion; which we are to take on trust, forgetting that it is we ourselves who, by falling in with it whilst we dissent from it, give it weight. Let no man, either Peer or Commoner, support or vote for what he deems a bad Bill or measure. We shall then, at all events, be able to ascertain what is the real state of public opinion: we shall then have something firm and trustworthy to proceed upon, and the constitution will work better than if, whenever the political horizon is troubled or clouded, we are content to sacrifice our convictions to expediency.

By a strange perversity of fortune, according to Lord Russell, the Duke of Wellington was the unconscious instrument of bringing about that increase of popular power which has proved so detrimental to the legitimate influence of the hereditary assembly: 'When at the meeting of Parliament, November 3rd, 1830, the Duke of Wellington declared that the constitution of the House of Commons was perfect, and that the wit of man could not *a priori* have devised anything so good, the general feeling was one of dismay. The House of Lords, usually so calm, showed signs of amazement and perturbation. The Duke whispered to one of his colleagues, "What can I have said which seems to make so great a disturbance?" "You have announced the fall of your Government, that is all," replied his more clear-sighted colleague.*

The Duke had taken his line deliberately before this Parliament met, and knew very

* 'Earl Russell—Introduction to Speeches.'

The Duke had already taken his line when he gave the forfeited franchise to East Retford. In the division on the Civil List (November, 1830), which caused the Duke's resignation, thirty Tories, headed by Mr. Banks and Sir Charles Wetherall, voted in the majority which consisted of twenty-nine.

* 'Treatise upon the Law, Privileges, &c. of Parliament.' By Sir T. Erskine May.

well what he was saying. Moreover, it was the discontented Tories (who agreed with him about the constitution of the House of Commons) that turned the scale. But the fall of the Duke's Government cleared the way for the authors of the Reform Bill, and the Reform Bill destroyed that balance of power between the two branches of the Legislature which so largely contributed to their harmonious action and joint efficiency. It did so by severing the strongest of the connecting links between the two Houses, and by enabling the House of Commons to speak in the name of the people, which prior to 1832 would have been an idle pretension. A list was given in 'Notes and Queries' of fifty members in 1869, who, so far as could be ascertained, were the direct lineal descendants of those who sat in the Long Parliament of 1640. Lord Stanhope, after enumerating thirty-five instances, remarks: 'These hereditary seats, combining in some degree the permanence of peerage with the popularity of elections—these bulwarks against any sudden and overwhelming tide of popular delusion—appear to me to have been one of the main causes of the good working of our ancient constitution, and still more of its long duration.' He also expatiates with well-founded enthusiasm on the number of eminent statesmen who owed to the smaller boroughs, now disfranchised, either their introduction into public life or their refuge during some part of it.* But the essential element of a popular assembly was proportionally diminished, and it was no Radical Reformer of our day, but Mr. Pitt, speaking in 1783, who said: 'This House is not the representative of the people of Great Britain; it is the representative of nominal boroughs, of ruined and exterminated towns, of noble families, of wealthy individuals, of foreign potentates.'

One of these foreign potentates, the Nabob of Arcot, had eight nominees in the House. A well-known story authenticates the fact of a noble family having seven: a Whig Earl had as many when (in 1830) he patriotically bartered his boroughs for a Marquisate, to be followed by a Dukedom.† The counties, says Mr. Massey, were in the hands of the great landowners, who mostly settled the representation by previous concert. When they could not agree, or when

there was a rivalry between two great families, the contest, which in former ages would have been decided in the field, was fought at the hustings; and at least as many ancient houses have been ruined in modern times by these conflicts as were formerly destroyed by private war. He adds that the great feud between the houses of Lascelles and Wentworth, when they disputed the county of York for fourteen days, cost one hundred thousand pounds.* It cost more than treble that sum. Wellesley Pole spent eighty thousand pounds in contesting Wilts, of which four thousand pounds went in ribbons.

Unfortunately, the inherent corruption or perversity of poor human nature is such, that it has proved as difficult to convince the people at large of the wickedness of selling votes as of killing a pheasant or a hare. In some of the largest constituencies (Liverpool for one), at the last general election, independent electors might have been bought by the hundred at five shillings a head. In one of his powerful speeches against Parliamentary Reform, Mr. Lowe, after reading a list of sums allowed as legitimate expenses (ranging from eight thousand pounds up to twenty-seven thousand), said: 'Now, I ask the House how it is possible that the institutions of this country can endure, if this kind of thing is to go on and increase?' We do not see how this kind of thing is to be stopped by legislation. The only hope is that it may be checked and die out, like another kind of thing which grew out of it. When, towards the commencement of the last century, Henley, member for Southampton, was called to account by his constituents for voting against their interests for the promotion of his own, he replied, 'I bought you, and, by G—d, I will sell you.' This was the practice, if not the language, of his time. Mr. Massey has found no trace of the practice after the Grenville Administration. Up to that period, he says, money was received and expected by members from the Minister whose measure they supported, apparently without any consciousness of infamy, very much in the same manner as the voters in certain boroughs receive head-money from the candidate as a matter of right and custom. There is a letter in the Grenville Correspondence showing that the practice extended to the Peers:—

'London, November 26, 1763.

'Honoured Sir,—I am very much obliged to you for that freedom of converse you this morning indulged me in, which I prize more than the lucrative advantage I then received.

* 'History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht,' &c., vol. i. chap. 1.

† The Duke of Norfolk had eleven members; Lord Lonsdale nine; Lord Darlington seven; the Duke of Rutland, the Marquis of Buckingham, and Lord Carrington six each.—*May*. Three of these numbers include county members.

* 'History of England during the Reign of George III.,' vol. i. chap. 9.

To show the sincerity of my words, (pardon, sir, the, perhaps, over-niceness of my disposition) I return endorsed the bill for 800*l.* you favoured me with, *as good manners would not permit my refusal of it, when tendered by you.*

'Your most obliged and most obedient servant,

'SAY and SMEL.

'As a free horse wants no spur, so I stand in need of no inducement or *douceur* to lend my small assistance to the King or his friends in the present administration.'

Fancy the state of morals when good manners would not permit the direct oral refusal of a bribe. A parallel story is told by Dr. King. Sir Robert Walpole, meeting a member of the opposition in the Court of Requests, took him aside and offered him a bank bill of 2000*l.*, which he put into his hands, for his vote. The member replied: 'Sir Robert, you have lately served some of my particular friends; and when my wife was last at Court, the King was very gracious to her, which must have happened at your instance. I should therefore think myself very ungrateful (putting the bank-note into his pocket) if I were to refuse the favour you are now pleased to ask me.' The difference in amount may possibly account for the difference of conduct in the commoner and the peer.

The arrangement for the management of the House of Commons in 1754 between the Duke of Newcastle and Fox, having been broken off, the Duke conferred the leadership on Sir Thomas Robinson, the Keeper of the Great Wardrobe, whose qualifications may be guessed from the remark of Pitt on hearing of the nomination: 'Sir Thomas Robinson lead us! . The Duke might as well send his jack-boot to lead us.' Nothing more strongly illustrates the altered position and character of the House than the immeasurably enhanced importance of the leadership. The conversation at 'The Grove' happening to turn on a probable change of Ministry, 'Don't trouble yourself about the Prime Minister,' exclaimed the late Sir George Cornwall Lewis; 'you may always find one amongst the Peers: tell me who is to lead the House of Commons.' Tell us who is to lead on either side in the contingency of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli being superseded or displaced. There arose no such difficulty in 1754. Thanks to the ducal distribution of the secret service money and the patronage, the equivalent to the jack-boot got smoothly through a session, and was prepared to try another when a European war compelled the avowal of his helplessness. A fresh negotiation was opened with Fox, and ended in the junction made

famous by the comparison to the junction of the Rhone and the Saone. 'At Lyons,' said Pitt, 'I was taken to see the place where the two rivers meet: the one gentle, feeble, languid and, though languid, yet of no depth; the other a boisterous and impetuous torrent, but different as they are, they meet at last.'

From the accession of the House of Hanover till within living memory, the two Houses hardly ever differed about public matters, because they had the same objects in view, and were subject to the same influences. The course taken by the House of Lords in 1783, when they threw out the India Bill, can hardly be considered an exception, for this was done by the express desire of the King; and the House of Commons which had passed the Bill was immediately dissolved and replaced by one that agreed with his Majesty. But these august assemblies sometimes quarrelled about minor matters, and on one occasion they proceeded to such extremities in the interchange of rude and coarse language, as to make it a subject of mutual congratulation that their proceedings were then conducted with closed doors. The scene on December 11, 1770, when the Commons were turned out of the House of Lords with the rest of the 'strangers,' was thus described by Colonel Barré:

'I also was a witness of the scene; and never shall I forget it. I was listening to a noble duke, who was speaking upon the important subject of Gibraltar and Minorca. I am not aware that he was in possession of any secret. If he was, he certainly did not disclose it. Suddenly the whole scene became changed. I could not supposed that a single peer remained in the House. It seemed as if the mob had broke in: and they certainly acted in a very extraordinary manner. One of the heads of this mob—for there were two—was a Scotchman. I heard him call out several times "Clear the Hoose! Clear the Hoose!" The face of the other was hardly human; *for he had contrived to put on a nose of an enormous size, that disfigured him completely, and his eyes started out of his head in so frightful a way*, that he seemed to be undergoing the operation of being strangled. It was altogether the most violent mob I ever beheld. You would imagine that these leaders would have continued so throughout. But no! at the latter end of the day, these two men took their places as door-keepers, and executed the office with as much exactness, as if it had been a well-regulated assembly.'

Sir Gilbert Elliot replied:—

'Personal allusions, though occasionally met with in books, are not frequent in the debates of this House. In the "Spectator" we have an account of a club; to which the length of a man's nose gave him a claim to admittance;

and a whole volume of "Tristram Shandy" is devoted to the same distorted feature. *The noses of the two lords alluded to certainly happen to be remarkably prominent.*

The two lords were the Earls of Marchmont and Denbigh.

Two years afterwards, in 1772, Burke complained to the House that he had been kept three hours waiting at the door of the Lords with a Bill sent up from the Commons. The Commons were so indignant that, the next time a Bill was brought down from the Lords, it was rejected by a unanimous vote. The Speaker then tossed it across the table on the floor, and a number of members rushed forward and kicked it out of the House.

The constitutional mode of dealing with a refractory House of Commons is by dissolution. When the House of Lords asserts its independence, the only mode of compelling its co-operation with the other branches of the Legislature is by the creation of new peers; as in 1712, when Oxford and Bolingbroke gazetted twelve in one day; when, on their taking their seats, Wharton inquired if they were to vote (like a jury) by their foreman; and Bolingbroke, on hearing that they had carried the question by a majority of one, exclaimed: 'If those twelve had not been enough, we would have given them another dozen.' This is the solitary instance of a creation in mass to carry a measure: the purpose has been commonly effected by a threat, which has gradually become nugatory and impracticable; the Conservative majority in the Upper House being now roughly estimated at more than seventy. The only available mode, in the contingency of a decided split between the two Houses, would be an appeal to the country by a dissolution upon an implied understanding that the Lords would be guided by the result. As regards votes of censure, a vote by the Upper House might be neutralised by the vote of the Lower; as plainly intimated, with questionable prudence, by the Duke of Argyll and the Lord Chancellor, in the debate on the appointment of Sir Robert Collier. 'This (said the Lord Chancellor) is as clearly a party manœuvre as ever came before Parliament.' . . . 'But, my Lords, I tell you plainly I will hold my ground. I will not quail till my profession tell me I ought, or, at all events, till the House of Commons shall censure me for what I have done.' More than one embarrassing collision has been averted by the graceful and judicious leadership of Lord Granville.

The true cause of the declining authority of the hereditary assembly is what we have

indicated—the increasing importance and authority of the Commons. It cannot be attributed to any falling off in personal qualifications, in dignity, patriotism, or ability. 'When (says Lord Russell) a great question arises which requires a display of more than ordinary knowledge of history, more accurate learning, more constitutional lore, and more practical wisdom than is to be found in the usual debates of Parliament, I know not where

‘the general debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic and the wisdom and the wit,’

are to be found in greater perfection than among the prelates on the episcopal bench, the peers of three centuries of nobility, and the recent occupants of the woolsack.'

It may be doubted whether the peers of three centuries of nobility, a small minority, are endowed, in proportion to their pedigrees, with the logic, the wisdom, or the wit, although this limit includes the house of Russell, ennobled in 1539. Peers of meaner blood are quite on a par with them in this respect. Nor should it be forgotten how many of those who reflect, or have reflected, most honour on their House, received their training, their baptism of debate, in the House of Commons, and left that assembly with foreboding or regret. 'When I have turned out Walpole,' said Pulteney, 'I will retire into that hospital for invalids, the House of Lords.' On entering it as Earl of Bath, he was thus addressed by his old adversary, who had recently become Earl of Orford: 'My Lord Bath, you and I are now two as insignificant men as any in England.' When (in 1766) the citizens of London learned that the great commoner was to be First Minister, they were in transports of joy, and prepared for a general illumination. The lamps had actually been placed round the Monument, when the 'Gazette' announced that he had become an Earl. The lamps were taken down. The contemplated entertainments were countermanded, and (according to Macanlay) the clamour against him appears to have had a serious effect on the foreign relations of the country. 'The name of Pitt had been a charmed name. Our envoys tried in vain to conjure with the name of Chatham.' Brougham in the Lords, after three or four exciting years, was like Samson with his hair cut. There is a letter from Charles Fox to the first Earl Grey, earnestly condoling with him on the acceptance of a peerage by his father; and who would not condole with a man of energy, laudable ambition, capacity, and debating power, like Lord Salisbury, on his being excluded in the prime of life from the arena in which all

the decisive battles of the Constitution must be fought?

We regard the House of Lords as a main pillar of the social edifice; but one of the finest and deepest of living writers and thinkers has plausibly maintained that the peerage would gain instead of losing by a fusion; that the eminent members would exercise more influence in the long run by (so to speak) leavening the popular assembly than they can ever hope to exercise in their hereditary one.*

Forms long outlive realities. The Standing Order of the Lords for the regulation of Conferences between the Houses runs thus:—

‘The place of our meeting with the Lower House upon conference is usually the Painted Chamber, where they are commonly before we come, and expect our leisure. We are to come thither in a whole body, and not some lords scattering before the rest, which both takes from the gravity of the lords, and besides may hinder the lords from taking their proper places. We are to sit there, and be covered; but they are at no committee or conference ever either to be covered or sit down in our presence, unless it be some infirm person, and that by convenience in a corner out of sight, to sit, but not to be covered.’

The ‘Personal Anecdotes,’ comprising three-fourths of the book before us, are arranged alphabetically and biographically; beginning Addington, Addison, Agnew, &c., and ending Wilberforce, Wilkes, Windham. This arrangement is fatal to generalisation of any kind. Epochs and subjects are thrown together without coherence or analogy, and a confused mass of desultory impressions is the result. To utilise the materials, we must classify them; and, adding to them what we have procured from other sources, we will endeavour to illustrate a few

* ‘England and the English.’ By Lord Lytton. The noble author, who delivered more than one fine and effective speech in the House of Commons, has never addressed the Lords. Lord Macaulay, also, never spoke as a peer. Yet surely the House of Lords offers the most congenial audience for speakers who shine by intellectual richness and brilliancy, and owe little or nothing to the exciting current of debate. It is unfortunate that a tacit convention or understanding excludes the episcopal bench from secular topics of debate; for it is rich in eloquence of a high order. The late Lord Fitzwilliam, meeting the Bishop of Oxford (now Winchester) soon after his celebrated speech on the Corn Laws, told him that such a display of episcopal eloquence in the House of Lords was altogether contrary to rule. The Bishop of Winchester is a born orator, and deserves so much the more credit for his abstinence. The Bishop of Peterborough has more than once laid himself open to a similar reproof.

more of the distinctive features of the British Parliament.

Prominent amongst them must be ranked the proneness to be swayed by eloquence, and the abundant supply of it, of the best quality, at all times. In England, the oratorical ages, instead of being separated by long intervals, like the literary ages, follow in unbroken succession. To the going and coming man we may again and again apply the noble imagery of Burke:—‘Even then before this splendid orb was entirely set, and while the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary, and, for the time, became lord of the ascendant.’ Whenever speaking was possible, there were able, forcible, and fine speakers: although the fame of many has been preserved only by description or tradition, no rational doubt can be entertained of their excellence. Ben Jonson thus writes of Bacon:—

‘There happened in my time one noble speaker who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language, when he could spare or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious. No man ever spoke more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was *lest he should make an end.*’

Clarendon’s pages teem with proof that the period included in his history was marked by debating ability of the highest order. The occasion was grand: Pym, Hampden, Hollis, Digby, Capel, Hyde, Falkland, rose to it. Strafford’s defence is a model of dignified pathos, and the chasteness of his imagery (that of the buoy, for example) is no less admirable than its felicitous application. The Royal Martyr spoke with ease, force, and simplicity.

The oratorical claims of the Restoration cycle are amply sustained by Shaftesbury and Halifax. At the meeting of the convention in 1688, we hear of Sir Thomas Littleton, ‘gifted with a vehement and piercing logic, which had often, when, after a long sitting, the candles had been lighted, roused the languishing House, and decided the event of the debate.’ There, too, was William Sacheverell, an orator whose great parliamentary abilities were many years later a favourite theme of old men who lived to see the conflicts of Walpole and Pulteney. There, too, were other veterans, but all were

speedily to be thrown into the shade by two young Whigs, who, on this momentous day, took their seats for the first time,—Charles Montague and John Somers.*

The palm of eloquence in the next generation is, by universal consent, awarded to Bolingbroke, of whom not one spoken sentence has been preserved.† He had many contemporaries only just second to him in the same walk: Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, for one; the same who, on the death of Queen Anne, offered to head a troop of horse in his lawn sleeves, and proclaim James III. at Charing Cross. In the debate on the Occasional Conformity and Schism Bills in the House of Lords, in December, 1718, they were very warmly opposed by Atterbury, who said, "he had prophesied last winter this bill would be attempted in the present session, and he was sorry to find he had proved a true prophet." Lord Coningsby, who always spoke in a passion, rose immediately after the bishop, and remarked, that "one of the right reverends had set himself forth as a prophet; but for his part, he did not know what prophet to liken him to, unless to that famous prophet Balaam, who was reproved by his own ass." The bishop in reply: "Since the noble lord hath discovered in our manners such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the prophet Balaam; but, my lords, I am at a loss how to make out the other part of the parallel. I am sure that I have been reproved by nobody but his lordship."

The famous Lord Peterborough was as ready for an encounter in the senate as in the field. Speaking in opposition to the Septennial Bill in 1716, he said 'that if this present Parliament continued beyond the time for which they were chosen, he knew not how to express the manner of their existence, unless, begging leave of that venerable bench (turning to the bishops) they had recourse to the distinction used in the Athanasian Creed; for they would be neither made nor created, but proceeding.'

After Bolingbroke, or rather after his sudden fall which he survived for thirty-seven years, we arrive at Walpole and the phalanx of assailants he had provoked, as if for the express purpose of encountering them single-

handed and taking all their points upon his shield. During the first fourteen years of his administration the most formidable was Pulteney, whom Macaulay calls the greatest leader of Opposition that the House of Commons had ever seen. Once, in answering a charge, Walpole laid his hand upon his breast, and said:—

'Nil conscire sibi, nulli pallescere culpæ.'

Pulteney objected that his Latin was as faulty as his argument, the correct reading being *nulla pallescere culpæ*. A bet of a guinea was proposed and accepted. A 'Horace' was sent for on the instant: Pulteney proved right, and holding up the guinea, which Walpole had thrown across the table, exclaimed, 'It is the only money I have received from the Treasury for many years, and it shall be the last.' The identical guinea is now in the Medal Room of the British Museum, with a memorandum in the handwriting of Pulteney recording the incident, with this addition to the common version: 'I told him (Walpole) I could take the money without any blush on my side, but believed it was the only money he ever gave in the House where the giver and the receiver ought not both equally to blush.'

When Walpole first spoke in the House his manner was ungraceful, he paused for want of words, and could only stutter and stammer. 'What future promise (it was asked) was there in that sturdy, bull-necked, red-faced young member for Castle Rising, who looked like the son of a small farmer, and seemed by his gait as though he had been brought up to follow the plough?*' This was in 1701. Speaking of occurrences in 1713, Bishop Newton relates that, when Steele was to be expelled the House of Commons, Mr. Walpole, Mr. Pulteney, and Mr. Addison, were commissioned to go to him, by the noblemen and members of the Kit Kat Club, with the positive order and determination that Steele should not make his own speech, but Addison should make it for him, and he should recite it from the other's writing, without any insertion or addition of his own. 'Addison thought this a hard injunction, and said, that he must be like a school-boy, and desire the gentlemen to give him a little sense. Walpole said that it was impossible to speak a speech in cold blood; but being pressed, he said he would try, and immediately spoke a very good speech of what he thought proper for Steele to say on the occasion; and the next day in the House made another speech as good, or better, on the same subject; but so totally different

* Macaulay's 'History,' chap. x.

† The tradition of his eloquence is confirmed by his writings. 'Lord Bolingbroke's productions, with all their defects in argument, method, and precision, contain a force and energy which our orators rarely aim at, though it is evident that such an elevated style has much better grace in an orator than a writer, and is assuredly more prompt and astonishing success.' (Hume, *Essay on Eloquence*.)

* Macknight's 'Life of Bolingbroke.'

from the former, that there was scarce a single argument or thought the same.'

Walpole's powers were displayed to advantage in the debate on the renewal of the Septennial Act in 1734;* especially when replying to Sir William Wyndham, who had thought proper 'to suppose a man devoid of all notions of virtue or honour, of no great family and of but mean fortune, raised to be chief minister of State by the concurrence of many whimsical events.' Walpole, 'supposing' in his turn, made a bitter and telling attack on Sir William's friend, political ally and (it was more than suspected) prompter, Bolingbroke:

'But now, sir, let me too suppose, and the House being cleared, I am sure no person that hears me can come within the description of the person I am to suppose—let us suppose in this, or some other unfortunate country, an anti-minister, who thinks himself a person of so great and extensive parts, and of so many eminent qualifications, that he looks upon himself as the only person in the kingdom capable to conduct the public affairs of the nation, and therefore christening every other gentleman who has the honour to be employed in the administration by the name of blunderer; suppose this fine gentleman lucky enough to have gained over to his party some persons really of fine parts, of ancient families, and of great fortunes, and others of desperate views, arising from disappointed and malicious hearts: all these gentlemen, with respect to their political behaviour, moved by him, and by him solely: all they say either in private, or in public, being only a repetition of the words he has put into their mouths, and a spitting out of that venom which he has infused into them: and yet we may suppose this leader not really liked by any, even of those who so blindly follow him, and hated by all the rest of mankind: we'll suppose this anti-minister to be in a country where he really ought not to be, and where he could not have been, but by an effect of too much goodness and mercy; yet endeavouring with all his might, and with all his art, to destroy the fountain from whence that mercy flowed.'

'Let us farther suppose this anti-minister to have travelled, and at every court where he was, thinking himself the greatest minister, and making it his trade to betray the secrets of every court where he had before been; void of all faith or honour, and betraying every master he had ever served. Sir, I could carry my suppositions a great deal farther; and, I may say, I mean no person now in being; but if we can suppose such a one, can there be imagined a greater disgrace to human nature than such a wretch as this?'

* Sir John St. Aubyn, another speaker of note, said in this debate: 'For this reason, short Parliaments have been less corrupt than long ones; they are observed, like streams of water, always to grow more impure the greater distance they run from the fountain head.'

It was in 1736, five years before the fall of Walpole, that the voice of the 'great commoner,' heard for the first time within the walls of Parliament in which he had sat silent for a session, elicited the well-known remark of the great minister, 'We must muzzle that terrible cornet of horse.' He was rather unmuzzled than muzzled by being deprived of his cornetcy (in the Blues); for all members of either service (like the bishops within living memory) were prescriptively bound to vote with the ministers. When, in a preceding reign, several persons holding commissions from the Crown had gone out in a division against the Court, a Secretary of State, Lord Middleton, went down to the Bar to reproach them as they came in, and thus addressed a Captain Kendal, who was one of them: 'Sir, have you not a troop of horse in his Majesty's service?' 'Yes, my Lord, but my brother died last night and has left me 700*l.* a year.'

Pitt's character was admirably drawn by Grattan, who says of his eloquence that it was an era in the senate: that it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. Judged by its effects or according to the *action-action-action* theory, he must be deemed the greatest of English orators. No one ever came near him in the sway which he exercised over his audience, whilst the spell of his voice, his eye, his tones, his gestures, was upon them: as when he fixed upon Mr. Grenville the appellation of The Gentle Shepherd, or (as already mentioned) struck terror into the Chief Justice of Chester. 'It is related that once, in the House of Commons, he began a speech with the words, "Sugar, Mr. Speaker, ———" and then, observing a smile to pervade the audience, he paused, looked fiercely around, and with a loud voice, rising in its notes and swelling into vehement anger, he pronounced again the word "Sugar!" three times; and having thus quelled the House, and extinguished every appearance of levity or laughter, turned round and disdainfully asked, "Who will laugh at sugar now?"' Several other instances are well known. It was his perfect acting that car-

* Brougham's 'Statesmen.' Boswell tells a story of Dr. Johnson's exercising a similar power over a distinguished company at Mrs. Garrick's who presumed to smile at his saying that 'the woman had a bottom of good sense.' He glanced sternly round and called out in a strong tone, "Where's the merriment?" Then collecting himself, and looking awful, and as it were searching his mind for a still more ludicrous word, he slowly pronounced, "I say this woman was *fundamentally* sensible," as if he had said, Hear this word, and laugh if you dare. We all sat composed as at a funeral.'

ried him through; without it some of his most applauded bursts would have been failures. No one else could have hazarded the apostrophe to the tapestried figure of Lord Howard of Effingham, with its overstrained application to the argument:—

‘I invoke the genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty, and establish the religion of Britain, against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than Popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are endured among us.’

The crutch in his hands became an instrument of oratory, and he would have similarly idealized the dagger which Burke flung on the floor of the House, producing nothing but a smothered laugh and a joke from Sheridan: ‘The gentleman has brought us the knife, but where is the fork.’ Chatham shone and impressed by boldness, vehemence, intensity, dignity, and grace. His imagination was not of the richest order. There is only one really fine and original image amongst the splendid fragments that have been preserved of him: ‘America, if she falls, will fall like the strong man; she will embrace the pillars of the State, and pull down the constitution along with her.’ The very next sentence contains a commonplace and even coarse metaphor: ‘Is this your boasted peace—to sheathe the sword, not in its scabbard, but in the bowels of your countrymen?’ He relied as much as Danton on *l’audace*, as when he said, ‘I rejoice that America has resisted;’ or (stronger still) ‘I hope some dreadful calamity will befall the country that will open the eyes of the King.’ On being called to order, he went on, ‘What I have spoken I have spoken conditionally, but I now retract the condition. I speak it absolutely, and I hope that some signal calamity will befall the country.’

He bore down all by his intensity, by reiterating blow upon blow as on an anvil: ‘I say we must necessarily undo these violent oppressive Acts. They must be repealed. You will repeal them. I pledge myself for it that you will in the end repeal them. I stake my reputation on it. I will consent to be taken for an idiot if they are not finally repealed. Avoid, then, this humiliating, degrading necessity.’

Two of his best speeches were fortunately reported by Hugh Boyd, and one of these (Nov. 18, 1777) supplies examples of each description of excellence that distinguished him. His grace and felicity of transition are displayed in the exordium:—

‘I rise, my Lords, to declare my sentiments on this most solemn and serious subject. It has imposed a load upon my mind, which, I fear, nothing can remove; but which impels me to endeavour its alleviation, by a free and unreserved communication of my sentiments.

‘In the first part of the address, I have the honour of heartily concurring with the noble Earl who moved it. No man feels sincerer joy than I do; none can offer more genuine congratulations on every accession of strength to the Protestant succession: I therefore join in every congratulation on the birth of another princess, and the happy recovery of her Majesty. But I must stop here, my courtly complaisance will carry me no further: I will not join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace: I cannot concur in a blind and servile address, which approves, and endeavours to sanctify, the monstrous measures that have heaped disgrace and misfortune upon us—that have brought ruin to our doors. This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment! It is no time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot now avail—cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must dispel the delusion and the darkness which envelope it; and display, in its full danger and true colours, the ruin that is brought to our doors.

‘You may swell every expense, and every effort, still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little German Prince,—your efforts are for ever vain and impotent—doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies—to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder; devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never—never—never.

‘In a just and necessary war, to maintain the rights or honour of my country, I would strip the shirt from my back to support it. But in such a war as this, unjust in its principle, impracticable in its means, and ruinous in its consequences, I would not contribute a single effort, nor a single shilling. I do not call for vengeance on the heads of those who have been guilty; I only recommend to them to make their retreat; let them walk off; and let them make haste, or they may be assured that speedy and condign punishment will overtake them.’

The simplicity of the language is no less remarkable than its strength. The swell and pomp are in the manner and the thought. He was wont to recommend the assiduous study of Barrow’s Sermons for style.

If a cultivated American were asked to name the greatest American orator, he would

name Patrick Henry, whom Jefferson declared to be the greatest orator that ever lived.* If a cultivated Frenchman were asked to name the greatest French orator, he would name Mirabeau. The fame of both rests upon precisely the same foundation as that of Chatham, the tradition of the electrical shocks which they produced on great occasions by the glow, the lightning flash, the intermittent splendour, the condensed vitality, of genius. Grandeur and sublimity are heightened by vagueness of outline. A mountain, a castle, or a line-of-battle ship, looms larger through the haze. It may be that Patrick Henry, Mirabeau, and Chatham, all three, stand better with posterity than they would stand had they been reported like the leading speakers of our time. Neither appears to have shone in a set speech. Chatham certainly did not. His elaborate panegyric on Wolfe has been declared the worst of his performances. He appears to have frequently acted on Sydney Smith's maxim for conversation: to begin with plain talk and take your chance of something rising out of it; or on that of Rousseau for the composition of a love-letter; to begin without knowing what you are going to say, and end without knowing what you have said. 'I must sit still,' he once said aside to Lord Shelburne, 'for, when once I am up, everything that is in my mind comes out.'

This habit of giving the rein to his impulsiveness and diverging from the argument at will, spoiled him for a debater; although it favoured the display of his unequalled powers of ridicule, sarcasm, and invective, when provoked by an interruption, an unguarded smile or a gesture of dissent. His most telling replies were bitter personalities; like the celebrated one (paraphrased by Dr. Johnson) to old Horace Walpole, who had twitted him with his youth; or the terrible attack on his old rival, the first Lord Holland, who, in reference to a comment on the ill-looks of a witness at the Bar, had said: 'it is unjust, ungenerous and unmanly to censure a man for that signature which God had impressed upon his countenance, and which therefore he could not by any means remedy or avoid.' Pitt started to his feet: 'I agree from my heart with the observation of my fellow-member: it is forcible, it is judicious, it is true. But there are some (looking full at Fox) upon whose faces the hand of Heaven has so stamped the mark of wickedness that it were impiety

not to give it credit.' A reply of the higher and more comprehensive kind, embracing the whole course of the discussion and all the bearings of the subject—like his son's on the slave trade in April, 1792—was as much above or beyond his intellectual range as an epic poem or a history.

Applying what a Roman critic said of Cicero and his times, Mr. Charles Butler (writing in 1824) hazards the opinion that no member of either House of the British Parliament will be ranked among the orators of this country, whom Lord North did not see or who did not see Lord North. Mr. Massey suggests that a contemporary of Lord North's might perhaps have said the same of Sir Robert Walpole; and we are far from clear that the saying would not hold equally good of Lord Palmerston. Let us come to particulars. Lord North saw or was seen by Lord Chatham and his son William Pitt, the first Lord Holland and Charles James Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Murray (Lord Mansfield), Dunning, Barré, Charles Townshend. Sir Robert Walpole saw or was seen by Lord Chatham, the first Lord Holland, Pulteney, Bolingbroke, Sir William Wyndham, Yonge, Carteret, Chesterfield, Murray. Lord Palmerston saw or was seen by William Pitt, Charles James Fox, Sheridan, Windham, Grattan, Plunkett, Tierney, Grey, Grenville, Canning, Peel, Brougham, Copley, Sheil, O'Connell, Derby, Russell, Ellenborough (Earl of), Wilberforce (Bishop), Macaulay, Disraeli, Gladstone, Cobden, Bright, with many others whom the noble Lord would have been glad to hail as colleagues or proud to encounter in debate. But the line must be drawn somewhere; and we wish it to be clearly understood that we are not here dealing with political opinions or principles, with consistency or inconsistency, with public policy or statesmanship. We are critics, mere critics, of oratory for the nonce; and the degree of excellence attained in eloquence, in rhetorical skill, or in the use of the recognised weapons of parliamentary warfare, is the sole criterion of merit we shall apply.

Oddly enough, the first reflection which a review of these three contrasted eras or groups forces upon us is that neither of the three centre figures, neither Walpole, North, nor Palmerston, attained or retained his position by oratory. Sound manly sense, broad views, a high estimate and thorough knowledge of their country and their countrymen, proud self-confidence, rectitude of purpose which more than half redeemed an inordinate love of place and power, equally characterised Walpole and Palmerston, although the fixed aim of the one was national,

* For specimens of Patrick Henry's style and manner, see the 'Quarterly Review' for March, 1841, art. 'American Orators and Statesmen.'

honour at the risk of war, and that of the other a peace-at-any-price prosperity.

Like Walpole, Lord Palmerston had all the speaking and debating ability that was needed for the practical uses of a minister—*Par negotiis, neque supra*. It is sufficient to refer to his speech on the Pacifico question; a speech which, embracing the whole foreign policy of the country, occupying four or five hours in the delivery, and spoken without a pause or a note, must take rank amongst parliamentary masterpieces, although it hardly rose to what is popularly called eloquence. Even the peroration, containing a now celebrated phrase, did not rise above the level of unimpassioned argument:—

‘I therefore fearlessly challenge the verdict which this House, as representing a political, commercial, and constitutional country, is to give on the question now before it; whether the principles on which Her Majesty’s Government has been conducted, and the sense of duty which has led us to think ourselves bound to afford protection to our fellow subjects abroad, are proper and fitting guides for those who are charged with the government of England; and whether, as the Roman, in days of old, held himself free from indignity when he could say, *Civis Romanus sum*; so also a British subject, in whatever land he may be, shall feel confident that the watchful eye and the strong arm of England will protect him against injustice and wrong.’*

Lord Palmerston had humour of the genial give-and-take kind, which, for a party leader, is often more serviceable than wit. He was told that Mr. Osborne, a popular speaker, whose dash and sparkle are relieved by good feeling and sagacity, regretted a personal conflict, which he had provoked. ‘Tell him,’ said Lord Palmerston, ‘that I am not the least offended, the more particularly because I think I had the best of it.’

Burke thus coarsely alluded to Lord North: ‘The noble Lord who spoke last, after extending his right leg a full yard before his left, rolling his flaming eyes, and moving his ponderous frame, has at length

opened his mouth.’ The noble Lord’s figure was certainly ill fitted for oratorical effect, but by dint of tact, temper, and wit, he converted even his personal disadvantages into means of persuasion or conciliation; as in his reply to the member who had spoken contemptuously of ‘that thing called a Minister.’ With equal adroitness he turned his incurable sleepiness to account. When a fiery declaimer, after calling for his head, denounced him for sleeping, he complained how cruel it was to be denied a solace which other criminals so often enjoyed—that of having a night’s rest before their execution. And when a dull prosy speaker made a similar charge, he retorted that it was somewhat unjust in the gentleman to blame him for taking the remedy which he himself had been so considerate as to administer.

Lord Chatham properly belongs to the preceding generation. The chief illustrations of Lord North’s era were William Pitt, Charles James Fox, Sheridan, and Burke, *magis pares quam similes*; indeed, it would be difficult to name four men of nearly equal eminence presenting so many points of contrast. Pitt was a born orator. Directly after his maiden speech, some one said, ‘Pitt will be one of the first men in Parliament.’ ‘He is so already,’ answered Fox. It was by slow degrees that Fox himself attained his unrivalled excellence as a debater, and he attained it at the expense of his audience. ‘During five whole sessions,’ he used to say, ‘I spoke every night but one; and I regret that I did not speak on that night too.’ Pitt’s style was stately, sonorous, full to abundance, smooth and regular in its flow; Fox’s free to carelessness, rapid, rushing, turbid, broken, but overwhelming in its swell. Pitt never sank below his ordinary level, never paused in his declamation, never hesitated for a word: if interrupted by a remark or incident, he disposed of it parenthetically, and held on the even and lofty tenour of his way. Fox was desultory and ineffective till he warmed; he did best when he was provoked or excited; he required the kindling impulse, the explosive spark; or he might be compared to the rock in Horeb before it was struck. He began his celebrated speech on the Westminster scrutiny by saying that ‘far from expecting any indulgence, he could scarcely hope for fair justice from the House.’ This raised a cry of order, and gave him occasion for repeating and justifying his obnoxious words in a succession of telling sentences which went far towards making the fortune of the speech. Grenville told Rogers, ‘His (Fox’s) speeches were full of repetitions; he used to say that it was necessary to hammer it into them;

* It was on the fourth night of the same debate (June 28, 1850) that Sir Alexander Cockburn (now Chief Justice of England) established a reputation for eloquence, which has gone on steadily increasing, although the scene of its display, and consequently its character, have been changed. At the conclusion of his speech—to use the words of Sir Robert Peel who followed him—‘one-half of the Treasury benches were left empty, whilst honourable members ran one after another, tumbling over each other in their haste, to shake hands with the honourable and learned member.’ His summing up in the Matlock Will Case at Guildhall is one amongst many fine examples of his judicial eloquence.

but I rather think he could not do otherwise.' His carefully prepared speech (of which he corrected the report) in honour of the Duke of Bedford, may pair off with Lord Chatham's eulogy of Wolfe.

'Magna eloquentia, sicut flamma, materia alitur, et motibus excitatur, et urendo clarescit.' This passage from the dialogue of Tacitus *De Oratoribus* was quoted in Pitt's presence and declared to be untranslatable, on which he immediately replied: 'No, I should translate, it thus:—It is with eloquence as with a flame. It requires fuel to feed it, motion to excite it, and its brightness as it burns.' This passage (which Pitt has rather paraphrased than translated) whilst exactly describing the eloquence of Fox, is only partially applicable to his own; for he brought his own fuel; he stood in no need of adventitious excitement; and the same lambent flame burnt clearly and equably from the exordium of his best speeches to the close. The best in all probability of his speeches (says Lord Brougham) is that upon the Peace of 1783 and the Coalition, when he closed his magnificent peroration by that noble yet simple figure: 'and if this inauspicious union be not already consummated, in the name of my country *I forbid the banns*.' In the first place, the noble and learned Lord has weakened the passage, which runs thus: 'If, however, the baneful alliance is not already formed, if this ill-omened marriage is not already solemnized, I know a just and lawful impediment, and, in the name of the public safety, I here forbid the banns.' In the second place, it is divided by three pages of the report from the peroration, which ends with a no less celebrated passage. After remarking that no vote of the House could deprive him of the consciousness of having done his duty, he said:—

'And with this consolation, the loss of power, sir, and the loss of fortune, though I affect not to despise them, I hope I soon shall be able to forget:

'Laudo manentem: si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit—
———— probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quæro.'

Why did he omit *et mea virtute me involvo*? eagerly asked a young man, afterwards a distinguished member of Opposition, of Bishop Tomline, who was under the gallery during the delivery of this speech—an omission, adds the Bishop, generally considered as marking the modesty and good sense of Mr. Pitt.*

The same quotation was appropriately introduced by Canning. After beginning *Laudo manentem*, he went on, 'or to adopt the more beautiful paraphrase of Dryden:—

'I can enjoy her when she's kind,
But while she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away.'

This is not the only instance in which Canning used the same quotation as Pitt:—

'Stetimus tela aspera contra
Contulimusque manus: experto credite quantus
In clipeum assurgat, quo turbine torqueat
hastam.'

This was applied to Fox by Pitt, and by Canning to Brougham. Indeed it is one of the stock quotations which were constantly occurring, like

'Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?'

The altered constitution of the House since 1832, and still more, we fear, since 1867, has been in no respect more marked than in the absence of that familiarity with the Latin classics, which renders it comparatively dead to quotations or illustrations drawn from them. The time is gone when a false quantity in a man was much the same thing as a *faux pas* in a woman. Ignorance of more important matters then went for little or nothing. When Sir Robert Walpole was accused in the House of attempting to revive the worst practices of Empson and Dudley, he turned to Sir Philip Yorke, and asked who Empson and Dudley were. He was not ashamed of this; but he was sorely nettled by Pulteney's exulting correction of his Latin. The late Lord Derby carried off with a laugh his mistake, during the discussion of the Corn Laws about Tamboul; but Lord Clarendon, with all his varied knowledge, high cultivation and accomplishment, was obviously piqued when, as ill luck would have it, in a debate on public schools in the Lords, with an attendance of head-masters below the Bar, he slipped into a false quantity by the transposition of a word:

'Sunt bona, sunt mediocria, sunt plura mala.'

Mala plura, maliciously insinuated Lord Derby in an audible aside; and by a com-

number) that Pitt was vomiting. The incident is thus recorded in Wilberforce's Diary:—'Pitt's famous speech . . . Stomach disordered, and actually holding Solomon's porch door open with one hand while vomiting during Fox's speech, to which he was to reply. ¹⁷⁹² Solomon's porch was the portico behind the old House of Commons.

* It was just before this speech (not before that on the Slave Trade, as we stated in our last

mon instinct up went the right hands of the head-masters in fancied application of the birch. His Lordship's misfortune lay in his audience. In the House of Commons neither felicity nor infelicity of this sort tells upon or is noticed by the majority. We remember the 'a phenomena' of a metropolitan member raising only a partial titter; and when general effect is the object, it is hardly safe to go beyond Virgil and Horace, if so far. A county member, Sir William Bagot, rose whilst Burke was speaking, under an impression that he had done; and on Burke's angrily complaining of the interruption, apologised for it on the ground of country habits:

'Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis; at ille
Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.'

Pitt's mind was so thoroughly imbued with classical literature, that it colours his speeches like the shifting, varying, yet constantly prevalent hue in shot-silk. Thus, in his great speech on the Slave Trade, after expressing a fervent hope that even 'Africa, though last of all the quarters of the globe, shall enjoy at length, in the evening of her days, those blessings which have descended so plentifully upon us in a much earlier period of the world'—

'Nos . . . primus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis;
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina vesper.'

'I have heard it,' (says Lord Stanhope) 'related by some who at that time were members of Parliament, that the first beams of the rising sun shot through the windows of the House in the midst of this final passage, and seemed, as Pitt looked upwards, to suggest to him without premeditation the eloquent simile and the noble Latin lines with which he concluded.'

Curran was struggling for an illustration of his client's innocence. 'It was as clear as' (at this moment the sun shone into the Court)—'clear as yonder sunbeam that now bursts upon us with its splendid coruscations.' An equally effective use was made by Patrick Henry of a storm which broke upon the building in which the Convention was sitting when he was in the very act of appealing to 'those celestial beings who are hovering over the scene, and waiting with anxiety for a decision which involves the happiness or misery of more than half the human race.'

The dependence of oratory on physical requisites—on voice, manner, figure, gesture—was never more strikingly exemplified than by Burke. Delivery apart, he was in-

disputably the greatest of modern orators, and the one who will best stand a comparison with the ancient masters of the art. There is no variety of merit—merit of the highest order—which may not be found in his printed speeches on India and America; nay, which is not comprised in two of them, that on American taxation in April, 1774, and that on the Nabob of Arcot's debts; exuberant fancy, rich imagery, wide views, deep thoughts, beauty and force of diction, vivid description, and (what Hume calls the distinctive features of Grecian eloquence) 'disdain, anger, boldness, freedom, involved in a continued stream of argument.' The beauties of these consummate orations must be familiar to every cultivated reader, who has only to suppose them delivered by Bolingbroke, Chatham, or the silver-tongued Murray, to have before him the *beau idéal*, the finest possible conception of oratory. To strip Burke of his so-called redundancies under the notion of their overlaying the sense, would be like stripping a tree of its blossoms and foliage, with the view of bringing out the massive roundness of the trunk. Take the passage in which he expands the simple image of the Greek:—

'Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he (Hyder Ali) drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivity of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which darkened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell.'

Surely this is an immeasurable improvement, at least for the English House of Commons, on the 'like a cloud' (*ὡς νεφέλος*) of Demosthenes. Lord Stanhope sufficiently accounts for the sole deficiency in his excellent 'Life of Pitt,' the paucity of extracts from the speeches, by the inferiority of the reporting of the period. Burke's greatest speeches were published with the advantage of his own correction and revision, but although carefully meditated, they were not composed beforehand, and some of the happiest bursts were thrown off on the spur of the occasion. A preceding speaker, Lord Carmarthen, had argued that the Americans, being our children, were guilty of rebellion against their parents, and

that Manchester, not being represented, had as much right to complain as the colonies. Burke replied :

'True they are our children, but when children ask for bread, shall we give them a stone? When they wish to assimilate to their parents, and to reflect with a true filial resemblance the beauteous countenance of British liberty, are we to turn towards them the shameful parts of our constitution? Are we to give them our weakness for their strength?—Our opprobrium for their glory?—And the slough of slavery, which we are not able to shake off, to serve them for their freedom?'

It was during the delivery of this speech that Lord John Townshend involuntarily exclaimed, 'Good God, what a man this is! how could he acquire such transcendent powers?' Nor is there any reason to suppose that he did not frequently command the rapt attention of his audience. He acquired the name of the Dinner Bell, from his habit of speaking too often and too long, and losing all sense of the relative importance of great and small subjects from excitability. His want of delicate taste, too, fully bears out the criticism of Wilkes, who recalling what was said of Apelles' 'Venus,' that her flesh seemed as if she had fed on roses, said of Burke, 'his oratory would sometimes make one suspect that he eats potatoes and drinks whisky.'

Lord Byron maintained that whatever Sheridan had done or chosen to do was always the best of its kind: 'to crown all, he delivered the very best oration (the famous Begum speech) ever conceived or heard in this country.' Burke, Fox, Pitt, Windham, Wilberforce, all spoke of it in the same unqualified terms of eulogy: and within twenty-four hours of the delivery Sheridan was offered a thousand pounds for the copyright if he would correct it for the press. That he refused, was probably fortunate for his fame. The most ambitious passages, which were carefully reported—the one on Filial Piety, and the one beginning, 'Oh, faith! Oh, justice!'—read like laboured efforts to gild and elevate commonplace. There are parts in which the author of 'The School for Scandal' stands confessed. For example:—

'He remembered to have heard an honourable and learned gentleman (Mr. Dundas) remark, that there was something in the frame and constitution of the Company which extended the sordid principles of their origin over all their successive operations; connecting with their civil policy, and even with their boldest achievements, the meanness of a pedlar and the profligacy of pirates—alike in the political and military line, could be observed auction-

eer ing ambassadors and trading generals;—and thus we saw a revolution brought about by affidavits; an army employed in executing an arrest; a town besieged on a note of hand; a prince dethroned for the balance of an account. Thus it was, they exhibited a Government which united the mock majesty of a bloody sceptre, and the little traffic of a merchant's counting-house, wielding a truncheon with one hand, and picking a pocket with the other.'

His parliamentary reputation could hardly have been maintained by his set speeches, although he devoted infinite pains to the preparation of them. Where he shone pre-eminent, was in wit and humour. Pitt clearly got the worst of it when, by a contemptuous reference to the theatre, he provoked the comparison of the Angry Boy in the 'Alchymist,' and this was far from the only instance when Sheridan's light artillery opened with effect after the more powerful guns of his adversary had been ill-directed or missed fire.

It will be found most convenient to divide the Palmerstonian epoch or cycle into three: taking Canning, Brougham, and Plunkett for the first; the late Sir Robert Peel, the late Lord Derby, and Shiel for the second; Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Gladstone for the third. Of the first of these triumvirates, we can say little or nothing that we have not said already and very recently. Almost the only question touching them that has not been exhaustively treated, is this: will they bear a comparison with the illustrations of the Walpole and North cycles? Do they show any falling off in form or substance, in declamation or argument, in brilliancy or force? Plunkett was never surpassed as a debater. Equal in cogency, he was superior in sustained closeness of reasoning to Fox. He often rose without effort to the loftiest heights of oratory. It is sufficient to refer to his Union speeches, to his speech on Catholic Emancipation in 1813, and his reply to Lord Lyndhurst in 1825.*

Brougham's greatest orations are models of magnificent invective, fierce irony, and fervid argumentation; in which the passions or the reason are alternately or simultaneously addressed. They are streams of burning lava, scorching and destroying whatever comes across them in their course. To the familiar examples which we lately dwelt upon, Lord Russell adds Brougham's speech on the conduct of the continental powers

* See 'Quarterly Review,' No. 259 (for Jan. 1871), for specimens of Plunkett's eloquence and wit. His fame might rest on his speeches in the English Parliament. Grattan's could not. He properly belongs to that constellation of Irish orators that flourished during the last quarter of the eighteenth century.

towards Spain, terming it, 'certainly one of his brightest flights.' The allusion to the protest of the Russian minister at Madrid, who had declared with horror that blood had been shed in the Royal Palace, was at once (remarks Lord Russell) a withering invective and a just condemnation of despotism. 'If I had been one of the counsellors of the Emperor,' he said, 'the last subject I would have advised my master to touch upon would have been that of blood shed in the Royal Palace.' At the epoch of the Emperor's coronation a lady, writing from St. Petersburg, had described the ceremony in these terms: 'The Emperor entered the Church preceded by the assassins of his grandfather, surrounded by the assassins of his father, and followed by his own.'

Canning was not equal in declamatory power to Pitt, in debating power to Fox, or in wit to Sheridan; he wanted the reasoning powers of Plunkett, as well as the tremendous energy, the omnivorous capacity, of Brougham. But from the meridian of his career to its untimely end, he was, by common consent, the most eloquent, most accomplished, most popular, of contemporary speakers; and his speeches abound in passages which we are disposed to name as the most finished specimens of spoken rhetoric in our tongue. Thus in supporting the vote of thanks to the Duke (then Marquis) of Wellington for the victory of Vittoria:—

'How was their prospect changed! In those countries where, at most, a short struggle had been terminated by a result disastrous to their wishes, if not altogether closing in despair, they had now to contemplate a very different aspect of affairs. Germany crouched no longer trembling at the feet of the tyrant, but maintained a balanced contest. The mighty deluge by which the Continent had been overwhelmed is subsiding. The limits of nations are again visible, and the spires and turrets of ancient establishments are beginning to reappear above the subsiding waves.'

Or in the speech at Plymouth, in 1823, before the invention of ironclads:

'The resources created by peace are means of war. In cherishing those resources, we but accumulate those means. Our present repose is no more a proof of inability to act, than the state of inertness and inactivity in which I have seen those mighty masses that float in the waters of your town, is a proof that they are devoid of strength and incapable of being fitted out for action. You well know, gentlemen, how soon one of those stupendous masses now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness—how soon, upon any call of patriotism or of necessity, it would assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion—how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swell-

ing plumage—how quickly would it put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder. Such as is one of these magnificent machines when springing from inaction into a display of its might—such is England herself, while apparently passive and motionless she silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion.

Another striking example is his defence and eulogy of Pitt in a speech on the Silk Trade in 1827. The specimen Sir Henry Bulwer (Lord Dalling) gives of his humour (the sketch of Lord Nugent and his equipment) is confessedly open to the objection of being too laboured and too long. One of his happiest hits was the comparison of Brougham to Dennis claiming the thunder; from which Brougham did not recover for some weeks.

It was John Willis in 'Blackwood,' we believe, who at Canning's death said or wrote:—'There died George Canning, the last of the rhetoricians.' Nothing of the kind. The rhetorical spirit has survived and transmigrated. It animated the insignificant figure, it lighted up the intelligent eye, it swelled the shrill voice of Sheil. It has pointed the clever sarcasms, gilded the polished periods, and given form to the dazzling paradoxes, of 'Vivian Grey.'

If to wield at will the fierce democracy be the highest triumph of oratory, O'Connell was the first orator of his generation; but the scene of his glory was the public meeting. It was as the Irish Rienzi, as the representative of Roman Catholic Ireland that he entered the House of Commons; and the position he held in it was principally won without its walls.

'Pass by his faults, his art be here allowed—Mighty as Chatham, give him but a crowd; Hear him in Senates, second-rate at best, Clear in a statement, happy in a jest.'

Sheil, distrusted by the 'tail' and discredited by their chief (as the affair of 'Who's the Traitor' proves) won his way to the front by his rhetoric, and a few specimens will show that it was of the very finest quality in its line. Lord Lyndhurst, adopting the very language of O'Connell, had spoken of the Irish as 'aliens in blood, language, and religion.' He was under the gallery of the peers' bench on the 22nd February, 1837, during the debate on the Irish Municipal Bill, when Sheil caught up and commented on the phrase:—

'Aliens! good God! was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords, and did he not start up and exclaim, "Hold! I have seen the aliens do their duty?"' "The battles"

sieges, fortunes he has passed," should have come back upon him. . . . Whose were the arms that drove your bayonets at Vimeira through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valour climbed the steep and filled the moats at Badajoz? All his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory—Vimeira, Badajoz, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse, and, last of all, the greatest —. Tell me, for you were there—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me (Sir Henry Hardinge), from whose opinions I differ, but who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast;—tell me, for you must needs remember—on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance—while death fell in showers—when the artillery of France was levelled with a precision of the most deadly science—when her legions, incited by the voice, and inspired by the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset—tell me if, for an instant, when, to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the "aliens" blanched? And when at length the moment for the last and decisive movement had arrived, and the valour which had so long been wisely checked, was at last at loose—when, with words familiar, but immortal, the great captain commanded the great assault—tell me, if Catholic Ireland, with less heroic valour than the natives of this your own glorious country, precipitated herself upon the foe? The blood of England, Scotland, and of Ireland, flowed in the same stream, and drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together;—in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited—the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust—the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril—in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate; and shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?

The wave of his hand towards the peers' bench was the signal for vociferous cheering; still more spirit-stirring was the appeal to Sir Henry Hardinge; and the most enthusiastic applause burst forth at the conclusion. There was not a worn-out or exhausted topic that he could not freshen and adorn; as that of a provision for the Roman Catholic clergy:—

'The Catholics of Ireland know that if their clergy were endowed with the wealth of the establishment, they would become a profligate corporation, pampered with luxury, swelling with sacerdotal pride, and presenting in their lives a monstrous contrast with that simplicity and that poverty of which they are now as well the practisers as the teachers. They know that, in place of being, as they now are, the indefatigable instructors of the peasantry, their consolers in affliction, their resource in calamity, their preceptors and their models in religion, their visitors in

sickness, and their companions at the bed of death; they would become equally insolent to the humble, and sycophantic to the great—flatterers at the noble's table and extortioners in the poor man's hovel; slaves in politics, and tyrants in demeanour, who from the porticoes of palaces would give their instructions in humility; who from the banquets of patricians would prescribe their lessons in abstinence; and from the primrose path of dalliance point out the steep and thorny way to heaven.'

This covert attack upon the Church, whom Burke exhorts to raise her mitred head in palaces, may be compared with the fell onslaught of Brougham in his defence of Ambrose Williams.

Stanley's (the late Lord Derby's) prominent features are accurately hit off in 'The New Timon':—

'The brilliant chief irregularly great,
Frank, haughty, rash—the Rupert of Debate!
Nor gout, nor toil, his freshness can destroy,
And time still leaves all Eton in the boy.

* * * * *

Yet who not listens with delighted smile
To the pure Saxon of that silver style?'

The epithet Rupert of Debate, if not originated, was interpreted by Mr. Disraeli:— 'His charge is irresistible, but when he has driven the force directly opposed to him off the field, he returns to find his camp in the possession of the enemy.' Macaulay said of him that his knowledge of the science of parliamentary defence resembled an instinct. 'The year 1833 was in my opinion' (observes Lord Russell) 'the most distinguished and the most memorable of Lord Derby's political career.' It was in 1833, after Lord Althorp had brought in the Irish Coercion Bill, that Stanley, finding no impression had been made, turned to Lord Russell, and said, 'I meant not to have spoken till to-morrow night, but I find I must speak to-night.' He took Lord Althorp's box of official papers, and went upstairs to a room where he could look them over quietly. After the debate had proceeded for two or three hours longer, with no change of temper in the House, he rose and laid before them so complete and appalling a picture of the condition of Ireland, that they became deeply interested:

'When (says Lord Russell) he had produced a thrilling effect by these descriptions, he turned upon O'Connell, who led the opposition to the measure, and who seemed a short time before about to achieve a triumph in favour of sedition and anarchy. He recalled to the recollection of the House of Commons that, at a recent public meeting, O'Connell had spoken of the House of Commons as 658 scoundrels. In a tempest of scorn and indignation, he excited the anger of the men thus designated against the author of the calumny. The

House, which two hours before seemed about to yield to the great agitator, was now almost ready to tear him to pieces. In the midst of the storm which his eloquence had raised he sat down, having achieved one of the greatest triumphs of eloquence ever won in a popular assembly by the powers of oratory.*

Referring to the report of this speech, we find that the effect was produced by extracts and letters pointed and applied with great declamatory force. Stanley never thought of shining, and it may be doubted whether he ever prepared any of the most telling passages in his speeches. His luminous points were sparks from a working engine, not fireworks thrown up for display. He was a desperately hard hitter, as both Sheil and O'Connell (who invented the epithet of Scorpion Stanley) found to their cost. It was O'Connell, also, who, in ridicule of the tenuity of Stanley's personal following after quitting the Whigs, made the well-known quotation:—

'Thus down thy hill, romantic Ashbourne,
glides
The Derby dilly carrying *six* insides.'*

The reins of the Derby Dilly were soon afterwards in the hands of Sir Robert Peel, and it is no slight testimony to his reputation and position that such men as Stanley and Graham were content to act under him. 'And, in truth, Sir Robert Peel is a remarkable man, confessedly a *puissance* in himself, confessedly the leading member of the representative, yea, even of your reformed, assembly. It is a current mistake in the provinces to suppose that he is rather sensible than eloquent. If to persuade, to bias, to soothe, to command the feelings, the taste, the opinions, of an audience often diametrically opposed to his views, if this be eloquence, which I, a plain man, take it to be, then Sir Robert Peel is among the most eloquent of men.† What people are wont to call eloquence is that which gives pleasure or excites emotion independently of the subject or the aim; and in following Sir Robert Peel the mind was exclusively bent on the trains of reasoning, the lucidity of statement, or the comprehensiveness of view. To call him a parliamentary middle-man was preposterous. He was the greatest member of Parliament, bred in and formed by it, that the House of Commons had known since Walpole. Its forms, its ways, its temper, its opinions, were familiar to him. He had every description of knowledge that could be made available in debate, the business-like habits which please men of business, and the

high cultivation by which the fastidious are conciliated. He was anything but a dry prosaic speaker. There are touches of sensibility in his speeches that deepen into genuine pathos, of conscious self-vindicating worth that rise to dignity, of concentrated scorn that explodes to the dismay and confusion of the scorner, as in the speech in which, as descriptive of his own mental sufferings, he introduced the fine lines of Dryden:—

'Tis said with ease; but oh! how hardly
tried—
By haughty souls to human honour tied—
Oh! sharp convulsive pangs of agonizing
pride.'*

Or the scornful defiance of Cobbett (who had moved to strike his name off the list of the Privy Council), concluding with a grand passage from Cowley. But he shone, where such a man would be least expected to shine, in humour, which was one of his most effective weapons in the unequal fight which he waged with the Opposition during his short administration of 1834. He also excelled in quiet sarcasm. In the debate on Commercial Distress (Dec. 3rd, 1847), Alderman Reynolds, one of the members for Dublin, had asked: 'Did not everybody know that the profit and advantage of banking consisted very much in trading on your credit in contradistinction to your capital?' In the course of the masterly reply with which Peel closed the debate, he said:

'I have the greatest respect for bankers in general and Irish bankers in particular, and among Irish bankers, I well know the position enjoyed by the Honorable gentleman. Now, with all the respect to which he is entitled, and with all suavity and courtesy, I will tell him, that, in his banking capacity, I would rather have his capital than his credit.'

When this speech was delivered, the Protectionist fury against him was at its height; and the Bank Charter Act, which he upheld,

* Sir Lawrence Peel, in his able and discriminating 'Sketch' of the Life of his distinguished relative, thinks it necessary to palliate a supposed charge of poverty of thought based on his habit of clothing his thoughts in the language of other men. But surely quotations such as his imply rather richness than poverty of mind; and the charge might be brought with equal plausibility against most of the great modern orators. It is much to be regretted that the 'Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel' (of which three Parts have been published), by the trustees of his papers, Earl Stanhope and Mr. Cardwell, are confined to correspondence and dry matters of fact. We have ample proof how entertaining Earl Stanhope can make history or biography; and we know no one who has a choicer collection of political anecdotes than Mr. Cardwell or relates them better.

* 'The Anti-Jacobin.' It is *three* in the original.
† 'England and the English.'

was especially obnoxious to the mercantile interest. Yet when he sat down, an adjournment was moved on the ground taken by Pitt in moving an adjournment after Sheridan's Begum speech: that the house was not in a state to vote dispassionately. Sir William Heathcote turned to a friend and colleague of Peel's and said: 'It is of no use for any of us to talk. No one else can approach him.' The next day the friend repeated this expression to Peel. He looked astonished and replied: 'You surprise me very much: you know I left out nearly everything I meant to say.'

In 1848 Feargus O'Connor was charged in the House with being a Republican. He denied it, and said he did not care whether the Queen or the Devil was on the throne. Peel replied: 'when the Honorable gentleman sees the sovereign of his choice on the throne of these realms, I hope he'll enjoy, and I'm sure he'll deserve, the confidence of the Crown.'

Sheil had learned and forgotten the exordium of a speech which began with the word 'necessity.' This word he had repeated three times, when Sir R. Peel broke in—'is not *always* the mother of invention.'

The most formidable competitor for power whom Peel had to encounter during his leadership of the Conservative party, was Lord John (now Earl) Russell: a statesman who has played too important a part in the constitutional history of England to be passed over; who, moreover, became as good a speaker as it was well possible to become with hardly any of the physical requisites, by dint of head and heart: by high spirit, high training, clearness and depth of view, thought, feeling, knowledge, and accomplishment. His arrival at the goal marked out for him in early youth by one poet, has been hailed and celebrated by another.

'With an eloquence—not like those rills from a height
Which sparkle and foam and in a vapour are o'er,
But a current that works out its way into light,
Through the filtering recesses of thought and of lore.

'Thus gifted, thou never canst sleep in the shade,
If the stirrings of genius, the music of fame,
And the charms of thy cause, have not power to persuade,
Yet think how to freedom thou'rt pledged by thy name!'

These are two of some spirited stanzas by Moore, headed 'Remonstrance: after a conversation with Lord John Russell, in which he had intimated some idea of giving up all

political pursuits.' The following verses form part of his Lordship's portrait in 'The New Timon.'

'But see our statesman when the steam is on,
And languid Johnny glows to glorious John!
When Hampden's thought, by Falkland's
muses drest,
Lights the pale cheek and swells the generous
breast;
When the pent heat expands the quickening
soul,
And foremost in the race the wheels of genius
roll!'

He particularly excelled in a comprehensive reply at the end of an important debate: and one of the most telling retorts ever uttered in either House was his, when Sir Francis Burdett, after turning Tory and becoming a member of the Carlton Club, thought proper to sneer at 'the cant of patriotism.'

'I quite agree with the Honorable baronet that the cant of patriotism is a bad thing. But I can tell him a worse—the recant of patriotism—which I will gladly go along with him in reprobating whenever he shows me an example of it.'

It has always seemed unaccountable to us that Peel who had joined battle, without losing heart or ground, with such antagonists as Brougham, Canning, Stanley, and Lord Russell, should have quailed before Mr. Disraeli; or, if quailed be too strong a term, should have allowed himself to be so ruffled and annoyed. *Contempti Catilinæ gladios: non pertimescam tuos.* He was so irritated on the night of the Third Reading of the Corn-Law Bill that he came after the debate to Lord Lincoln (the late Duke of Newcastle) at Whitehall Place, and insisted on his carrying a hostile message to Mr. Disraeli. On Lord Lincoln's positive refusal, Sir Robert was going off in search of another second, and was with difficulty driven from his purpose by the threat of an application to a magistrate. The most plausible explanation is that he was maddened by the clamorous cheers of his quondam friends and followers:

'Non me tua ferrida terrent
Dicta, ferox, Dii me terrent—'

the *Dii* being understood in the theatrical sense: the gods that thundered their applause or censure from the gallery. It must be remembered also that there was twice over some foundation for the charge so pointedly levelled at him, of having acted like the Turkish admiral who steered the fleet under his command straight into the harbour of the enemy; and that Mr. Disraeli was in his happiest vein. This was the

night (May 15, 1846) when he declared Peel's life to be 'one great appropriation clause,' termed the Treasury Bench, 'political pedlars that bought their party in the cheapest market and sold us in the dearest;' and compared the conversion of the Peelites to that of the Saxons by Charlemagne, 'who, according to the chronicle, were converted in battalions and baptized in platoons.'

Sheil's mode of accounting for Mr. Disraeli's want of spirit and freshness after Peel's death is well known. He compared him to a dissecting surgeon or anatomist without a corpse. His best speeches—and two or three of them are of rare excellence—were those which he spoke when, as leader of the young England party, he first opened the trenches against Peel. His later and more elaborate speeches, although exhibiting an extraordinary command of language, are deficient in substance, soundness, spontaneity, and flow. They neither convince nor move. They do not make his hearers wiser or better; nor would he gain by it if they did. It is only when his fertile fancy supplies an allusive pleasantry, or when he can indulge his genius for sarcasm, that he brightens up or seems at home. Rogers said of Lord Aberdeen's (the Premier) dancing, when obliged to stand up with an ambassador, that he danced as if he was hired for the purpose and was not sure of being paid. Mr. Disraeli has commonly spoken since 1846 as if he was under an engagement to do a given amount of work for his party and was not sure of their approval when he had completed it. What his biographer deems the most presentable bit of his rhetoric is the warning to the Manchester School: 'that there is no reason why they should form an exception to that which history has mournfully recorded; why they, too, should not fade like the Tyrian dye, and moulder like the Venetian palaces.' But we could quote many happier passages if we could find room for them. He made a capital hit in his speech at Manchester the other day:—

'As I sat opposite the Treasury Bench, the Ministers reminded me of one of those marine landscapes not very unusual on the coasts of South America. You behold a range of exhausted volcanoes. Not a flame flickers on a single pallid crest. But the situation is still dangerous. There are occasional earthquakes, and ever and anon the dark rumbling of the sea.'

'Genuine Saxon, by the soul of Hengist' was the exulting shout of Cedric on hearing the name of a Saxon knight who had been victor in the lists. 'Genuine Saxon' will be the exclamation of every critical listener to

Mr. Bright. His look, his tone, his choice of words and illustrations, his stubborn independence, his boldness, his pugnacity, are all redolent of race. A Foxite adduced Pitt's preference of Latin compounds as an all-sufficient proof of habitual ambiguity. Apply a similar test to Mr. Bright and no further proof will be needed of his straightforwardness. His diction is drawn exclusively from the pure wells of English undefiled. Milton and the Bible are his unceasing study. There was a time when it was rare to find him without 'Paradise Lost' in his hand or his pocket. The use of scriptural imagery is a marked feature of his orations, and no imagery can be more appropriately employed to illustrate his views; for Mr. Bright, in all his grand efforts, rises far above the loaded unwholesome atmosphere of party politics into the purer air and brighter skies of patriotism and philanthropy. We may differ about his means or measures, but no one can differ about the aim when he puts forth his strength to raise Ireland and India in the scale of civilisation, to mitigate the evils of war, or to promote the spread of toleration and Christian charity throughout the world. He wound up a speech on Ireland in these words:—

'The noble Lord (Palmerston), towards the conclusion of his speech, spoke of the cloud which rests at present over Ireland. It is a dark and heavy cloud, and its darkness extends over the feelings of men in all parts of the British Empire. But there is a consolation which we may all take to ourselves. An inspired king, and bard, and prophet, has left us words which are not only the expression of a fact, but which we may take as the utterance of a prophecy. He says "To the upright there ariseth light in the darkness." Let us try in this matter to be upright. Let us try to be just. That cloud will be dispelled. The dangers which surround us will vanish, and we may yet have the happiness of leaving to our children the heritage of an honourable citizenship in a united and prosperous empire.'

The speech in which he is commonly thought to have reached the culminating point of his oratory, the one to which he himself reverts with most pleasure, is that deprecating a continuance of the Crimean war. The most successful passage was this:—

'I do not suppose that your troops are to be beaten in actual conflict with the foe, or that they will be driven into the sea; but I am certain that many homes in England in which there now exists a fond hope that the distant one may return—many such homes may be rendered desolate when the next mail shall arrive. The angel of death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the

beating of his wings. There is no one, as when the first born were slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two sideposts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on; he takes his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and the lowly, and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make this solemn appeal.'

Although Mr. Bright is a ready speaker, he is understood (like the great orators of Greece and Rome) to devote much time and labour to the preparation of his orations; which may account for their comparative fewness and brevity. His voice is all that could be desired in an orator, and his delivery is impressive, although so distinct, slow, and calm as to sound more like recitation than declamation, and it is suspected that his more ambitious passages are fairly written out on the paper which he holds with seeming carelessness in his hand.

One of the best specimens of his racy humour is the speech in which he introduced the cave of Adullam, and, in allusion to the alliance between two of the principal occupants, Mr. Lowe and Mr. Horsman, said: 'This party of two reminds me of the Scotch terrier, which was so covered with hair that you could not tell which was the head and which was the tail of it.' His eloquence is more convincing than persuasive; and the House of Commons for many years rarely went willingly along with him. He defies and confronts, instead of conciliating, an opponent; and when he encounters what he thinks prejudices and others may think principles, his massive understanding passes over them like a steam-roller crushing and pulverising stones.

The 'unadorned eloquence' of Richard Cobden, the fellow labourer of John Bright in the same high mission, has left its indelible mark on British legislation, but it never shook off the provincial tinge; and the House of Commons was not the arena in which its persuasive and convincing qualities were most triumphantly displayed.

The first place among living competitors for the oratorical crown will be conceded without a dissenting voice to Mr. Gladstone. An excellent judge, a frequent opponent of his policy, whom we consulted, declared that it was Eclipse first and all the rest nowhere. He may lack Mr. Bright's impressive diction, impressive by its simplicity, or Mr. Disraeli's humour and sarcasm; but he has made ten eminently successful speeches to Mr. Bright's or Mr. Disraeli's one. His foot is ever in the stirrup; his lance is ever in the rest. He throws down the gauntlet to all comers. Right or wrong, he is always real, natural,

earnest, unaffected, and unforced. He is a great debater, a great parliamentary speaker; with a shade more imagination, he would be a great orator. Much that we have said of Sir Robert Peel might be repeated of Mr. Gladstone. Inferior to the founder of his school in judgment and self-control, he is superior in moral courage, warmth, range, grasp, fertility, versatility, passion, power. If he has committed mistakes which Peel would not have committed, he has achieved triumphs which Peel could not have achieved. He can not only persuade and convince senates; he can sway popular assemblies by voice, look, bearing, and moral force, as well as by sonorous periods and ringing words. See him in the cold gray mist of that October afternoon advance to the front of the platform at Blackheath, bareheaded, pale, resolute.

'Now one glance round, now upwards turns
his brow,
Hushed every breath: he rises—mark him
now.'

Unluckily every breath was not hushed. From that surging sea of heads and faces arose an angry murmur that presaged a storm. The audience was the reverse of favourable: the reserved seats had been invaded by the populace, including many of the discharged dock-yard labourers; and political emissaries were busy among the crowd. But a love of fair play, stimulated by curiosity, procured him his opportunity; he began: his distinct articulation and finely-toned voice, 'loud as a trumpet with a silver sound,' commanded a wide circle, which widened as he went on; an English audience is more easily won by firmness than by flattery; and such was the influence of his manly self-assertion, combined with a judicious choice of topics, that the heath far and near resounded with plaudits when he wound up by devoting himself, 'according to the measure of his gifts,' to the service of the country and the Queen. In little more than an hour he had recovered his waning popularity and set up his government.

Let us now accompany him to another arena. During several months prior to the introduction of the budget in 1853, the most influential portion of the press, headed by the 'Times,' had bent all their strength to compel a modification of the Income Tax, with a view to lighten the burthen thrown on trades and professions by Schedule D. A strong pressure was put upon Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, to fall in with the current of opinion, which was deemed irresistible. The day before the financial statement, there was a large dinner company (ministerialists) assembled at Sir

William Molesworth's, when a member of the Government came in with a face of dismay to announce that Gladstone was obstinate, and that they should be all out within the week. Such was the general expectation. Within twenty-four hours after the delivery of his speech (April 18), every rational person was obliged to confess that the proposed modification was impracticable; and from that hour to this it has never been seriously entertained or formally proposed again. Another striking instance of the same kind is the revolution he effected in public and parliamentary opinion (May 4, 1863) by his speech against the exemption of charities from Income Tax.

The extreme subtlety of his mind, whilst supplying him with an inexhaustible store of replies and rejoinders, causes him to rely too much on over-refined distinctions and on casuistical modes of reasoning. During Garibaldi's visit to London, it was suggested that a noble and richly jointured widow, who was much about with him, should marry him. To the objection that he had a wife living, the ready answer was, 'Oh, he must get Gladstone to explain her away.' He has also Burke's habit of attaching undue importance to secondary topics. But the same liability to exaggeration which occasionally impairs the effect of a great speech, not unfrequently elevates an ordinary one, and enables him to compel attention to what may really be an important matter, although an impatient or fastidious House may deem it small. The compound householder, whom he rescued from unmerited neglect, is an example.*

'And now, gentlemen'—he was speaking at Chester—'shall I say a word to you about the Dee and Mersey Railway? That is a great descent, is it not? But I have not the smallest objection to discuss the Dee and Mersey Railway, or any other subject whatever.' In one of the Cattle Plague debates he discussed the dues of the River Weaver with a spirit, a breadth, and a felicity of application, that will associate that river in oratorical reminiscences with the Rhone and the Saone. Another memorable occasion when he elevated a prosaic subject, was in the debate on the Overend and Gurney prosecution. He spoke unexpectedly at about half-past nine, when there was a lax attendance of reporters; and the reports, consequently, conveyed to the outside public only an incomplete impression of his speech.

* Qu'est-ce que c'est que votre "compound householder," dont M. Gladstone parle si souvent? inquired a foreign lady of distinction. 'Madame, c'est le mâle de la femme incomprise,' was the reply.

The most memorable passage of arms between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli came off in the debate on the budget (Nov. 1853), when the Derby government was defeated by a majority of nineteen. It had lasted four nights. Mr. Gladstone had not spoken. Sir James Graham and Mr. Sidney Herbert were anxious that he should not speak after Mr. Disraeli, who rose at a late hour. Indeed it was understood that Mr. Disraeli was to close the debate. He fought his losing cause with spirit and dexterity, till (an unusual thing with him) he lost his temper and broke through all bounds of conventional decorum. Strong language may have been justified by the provocation, but he went too far when he told Sir Charles Wood (Lord Halifax) that petulance was not sarcasm, nor insolence invective; and said he viewed Sir James Graham with regard but not with respect.

The moment he ceased, before he had well time to resume his seat amidst the loud acclamations of his party, Mr. Gladstone bounded to the floor. He was encountered by menacing and derisive cheers; he was twice interrupted by an Irish member making unseemly noises in the gallery. But he was irrepressible: he stood firm as Guizot uttering his famous '*Oui, j'ai été à Gand.*' 'This speech,' he repeated, 'is one which must be answered, and answered at the moment. The character of England, involved in that of her public men, the character of England is at stake.' After indignantly repelling Mr. Disraeli's charges and invectives, he ended a masterly analysis of the budget by describing it as based on principles against which all true Conservatives stood pledged.

Mr. Gladstone's speeches (like Fox's or the late Lord Derby's) are not so well adapted for quotation as those of many inferior performers; because they are essentially working speeches. But, as an average specimen, we take the peroration of that on Parliamentary Reform (April 27, 1866, Lord Grosvenor's motion):—

'This Bill is in a state of crisis and of peril, and the Government along with it. We stand or fall with it, as has been declared by my noble friend Lord Russell. We stand with it now; we may fall with it a short time hence. If we do so fall, we, or others in our places, shall rise with it hereafter. I shall not attempt to measure with precision the forces that are to be arrayed against us in the coming issue. Perhaps the great division of to-night is not to be the last, but only the first of a series of divisions. At some point of the contest you may possibly succeed. You may drive us from our seats. You may slay, you may bury, the measure that we have introduced. But we will write upon its gravestone for an epitaph

this line, with certain confidence in its fulfilment :

"Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor."

You cannot fight against the future. Time is on our side. The great social forces which move onwards in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of these debates does not for a moment impede or disturb, those great social forces are against you ; they work with us ; they are marshalled in our support. And the banner which we now carry in the fight, though perhaps, at some moment of the struggle, it may droop over our sinking heads, yet will float again in the eye of heaven, and will be borne by the firm hands of the united people of the three kingdoms, perhaps not to an easy, but to a certain and to a not distant victory.'

It was in this speech that after replying to Mr. Lowe, who had twitted him with opposing the Reform Bill in the Oxford Union Debating Club when an undergraduate in 1831, he turned to the Liberal party and said :—

'I came amongst you an outcast from those with whom I associated, driven from their ranks, I admit, by no arbitrary act, but by the slow and resistless forces of conviction. I came among you, to make use of the legal phraseology, *in formâ pauperis*. I had nothing to offer you but faithful and honourable service: you received me as Dido received the shipwrecked Æneas :

"Excepi ejectum littore, egentem."

And I only trust you may not hereafter, at any time, have to complete the sentence in regard to me :

"Et regni, demens ! in parte locavi."

You received me with kindness, indulgence, generosity, and I may even say with some measure of your confidence. And the relation between us has assumed such a form that you can never be my debtors, but that I must be for ever in your debt.'

An old and highly esteemed member of the Liberal party (Mr. Philips, Member for Bury) said that the delivery of this passage brought tears into his eyes; and (he added) : 'I was not ashamed to own it, when I observed that several friends near me were similarly moved.'

Mr. Gladstone is more Ciceronian than Demosthenic. Amplification not condensation is his forte ; but he can be fanciful or pithy on occasions ; as when in a budget speech he compared his arrival at the part in which the remissions of taxation were to be announced, to the descent into the smiling valleys of Italy after a toilful ascent of the Alps ; or when he said that it was the duty of the Minister to stand 'like a wall of adamant,' between the people and the Crown.

His graceful reply to Mr. Chaplin will compensate for many a hasty reproof administered to assailants whom he had better have left unnoticed :—

'The hon. member who has just sat down has admonished us, and myself in particular, that the sense of justice is apt to grow dull under the influence of a long parliamentary experience. But there is one sentiment which I can assure him does not grow dull under the influence of a long parliamentary experience, and that is the sense of pleasure when I hear—whether upon these benches or upon those opposite to me—an able, and at the same time frank, ingenuous, and manly statement of opinion, and one of such a character as to show me that the man who makes it is a real addition to the intellectual and moral worth and strength of Parliament. Having said this, I express my thanks to the hon. member for having sharply challenged us. It is right that we should be so challenged, and we do not shrink from it.'

We must stop here. The walls of our portrait gallery are covered. We are like the Hanging Committee of the Academy, driven to exclusion by selection ; and we shall doubtless be suspected of prejudice or partiality like them. The high claims of the excluded, however, form one among many reasons for looking hopefully to the future, after reverting proudly to the past. There are no rising orators, it is true ; nor (as we recently noticed) are there any rising poets, painters or actors, any rising men of first-rate genius of any kind. Yet England is replete with intellectual life : it must still contain hearts pregnant with celestial fire : and there never existed a more appreciating public ; so appreciating, indeed, that in default of real genius, it is often content to put up with the counterfeit article.

With a rich soil and good seed, why should there be no harvest, or a blighted one ? Haply the destiny of the rising generation is that of Banquo : 'Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.' If Gray might ennoble his country churchyard with the dust of imaginary departed worthies, why may we not people our senate with the animated forms of coming ones ? It is good not to despair of the commonwealth, and we do not despair of it. The scene at St. Paul's on Thanksgiving Day has indefinitely postponed the arrival of the New Zealander to sketch its ruins. Whatever may become of the Manchester School, British eloquence, statesmanship, patriotism, and loyalty will not fade like the Tyrian dye ; the British Houses of Parliament will not moulder like the Venetian Palaces ; nor (for it all comes to that) have 'the people of this little isle' shown the slightest symptom of abandoning or forfeiting the grand position which the

Premier claimed for them at Blackheath, 'among the small and select company of great nations that have stamped their names on the page of history, as gifted with the qualities that mark the leaders of mankind.' This recalls the fine lines of Goldsmith, beginning :

'Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by.'

Have they in any respect degenerated since then ?

ART. VII.—*The Diaries and Letters of Sir George Jackson, K.C.B., from the Peace of Amiens to the Battle of Talavera.* Edited by Lady Jackson. 2 Vols. London, 1872.

GRAY a little overstepped the mark when (as quoted by Horace Walpole) he said that 'if any man were to form a book of what he had seen and heard himself, it must, in whatever hands, prove a useful and entertaining one.' The value of such a volume would surely depend upon the character and opportunities of the bookmaker. He should possess some, at least, of the qualifications which we recently laid down as essential to the traveller. He should be a discriminating observer, and he should be thrown amongst people or into situations where scenes worth describing might pass before him, or things worth commemorating might occur. But if Gray had said 'any diplomatist' instead of 'any man,' we should readily assent to the proposition; for any diplomatist worth his salt would speedily acquire the habit of keeping his eyes and ears open at the fitting times and places, whilst any diplomatist with a moderate share of luck must see and hear a great deal from which less privileged persons are shut out.

The book before us, composed of the diaries and letters of Sir George Jackson, is an example. Attached to a mission at the early age of sixteen, he immediately set about acting on Gray's notion: he wrote down in letters to his mother, or in the form of diaries intended for her perusal, whatever struck him as remarkable, as well as what might be expected to interest her relating to his brother (the chief of the mission) or himself. The diaries for the first two or three years are really surprising productions for a youth in his teens. He drew pen-and-ink sketches of the royal and illustrious personages with whom they were mixed up: he narrated the progress of ne-

gotiations: he repeated the current anecdotes; he described the passing manners, morals, and fashions; he fixed the Cynthias of the minute; and future historians will turn to him, as we now turn to Pepys, for the traits and touches which constitute the charm of history. His career is given in the most abridged form in an introductory chapter:—

'Sir George Jackson was the youngest son of Dr. Thomas Jackson—one of the canons of the Abbey of Westminster, rector of Yarlington, chaplain to Francis, fifth Duke of Leeds, and subsequently canon residentiary of St. Paul's. He was born in October, 1785, and was destined for the church; but the death of his father, at a comparatively early age, caused a change in the family arrangements. At the close of 1801, he left Westminster to join the special mission to Paris, as unpaid attaché; Mr. Francis Jackson, his brother, and senior by many years, being the minister appointed to reside in that capital during the negotiation of the treaty of peace at Amiens.

'In the same capacity, he accompanied Mr. Francis Jackson's mission to Berlin, in October, 1802—pursuing there his general studies under professors while gaining experience in the line of life he had entered upon.

'In 1805, he was presented at the Prussian court as Chargé d'Affaires, during his brother's temporary absence: and was afterwards sent on special service to the electoral court of Hesse Cassel.

'Early in May, 1806, Mr. Francis Jackson was ordered to quit Berlin without taking leave; the definitive occupation of Hanover by Prussia having just taken place, and war, in consequence, being determined upon on the part of Great Britain.

'Later in the year, overtures were made to the British Cabinet for a renewal of friendly relations between the two powers, and at about the same time that Lord Morpeth was appointed to negotiate with Prussia, Mr. George Jackson received orders from Mr. Fox to leave England for the North of Germany.

'He returned in February, 1807, with the Treaty with Prussia, signed by Lord Hutchinson, at Memel; and in the following April he was sent back by Mr. Canning, with the ratification of the Treaty, and instructions to Lord Hutchinson to appoint him Chargé d'Affaires, on his lordship's return to England.

'In July, he was gazetted secretary of Legation to Mr. Frere's mission to the Court of Prussia. This mission however was put an end to by the Treaty of Tilsit.

'Recalled to England, he took Copenhagen on his way; witnessed the bombardment of that city, and brought home the account of the capitulation, and the surrender of the Danish fleet to the British forces.'

'In 1808-9, he was one of the secretaries of Legation to the Spanish Junta.'

As the book contains nothing of later date than 1809, we need not accompany him

farther. We will only add that in 1813 he was Secretary of Legation to Lord Londonderry; that from 1814 to 1816 he was *Chargé d'Affaires* at Berlin; that he filled several other diplomatic employments without ever arriving at the fixed rank of Minister; that he was knighted on being made K.C.H., in 1832; retired on a pension in 1855; and died at Boulogne, May 2, 1861.

The Diaries begin November 12th, 1801, stating that the mission were overtaken at Dartford, on their way to Dover, by a messenger from Madame Otto (the French ambassador) with a note and small box commended to the Minister's especial care, its contents being a cap for Madame Bonaparte. Their reception at Calais and Boulogne is described as enthusiastic, and the fact is important as indicating the popular joy at the prospect of peace. Escorts of cavalry, commanded by officers, accompanied them the whole way to Paris; and to avoid addresses and receptions, they made arrangements to pass two nights instead of three upon the road. Soon after their arrival they go to see a parade at the Tuileries:—

'And a very grand affair it was. The space was, perhaps, rather small for the number of troops present; cavalry, infantry, and artillery, besides numerous field officers, generals, and commanders of different grades. Their uniforms were splendid; for the most part ornamented with elaborate embroideries in gold and silver. Even the upper parts of the boots of some of the officers had trimmings or inlayings of gold, others had gold spurs most beautifully wrought.

'The proceedings commenced by the French colours being carried by the Consular Guard, to the audience-chamber, where the First Consul was awaiting their arrival. As they were borne through the ante-room, the guard on duty saluted them, the bands in the courtyard at the same time playing the war-inspiring Marseillaise hymn. Soon after, with a grand *fracas*, the wide doors of the audience-chamber were thrown open, and the standards were carried back with the same ceremonies, but, now, preceding the *grand guerrier* in person. He descended to the court, where a white charger, with very rich trappings, was held in readiness for him. As soon as he had mounted, and his brilliant staff of generals had surrounded and saluted him, the inspection commenced.'

It would seem quite as likely for 'historic doubts' to be seriously entertained relative to the existence of the first Napoleon, as for the popular and traditional impression of his physiognomy to be declared false. Yet so it is. M. Michelet, in a work recently published, states that the only reliable portrait of him is a full-sized one by David, who took no less than two years to finish it. 'The artist has shown himself conscientious,

courageous—not caring whether he pleased, thinking only of the truth. So much so, that the engraver dared not follow it in certain details where truth contradicted tradition. David made him as he always was, without eyelashes or eyebrows, a small quantity of hair of an uncertain brown, which, in his youth, seemed black, in consequence of a free use of pomatum. The eyes are grey like a pane of glass wherein one sees nothing; in short, a complete and obscure impersonality which appears phantasmagorical.' The impression of the Diarist is in accordance with the popular one, especially as regards the eyes:—

'I was much struck by the personal appearance of Bonaparte; for the caricatures, and the descriptions which the English newspapers delight to give of him, prepare one to see a miserable pigmy; hollow-eyed, yellow-skinned, lantern-jawed, with a quantity of lank hair, and a nose of enormous proportions. But, though of low stature—perhaps five feet five or six—his figure is well-proportioned, his features are handsome, complexion rather sallow, hair very dark, cut short, and without powder. He has fine eyes, full of spirit and intelligence, a firm, severe mouth, indicating a stern and inflexible will—in a word, you see in his countenance, the master-mind; in his bearing, the man born to rule.'

What follows might have been written within the month in this year of our Lord 1872, or indeed it might have been written with especial application to the French capital four or five times over at intervals of fifteen or twenty years since 1789.

'It is very bright now, without the slightest fog or haziness in the atmosphere. This, however, as I have lately discovered, is not considered an advantage by everybody. For, a few days ago, a rather eccentric old fellow we had here, an Englishman, called to see my brother, and met with an acquaintance, who, in the course of conversation, asked him how he liked Paris. "To tell you a good deal in a few words," he answered, "I don't like the climate."

"No!" said his friend; "why, we are in the midst of November, and have clear bright sunshine, while I hear from home that London is wrapped in its usual gloom and fog."

"I am not one of those who find fault with that," answered the old gentleman. "It's the right thing at this time of the year; and if they had a little more of it in this country, it would be a good thing for them. You may depend upon it, that a reasonable degree of weight in the atmosphere steadies the brain, and that we Englishmen owe much of our solid good sense, our respect for God and His Majesty, and the laws of the land, to the—the—I'll call it the sedateness of our climate."

"Now I've been ten days in this country, and I should be sorry to stay in it ten more.

For I notice that the kind of thin, light, and, I'll even say, flippant sort of air you get here, makes a man light-headed. It's like taking too much of their champagne wine—flimsy stuff, without body, that excites to folly, and makes you feel ready for any sort of mad spree."

"Why, H!" said his friend, laughing, "is that the effect of Paris air on your constitution?"

"Not quite come to that yet," he said, "but I can't say what might happen soon. I speak of the effect it has on the native constitution. It brings on in time a sort of moral *delirium tremens*—they get savage—knock down their kings and nobles—smash their palaces—tear down their churches—anything that comes in their way, till the fit wears itself out. Then any man, that has been able to keep his head clear and steady, may put his heel on them. He, I've an idea, who now has them well under his heel, will keep them there for some time to come. But there'll be another tussle by-and-by—it's in the air, I tell you, they can't help it, and in time the fit will be on again, and the present man be kicked over for another."

Without taking upon ourselves to say that the old gentleman was altogether wrong, we suppose that blood and race may have something to do with the matter, as well as climate and food. Yet there is no saying by what minute causes or circumstances the differences of national character are determined. Talleyrand had a favourite theory, which he once expounded at some length to Lord Aberdeen at Holland House: that the superior manliness and solidity of Englishmen, with their comparative freedom from frivolity, resulted from the separation of the sexes after dinner.

When Miss Berry was passing through Paris in 1802 she applied to 'a great and respectable bookseller' for some trifling works to read upon the road. He sent her about a hundred to choose from, and she took thirty or forty with the most inviting titles. They turned out (she states) to be such unvaried pictures of the same disgraceful state of society and manners, without wit or decency, that she successively threw the volumes out of the carriage window to avoid being the patient reader of such revolting trash.* We collect from the Diarist that the light literature of the French was a true type of their morality, and that the dress of the fair Parisians resembled that of the festal choir in 'Moïse',—

'When pretty young Israelites dance round the prophet,

With very thin clothing and but little of it.'

'As regards the French ladies, my brother thinks, that, even in what is called the very

best Parisian society, our countrywomen find in their own sex much that offends English notions of propriety and good taste. While the case is even worse with the men, for there are some, who fill very high offices, whose manners are not only repulsive to women, but who are so excessively vulgar and ill-bred that no gentleman would voluntarily associate with them.

'The very few English ladies we have here seem half-frightened at the free and lively manners of the French women; and as they are rarely strong enough in the language to appreciate the piquancy and playful wit of the Parisiennes in conversation, they are too apt to set down to boldness and effrontery what is merely the effect of great natural vivacity. The dresses now in vogue are of the scantiest pattern, and, it must be confessed, scarcely consistent with modesty of demeanour; yet what there is of them is worn with so much grace and elegance that one really soon learns to think them becoming. The men, on the other hand, repel by their utter disregard of the ordinary decencies of the toilet. I saw the other evening, at a reception at Madame Fouché's, more than one pair of spattered boots, and a good deal of linen far from clean, the wearers being not the least important personages present. The roughnesses of the revolution are not yet polished off.'

Moreau dines with the Mission, and this highly creditable circumstance is related of him:—

'M. d'Orsay who, before the revolution, was a nobleman of high rank and considerable fortune, lost by it most of his landed property, which was sold, as belonging to the nation. One of his estates, adjoining that of Moreau, was sold to the General, as had been usual in such cases, at a price infinitely below its real value. Moreau went to M. d'Orsay to inform him of it, and to request him to join in the conveyance, as well as to accept the amount of the difference between the purchase money agreed for with the government, and the known value of the estate.

'These, and other transactions that have come to my brother's knowledge, give him a very high opinion of General Moreau's honour and principle in the affairs of private life.'

Very few of the English visitors to Paris in 1802 could speak French, and Mr. Jackson frequently overheard from the Parisians, rarely able to speak any language but their own: 'Ces Anglais sont excessivement bêtes; ils ne savent pas un mot de Français.' He tells a good story of the bold attempt of a Polish Princess to talk English:—

'I must tell you what occurred at a ball at the Russian minister's, to Miss Jennings, Mrs. Rose's aunt. She was introduced to a Polish lady of rank—I need not tell you her name—who knew a few words of English, and was anxious to try a conversation. They did not get on very well, but Miss J., willing to say something she thought the lady would under-

* 'England and France.' By the Editor of 'Madame du Deffand's Letters.' 1824.

stand, inquired partly by words, partly by gesture, the name of another lady who was present. *Madame la Princesse* answered, "Damn eyes, I not know!" Miss Jennings said she opened her eyes pretty wide with astonishment, and looked round, hoping no one was near enough to hear it. *La grande dame* taking this for doubt, repeated the words several times with still greater emphasis. "I knew not which way to look," said Miss Jennings; "some one must wickedly have told her it was a familiar English way of asserting a thing, and I could not attempt to explain her error to her, poor lady."

The mishap of a gentleman named Dorant, an amateur diplomatist, throws light on the nature of English exports to France in 1802:—

'Mr. Dorant has got himself into a scrape. He writes that he had embarked in the Dover packet on his return to Paris, having in his possession five hundred and sixty-nine guineas, but no order for their exportation. By some means it became known at the inn he had slept at, and information of the circumstance was given by the landlord to the Custom-House officer. When Dorant went on board he was seized and searched; the money was taken from him, and he was compelled to return on shore. He had a passport from M. Otto, who had given into his charge a parcel, which Dorant describes, in his odd way, as "about three feet long and as thick as a man's thigh, and containing several pieces of flannel for M. Talleyrand." Also he had a lace dress for Madame Bonaparte, for which he had paid sixty guineas; two others for Mesdames Fouché and Luxembourg, as well as green tea and cotton stockings for the latter lady, with two or three patent lace cloaks, and other articles for less distinguished personages. These he was compelled to leave on board, but they were all addressed to the English minister, and were to be passed through the Customs as his. He had the folly to declare that the guineas, as well as the packages, were for the use of the British minister. However, his story was not credited. He excused himself to my brother by saying that it was really a fact, as they enabled him to take a journey in his service, and to be useful to him.'

Guineas, flannel, green tea, and cotton stockings are intelligible enough; but the lace dress and the patent lace cloaks, coupled with the cap already mentioned for Madame Bonaparte, would seem to show that Honiton was then competing, on no unequal terms, with Brussels and Valenciennes.

When the peace of Amiens, unaccountably delayed after the settlement of the articles, was signed, the event was celebrated by entertainments and illuminations:—

'The Palais du Corps Législatif—once the Palais Bourbon—was compared to a palace of jewels, so thickly was it covered with gleaming

lamps, and their colours so harmoniously intermixed. The entire length of the Tuileries was marked by lines of fire, and festooned with flowers and variegated lamps, and draped with numerous flags; those of all nations intermingling with the *drapeau républicain*. A portion of the gardens was illuminated; in the vicinity was a display of fireworks, and another on the river; while a concert of military bands enlivened the scene.

'Outside the grounds, and near the palace, a temporary fountain had been erected. Last evening it streamed with bright Bourdeaux, and many a bumper was quaffed there in honour of "*La paix et le pacificateur*!" and in one instance we heard: "*Le héros! qui veut se faire aimer en vin!—en vain.*"'

This pun may pair off with the more familiar one on the representation of Napoleon followed by the chariot of Victory; '*Oui, le char l'attend*' (*charlatan*). But, strange to say, the anxious interest which the people took in the Congress of Amiens during its deliberation, subsided into utter indifference when the final result was known; and the First Consul exhibited marked mortification at their apathy. The Jacksons left Paris in April, 1802, and this tempting bit of scandal, touching the English Ambassador who came after them, is extracted from a Berlin letter of April, 1803:—

'Of course, everybody is now become a politician, and people in England have probably looked a little in this direction lately, where anxiety is as great, to know the result of the busy scene transacting between London and Paris. My brother says he is not at all surprised at the account you give us of his colleague (Lord Whitworth) in that capital. A Russian friend writes us thence, "The fact is, his lordship has very little in him, and makes up for the deficiency by a great display of pomposity, for which he always had a *penchant*, although it is not altogether reconcilable with his having spent six or seven thousand a year at St. Petersburg that came out of the pocket of one of the rich women with whom our country abounds." The lady referred to had reached this city on her way to London to join him, when she learnt the news of his marriage to the duchess. My brother does not believe that there is any foundation for the report that he behaves very ill to her Grace. He seemed most attentive to her in England, though it is true she would never let him go from her side, and it was clear that the difference of a Paris life would occasion her many an uneasy moment.'

From a letter of the same month and year we learn that the invasion panic was at its height:—

'That the invasion fever should have set in so early, and at Bath too, is diverting. One old lady has really died of nervous terror, you

say. Now I should like to know what *she* especially feared. We have heard of another who has had a suit of men's clothes made for her daughter, and seventy guineas sewed up in the waistband of her pantaloons or breeches. Others are ready for a start, they say, but whither they are bound is not mentioned. It would seem that the Great Man would have an easy conquest could he but once make good his footing on the shores of the tight little island, instead of finding, as he has been assured, that not only every man, but every woman and child would be ready to shoulder a musket to oppose him.'

Amongst the notabilities at Berlin in 1804 was Madame de Stäel, indulging in her love of admiration and giving free expression to her contempt for the Berlinese:—

'Mr. Drummond (English Minister at Dresden) left us yesterday; he is a loss to us, being a most pleasant man, full of information, and possessing a fund of anecdote. He has been upon *the go* for some weeks; but the charms of Madame de Stäel—with whom he was deeply smitten—detained him till now. The roads furnished him with an excellent excuse for lengthening his stay; however, hero like, he tore himself from the chains, which were binding him closer every day, lest by longer delay he should find them too firmly riveted to be broken. *Le coïld donc parti*. Cavendish, to our great regret, follows to-morrow.

'Ask Mr. Stevens about Madame de Stäel; she is a very curious personage, I assure you. Naturally good-humoured, I should think, but overwhelmingly self-sufficient, and having the highest contempt for everything she meets with in Berlin. Her daughter, a child of nine or ten years, has imbibed her mother's ideas in this respect, as the following little anecdotes tend to prove.

'At a children's ball, at Prince Ferdinand's, she met with another little girl whom she seemed to think very pleasant, and said she liked very much; finding, however, *in the course of conversation* that her new acquaintance was German, mademoiselle pushed the child away, and in an angry tone said, "Allez-vous en! Vous êtes Allemande, allez-vous-en! Les Allemands sont tous des sots!" This, though considered *assez fort*, is nothing to the other, which almost amounts to infantine *lèse-majesté*. Being at another juvenile reunion at the palace, and taking offence at something the prince royal said, or did to her, she very coolly gave him a swingeing box on the ear; upon which he rushed to his mother, hid his face in her dress, and cried; the young lady herself, when remonstrated with, remaining calm and unmoved. It is said that Madame de Stäel has been desired to keep her at home until she has learned better manners; and Madame herself will soon find, if she is not more careful, that *les bons Berlinoïis*, whose civilities she returns with contempt, are beginning to think they have borne rudeness enough, even from *tant d'esprit et de réputation*. As to the child, it is clear to every one that she must be, at least

tacitly, encouraged in her impertinence by her mother.'

An incidental allusion to Kotzebue is worth quoting—

'Kotzebue, after whom you inquire with so much interest, left this some months ago to pass the winter, I believe, in Italy. Upon his first coming here people were much disposed in his favour, but his unconscionable vanity and affectation of extreme sensibility sickened many persons; and he sank very low in every one's estimation after the publication of his memoirs, because of his pitiful and ignoble insinuations against those to whom he owed a deep debt of gratitude. For myself, I own that I was much surprised, notwithstanding all I had heard and seen of him, when, after reading his description of his feelings in the wood near Stockenanschhoff, and the stream of tenderness that gushed forth when he thought of "his Emily," the mere repetition of whose "sweet name" calmed his sufferings both of mind and body, &c., I learnt that he had just married his third, if not fourth wife.'

Writers of fiction were never expected to act up to the sentiments they professed. Kotzebue's genius fully entitled him to the poetic licence claimed for Rousseau, who, after writing 'Emile,' sent his children to the founding hospital—or for Sterne, when he neglected a dying mother to weep over a dead donkey:—

'What an impostor Genius is!—
How with that strong mimetic art,
Which is its life, its soul, it takes
All shapes of thought, all hues of heart,
Nor feels itself one throb it wakes.'

In reviewing the 'Life of Lord Palmerston,' we called attention to some passages in his Journal describing the battle of Jena and suggesting a parallel between the Prussian court and army in October 1806, and the French court and army in July 1870; the same carelessness, the same blind confidence, the same administrative incapacity, the same corruption, similarly followed by defeat, national humiliation, and disgrace. These Diaries supply additional touches to the humiliating but instructive picture of Prussia, which is completed by some curious extracts from the letters of Gentz, judiciously given in an appendix. Two years before (August 1804) the Diarist had written:—

'For my part, I wish the Kings of Prussia and Sweden could change places. The latter would perhaps employ to some purpose the army of this country—amounting to near two hundred and fifty thousand men—more perfect, it is allowed on all hands, in every detail of its organization than at any former period, and sufficiently imbued with the spirit of

patriotism effectually to resist the troops of the new empire.

'The finances of the country are also known to be in a more flourishing state than they have been since 1790, when the late king made the first inroads on the treasure left by Frederick II. But the *vis inertia* of the king paralyzes the whole force of the Prussian monarchy, and renders it as completely null, for all purposes of beneficial influence, as are the smallest of the states of Germany, or of the Italian republic.'

This *vis inertia* clung to his Majesty despite the quiet influence of the beautiful and high-spirited Queen, until he was fairly forced into action by the imminence of the danger and the impulse of self-preservation:—

'Oct. 18, 1806.—The present energetic conduct of the King of Prussia is owing, the General says, to Bonaparte's intentions towards Prussia having been discovered by M. de Lucchesini when last in Paris. He had called one day on Talleyrand, without the remotest suspicion of what was going on, and found him in a violent passion, beating his head, and talking to himself of Bonaparte's restless ambition, &c. L. inquired, with seeming indifference, what was the matter? Talleyrand replied only by vague hints, and expressions of ill-humour, then turned the conversation to other topics. As soon as Lucchesini got home, he set all his wheels in motion to learn what had so upset Talleyrand, and at last discovered that Bonaparte meditated nothing less than the seizure of all Westphalia, and—as His Majesty himself expresses it in his proclamation—"the erasing of the King of Prussia from the list of independent sovereigns," as he already had done by others.'

Gentz, who had been sent for to draw up the manifesto, found everything in confusion and everyone capable of appreciating the situation in despair. The best of the Prussian generals, Kalckreuth, told him on October the 4th (ten days before Jena), that the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Brunswick, was utterly incompetent; that the army had no confidence in him, would not and could not have any; that if within eight days (at the expiration of which operations were to begin) some lucky incident did not occur to change entirely the existing state of things, 'this campaign would finish either by a retreat in the style of that of 1792, or by some memorable catastrophe, which would throw the battle of Austerlitz into the shade.' The catastrophe is thus recorded in the Diary:—

'16th—Evening.—Would to God I had not to record that the fatal forebodings of every anxious heart have been but too fully realized! The Prussians have been completely beaten at Jena. The battle began at daylight and lasted the greater part of the day. Not less than

twenty thousand Prussians were left dead on the field. The King, the Duke of Brunswick, the Princes Henry and William, are all wounded. The three brothers slightly, but the Duke's wounds are very serious. He is to be brought to Magdeburg to-morrow. The Prince of Orange, according to the official account, "s'est couvert de gloire." With his only remaining corps of from five to six thousand men, he and the Duke of Weimar made good their retreat to Erfurt early yesterday morning. It is said that the King intended to resume the engagement next day, but that seems impossible, with his army a complete wreck.

'Lord Morpeth is returned. He and his party had to run for it. Hardly had they time to get out of Frankenberg on their flight hither, than the French entered it.

'18th.—In the late melancholy *débâcle*, almost every Prussian general was either wounded or killed. The old Field-marshal received three wounds and is a prisoner. Prince Henry was here yesterday, and Generals Pfuhl and Pritsoltz, as well as Hüsenheim, and several other Prussian officers, who disgracefully quit the field of battle, seeing, as they pretend, that everything was lost.'

The demoralization of the Prussian Army is best illustrated by an incident:—

'Yesterday morning (October 31) the Swedish commandant at Anclam was surprised by the arrival, at full gallop, of fifteen hundred Prussian cavalry pursued by nineteen French *chasseurs*. Their officers were calling to them, for God's sake, not to behave thus, and telling them no more *chasseurs* were following. But this had no effect. "Sie sind Franzosen!—Sie sind Franzosen!" exclaimed the men: as if that was a sufficient excuse for their dastardly conduct. It is the more to be wondered at and lamented, as some of the regiments fought like tigers at Jena. Möllendorff's, in particular, is literally reduced to fifty-six privates and eight officers.

'The commandant allowed the fugitives to cross the drawbridge, and drew it up against their pursuers. Seeing this, the French threw themselves into the river, and attempted to swim over, but were shot in the water. In answer to the commandant's inquiry, what he was to do with these fifteen hundred Prussians, he has received orders to tell them that it is quite impossible to give them an asylum here; that there are only enough provisions for the Swedes, but that they should be furnished with guides to enable them to join Winning's corps, as well as with sustenance for their journey as far as Witstock.'

When the tables were turned in 1870, troops of Frenchmen might be seen flying before two or three Uhlans, or surrendering to them. The Queen, who has been made answerable for this war, declared to Gentz some days before the battle, 'God knows that I have never been consulted about public affairs, and that I have never desired to

be. If I had been, I own I should have voted for the war. I believe that it was indispensable; our position had become so equivocal that we were obliged to get out of it at any cost; it is far less from calculation, it is from the sentiment of honour, from the sense of duty, that we were compelled to take this step.' Her condition at Ortelburg, November 27th, six weeks after the battle, is thus described:—

'We get hardly any meat; the water is of the worst kind, and there is no possibility of procuring any wine as a corrective. Yet, taking one thing with another, we struggle on tolerably well, and have, I think, some reason to be satisfied, when we know that the poor queen—whose dignified resignation, and the nobleness of character she displays, under these trying and distressing circumstances, render her more interesting than does even her great beauty—has, literally, only a small, scantily-furnished room, on the ground-floor of one of the wretched barns they call houses, which one can hardly step out of without getting up to the ankles in mud! for although the weather has, hitherto, been so exceptionally mild, yet it is damp, and the village is one of the dirtiest.

'The king takes a morning walk while their room, which, like our own, serves for sitting and bedroom, is arranged for their Majesties' breakfast.

'Since I came here, I have seen the queen only once, to speak to; she said but little, but that little in her usual amiable and affable manner. She is obliged to be very cautious, both in her words and actions, for the king is of an excessive ill-humour, and turns a deaf ear to all she says; she, however, does not allow herself to be discouraged, and loses no opportunity of endeavouring to counteract the counsels of Köchritz and his associates.

'Her lady of honour has to put up with a small closet for a sleeping room, and complains wofully of Her Majesty's rest, and her own, being greatly disturbed by the bugs with which their lodging is infested.'

Her Royal spouse's anxiety for her amusement at this trying period was singularly displayed:—

'The queen was much vexed the other day at His Majesty compelling her, although she was really very unwell, to go to a hunt he had ordered, on the queen having, by chance, said that she had never seen an elk. She begged the king to excuse her, but he peremptorily insisted on her going. The sport was certainly by no means famous, and this ill-timed idea of His Majesty has given rise to innumerable jests.'

Lord Palmerston confirms this account:—

'He (the king) fled to Osterode, in the neighbourhood of Dantzic. Such was his apathy with regard to his affairs, that when Count de Woronzow, who was sent from Petersburg on

a mission to him, reached Osterode, he was immediately invited to attend the king on a hunting party. They had good sport, and killed a wolf and an elk. The queen, though ill and disgusted with this ill-timed amusement, was forced to join the party.'

The poor Duke of Brunswick made an attempt at negotiation with the conqueror on his own account. He wrote a letter which is described as admirable for dignity and simplicity, and sent it by M. de Munckhausen:—

'As soon as Bonaparte had read it, he threw it on the table, exclaiming, with violence, "Non!—il a cessé de regner! Ni lui, ni aucune de sa race, ne mettra jamais le pied en Brunswick—partout où je le trouve, il sera fait prisonnier de guerre. Il a voulu la guerre, qu'il en recueille les fruits." Turning then to Berthier, he said, "I thought that country had been occupied; why was it not? Let it be so instantly."

'On M. de Munckhausen trying to reason with him, and saying that, "as a Prussian officer, it was impossible for his serene highness not to join the army," Bonaparte answered, "Ce serait bon pour un conscrit de dire."

'Finding remonstrance and argument vain, M. de Munckhausen began to speak of the duke's pureness of intention, and said, "Let what would happen, he would always have the consolation of having acted uprightly, and according to the dictates of his conscience." Bonaparte here interrupted him with, "Que Dieu juge les cœurs, s'il le veut, moi, je juge les actions."

'Thus, M. de Munckhausen was obliged to return to Brunswick, and, without stating all that had passed, report enough to induce the duke—who is in a most wretched state—to leave that city, and come to Altona.'

Young Englishmen of the present generation will read with surprise the reflection which concludes an account of a royal shooting party at Hanover in 1802:—

'It was a very large one, and attended by a great many "beaters," as they are called, whose business is to beat about the woods while the *sportemen* stand at the entrance of the avenues, and pop at the birds as fast as they can load. By this means an almost inconceivable number is in one day killed by each person, who kills, in fact, for the sake of killing. I confess that I cannot look on this as sport, or as anything more than wanton cruelty, which disgusts me whenever I think of it.'

The mischief of the *battue* system, especially as involving the excessive preservation of game, was the subject of some judicious remarks by Earl Stanhope in his 'Reign of Queen Anne.' His Lordship there treats it as a practice of novel introduction, which has by no means conduced to the rational enjoyment of the sport. It was obviously

new to the young English diplomatist in 1802.

Amongst many diverting sketches of manners, there is one of the mode of celebrating New Year's Day at Berlin :—

'Our ball was a very gay one, for the 31st of December is a day of great festivity in Berlin. When the hands of the clock marked midnight, and we were all engaged in a country dance, the music suddenly ceased; each musician snatched up a French horn, and blew in the new year in such a sonorous manner that one would have thought *Aolus's* bag was, *de nouveau*, rent asunder.

'The first blast brought the dancing to an end, *pro tempore* only; and there ensued such a chaos of hugging, kissing, congratulating, shaking of hands, as I never before witnessed. Of course I followed the general example, and saluted all the pretty girls present.'

It may give fair readers an additional interest in these Diaries to say that they abound in proofs that the writer in his adolescent state bore a strong resemblance to Cherubino, in the '*Mariage de Figaro*,' when he tells Suzanne: '*Je ne sais plus ce que je suis; mais depuis quelque temps je sens ma poitrine agitée; mon cœur palpite au seul aspect d'une femme.*'

We cannot afford space for more extracts, which we regret; for by no means the least interesting of the letters and diaries are those written in Spain, where the writer was an eye-witness, or close observer, of the events of that anxious and uncertain period of our Peninsular operations which preceded the battle of Talavera. An animated description of that battle contains incidents which are new to us :—

'Cuesta was then suffered to continue his retreat unmolested, and to take up a position with his right on the town of Talavera, and the French turned their whole force against Mackenzie, who was posted in a wood, and from not expecting the attack, was nearly surrounded—the enemy having crossed at two fords above the bridge, attacking in front, as well as sending a corps round to the right. This was the most critical part of the whole action. Sir Arthur saw this last movement, and ordered two regiments to make head against the enemy, at the same time warning them that they would be attacked instantly, and that everything depended on their maintaining their ground. He himself got on the top of a small house in the wood, to superintend the whole, and there had the mortification to see those two regiments give way, and the enemy pressing on in such numbers, and with such rapidity, that he had but just time to drop himself from the roof of the house, mount his horse, and order the whole of the corps out of the wood, to form in line in front of it. This they did with great rapidity, and poured some most destructive volleys on the French as they advanced, which checked

them, and our troops retired in good order, and took up another position.

* * * * *

'The famous charge of the 23rd (cavalry) Regiment took place in the plain between the above-mentioned hill and the Sierra to the left, where the sharpshooters were placed. A ravine runs there, which, being covered with brushwood, was not perceived beforehand, and they all fell into it—thus one of our finest regiments were cut to pieces, opposed to solid columns of the advancing enemy. The ill-timed impetuosity and rashness of the Guards was also the cause of much mischief, but gave occasion for the execution of a very beautiful manœuvre—the first line opened *en échelon*, allowing the retiring Guards to pass through their intervals, then forming again in close line, with a rapidity and precision which all who saw it speak of as admirable.'

According to Napier, a part of the 23rd struggled through the ravine and, led by Major Ponsonby, furiously charged the French. According to the same authority, it was the 48th, led by Colonel Donovan, that opened to allow the Guards, who were falling back in confusion, to pass through. But such points of difference illustrate the value of diaries written on the spot, and the inestimable aid, independently of their interest to the general reader, that future historians may derive from them.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Bible in the Public Schools. Arguments in the case of John D. Minor versus the Board of Education of the City of Cincinnati with the Opinions and Decisions of the Court.* Cincinnati and London, 1870.

2 *Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen's Speech upon Education spoken at Sandwich, Jan. 26, 1872.*

3. *The Marquis of Salisbury's Speech at a Meeting of the National Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor held at Liverpool, April 5, 1872.*

WHEN a change was made, so vast in itself, and so foreign to widely prevalent ideas about the functions of Government, as that implied in a public measure for the education of a whole people, it is not wonderful that important questions of principle should have been raised. We are thrown back, in truth, on some of those organic questions which concern the very foundations of human society—the rights of men as individuals, the rights of parents, and the rights and duties of society as a whole. Nor need we regret that it should be so. However

undesirable it may be in the ordinary working of society to be continually and unnecessarily reverting to first principles, there are times and circumstances in which such an exercise is wholesome as well as necessary. In such periods, the true wisdom lies in probing to the bottom all questions that must be raised, so as to ascertain the truth in regard to them, and to settle the minds of thinking men on solid foundations. Truth never can ultimately suffer by such an ordeal. In the present controversy about national education, we are persuaded that the investigation of some important general principles has become necessary and must be useful. We are confident that such an investigation will result in a refutation of the loose and dangerous views which have been lately set afloat in certain quarters, and in a clear establishment of the main positions assailed. Thus the vital principles, that it is the duty of the State, by the use of legitimate means, to see that the whole people are educated, and, at the same time, that all true and safe education ought to be based upon religious truth, are being enforced on both sides of the Atlantic and amongst all sections of the Anglo-Saxon family: and they are insisted on anew in France and Italy as the only hope of a sound basis for national life and vigour.

On the first principle involved in National Education there is now happily a general consent. Under the pressing sense of the social evils of ignorance, and the danger of placing political power in the hands of the uninstructed, this first principle was assented to by many, without taking time to consider the issues involved in its application. Controversies have thus arisen, which ought to have been shut out by a really intelligent conviction on this primary question, What right has the State to educate the children of the people? It has been asked, Do not children belong to their parents, and not to the State? That parents have a primary duty in regard to the education of their children is not only fully admitted, but it is a consideration of vital importance. But men and families grouped into societies and nations must no longer be considered as mere units, and therefore this admission does not in the least invalidate the position, that the State or nation is also deeply interested in the question of the management of children. The State is entitled to adopt means to train virtuous citizens, because it is bound to punish vicious ones. It cannot, therefore, be maintained that the parental authority over children is so absolute and paramount as to warrant any class of parents in bringing up a race of children in such neglect

that they shall be pests to the general community, and thus entail great burdens upon the State for the repression of crime. A man has no more right to let loose upon the community a family of neglected children, under pretence of the sacredness of parental rights, than to send forth amongst them children suffering from the small-pox or scarlet fever. On the other hand, as prevention is better than cure, the State, by promoting the universal and sound education of the people, obviates the necessity for undue measures of coercion. This course is also in every way more kind and benevolent. All this, however, is so evident, that every attempt which has been seriously made to maintain the opposite position has signally failed.

But this first principle has been consented to on practical grounds, with a very inadequate consideration of all that it involves. Many cannot get free from the mistake of regarding the State as a power distinct from the collective action of the people. However elementary the error, it has important consequences. It is not the fact that Government comes in as an external power to take in hand the education of the people; but the people themselves have resolved to provide means and aids for the education of their children. Nor have they even intrusted the carrying out of this resolution to the executive Government. When the existing organizations do not provide sufficient means for the education of the people in any locality, the work is committed to boards chosen on the freest principles of local representation, with only guidance and supervision from the Government, and that subject to the will of Parliament. The fullest liberty is therefore given, within the limits prescribed by the representatives of all the people, to those who represent them in their several localities. Hence the schools in every district are sure to be taught and governed as the people who support them wish; and whatever objection may arise to the teaching and government, will come only from a minority.

Of that minority all classes, and even individuals, have their conscientious scruples as to matters of religion fully respected and carefully guarded. This having been done the minority can have no right to put a sort of Polish veto on the collective action of the council in which all parties are fully and fairly represented.

If, indeed, in the necessary exclusion of the very lowest class from a direct share in this representative system, we exclude the parents of the children whom it is most needful to reach, we should be the more

careful to protect their true parental rights and to respect their sound parental feelings. We admit the principle that a parent ought to educate his child. But because some will not, and others cannot, and others neither can nor will, the whole social body comes to the help of its weaker members, with so much compulsion (and, we will at once add, so much only) as is needful to make the reluctant use that help. We claim to do for them what they ought to do for themselves; but we must do it as they would do it if they had both the power and the enlightened will.

It is not for us, like a despotic Government, to take the children out of their families and mould them into mere units in the machinery of the State; nor have we any right to model their minds according to philosophic theories which may be in fashion for the time. It is our most solemn duty to strengthen the parental and filial tie, which is the first bond of the whole social system; to make the children of the poor good sons and daughters before everything. In thus 'turning the hearts of the children to the fathers and of the fathers to the children,' we shall reunite those sacred family bonds, in the disruption of which the dissolution of social order begins.

This principle involves the teaching of duty and its sanctions; it forbids our withholding such teaching; it stamps as a tyrannical abuse of our power over the poor the attempt to force on them any system which would be rejected by the enlightened conscience of a parent. It is only by respecting these considerations that we can reconcile the seeming paradox of undertaking to fulfil what is properly a parental duty, by taking the education of neglected children out of their parents' hands. It is only by founding the education of the people on the solid basis of morality as enforced by religious sanctions, that we can fulfil this duty. Nay, we hesitate not to affirm that only by preserving the Bible in our schools shall we consult the real desires of the great mass of parents, and make the system one truly of popular education.

We oppose these principles, at the very threshold of the discussion, to the doctrine of purely 'secular' education, which has unhappily found favour with a large body of the Nonconformists. Some years ago the Nonconformists denied the right of the State to educate the people at all. Many will remember with what clamorous earnestness they tried to enforce their peculiar views. In his celebrated speech on education, in the House of Commons in 1847,

Lord Macaulay eloquently exposed this fallacy:—

'Can you mention a single great philosopher, a single man distinguished by his zeal for liberty, humanity, and truth, who from the beginning of the world down to the time of this present Parliament ever held your doctrines? You can oppose to the unanimous voice of all the wise and good of all ages, and of both hemispheres, nothing but a clamour which was first heard a few months ago, a clamour in which you cannot join without condemning not only all whose memory you profess to hold in reverence, but even your former selves. This new theory of politics has at least the merit of originality. It may be fairly stated thus. All men have hitherto been utterly in the wrong as to the nature and objects of civil Government. The great truth, hidden from every preceding generation, and at length revealed, in the year 1846, to some highly respectable ministers and elders of dissenting congregations, is this. Government is simply a great hangman. Government ought to do nothing except by harsh and degrading means. The one business of Government is to handcuff, and lock up, and scourge, and shoot, and stab, and strangle. It is odious tyranny in a Government to attempt to prevent crime by improving the understanding and elevating the moral feeling of a people.*

But this theory, contrary as it was to humanity, reason, and experience, did not last long. Whilst the Nonconformists were discussing abstract questions in regard to the duty of Government, the Church of England was acting. With much energy and many sacrifices, Churchmen were building schools and availing themselves with ready zeal of the offered aid of the Government. Thus multitudes of children who would otherwise have been neglected, were brought under the influence of education, and the way prepared for securing and at the same time controlling and regulating a general measure. Meanwhile, the Nonconformists were losing ground; their schools were few in number; and the education of the people was rapidly slipping out of their hands. How far the perception of these pregnant facts served as a powerful corrective to the false logic of the Nonconformists, it is unnecessary to inquire. Certain it is, that they eventually changed their ground, and sought to share in the public grants for education, which they had previously denounced. In this, however, for various reasons, they were not very successful. Whether or not as a consequence of this want of success, our readers may judge for themselves, but a new

* Macaulay's 'Speeches and Works,' vol. viii., pp. 391, 392, ed. 1866. Digitized by Google

theory has recently been broached with great vehemence, namely that the State, although bound to educate the people, is also bound to confine its efforts to the communication of mere secular instruction, whilst all religion is to be expressly excluded from the schools. The object here again is tolerably palpable. Were it gained, it might apparently exalt the Nonconformists, but only in the sense of bringing down all other Churches to the same level. Government would deal with an equal hand with the zealous and supine, with those who have been promoting education by means of great efforts and sacrifices and those who have been neglecting it. But would this be fair or reasonable? Is it in accordance with equity? Would such a plan be founded on sound principles of national duty? On the contrary, would it not be at once equally tyrannical and unwise?

These questions lead us to the very root of the whole discussion. How many of those who swell the cry of 'Secular Education' give a thought to the issues involved in those two words? At every step we find it needful to renew the question, What is Education? For even on this first question there is much haze and misunderstanding, whilst a clear and intelligent answer to this question would go far to enable us to answer all others that are involved in the discussion. We ask, therefore, What is education? Are education and instruction the same? What is all this we hear about teaching 'the three R's'? Is the communication not of knowledge, but of the machinery by which knowledge may be acquired, properly called education? The least consideration will prove that it is not so, and that there is a manifest fallacy in all contrary representations. Education implies the development of man's whole nature—physical, intellectual, and moral. It implies not the mere communication of the means for acquiring knowledge, or even the mere giving of knowledge, apart from all reference to the purposes to which that knowledge may be turned, but the moulding and training in youth, when the nature is ductile and impressible, of man's whole faculties and powers. In other words, in educating children, reference must be had to their true nature and destiny. They must be taught in such a way as not to overlook those noble faculties and powers by which they have been endowed. The teaching or training of a man must not be confounded with the mere physical training of the beasts that perish. Mere instruction is not education.

No error can be greater than to think more of the knowledge that we have ready

to pour into the mind of a child, than of the nature of the child itself, which we have to train. What is the child? A vessel, of which the narrow capacity is the only limit to the mingled mass of information with which the advocates of different branches of learning would cram it! A machine for making money and winning prosperity, whether for itself or its future master, and to be instructed because intelligent industry is more profitable than stupid labour!—because, to use one of those set phrases, in which brevity covers a world of fallacy, 'knowledge is power'? Nay! in partial knowledge, and the conceit of knowledge, lies the very root of weakness. True knowledge is often crushed by the power of brute force; perverted knowledge is the most powerful engine of all wickedness. Even sceptics, who deny a devil, create his image in the world of fiction to personify intellect without goodness; and bitter daily experience teaches that no increase of information and the machinery of learning will make our social outcasts good citizens. The cause of National Education has received its chief impulse from the social dangers of ignorance; but are there no social dangers in mere knowledge? for 'knowledge alone,' says Lord Lytton, 'is not friendly to content. Its tendency is to increase the desires, to dissatisfy us with what is, in order to urge progress to what may be; and in that progress what unnoticed martyrs among the many must fall baffled and crushed by the way! To how large a number will be given desires they will never realize, dissatisfaction of the lot from which they will never rise!' Shall we, therefore, withhold knowledge? No! but rest it on the sure basis of contentment with social order, and of faith in the moral government of God. In a word, we must face the question as it is presented to us in the whole nature and destiny of the child. We must train his powers for duty and goodness in this life, for his part in the family, in society, and the state. We must, above all, keep alive the sense of his responsibility and his hopes as an immortal being.

This is but a slight outline of what is involved in 'education.' Let us look at the other part of the watchword. If '*secular* education' implies all that is contained in a knowledge of the *world* into which the child is born, the *age* in which he is to play his part, the *dispensation* under which he lives—the mere statement of the question thus gives an answer to the narrow, shallow, arbitrary ideas usually attached to '*secular*' knowledge. The world in which the child is to live, and which it ought to know aright, is the objec-

tive element, as the child's own nature is the subjective element of education. But that world must be taken in its reality and fulness—past, present, and to come; the world of nature and society, of practical life and history, of thought and imagination; the world which implies a Creator and a moral governor, and a future world beyond it. But in the perverted use of the term 'secular' we are to have a world with God left out, creation and providence both denied—that is, the teaching of nature and history based upon a falsehood.

Of course this is not the intention of those religious Nonconformists, who advocate secular instruction as the only visible escape from the religious difficulty. We know that they will deny the necessity of such a result. But we pray them to consider this dilemma:—Must not nature be taught either with or without reference to the Creator? Must not history be taught either with or without the acknowledgment of Providence? Will not the negation be opposition? If they doubt it, they must be blind and deaf to the deeds and words of their secular allies, who have no such doubts, and who make no secret of their intentions, any more than of their exultation in the hope of seeing them realized. Free inquiry is to be pursued, no longer as the test of truth, but as the mortal enemy of all authority; that is, the very basis of all teaching in the school is to be laid by undermining the teaching of the family, the Bible, and the Church. 'Theological and secular instruction run in two opposite currents of thought'—is a boast which, if not yet true, will soon be verified under such a system. The attacks of sceptics on the Bible are now expressly directed to the aim of discrediting it for use in the education of the people. Surely it is time for religious Nonconformists to exclaim—

'Non tali auxilio: nec defensoribus istis!'

Is it from *them* that we hear the demand to separate religion from learning, and to leave the former to professional instructors?

Rapid is the current of change! It was but yesterday that the Nonconformist body hailed Dr. Arnold as the prophet of the great truth that all education should be imbued with religion. We still hear the echo of the cry that resounded from a thousand pulpits, of 'religion in common life.' We ask if we are really assisting at the councils of a great and sober people, or are we sitting at a show, in which the lines of religious and secular education are mingled before our eyes, like the broken pictures of a dissolving view?

It is, however, right to state that many

Nonconformists by no means concur in the view which has been so keenly advocated. Some eminent Dissenters repudiate the new plan of secularism, and the most recently elected member of the London School Board—Mr. Hugh Owen—is said to be 'a Dissenter, but in favour of Bible teaching.' Mr. Baines, of Leeds, who till recently was justly regarded as the most distinguished representative of Nonconformity in the House of Commons, has denounced, in the House of Commons, the new scheme of mere secularism, as 'a violation of justice and good faith.'

This is satisfactory and significant, and no doubt many more of the reasonable and intelligent, not to say quiet and devout Dissenters, do not take part with their more noisy and violent coreligionists, who of late years have become earnest advocates for mere secular schools. The main body of the Wesleyan Methodists, moreover, are understood to be strongly in favour of national education based upon religion. They have done much towards the promotion of this object, and they take no part in the secularist outcry. It is very important to keep all this in view from a mere sense of justice, as well as to understand the real strength of the sinister influences recently at work, namely, that it is not by any means all the Dissenters of England, but only an extreme section of them, that have virtually gone over to the camp of the secularists.

There is another point to which we solicit the attention of our readers. The Nonconformists who advocate pure Secularism in national education have in effect come down from their religious position altogether, and become a mere wing of the previously small army of men, who, on other grounds, oppose and condemn all support of religion on the part of the Government. Many of these persons openly profess to have no belief in divine truth, and have therefore naturally no desire that it should receive any countenance or support on the part of the Government. Their Secularism, therefore, is of a pure and unmixed type; and the manifestation of this spirit in connection with the question of education is just what might have been anticipated. Still their numbers were previously so scanty, and their theories conflicted so decidedly with the convictions of the public conscience, that their influence, whilst acting alone, could scarcely have been felt in the determination of this or any other great question. It is only since they have been reinforced by the political weight of a numerous section of the Nonconformists, that they have at length contrived to make themselves a somewhat formidable party, whose

influence is felt in regard to national education.

Their new allies, the Nonconformists, profess to differ from them entirely in regard to the value of religious teaching, and we have no doubt they do so sincerely. They not only say that religious teaching is important, but they sometimes use very strong language to indicate their sense of its value. Their quarrel, they say, is not with the thing itself, but with the channel through which it is conveyed. According to them, the State is a mere secular organization, without a conscience, and debarred by its very constitution from meddling with anything religious. No matter that the Scripture speaks of the duty of nations, and represents them as in their public capacity acting virtuously and being rewarded, and, on the other hand, sinning and suffering. No matter that all eminent authorities on the question, as for example, Vattel on the 'Law of Nations,' declare that 'a nation, while she acts in common or in a body, is a moral person,' and that, 'if all men are bound to serve God, the entire nation, in her national capacity, is doubtless obliged to serve and honour him.' No matter that the impracticability of religion being taught by parents, as it is now taught in well-conducted public schools, has been clearly pointed out. No matter that we ask in vain for a sample or illustration, in all past history or in present experience, of the working of such a scheme as is suggested by the objecting Nonconformists, and especially that we ask the Dissenters in vain why they have done so little themselves to illustrate and commend their own theory? Without giving us the least satisfaction on any of these points, they simply assert their theory, cry out against all attempts to gain-say it, and attempt to maintain it, partly on grounds of Scripture, and partly on grounds of reason and political expediency.

We need not enter into this part of the subject at any length. If the State is to concern itself with education at all, it is manifestly bound to concern itself with the religious instruction of the young. What is the object of the State in seeking to educate the people? Is it not a reasonable and proper desire to make good subjects and good citizens? Can this be done without training the consciences of the young to discern and dread what is evil and to cleave to what is good? When one reads of the utter indifference to truth and falsehood, to the rights of property and even to the value of human life, by which man in his savage state is often characterized, it is surely of much importance to the statesmen to train up a race of citizens who shall have a clear perception

of the nature and of the binding obligation of moral distinctions. An American writer, quoted in the discussion in regard to the legality of excluding the Bible from the schools of Cincinnati, speaking of this and of the 'rights of conscience,' a phrase often used without much intelligence, says:—

'What notion of the rights of conscience are they to obtain without being instructed in the nature and office of conscience? Are they not to be taught what conscience is, and whose voice it speaks, and that it is the great demonstrative proof irrefragable and universal of the being of God? Are they not to learn that it is the faculty by which men judge of their own actions by comparing them with the law of God as it remains perhaps faintly written on their hearts, but stands distinctly revealed in His word? And can they be instructed in its rights without being informed that this law is so much more obligatory than any law of man, that the duty of obeying the law of God is the foundation of all the rights of conscience—that conscience is in fine the expositor of the will of God?'

Therefore, in reference to the duty of teachers, he further says:—

'May they not—must they not enlighten this faculty in their pupils, improve its discriminating power, exercise them in reflecting on the moral character of their actions, on the character of their Creator and Redeemer, and in referring themselves ultimately to the supreme law derived from Revelation?'—*The Bible in the Public Schools*, pp. 171, 172.

This touches the very essence of the whole question. All the great statesmen of the world have acted upon this principle, which all classes of secularists must ignore. It is extremely doubtful what effect would be produced by a mere secular education. So far as we know, the experiment has never been tried on a great scale, but there is no reason to think that it would prove otherwise than nationally disastrous.

It deserves notice that one of the constitutional principles of the United States is in the following terms: 'Religion, morality, and knowledge being essential to good government, it shall be the duty of the General Assembly to pass suitable laws to protect all religious denominations in the peaceable enjoyment of their own mode of worship and to encourage schools and the means of instruction.' When this principle was challenged, and came to be interpreted and applied, in connection with an attempt to turn the Bible out of the common schools, so lately as in 1869, the 'Superior Court of Cincinnati' decided that it was not in the power of an American School Board to expel the Bible and religious instruction from common education. In delivering the opin-

ion of the Court, Judge Storer gave some interesting information in regard to general principles of American government, however imperfectly these may sometimes be applied, and the extent to which these principles are applicable to schools and incorporated in the legislation of America.

'We find in the class of exemptions of personal property from execution, the family Bible is especially named, and this too before the homestead and the present privileges of the debtor were secured by law. So in the apprentice law, one of the conditions in the indenture binding on the master is that he shall give to the apprentice at the close of his term a new Bible; and in the statute regulating county jails each prisoner is to be supplied with a copy of the Bible (1 S. & C. 746). By the 19th section of the penitentiary law (1 S. & C. 918) it is made the duty of the warden to furnish each criminal with a Bible, who shall permit as often as he may think proper regular ministers of the Gospel to preach to such convicts, and we are assured the same rule is adopted in the government of all our benevolent institutions, including the House of Refuge and Reform School. Now it must be recollected that all these institutions are sustained at the public expense, the property of every person in the state being taxed to furnish the necessary means. And yet while the Scriptures are made indispensable for every penal reformatory and benevolent institution, it is claimed they cannot be introduced into the common schools of Cincinnati, and if found there either used or read shall thereafter be prohibited.'—*The Bible in the Public Schools*, p. 877.

In the volume from which this extract is taken the whole subject of religious education in the common schools is very fully and ably discussed on both sides. It will be difficult to obtain elsewhere such a variety of valuable information on the subject.

Returning to our own country, beyond the strong good sense and Christian feeling of Englishmen, which have at the first blush repelled the demands of the supporters of mere secular education, little detailed discussion has taken place on the subject. On the side of the aggressors vague assumptions and misleading phraseology have been chiefly made to pass for argument. For example, it has been assumed that it is the duty of the State to train up children in secular knowledge, but that our rulers are sacredly bound to halt there. This, however, has not been proved, and whenever it is proved that the nation is bound to educate at all, it will be seen that much more is implied in the demonstration, viz., that the State is bound to educate religiously. Men speak of 'unsectarian' education, and 'undenominational' teaching, as if Secularists were not a sect and a denomination; and as if we

could get at all nearer our object by placing ourselves under the narrowest of sects and the most shortsighted of denominations. It is assumed to be possible to teach secular knowledge to children, without approaching the subject of religion, whereas this has been proved to be simply impossible. On this theory we must discard all our finest literature, conspicuously Shakespeare, Milton, and Bacon. How can geography be taught without speaking of Palestine, Bethlehem, and Bethany? How can history be taught without reference to the Bible, which contains the oldest and most authentic records, or without speaking of the Reformation, upon which the entire modern history of Europe turns? It has been demonstrated that if we are to have mere Secularism in our schools, not only must all that is sacred be eliminated from our teaching, but the great mass of all that is interesting and valuable must be banished. It is assumed that the so-called conscientious scruples of Secularists and their Nonconformist allies must be treated with the utmost respect, but that no respect whatever is due to the enlightened and conscientious convictions of the far more numerous class, the great mass of the nation, who conscientiously and strongly object to be taxed for mere secular teaching or to send their children to mere secular schools. A bold attempt is made to take advantage of the poverty of the people by first compelling them to send their children to school, and then seeking to deprive them of all choice as to what kind of instruction their children are to receive. On this subject some excellent remarks have been recently made by two statesmen, on different sides in politics, in the speeches which we have referred to at the head of the present article. Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen's speech has been published separately; of the Marquis of Salisbury's we have seen only the report in the newspapers; but both are characterised by so much good sense that we make no apology for making considerable extracts from them.

Let us first take what Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen says in reference to the outcry against denominational schools:—

'It is the fashion to speak of these schools as denominational schools. Now, do not let us be frightened at that word. I have often noticed that when people in this country want to get up a cry against something or other, they give it a long name. It is astonishing how far a long name goes with some people. I have known measures condemned before they were half understood, because grandiloquent orators had declared that they were akin to "centralization," which is a terrible word; and "denominational" is another instance of

the same kind of thing. But "denomination," as you very well know, is only a longer word meaning the same thing as "name" or "title." A denominational school is, therefore, really only a school called by a particular name, or a school founded by people who are called by a particular name; therefore a secularist school, from which religion is excluded, is just as much a denominational school as any other; and the more correct name for other schools would be "anti-secularist," or "religion-teaching" schools.'

Referring to the crude and strange notion that you may perhaps read the Bible in the schools, but that you are to give no explanation to the children of anything which it contains, he proceeds:—

'But, with every deference to those eminent men who hold a contrary opinion, to forbid explanation of the Bible to children of eight or ten years old appears to me absurd. Why, read the first verse of the first chapter of the Bible. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." The child's first question naturally is, "Who is God?" Is the teacher to make no answer? That would be folly, and worse than folly. But, if he answers, his answer at once teaches a dogmatic doctrine, and breaks the secularist rule. Therefore, I say their rule tends directly to banish the Bible from our schools, so far as the State is concerned. But it would not be a popular thing to go to the country as the anti-religious or anti-Bible party, and therefore they prefer to call themselves anti-denominational or anti-sectarian; or, better still, to hide everything unpleasant or unpopular under the title National Education League.'

And he concludes with the following just remarks:—

'I want to know why scrupulous regard is to be paid to the conscience of the man who says he objects that any portion of any rate to which he contributes should go to pay for the secular education of any poor child in a school where religious truth is taught; whilst, on the other hand, no regard whatever is to be paid to the conscience of the man who says he objects to assist in such payments with respect to schools in which no religion is taught. I ask myself this question: Is it better for these children—for that is the real point, which some of us are too much disposed to forget—is it better for these children to be educated in a form of religion somewhat different from mine, or to be educated without religion at all? It hurts my conscience that I should help to educate them without religion, as much as it hurts the conscience of a secularist that he should help to educate them with religion; and I do not see why his conscience is to be considered more than mine. And recollect that, whilst we are settling this point—whilst the grass is growing, the steed is starving, and the poor children remain uneducated.'

In like manner, the Marquis of Salisbury

points out that the attempt of the 'Secularists' to deprive the poor of religious teaching in the schools, and to compel parents to send their children to those schools alone from which religious teaching is excluded, is a violation of religious freedom.

'Events have imposed,' he said, 'upon the National Society a fresh function. Formerly it was content with its normal and original duty of promoting, by the organization and liberality of Churchmen, the religious teaching of the poor; but now events have cast upon it a new duty. It is the centre and mouthpiece of the vigilance, it may be of the resistance, which Churchmen are bound to oppose to some of the secularising theories of the day. In this duty it is not hostile to popular rights or religious freedom, but, on the contrary, is the champion of the full freedom of religious teaching. Freedom to the teacher to teach what he believes; freedom to the parent to send his child to that school where what he believes is taught. In these days many efforts have been made to abridge this freedom. Some years ago it was the fashion to recommend a kind of teaching which went by a variety of names—unsectarian, undenominational, and others—by which it was supposed that the religious difficulty would be solved. I don't wish to speak disrespectfully of that movement, because it indicated excellent motives, though a somewhat innocent intelligence. It indicated a belief that you might teach Christianity without any Christian truths. In the course of discussion that illusion has evaporated; it was "words and nothing else." Its promoters have been challenged again and again, in writing and speaking, to draw up a list of the doctrines of Christianity that might be taught in a perfectly undenominational school, and they have never produced one. They cannot, because there is no doctrine special to Christianity to which some persons claiming the Christian name do not offer opposition. This movement is founded upon an entire misapprehension of the facts of the case. Though we should resist any formal attempt to lay down a creed of Christianity which should contain no dogmas, yet, on the other hand, we all feel that it would be incongruous and absurd to lead small children with undeveloped minds through the miry paths of controversy, and that there is a religion, unsectarian in the highest sense, which is adapted to those minds. We are told that there are clerical teachers who make use of the authority which the school gives them in order to initiate young children in the subtleties and refinements which belong to the advanced theological student. If there be such, I have never heard of any instance. We shall all agree that they are in intention, if not in deed, the worst enemies that religion has to fear; but once carry this spirit of large-hearted, charitable, Christian teaching, and try to put it in the formal words of an Act of Parliament, and all you do is to authorise infidelity and practically drive true Christian truth and doctrine from your schools. But this has come now to be fairly understood, and there is no

more distinct proof than the fact that the Birmingham League have been compelled to give up the idea of undenominational teaching as imposed by an Act of Parliament, and what we have to deal with is the proposal for secularist teaching.'

He then proceeds to show that the system of secular teaching is opposed to the wishes and convictions of the people, and is fraught with manifold evils.

'This question of secular education will never really bear arguing if you once bring it home to the minds and understandings of the people. There is no popular call for it; the parents don't desire it; those who take an interest in education don't desire it, because the number of secular schools is a contemptible fraction compared with those in which religion is to be taught. The people don't desire it, because school boards elected upon the freest franchise have been in the vast majority of instances favourable to religious instruction. And the reason is very obvious. The evils of secular education are manifold. One of the worst is that no class of men would undertake to teach children, and exclude religion as a foul and evil thing, unless those men did not care much about religion itself. The inevitable result of such school teaching would be that you would flood the country with an organised army of infidel missionaries, who would be by their very office bound to discourage the spread of religious teaching amongst the young. I cannot imagine a greater evil to the country than setting up in every parish a man whose duty it is to press upon the parishioners and the young the superior importance of secular to religious knowledge. Then there is the effect upon the people at large. . . . There is all over the country a great respect for the State, and any system of opinion to which the State gives its sanction will always have great weight with the English people. Now, what would be the effect of a system which required that the Revelation of God should not be taught to the people? Either that the people, upon the authority of the State, must learn to despise the Bible, or, clinging to the Bible, learn to despise the State. Valuing above all things the authority of the Bible upon the minds of the people; valuing much the authority of the State upon their allegiance, I deprecate a system which, if it does anything, must put the two in opposition to each other. But these two considerations sink into insignificance before the simple one that the parents in this country do not like it. We have heard a good deal about systems of compulsion, and Mr. Forster broadly threatens us with some form of compulsion next year, while Mr. Stansfield tells us that he is a secularist in opinion, and will do his utmost to upset the compromise, and this the Liberal party may very fairly do, if this system of compulsion is adopted. I don't believe that in rural districts it ever will be possible. I believe that no other compulsion except that following some adoption of the

system of half time is practicable. If a system of compulsion is adopted, what an atrocious tyranny it will be to take the child of a parent and tell him that whether he likes it or not his child shall be subject to that which he holds to be a great abomination, a purely secular system of education. We have treated the matter too much as a question of territorial rights between religious denominations. Nobody seems to consider that the only people that have a right to be heard are the parents of the children, and to tell them that, because there is a difference amongst those who desire to be their teachers as to what form of religion they shall be taught, they shall be taught no religion at all, seems to be the most grotesque form of tyranny that can be devised. It is just as bad as if a starving man were to apply to two gentlemen for relief, and they quarrelling whether they should give him beef or mutton, decided not to give him anything at all.'

It is curious in the light of present observation to look back on the English Dissenters of other days. We can trace a long line of able men in the ranks of Nonconformists, from Richard Baxter to Robert Hall, and it is quite certain that none of these men would have sympathised with the views of some of their professed successors on the subject of mere secular teaching. They knew nothing of secularism, and would undoubtedly have repudiated it. Their idea of education was altogether associated with religion and with such a training of children in the knowledge of Divine things as was fitted to make them happy, useful, and good citizens here, whilst it prepared them for glory hereafter. Let us give a few illustrations of this undoubted truth. Richard Baxter stood justly high amongst the old Puritans, and his practical works are still a storehouse of sacred principles and burning eloquence. In his sermon on 'How to do good to many,' he says:—

'Two things I will remember you of:—1. Get up such schools as shall teach children to read the Scriptures and learn the catechism or principles of religion. I think we have grammar schools enough. It is not the knowledge of tongues, and arts, and curious sciences, which the common people want, but the right understanding of their baptismal covenant with God, and of the Creed, Lord's Prayer, Decalogue, and Church Communion. 2. When we have got them to read give them good books, especially Bibles and good catechisms, and small practical books, which press the fundamentals on their consciences. If men that in life or at death give a stated revenue for good works, would settle the one half on a good English school, and the other half on some suitable good books, it might prove a very great means of public reformation.'—*Baxter's Works*, vol. xvii. pp. 304–5. London, 1830.

The old Puritans moreover had no objec-

tion whatever to the interposition of the Civil power in promoting the advancement of Christian objects of any kind. The opposite view is of comparatively recent origin. John Owen, for example, who may be regarded as a type of the highest class of Puritans, preaching before the Parliament of England, October 13, 1652, says:—

‘Some think if you were well settled you ought not in any thing as rulers of the nation to put forth your power for the interest of Christ. The good Lord keep your hearts from that apprehension. Have you ever in your affairs received any encouragement from the promises of God, have you in times of greatest distress been refreshed with the testimony of a good conscience that in Godly simplicity you have sought the advancement of the Lord Jesus Christ? Do you believe that He ever owned the cause as the head of the Church? Do not now profess to have nothing to do with him. Had he so professed of you and your affairs what had been your portion long since?’—*Owen's Works*, vol. xv. p. 485. London, 1826.

We could give many similar extracts from the writings of the older Puritans. We shall also find the same sentiments expressed in the period subsequent to the Revolution. Let us take as an illustration Matthew Henry, the celebrated author of the ‘Commentary.’ His ideas of education were entirely associated with religion. The paper which he drew up on the subject of schools is given by the Rev. William Tong, in his *Life of that excellent man*. His deep conviction of the necessity for religious teaching is not more remarkable in this paper than the generous and liberal spirit which he breathes in regard to the Established Church:—

‘It is humbly proposed that some endeavours may be used to form and maintain charity schools among the Dissenters both in the city and country for the teaching of poor children to read and write, &c., and to clothe them and teach them the Assembly's catechism. It is thought advisable and not impracticable; for 1. It is in itself a very good work. It will civilize the poor of the nation and promote the knowledge of God among them, and tend to make the other means of knowledge more effectual. How much evil may by the blessing of God hereby be prevented, and how much good may hereby be laid a foundation for; 2. The Established Church hath set us a good example of it; many persons of rank and figure are engaged in it, and great sums have been contributed to it. Their zeal should provoke us, and thus it becomes us to fulfil all righteousness; 3. It is certain that the Church of England hath gained and will gain by these charity schools great advantage against the Dissenters, and gain it in a way that appears creditable and honourable. The gentry of the nation have generally left the Dissenters, the men of business are

kept from them by the sacramental test, and the charity schools will carry off the poor of the nation, and then to what purpose is it to breed up ministers when in one age there may be few or no people to attend them? If the cause of the Dissenters be a just and a justifiable cause, we ought to use all just and justifiable methods to support it—to which, as the case now stands, this seems highly necessary, and it is better late than never. Though the ground that has been lost should not be retrieved, yet what remains may by the blessing of God be kept; 4. It is complained (how justly I know not) that many who are bred in the public charity schools discover a great enmity to the Dissenters. It is therefore desirable that some should be bred among us who should be taught on the contrary to have and express great charity and moderation towards those of the public establishment, and so to overcome evil with good; 5. Such a work of general usefulness done in a right manner would be very much for the credit of the Dissenters, and recommend them to the good opinion of the nation; 6. It would be in many places an encouragement to Dissenting Ministers to have such a number of young people willingly attending their ministry, and to have an opportunity, if it be needful, of catechising and instructing them publicly in the ways of God; 7. The allowance for the teaching of these charity schools would be something of a help and maintenance for such poor scholars and ministers as for want of better encouragement would willingly undertake such a service.’—*Life of Matthew Henry* prefixed to his *Select Works*, p. 54. Edinburgh, 1772.

After a considerable interval we come down to two very distinguished Dissenters of recent times, namely, John Foster and Robert Hall. Both were deeply convinced of the necessity of universal education, and both were equally convinced that education, to be truly valuable, must always be based upon and pervaded by religion. John Foster, in his celebrated essay on ‘Popular Ignorance,’ says:—

‘Undoubtedly the zealous friends of popular education account knowledge valuable absolutely as being the apprehension of things as they are; a prevention of delusion, and so far a fitness for right volitions. But they consider religion (besides being itself the primary and most important part of knowledge) as a principle indispensable for securing the full benefit of all the rest. It is desired and endeavoured that the understandings of these opening minds may be taken possession of by just and solemn ideas of their relation to the Eternal Almighty Being; that they may be taught to apprehend it as an awful reality that they must at length appear before him in judgment, and find in another life the consequences of what they are in spirit and conduct here. It is to be impressed on them that His will is the supreme law, and his favour and condemnation the greatest good and evil. Under an ascendancy of this Divine wisdom it is that their discipline in any

other knowledge is designed to be conducted, so that nothing in the mode of their instruction may have a tendency contrary to it, and everything be taught in a manner recognizing their relation with it as far as shall consist with a natural enforced way of keeping this relation in view. Thus it is sought to be secured that as the pupil's mind grows stronger and multiplies its resources, and he therefore has necessarily more power and means for what is wrong, there may be luminously presented to him, as if celestial eyes visibly beamed upon him, the most solemn ideas that can enforce what is right.'—*Foster's Essay on Popular Ignorance*, pp. 162-3. London, 1865.

The writings of Robert Hall breathe a high-toned patriotism and an utter horror of Secularism, as it was exhibited in full development by the French Revolution. Amongst his many eloquent discourses, the subject of general education did not escape his notice. In his sermon on 'The advantages of knowledge to the lower classes,' he says:—

'We congratulate the nation on the extent of the efforts employed, and the means set on foot for the improvement of the lower classes, and especially the children of the poor, in moral and religious knowledge, from which we hope much good will accrue not only to the parties concerned, but to the kingdom at large. These are the likeliest or rather the only expedients that can be adopted for forming a sound and virtuous populace; and if there be any truth in the figure by which society is compared to a pyramid, it is on those that its stability chiefly depends. The elaborate ornament at the top will be a wretched compensation for the want of solidity in the lower parts of the structure. . . . Everything in the condition of mankind announces the approach of some great crisis, from which nothing can prepare us but the diffusion of knowledge, probity, and the fear of the Lord. While the world is impelled with such violence in opposite directions, while a spirit of giddiness and revolt is shed upon the nations, and the seeds of mutation are so thickly sown, the improvement of the mass of the people will be our grand security; in the neglect of which the refinement and the knowledge accumulated in the higher orders will be unavailing; and, weak and unprotected, they will be exposed to imminent danger, and perish like a garland in the grasp of popular fury.'—*Robert Hall's Works*, vol. i. pp. 217-18.

From these extracts, which will not be deemed unsuitable in present circumstances, it clearly appears that the highest class of Nonconformist ministers in England in past times could have had no sympathy whatever with some of their professed successors, either in their blind hatred to the principle of national religion or in their infatuated advocacy of mere secular State education. The present attitude of the Dissenters is fraught with danger to the best interests of religion.

We trust that they will reconsider their position and retrace their steps. They are, as a body, firmly attached to the cause of religious truth; and we cannot believe that they will ultimately be found on the side of those whose avowed object is the extension of infidelity by the banishment of religion from our schools. On this point we would venture to submit to their consideration one more extract from Lord Salisbury's admirable speech:—

'Time brings its strange revenges. The Roman Catholics are with us, although you would imagine they would not be specially anxious for freedom of education for the young. The Church of England are for freedom, so are the great Wesleyan body; but the descendants of those who in old times sacrificed everything and went to the scaffold in the cause of what they believed religious liberty, are now crying out for a system of protection and exclusion. I cannot believe that such a state of things will last, but that it is due to some strange delusion, that in the lapse of years they will see that their proper side in this battle is with us, and that the enemy we have to fight is also theirs. The advancing hosts of unbelievers seem to think that the clergy of the Church of England intend to make use of this system to proselytise against Dissent. There never was a greater mistake or a more entire delusion. I turn from the vast issues which these controversies raise, to the differences, in some cases almost imperceptible, which separate us from the Nonconformist denominations, and I feel a sickening sense of disproportion. When hosts are mustering and fields are clearing for the greatest struggle that Christianity has ever had to face, those who should be fighting under the flag of Christianity are quarrelling about trifles, or, at least, what may be considered relatively as trifles. I am convinced, when the Nonconformists reflect upon the matter, they will see that they have done a wrong to the Church of England, and that there is no cause for the terror and agitation that they betray. But it is not against them that we really have to struggle. There is a work which lately appeared, and which I earnestly commend to the perusal of all who would study the progress of opinion, and the actions of various schools of opinion, upon the political conditions of the age—the report of the French National Assembly, upon the cause of the terrible Communist insurrection, in which it is shown most distinctly that the cause which led to the disorganisation of French society was the decadence of the religious spirit in that nation, and that the decline of that religious spirit was due to the fact that religious teaching had been banished from their system of education. Of course they did not allude in the main to primary education, but principally to secondary education, yet it is most important to observe the effect of the negation of all religion in dissolving the bonds of French society, and rendering peace, order, and government almost impossible. It is remarka-

ble to see amongst the people who are philosophically inclined, and who favour new and startling theories, that they urge upon their countrymen as a remedy and security from revolution and despotism, that they should propagate the spirit of religion amongst the people, and raise up Christianity from the low state into which it has fallen.'

It is a subject of congratulation that the secularist movement has met with little support as yet in the House of Commons. But those who have the best interests of the country at heart must not be satisfied with this. They must make vigorous exertions to enlighten the country. The combined voluntary and secularist movement in regard to education is only part of a general crusade against all religious establishments, striking at the very root of our constitution, and which, unless intelligently met and firmly resisted, may lead to the most disastrous results in regard to the nation as a whole. Mere passive resistance is not enough in such a case. The duty of the nation to diffuse Christian instruction amongst the people must be firmly maintained and clearly expounded. The establishment of an 'Education Union' and of a 'Church Defence Association' was therefore necessary, and these are only means towards an important end—the maintenance of those institutions and fundamental principles of our constitution, from which our chief glory as a nation has sprung. If this glory is to continue and be extended, we must repudiate the advices of shallow men whose intolerant anti-Christian theories are refuted by all the past lessons of history. Our hopes for the future rest not upon driving the Bible from the schools and prohibiting Christian teachers from communicating religious instruction, but upon training the whole rising generation more sedulously than ever in the important and elevating truths which the word of God contains.

It must be obvious, however, to all intelligent on-lookers, that before this result is secured we must probably pass through a period of serious debate. On the one hand Mr. Stansfeld, a member of the Cabinet, recently said at Halifax:—

'In education he was a Secularist, but this was not the principle held by the nation at large. He desired education above all, and it was because of this that he submitted to a compromise—for that the Education Act was a compromise no one could doubt. That Act required amendment, and *he was at liberty to say to them that they had a very good prospect of that amendment being carried into effect.*'

On the other hand, in his speech at Manchester, Mr. Disraeli made a declaration to the very opposite effect:—

'I hold that a national system of education which is not founded in a recognition of religion would lead to national disaster, and I am persuaded if that recognition takes place human nature will not be satisfied to stop at that point; it will arrive at conclusions, draw inferences which it may be fashionable to call formularies and dogmas of Acts of Parliament; but the conscience and intelligence of men are more powerful even than acts of Parliament, and I am satisfied that a system of national education which either relinquishes religion or makes it subordinate will be the greatest failure that ever occurred—but more fatal to the State than the Church.'

Now, perhaps, many may anticipate the decision of this question only in connection with a proposed alteration of the English Act. But, considering the peculiarities of Mr. Gladstone's policy, it is quite possible that, unless special care is taken, Parliament may be seriously compromised on the subject before that point is reached. This may be accomplished in connection with the Scotch Education Bill now before Parliament, which is declared to be the next measure of the Session after the Ballot has been disposed of. As a precedent in favour of disestablishment has been secured in connection with Ireland, a precedent in favour of Secularism in Education may be established in connection with Scotland. That this is the present aim of the Government, and of a number of their supporters, there can be little reasonable doubt. At all events the Scotch Education Bill, unless thoroughly altered, is manifestly fitted to secure this object, and to settle besides in the wrong way most of the important questions in regard to public instruction which have recently been agitated in England.

To understand this matter aright it may be necessary to glance at the past and present history of Education in Scotland, as well as to consider the present state of parties in that country, and the real nature of the Lord-Advocate's Bill. Hitherto the education of Scotland has been strictly connected with religious teaching. Taking its first origin in the suggestions of John Knox and his brother Reformers, as embodied in the 'First Book of Discipline,' in 1580, it was from the beginning a child of the Reformation, which again had its main origin in the Bible. Knox not only suggested that a very ample provision should be made for secular instruction, including 'a grammar school in every town, and a college in every notable town,' but he dwelt with especial emphasis on the necessity for the 'Godly up-bringing' of all children. Accordingly the first Act of the Parliament of Scotland in regard to public schools, seven years after the Reformation,

has a preamble to this effect (Act Par. 1567, cap. 2), 'Item, for as meikle as by all laws and constitutions it is provided that the youth be brought up and instructed in the fear of God and good manners, and if it be otherwise it is tinsel (loss) both to their bodies and souls if God's Word be not rooted in them,'—it is therefore provided that all schools, universities and colleges be reformed, and that 'none be permitted nor admitted to have charge and cure thereof in time coming, nor to instruct the youth privately or openly, but such as shall be tried by the superintendents or visitors of the Kirk.' This statute embodies the principle upon which has been based all the subsequent legislation of Scotland on the subject of education. Amidst all ecclesiastical changes the same theory has been strictly observed. The Act of 1696, which ultimately settled on a firm basis the present system of parochial schools, the results of which Lord Macaulay so warmly eulogised in his speech on Education, was founded on a clear acknowledgment of the same principle; and all admit that this system in its main features has been crowned with triumphant success. No doubt, like every other system, it requires adaptation and extension to suit the altered circumstances of the country. There was, moreover, one defect in its original constitution. The establishment of a school for every parish, although very important, did not necessarily meet the educational wants of the country. Some parishes, in the Highlands for example, are very extensive, and require a number of schools. An arrest also was laid on the subdivision of parishes in the lowlands, and, therefore, at the same time on the supply of schools. Many of these parishes now contain ten or twenty times the numbers of their original population, whilst no corresponding public provision has been made for the extension of education. Other changes are necessary. Still the mass of the Scotch people have been so thoroughly satisfied with the teaching of the parish schools, and at the same time so zealous for the education of their children, that, except in a comparatively small number of districts, they have supplied additional schools themselves by voluntary contributions, and with the help of grants from the Privy Council. It is equally remarkable that in all these schools, with scarcely a single exception, what has been called the 'use and wont' of religious instruction is strictly observed.

In these circumstances what is obviously required is no revolutionary measure, but a wise and just adaptation of the existing and long-tried principle of the law of Scotland to

the improvement and extension of national education. This, however, does not suit the views of the present Government and their voluntary and secularist allies. Although their new Education Bill is entitled 'A Bill to Amend and Extend the Provisions of the Law of Scotland on the subject of Education,' it would have been more correctly designated 'A Bill to overturn all the existing provisions of the law of Scotland in regard to public schools, and to introduce a secular system of education.' By this Bill all the old laws are repealed, and (c. 4) school-boards, which are afterwards defined to consist 'of owners or occupiers of lands or heritages of the annual value of not less than 4*l.*,' are to be erected in every parish 'within twelve months after the passing of this Act.' The powers of these boards, although professedly considerable in some respects, are in reality very restricted. In regard to almost all their movements they are subjected to a branch of the Privy Council, and in giving religious instruction in the schools they are placed under the restrictions of a very rigid 'time-table,' the effect of which will be to make religious instruction cease to be part of the ordinary business of the school, and in many cases to make it absolutely impossible. The English time-table is justly complained of as unnecessarily restrictive, but here is the proposed Scotch time-table (sec. 65):—

'In every such school the secular instruction on each ordinary school-day shall be continuous during four hours at least, without prejudice to any reasonable interval for recreation; and no instruction in religious subjects shall be given, and no religious observance shall take place except before the commencement or after the termination of the secular instruction of the day; and the time for instruction in religious subjects, and for religious observance, if any, in a school, shall be specified in a table approved of by the Scotch department.'

Now, apart from the necessity of applying to the Scotch department for an approbation of the time for this extra instruction, the demand for continuous 'secular' instruction 'during four hours at least without prejudice to any reasonable interval for recreation,' must not only thoroughly hamper the teacher in making any appeal to the consciences of the children during the ordinary school-hours, but must throw an almost insuperable obstacle in the way of religious teaching at all. Are children, who have already to walk long distances, expected to come so much sooner in order to obtain this religious instruction? Or are they expected to wait that they may receive it, after they are tired and jaded with other lessons, and perhaps

when the sun is beginning to set in a winter afternoon, and whilst there is still a long walk before them? But, besides this, it is admitted that this new and stringent regulation will shut out religious instruction entirely from all infant-schools which can only meet for four hours a day altogether. By section 67 of this Bill, moreover, school-boards are only to be allowed to provide instruction in 'reading, writing, and arithmetic' for the children of parents who are 'unable from poverty' to pay the school fees for their own children. This, of course, settles the principle of the English debate in regard to the 25th clause of the English Act in the wrong way, and at the same time makes it impossible that this class of children, the most necessitous of all, should receive any religious instruction at the public schools. In a word, the spirit and provisions of the Bill, whilst tending, as Dr. Playfair proved in Parliament, to lower the whole style of Scotch education, imply a great advance in the direction of pure secularism; and if these, with many other objectionable provisions of the Bill in regard to teachers and otherwise, are sanctioned in regard to Scotland, it is easy to see that the same principles will soon be applied to England. The most probable conjecture seems to be that the Government, unable to gratify their voluntary and secularist supporters in England at present, by an immediate alteration in the English Act, are meantime seeking to please them by the secularization of the Scotch schools, and thus holding out to them the prospect of gaining all their objects ultimately by persistent agitation.

It may seem strange that any Government should be so infatuated as thus to trifle in any part of the United Kingdom with the most sacred interests of the country. Still more may we wonder that Scotland in particular should be chosen as the field for such a dangerous experiment. No country probably affords a more striking illustration of the benefits of religious knowledge and training in raising men above the disadvantages of a cold and variable climate and of a sterile soil. Is it possible, one may well ask, that the Government can succeed in carrying their secular Education Bill for Scotland under such circumstances? Without presuming to answer this question, the result will depend mainly on the attitude assumed by the English members of the House of Commons and by the House of Lords. From circumstances, into which it is unnecessary to enter, but certainly which do not imply supreme wisdom on the part of former statesmen, the great mass of Scotch representatives are at present on the side of

the Government. We believe this state of things will not be permanent, although, for reasons which could easily be explained, the reaction in the north may not be so rapid as in England. For one thing Dissent has, since 1843, assumed a far more formidable position in Scotland than in England, and recent schemes for uniting the mass of these Dissenters together, no doubt with a view to political action, have been connected with a remarkable lowering of the tone of some leading men on the subject of religious instruction in the public schools. Nevertheless the great body of the people are, we have reason to know, thoroughly sound on the subject. During last Session of Parliament only about 5000 Scotch people petitioned in favour of the Lord Advocate's Education Bill, whilst nearly 70,000 either petitioned either absolutely against it or for alterations, mostly vital, in their effect. The public feeling in Scotland is increasingly in the same direction now, and this will be still more clearly seen in the petitions during the present Session of Parliament. Meetings have been held in all parts of the country, in which the most strenuous opposition has been offered to the measure. At first many of the people were unwilling to believe that any change so serious as the Bill implies could really be intended; and the partisans of the Government laboured hard to perpetuate this delusion. But in proportion as sound information has been diffused, all doubt as to the true nature and design of the measure has passed away. The duty, moreover, of giving the Bill the most uncompromising opposition seems now to be admitted with unanimity and enthusiasm, by men really in earnest in maintaining the importance of religious teaching and the hereditary glory of Scotland. Still, as we have said already, the result will mainly depend upon the English members of Parliament, as the mass of the Scotch members may still act with Government. The question is one which has very serious imperial as well as local bearings. It involves in its consequences the whole question of the future kind and quality of education in the United Kingdom. These are very serious considerations. We must be blind to all the lessons of the past, and even of the present, if we are prepared for the introduction of a virtually secular system of education into any part of the United Kingdom. 'Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined,' says the poet. A greater than he has said, 'Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it.' Universal Scriptural instruction may truly be called 'The

cheap defence of nations; and the recent experience of France, as of all other nations, proves that men may be skilful in arts and arms, abundant in wealth and in secular knowledge, and yet, with the religious training of the young neglected, they will soon become a prey alike to internal divisions and to outward foes.

One word in conclusion. Sooner or later, and perhaps sooner than many anticipate, the people will have to decide at a general election upon this great question of Religious or Secular Education. We have no fear of the result. The Liberal Party are at present irreconcilably divided upon the subject; and if Mr. Gladstone seeks to reunite his disorganized ranks by yielding to the views of his secularist allies, we have no doubt that the country will refuse to ratify his decision. Meanwhile it is our duty to wait patiently, and not seek to gain any temporary triumph or partial success. We cannot too earnestly enforce upon our friends the wise advice which Lord Derby gave in his recent speech at Manchester:—

‘Let no man on our side of politics be cast down or disheartened because the last general election gave a majority of 100 against the Conservative cause. The question is not what the last general election did, but what the next will do. We are pretty well used, or ought to be, to the ups and downs of political conflict. Why, gentlemen, in 1832, after the Reform Bill, the Conservative party was swept clean and clear out of Parliament. There is no other word to describe their situation at that time; and yet, as you have been reminded to-night, within five years they again presented a compact and powerful Opposition, and within less than ten years from that time of utter prostration and defeat they commanded in the House of Commons a majority of ninety. Never doubt, therefore, that the opportunity will come to you soon or late. That is not the main question. The main question is, when the opportunity comes, we should be prepared to use it wisely. Let there be no haste, no eagerness to snatch at any merely temporary and casual success. And above all, if I may venture to give such a hint, let us take care not to allow ourselves to be made to any extent the tools of the ambition or of the discontent of extreme politicians on the other side. I tell you what I mean. It may very likely be the game of the Radical party to try and turn out the present Ministry if they can, and to put a Conservative Government in its place, that Conservative Government being in a minority, hoping that by so doing they shall be able to reconstruct their own party upon a new platform, pledged to more extreme and more violent measures, and then to have a Cabinet formed of the most thorough-going Radicals. These may be their tactics. But just because it is their game it ought not to be ours.’

ART. IX.—1. *The Case of the United States, to be laid before the Tribunal of Arbitration to be convened at Geneva.*

2. *Case presented on the part of the Government of Her Britannic Majesty to the Tribunal of Arbitration constituted under Art. 1 of the Treaty concluded at Washington on the 8th of May, 1871, between Her Britannic Majesty and the United States of America.*

THE American Case, drawn up for the information of the Geneva tribunal, starts with the assumption that, in the course of many transactions with Great Britain, the United States have displayed a very moderate and conciliatory spirit; that American rights, which might have been pressed, have often been given up; that the settlement of the boundary of the State of Maine was one example of American moderation, and that the settlement of the Oregon boundary in 1846 was another. It is worth while to quote the passage in which these views are expressed. The Case sets out by declaring that from no people had the people of America a better right to expect a just judgment than from the people of Great Britain, and it goes on to enumerate some considerations in support of this statement:—

‘In 1812 they were forced into war with Great Britain by the claim of that power to impress seamen on the high seas from vessels of the United States. After three years the war ceased, and the claim has never since been practically enforced. In 1818 they met British negotiators more than half way in arranging disputed points about the North American Fisheries. In 1827, having added to their own right of discovery the French and Spanish titles to the Pacific coast, they voluntarily agreed to a joint occupation of a disputed portion of this territory rather than resort to the last arbitrament of nations. In 1838, when a serious rebellion prevailed in Canada, the congress of the United States, at the request of Great Britain, passed an Act authorizing the Government to exercise exceptional powers to maintain the national neutrality. In 1842 the Government of the United States met a British envoy in a spirit of conciliation, and adjusted by agreement the disputed boundary between Maine and the British possessions. In 1846 they accepted the proposal of Great Britain, made at their own suggestion, to adopt the 49th parallel as a compromise line between the two Columbias, and to give to Great Britain the whole of Vancouver’s Island.’

This passage, in all probability, represents fairly enough the view of Anglo-American diplomacy, popular in the United States. Nevertheless almost every statement thus put forward is untrue, while some convey an idea diametrically the reverse of the truth.

Unhappily the years from 1815 to 1850 are the dark ages of politics. Their events are too old to be remembered—too fresh to be recorded in history. But for this, the authors of the Case could hardly have been misled by erroneous impressions so far as to venture on the assertions quoted above. As they have thus ventured, however, and as nothing can be more desirable than that the British Nation should at this crisis correctly appreciate the lessons of our past diplomatic relations with America, we propose to invade the obscurity of the last fifty or sixty years, and to exhibit the real nature of those half-forgotten transactions, on account of which the United States now claim from us a grateful acknowledgment of their generosity.

It is worth while to notice that even with regard to the war of 1812—into the causes of which it would be beside our present purpose to enter—the language of the Case is inaccurate, and the implied charge against this country unfair. The American people were not 'forced into war' in 1812 by the claim of England to impress seamen on the high seas from vessels of the United States. We claimed the right to search American merchantmen for deserters from the British navy, and never advanced any claim in reference to impressment; and though some British naval officers were overbearing and aggressive, their worst acts were promptly disavowed and made the subject of apologies.*

The Orders in Council, which had originally given rise to the disputes between this country and the Americans, were repealed by us before Congress declared war in 1812; and the United States, in going to war, presented the odd spectacle of a nation attacking another to exhale feelings of anger, the principal justification of which had passed away.

But passing over this episode in our relations with America, we venture to assert that from the treaty of Ghent to the present day all important disputes between the two countries have ended, not only in settlements favourable to the United States, but in the actual surrender by Great Britain of advantages to which she has established sound and equitable claims. Such claims she has several times abandoned, in the hope of securing the friendship of America or for the sake of averting imminent danger of war.

Let us examine first the story of the

Maine boundary.* The treaty of Paris of 1788, recognising the independence of the United States, defined a boundary between British and American territory from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains. At that time, it is well to remember, no claim was advanced on behalf of the new republic for any territory west of the Rocky Mountains. The line was appointed to run as follows:—

'From the north-west angle of Nova Scotia viz., that angle which is formed by a line drawn due north from the sources of St. Croix River to the highlands; along the said highlands which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the River St. Lawrence, from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean to the north-westernmost head of Connecticut River; thence along the middle of that river to the 45th degree of north latitude; from thence, by a line drawn due west on the said latitude, until it strikes the River Irroquois, &c., &c.'

The boundary is then traced through the great lakes, but we need not follow it so far west at present. The eastern boundary is further defined in these words:—

'East, by a line to be drawn along the middle of the River St. Croix, from its mouth in the Bay of Fundy to its source, and from its source directly north to the aforesaid highlands, which divide the Rivers that fall into the Atlantic from those which fall into the River St. Lawrence, &c., &c.'

Thirty years after these confused and ungrammatical sentences were written, when British and American plenipotentiaries were again assembled, this time at Ghent, in 1814, to adjust terms of peace at the close of the war, the country lying about the sources of the St. Croix River was already a disputed territory. As far back as 1792 the settlers in Maine, exploring the country between the Bay of Fundy and the St. Lawrence, a region that was but imperfectly known at the time the treaty of 1783 was concluded, had advanced the claim that afterwards became the subject of the celebrated boundary dispute. They asserted that the highlands mentioned in the treaty were to be found far away in the north—north of the sources of the St. John River. A glance at a map will render easily intelligible the geographical references we are compelled to make. If the boundary

* It was shown in the 'Quarterly Review' for July, 1838, that Great Britain never impressed an American, knowing him to be such.

* To avoid the repeated quotation of authorities in the text we may refer the reader for all facts in the next few pages to the great debate in the House of Commons on the Ashburton Treaty that took place on the 21st of March, 1843, and to Mr. G. W. Featherstonhaugh's 'Observations upon the Treaty of Washington, signed 9th August, 1842.' (Also to an article which appeared in the 'Quarterly Review,' for March, 1843.

had been traced along these highlands it would have given the United States almost the whole of the country lying between the Bay of Fundy, of which the treaty certainly seemed to contemplate a more equal division. The British Government refused to admit the justice of the claim, but while the country in dispute was thinly peopled, it is to be presumed the question was carelessly disregarded. At all events no attempt at its permanent settlement seems to have been made prior to the year 1814, when the conferences at Ghent began. Taking advantage of this favourable opportunity the British Commissioners proposed to settle a boundary through the disputed territory upon the principle of mutual advantage and security, without attempting to interpret the strict letter of the treaty of 1783. The American Commissioners, however, replied that they had no authority to 'cede' territory belonging to the United States, thus striking the keynote which has guided the United States Government ever since in all territorial disputes. The English theory to the effect that the territory claimed by the settlers of Maine was really British territory, and not territory belonging to the United States at all, was calmly ignored by the American Commissioners. It will be seen, as we advance, that the American claim utterly broke down under close examination; but nevertheless the Americans insisted from the first upon the doctrine that their claim to any land was a *prima facie* proof that it was theirs, and that the subsequent surrender of any portion of it to Great Britain was a 'cession.' With better logic, but with inferior cunning, the British Government, though convinced that the disputed territory was ours, treated it as disputed territory, and thus permitted the American Government to obtain the full advantage of the assumption with which it unwarrantably started.

The Ghent negotiations for an absolute settlement of the boundary having failed, it was arranged in the treaty that a joint-commission should be appointed to search for a boundary in accordance with the terms of the treaty of 1783. In the event of disagreement between the Commissioners, their rival reports were to be referred to arbitration. Disagreements arose at the very outset of the survey. The Commissioners differed as to which was the head of the St. Croix River. Our Commissioners claimed a western arm; the Americans one to the eastward. The difficulty was referred to arbitration, and decided against us. In the course of the survey many other disputes became the subject of arbitrations. These were all given in our favour, and thus bore testimony

to the fair spirit by which the British representatives were animated. Under these circumstances it is impossible to treat as of no importance the fact that the one case where they were declared to be wrong, was the one case in which the arbitrator was an American citizen. The decision was afterwards described in the House of Commons as having been clearly unjust, but the British Government never demurred to its validity.

The importance of this dispute was entirely overwhelmed by that of a more serious disagreement which subsequently arose. The English Commissioners discovered a range of highlands which answered to a description of the treaty, in latitude $46^{\circ} 40'$. But the American Commissioners objected. They claimed that the due north line should be carried on to about latitude 48° , and that the boundary should then be carried westward along a range of highlands close to the River St. Lawrence. This point was considered of sufficient moment to be made the subject of reference to a foreign sovereign, and by a special convention signed in 1827 it was referred together with two other points of disagreement to the King of the Netherlands.

The two minor points are worth notice. The questions were,—which was the north-western head of the Connecticut River? and which was the 45th parallel of latitude? In reference to this last question, our readers may be at a loss to imagine how a scientific fact could be disputed. The explanation is amusing, and at the same time indicative of the spirit in which the American Government managed its diplomacy. In 1818 English and American astronomers had been appointed to lay down the 45th parallel along that part of the boundary which it was required to define. And they laid it down to their own mutual satisfaction. English and American representatives agreed with one another for this once. But it turned out that an old intercolonial boundary which was supposed to have been traced along the 45th parallel was inaccurately laid down. The true line lay half a mile or a mile further south. This discovery disconcerted the American Government, which had regarded the little strip of territory between the two lines as its own, and had, indeed, begun to erect a fortification on the shores of Lake Champlain, on land which astronomers now declared to be British ground. The American Government therefore set to work to discover a plea on which the verdict of the stars could be impugned. Their diligence was rewarded. They found that if parallels of latitude were determined by geocentric measurement, the parallel of 45 degrees, in

consequence of the oblate formation of the earth, would be pushed back again towards the north. They therefore declared in favour of geocentric measurement. To do them justice they grew ashamed of this argument by the time the case went before the King of the Netherlands, and developed another theory, but both the minor questions referred to in the convention of 1827 were decided in our favour.

In reference to the principal question, the King declared that no definite decision could be given—that neither the highlands claimed by Great Britain nor the highlands claimed by the United States corresponded with the description given in the treaty. Further examination of the country, as we shall presently see, led to the discovery of facts which, if they had been before the King of the Netherlands, in 1827, might probably have induced him to give a plain decision in our favour, but his actual verdict was that a compromise line ought to be adopted, and he traced a compromise line which he considered to be fair. No sooner was this decision published than the American Minister at the Hague, Mr. Prebble, a citizen of Maine, protested against it. He said the King had no right under the terms of the conference to compromise the dispute. The English Government regretted the compromise, and considered it extremely unfavourable to us, but bowed loyally to the arbitration, and prepared to carry it out. The American Government, on the other hand, demurred, and after some delay, in 1829, finally rejected and repudiated the arbitration. After some attempts of a rather Quixotic character to induce the American Government in the general interests of good faith to reconsider its resolution, the English Government gave up the point a year or two later, and consented to regard the arbitration as null and void.

By degrees, as geographical information relating to the territory in dispute accumulated in the hands of the British Government, our case became enormously strengthened. In 1839 we sent out two surveyors, Colonel Mudge and Mr. Featherstonhaugh, to examine the country. Their report, and another procured in 1841, determined various facts. The point at which the American Commissioners had declared that the due north line ought to stop and the boundary be diverted to the west, turned out not to be in a range of highlands at all, but in a marshy plain. The highlands selected to suit American views of what the boundary ought to have been, had to be sought some distance to the westward. Secondly, these highlands did not divide rivers flowing into

the St. Lawrence from rivers flowing into the Atlantic, unless it were assumed that the St. John was a river flowing into the Atlantic. Now the King of the Netherlands, in his arbitration had, at all events, confirmed our opinion concerning the true character to be attributed to the River St. John. It flows into the Bay of Fundy, and for the purposes of the treaty of 1783, the Bay of Fundy is not a part of the Atlantic Ocean. So we always contended, and so the King of the Netherlands declared. The common sense of that view will appear to anyone who examines the map. The St. John stretches across the whole country lying between the Atlantic and the St. Lawrence. It is the only river which does this, whereas there are many shorter streams flowing from the central highlands into the St. Lawrence on the north, and into the Atlantic on the south. Moreover, even as the boundary was proposed by the Americans, the lower course of the St. John must still have lain within British territory. According to the interpretation which this government clearly proved to be fair and reasonable, no part of the St. John would ever have belonged to the United States at all. The river should have been left out of the calculations of the commissioners altogether; and it certainly was not an Atlantic river under the terms of the treaty. This was our contention, and this was the view distinctly confirmed by the King of the Netherlands. The utter worthlessness of the American claim in reference to the northern range of highlands will now be apparent. The highlands we claimed, on the other hand, were proved by the examination made by Colonel Mudge and Mr. Featherstonhaugh to be, in fact, all that the treaty required them to be. They were struck by the due north line, and they were continuous from that line to the head waters of the Connecticut, a merit not possessed by the northern range, which soon sank into the plain as it was followed to the westward, leaving the boundary to be carried across a level country for twenty-five miles. Finally, our highlands did indisputably divide streams flowing into the St. Lawrence from streams flowing into the Atlantic Ocean.

We are thus precise in explaining the points that were really at issue in the boundary dispute, because the interest of these negotiations, regarded from our present point of view, centres in the spirit shown by the American Government, and this cannot rightly be appreciated unless the merits of the controversy are understood.

It will be seen that when Lord Ashburton was appointed by Sir Robert Peel in 1842

to proceed as British plenipotentiary to Washington, and settle various outstanding difficulties with the American Government, the dispute concerning the Maine boundary was one in which any government tenacious of its rights, and occupying our position, would have refused to yield. Our claim was not one through which we grasped at a neutral territory. The dispute, to describe it accurately, was one in which the American Government claimed territory that was ours by virtue of the spirit of the treaty, by virtue of the letter of the treaty, as that letter was understood by ourselves, and by a neutral arbiter, and also by actual occupation; for though Maine settlers had pushed their way far north, the country lying about the Madawaska River, one of the tributaries of the St. John, had long been in permanent occupation of a community, partly British, partly French Canadian, which viewed with extreme apprehension and displeasure the prospect of being transferred to the Government of the United States. The American claim was a manifest encroachment. The line of highlands they wished to make the boundary failed in all particulars to fulfil the description of the treaty. No Government, therefore, occupying the position in reference to this dispute in which the American Government stood, could have continued to assert its claims without being animated by a stronger determination to obtain the object of its desire than to effect a just settlement of the question at issue.

But the practical conclusion to which the British Government came on giving their instructions to Lord Ashburton evidently was, that it was not worth while to assert our rights at the cost of a war with the United States. The excitement in America was very great. The people of Maine openly declared that they would fight for the northern boundary if they did not obtain a favourable settlement. Public opinion in this country, where the question at stake was too intricate to be properly understood, would not have sanctioned a war with America for the sake of a boundary dispute on the frontiers of Canada. The consequence was that Lord Ashburton, finding the alternatives before him were war, or the surrender of our territorial rights, chose to make the surrender. He agreed to a compromise line not diverging very much from that suggested thirteen years previously by the King of the Netherlands. We are not by any means apologising for his diplomacy; and it is quite possible that by a little better management he might have secured somewhat more favourable terms, even while still avoid-

ing that rupture of our ostensibly amicable relations with America which the British Government was so anxious to avert. Lord Ashburton was an amateur diplomatist, whom Mr. Daniel Webster, the American Secretary of State, circumvented in many ways. The treaty which he concluded was an ignominious treaty, not inaccurately described in the political controversies of the time as a 'capitulation.' But it was defended by Sir Robert Peel, on the ground that a few hundred thousand, a few million acres of territory were of no consequence compared with securing the friendship of the United States. It may be open to discussion whether a great nation can ever give way before an unrighteous demand, and practically in deference to menace, without incurring some ultimate penalty; but without going into that question just now, we may here be content to take note of the broad facts that in the Maine boundary dispute the English claim was substantiated in the negotiations; that the Americans showed themselves resolved to precipitate hostilities if their claim was not conceded; and that to avoid going to war, the British Government yielded what it had clearly shown to be its just rights.

One episode connected with the Ashburton negotiations may be noticed here for the light it helps to throw on the principles of American diplomacy. Thirty years ago it was the subject of much excited controversy. We allude to the famous map scandal, the facts of which were as follows:—after the treaty negotiated by Lord Ashburton and Mr. Webster had been signed, and during the debate which took place in the American Senate prior to the ratification, Mr. Rives, a member of that body, arguing in favour of the ratification, made a very remarkable statement. He wanted the Senate not to reject the treaty on the ground that it did not give the American Government all it had claimed, because, if the Maine boundary question went to another arbitration, it was possible that further researches in the archives of Europe might bring to light some embarrassing document likely to throw new doubts on the validity of the American claim. Indeed, he said such a document had already been discovered. Mr. Jared Sparks, a Boston historian, while pursuing historical researches in the archives of the Foreign Office at Paris, had discovered a letter from Benjamin Franklin—one of the American negotiators of the treaty of 1783—to the Count de Vergennes referring to a map on which he had marked the boundary just settled by the treaty, with 'a strong red line.' A map which corresponded to the references in the letter was also found by

Mr. Jared Sparks among the beautifully arranged papers of the department in which he had discovered the letter, and on the map he beheld—with surprise and consternation as an American citizen—a strong red line marking the boundary exactly as claimed by the British Government. This discovery he communicated to the American Department of State, and the knowledge of these facts—the private and secret knowledge of these facts—was in possession of Mr. Daniel Webster during his negotiations with Lord Ashburton. Efforts were made subsequently to show that no positive evidence identified the map found as the map referred to in the letter to the Count de Vergennes, but of this no one concerned seems to have had any moral doubt. Secondly, it was contended by Sir Robert Peel, who did his best to defend the honour of Mr. Webster, that, taking all the facts as they were alleged, Mr. Webster was not bound to produce testimony adverse to his own case. Finally, that Lord Ashburton also had a map—one preserved in the Library of George III. if we understand Sir Robert Peel's explanation rightly—on which the boundary was marked as claimed by the Americans, and that he refrained from putting this map in evidence during the negotiations. The two reservations however were not parallel. The map of which Lord Ashburton had cognizance was a map of no special authority. How a boundary line came to be marked upon it nobody seems to have known. In the Foreign Office, meanwhile,* there was a map showing the boundary according to the British claim. Lord Ashburton was undoubtedly justified in discarding his map as of no substantial importance. How far Mr. Webster was equally justified on his side is a subject about which different opinions will be formed. The authority of the map brought to his knowledge was certainly very great; all but overwhelming. That map was, at the very least, to quote the language of Senator Rives, an embarrassing document. It seems clear that Mr. Webster, representing the American Government in the negotiations with Lord Ashburton, must, at any rate, have thrown overboard all thoughts of procuring a *just* settlement of the dispute. He struggled to obtain, not that to which he thought he had a right, but all he thought it possible to procure by defeating the rights of others.

Besides disposing of the Maine Boundary question, Lord Ashburton's treaty settled a dispute that had arisen in connexion with our efforts for the suppression of the slave

trade. Although the negotiations connected with our territorial difficulties in Oregon will claim attention directly as constituting a natural sequel to those on the Maine boundary, it is worth while to notice that, even in reference to this minor dispute, growing out of the African slave trade, the usual rule which has governed our diplomacy with the United States was observed. The position we took up at the outset of the difficulty was simple and reasonable; our claims were substantiated by convincing despatches, and in the end, we gave way through fear of the consequences that might ensue if we refused.

By the treaty of Ghent the American Government had subscribed to a promise that they would use their best endeavours to promote the entire abolition of the slave trade. The British Government, in order that the collective strength of humane nations might be employed against the trade to the best advantage, endeavoured to persuade all the powers to adopt a mutual right of search. In 1824 a treaty to this effect was drawn up by British and American plenipotentiaries, but it was never ratified, owing to a desire on the part of the United States Government to vary the geographical limits to which it referred. Our Government protested against the principle of varying a treaty on its ratification, and the negotiations fell through. In 1831 and 1833 we concluded treaties giving us a mutual right of search, with France. But the disposition of the American Government changed. It is not necessary to trace the explanation. The state of the question in 1842 was that the British Government had been pressing the United States to accept the right of search in vain. Meanwhile peculiar difficulties had arisen on the African coast. Without a mutual right of search with America we could not interfere with American slavers, and we never claimed to do this. But it constantly happened that, in endeavouring to elude pursuit, slavers of other nationalities hoisted the American flag. What our naval officers contended was that, whatever flag might be hoisted, they had at least a right to board vessels and ascertain that they really belonged to the nationality whose ensign they employed. Of course the American Government had nothing to say to any treatment we might bestow on foreign vessels hoisting the American flag fraudulently; but they advanced a claim that must, if recognised, have paralysed the action of our anti-slave trade squadron. They declared that, under no circumstances, must American vessels be even visited and asked their nationality by British naval officers. The mere act of inquiry they professed to regard as an outrage. It was manifest

* Lord Palmerston's speech.

that, if this extravagant and wantonly obstructive claim were admitted, the consequences would be fatal to the success of our humane enterprise on the African coast. If our officers were bound under no circumstances to visit an American vessel it was clear that they could not venture to go on board any doubtful vessel with the American flag, lest she might be American. This was repeatedly pointed out in despatches to Mr. Stevenson, the American Minister in London; and both Lord Palmerston and Lord Aberdeen made it clear that we did not claim to interfere in any way with those rights which the United States Government reserved in refusing to concede the mutual right of search.* With quiet irony Lord Palmerston observed in one despatch:—

‘The cruisers employed by her Majesty’s Government for the suppression of the slave trade must ascertain by inspection of the papers the nationality of vessels met with by them under circumstances which justify a suspicion that such vessels are engaged in the slave trade, in order that if such vessels are found to belong to a country which has conceded to Great Britain the mutual right of search, they may be searched accordingly, and that if they be found to belong to a country which, like the United States, has not conceded that mutual right, they may be allowed to pass on free and unexamined, and so consummate their intended iniquity.’

It can scarcely be said that the American minister during any part of this negotiation advanced any argument to justify the unfriendly and obstructive attitude that the United States Government had taken up. Indeed it would have been impossible for him to show that the simple right of visit or inquiry which we claimed, not in our own interests, but in those of humanity, was either injurious or insulting to American commerce. It was no new right which we sought to enforce; we merely wished to follow an established custom, the application of which to American vessels subjected them to no inconvenience or annoyance worth speaking of, while it was absolutely essential to the efficient police of the seas. As we said in reference to the Maine boundary question, so we may say again in reference to this difficulty concerning the right of visit, the circumstances under which we were placed were such that any government, tenacious of its rights and occupying the position in which we were placed, would have refused to yield. On the other hand, the circumstances under which the American Government was placed were such that any government, moderately

forbearing in disposition, would certainly have given way in a similar situation. But the actual course of events was this:—By the treaty of 1842 the British Government bowed to the exorbitant claims of the Government of the United States, and consented that the American merchant marine should be invested with a quasi-sacred character, belonging, according to Lord Aberdeen, to the vessels of no other nationality. In return for this somewhat ignominious concession the American Government undertook to station a force of its own on the African coast, so that vessels with an American flag might be overhauled by American men-of-war. This inadequate arrangement was held for the sake of peace to be a satisfactory compromise of the dispute.

Lord Ashburton effected no settlement of the Oregon question. Our difficulty with the United States concerning the limits of British and American jurisdiction in the west, proved, however, no less threatening to the peace of the two countries than the questions affecting the boundary at its eastern extremity. The territorial claims of the United States to country west of the Rocky Mountains seem first to have been put forward at the conferences which took place in London subsequent to the Treaty of Ghent.* If we go back to the time of the treaty of 1783, it will be found that the United States sought no empire beyond the Rocky Mountains. But in 1818 enlarged views had already dawned upon the minds of American statesmen. Feeling their way by degrees, the American representatives in London, at the date we mention, proposed that England and America should come to an understanding concerning the territory west of the Rocky Mountains. The United States, they said, ‘did not assert a perfect right’ to any of that territory, an admission which they could hardly have avoided making at the time, but one which it is worth while to remember in connexion with the subsequent progress of the negotiations. To meet the views of the United States, England agreed to a convention, signed in October, 1818, recognising a joint occupancy. The convention laid down this understanding:—

‘The country to the west of the Rocky Mountains claimed by either party, with its bays, harbours, navigation of rivers, &c., shall be free and open for ten years to the two powers, it being well understood that this agreement shall not prejudice any claim of either party, or of any other power or state to any

* The correspondence is partly republished in the ‘Annual Register.’

* The Oregon question is discussed at length in the ‘Quarterly Review’ for March, 1846.

part of the said country, the only object of the parties being to prevent disputes and differences among themselves.'

Nine years afterwards, in 1827, this convention, which had then almost expired, was indefinitely renewed, with a clause to the effect that it should be terminable by one year's notice from either side. It is greatly to be deplored that the British Government did not foresee at an earlier period the desirability of marking out beyond dispute the limits of its own territorial jurisdiction in the west. But in 1827 it was already too late. By that time America had made up her mind concerning the boundary she meant to have. It was proposed by the American Government that the line should be carried along the 49th parallel of latitude to the sea. Great Britain objected, on the ground that British subjects had a perfect right to colonise down to the 42nd parallel. But the United States conceived the idea that they had acquired claims of vast extent over territory west of the Rocky Mountains, through treaties with the republic of Mexico, then newly emancipated from Spanish control. We may more conveniently examine the value of these claims in connexion with some others subsequently advanced. For the moment let us be content to take cognizance of the offers made on each side. During the negotiations carried on,—by Mr. Gallatin on behalf of the United States,—prior to the renewal of the joint convention, the rival claims roughly assumed the shape in which they continued to confront one another up to the conclusion of the final treaty in 1846. The British Government expressed its readiness to accept the 49th parallel as the boundary along the greater part of the line. But from the point at which that parallel should strike the Columbia River, Great Britain required that the boundary should follow the course of that river to the Pacific. The United States insisted that the 49th parallel should be the boundary all the way to the sea. At one time the United States offered us the navigation of the Columbia River, but afterwards this offer was withdrawn.

It should be borne in mind that although the dispute was thus narrowed to a conflict of claims for the country lying between the Columbia River, the Pacific coast, and the 49th parallel of latitude, the rights of the English Government, which we consented to waive, would have given this country an equally good case had we claimed a very much more favourable boundary. If Great Britain had not carelessly—or generously as the case may be—entered into the joint-occupancy convention, it might have establish-

ed an admirable right to all western territory north of Mexico. As it was, the joint-occupancy convention certainly conferred rights on the United States. But those rights could only extend to a claim for the just and equitable division of the great western regions. Such a division would probably have carried the boundary line several degrees farther south than the 49th parallel.

The refusal of the British Government to give up the territory north of the Columbia River rendered Mr. Gallatin's negotiations abortive, and, for want of a better settlement, the joint-occupancy convention was, as we have seen, renewed. The Oregon question, however, had not been formally established. The more America pondered over the controversy, the more essential to her happiness became the territory between the Columbia River and the 49th parallel. When President Polk came into office in 1845, he declared himself embarrassed by the offers made by his predecessors, or he would have 'gone for the whole of Oregon,' that is to say for the whole territory where England had originally enjoyed an exclusive right, where she had consented to admit the United States to joint privileges of colonisation, and where the United States now endeavoured to show that she had no right whatever. In April, 1846, the Senate passed a resolution calling upon the President to give notice, under the convention of 1827, that America desired to terminate the joint occupation. This resolution was passed, after excited debates calculated to add weight to the menace it involved. Numerous indications showed that the American people were resolved to attempt the seizure of the territory they desired by force, if they could not obtain it by diplomacy. It was growing manifest that once more the British Government was to be placed in a position in which it would have an opportunity of showing how much it preferred the friendship of the United States, to a few hundred thousand—a few million acres of territory.

In the course of a diplomatic correspondence of some length, which passed in 1845, between Messrs. Calhoun and Buchanan on behalf of America, and Mr. afterwards Sir Richard Pakenham, the British Minister at Washington, on behalf of Great Britain, the rival arguments of the Oregon question are set forth in detail. The claim of the United States was ranged under three heads:—

1st. The rights of Spain conveyed to the United States by the Florida treaty.

2nd. The rights of France purchased with Louisiana.

3rd. The rights acquired by the United States by settlement and discovery.

The rights of Spain were really non-existent, except in the imagination of American diplomatists. Sir Francis Drake was the earliest navigator on the coast in dispute. In 1579 he discovered the land in lat. 48°, coasted down to about 38°, and went through the form of taking possession of the country in the name of his sovereign. For a long time the region was called by the name he gave it, New Albion. No very early Spanish navigator went so far north as Drake, and vague as the British claims on New Albion may have been in the last century, they were undoubtedly acknowledged to exist. In 1774 a Spanish naval expedition from Mexico touched at San Diego, in California, and then stood out at sea, giving a wide berth to all country that could possibly be considered New Albion, afterwards touching the land again well to the north of Drake's discoveries in lat. 53° 50'. In 1775 another Spanish expedition, under a Dr. Heceta, sailing along the coast, observed, about lat. 46°, a great bay, the head of which could not be seen, but which Heceta believed, from the evidence of its currents and eddies, to be the mouth of some great river or passage to another sea. This bay must have been the mouth of the Columbia River, and the United States diplomatists, to lose no advantage open to them, grounded one of their claims to the valley of the Columbia River, settled though it was by British subjects, on the theory that Heceta had discovered the mouth of the stream, that Spain had thus obtained territorial rights over the country it watered, and that these rights had been ceded to the United States by the treaty of Florida. The exquisite beauty of this claim is still further enhanced by the fact that the treaty of Florida itself was never ratified by Spain, which Power distinctly rejected the convention. It was taken as ratified by the United States, in spite of this little informality, and eventually it received such legal sanction as was possible under the circumstances from the revolted republic of Mexico.

Spain never promulgated Heceta's discoveries as the basis of any territorial claim, apparently respecting the British rights to New Albion. But England was animated by no jealous policy in reference to the Pacific coasts of America, and when a difficulty arose in 1789, between British and Spanish subjects in Nootka Sound, the British Government merely exacted a convention acknowledging that the coast north of the existing Spanish settlements was free and open for the purposes of colonisation to the subjects of both countries. It might have been

supposed that this Nootka Sound convention would have laid at rest for ever all idea of exclusive Spanish sovereignty north of San Francisco, and even American writers find it, like Franklin's map in the Maine controversy, 'an embarrassing document.' But they endeavour to get over it in this way.* Wars between States cancel their mutual treaties. Great Britain was at war with Spain in 1796, therefore the validity of the Nootka Sound convention expired. It is triumphantly pointed out that it was not renewed by the treaty of Madrid. It happens, however, that the Nootka Sound treaty was one of a class of treaties explicitly revived in 1815, but independently of all such technical points, its importance in the Oregon controversy consists in this,—that it was an acknowledgment of a state of facts, not a treaty calling any new relations between the parties signing it into existence.

What has been called the French claim to Oregon, obtained by the Americans through the purchase of Louisiana, is almost too extravagant to be worth examination. Louisiana never thought of claiming, nor did France or Spain ever claim for her 'the slightest colour of right to any portion of the western side of the North American continent.'† The claims of the United States, by settlement and discovery, are a little more complicated, but they will be found on examination to break down no less thoroughly.

Vancouver, the most industrious explorer of the coasts in the neighbourhood of the island that bears his name, landed, in 1792, on the shores of the great bay called Admiralty Inlet, and took formal possession of the country in the name of the King of England, reviving the name New Albion. Accounts of this proceeding were published without exciting any comment either from Spain or the United States, in 1801. Meanwhile, in the same year, an American, Captain Gray, of Boston, in a vessel called the 'Columbia,' discovered the river now known by that name. It is alleged that he proceeded up the stream first ten miles, when he took in fresh water, and then fifteen miles further, when he found he had taken a wrong channel and had to return. There are some odd circumstances connected with Captain Gray's adventures. That there was such a person is certainly vouched for by Vancouver, who did receive from him information of the existence of the river. But all the details of the discovery rest on the authority of an

* Greenhow.

† 'Quarterly Review,' March, 1846.

alleged extract from Captain Gray's log, first produced in a note to a report on the Oregon question drawn up by a committee of the House of Representatives in 1826. This log had never before been heard of, and has since unaccountably disappeared.* The case is one calculated to excite suspicion even as it stands, but a singular circumstance remains to be recorded. Captain Gray, according to the mysterious extract, took in fresh water from the river when he had sailed up it for ten miles. It is a fact that the water of the Columbia River is salt for twenty miles up its course. However, brushing all these doubts aside, and giving the Americans credit for everything alleged to have been done by Gray, it remains impossible to defeat the British claims on the Columbia by reliance on his exploits, for Vancouver's narrative shows that an English vessel, the 'Jenny' Captain Baker, entered the river in the early part of the same year that it was visited by Gray. There is no evidence to show whether Captain Baker or Captain Gray was the first discoverer. In any case the commander of the 'Chatham,' Vancouver's tender, Lieut. Broughton, was the first white man who fairly worked his way up the stream for any distance. Sent by Vancouver to examine the river, he ascended it for eighty-four miles from its true mouth, which he places higher up the bay than Captain Gray, and formally took possession in the name of the King of England. Vancouver declares, judging from this survey, that Captain Gray never was within five leagues of the entrance of the river.

The American claim to the valley of the Columbia by right of discovery is thus shown to be as weak technically, as it would be weak morally, if Captain Gray's exploit stood alone. For the theory that the Power whose flag is identified with the discovery of the mouth of a river, can on that account claim exclusive dominion over the whole country which it drains, is so extravagant as to be refuted by its own mere expression in plain language. But the United States did not rely, in arguing its claim, on the discoveries of Captain Gray alone. They appeal to the inland discoveries of Captains Lewis and Clarke, who were sent in 1804 to explore, on behalf of the United States, the upper valley of the Missouri. These travellers struck one of the tributaries of the Columbia during the latter part of their journey, and passed down the river to the sea, wintering on the south bank in 1805-6. American diplomatists lay great stress on

this, but again minute research shows the hollowness of their claim. The upper branches of the Columbia had been explored, previous to the arrival of Lewis and Clarke, by Mr. David Thomson, surveyor and astronomer of the British North-West Company. If it were just, as the Americans contend when basing their claims on the discoveries of Lewis, Clark, and Gray, that the first explorers of a river give their country exclusive territorial rights over the region it waters, then the United States are shut out from attributing any importance whatever to the travels of Lewis and Clark, for Thomson preceded those travellers. Finally, the route followed by Lewis and Clark lay wholly within the territory that Great Britain was willing to resign to the United States. They entered the Columbia by tributaries on its left bank and south of the 49th parallel. All along that portion of the river which they traversed Great Britain was willing to let the river itself be the boundary-line.

In 1811 a settlement, called Astoria, was established at the mouth of the Columbia river. An American claim, based on this circumstance, may be disposed of in a few words. Astoria was a free trading station—not a colony—set up by nine partners, calling themselves the Pacific Fur Company, of whom three were American and six Scotch. When the war of 1812 broke out, the whole settlement was hastily sold to the North West Company for 58,000 dollars. When the British sloop 'Raccoon' arrived to take it from the enemy, it was found to be already British. At the conferences of Ghent the Americans claimed to have it delivered back to them. Great Britain pointed out that it had been bought and paid for; still the United States claimed the sovereignty. With almost fantastic generosity the British Government agreed that, pending negotiations for settling the territorial dominion, the United States flag should be re-established at Astoria in the *status quo ante bellum*. This was done, but Astoria did not pay. The place was deserted, and had ceased to exist before the negotiations of 1845. Finally, Astoria was on the south side of the river, and within the territory that Great Britain was willing to leave in the hands of the United States. Our readers may find it difficult to believe that sober American statesmen could found on the history of Astoria a claim to the whole valley of the Columbia River; but such is the fact nevertheless. We merely refrain from giving extracts from despatches in illustration of the point, to avoid overloading this narrative.

It may, perhaps, be observed, that all purely technical claims of the kind we have

* Greenhow.

here been discussing, are really unimportant when the sovereignty of a newly-settled country has to be decided; and it may be imagined that the territory which was in dispute during the Oregon negotiations was already overrun with American 'pioneers,' and valuable to the United States on that account. But so far was this from being the case, that the settlements of the whole country in dispute were British. Even if the British proposal had been accepted, it would have been necessary to break up some British settlements south of the Columbia, while there were no American settlements to be disturbed on the north side. On the other hand the American proposal required this country to give up a quantity of settlements, including Fort Vancouver, the depôt of the Hudson's Bay Company; to resign the use of eleven rivers, and to give up all the good harbours of Admiralty Inlet, besides the agricultural district round Puget Sound. Yet this was a proposal that Buchanan described as one showing 'a sincere and anxious desire to cultivate the most friendly relations between the two countries, and to manifest to the world that the United States is actuated by a spirit of moderation.'

As, in dealing with the Maine boundary question, we refrained from a tedious recital of the negotiations carried on by Lord Ashburton, so we need not now follow the details of the diplomacy which was crowned in 1846 with the surrender by Great Britain of all the territory in dispute; of the Columbia River, of the harbours in Admiralty Inlet, and of all the other possessions just enumerated. There is no mystery involved in the surrender. From the tone of the debates in Congress, British statesmen once more perceived that if they wanted to enjoy the continued friendship of the United States, the only way to secure that blessing was to pay for it. They paid for it by giving up a large tract of the most valuable country on the Pacific coast, a tract which was ours by right of ancient claims, by right of prior discovery, prior survey, and prior occupation, and by the actual right of settlement and possession under the authority of treaties as well. Mr. Richard Pakenham was invested with full powers as a plenipotentiary, to conclude a treaty and set the Oregon controversy at rest; and, as his choice lay practically between the surrender of the territory the Americans required, and war, the surrender was duly made and the treaty of 1846 concluded.

This was the treaty out of which the San Juan controversy arose. With a moderation that American statesmen look back upon

with pride, the United States consented, when at last this country submitted to the boundary along the 49th parallel, by which she was shut out from the whole valley of the Columbia, that the line should be deflected when it reached the sea-coast, so as not to cut off, as it would have done otherwise, a fragment from the end of Vancouver's Island. When we contemplate the American moderation involved in this deflection of the boundary, from the point of view of 1846, and remember what we gave up on that occasion, we are perhaps less disposed than Americans themselves to admire the self-denial shown in the surrender to us of 'the whole of Vancouver's Island.' The authors of the recently published American Case refer to the manner in which the United States agreed in 1846 'to give to Great Britain the whole of Vancouver's Island,' as if the whole continent had originally belonged to the United States, and as if the possession of Vancouver's Island by Great Britain was entirely due to United States' generosity. In reality, we have to thank the people of the United States for Vancouver's Island no more than for Van Dieman's Land or Australia. But to return to facts. The treaty of 1846 defined the boundary on the west coast as follows:— 'The line shall be continued westward along the said 49th parallel of north latitude to the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island, and thence southerly through the middle of the said channel and of Fuca's Straits to the Pacific Ocean.' Unfortunately the space intervening between Vancouver's Island and the continent is studded with small islands, whose existence the negotiators of the treaty of 1846 ignored. The consequence is, that no one channel can be selected as the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island. According to an American map, drawn from surveys taken under the authority of the United States Congress by Colonel, afterwards General J. C. Fremont, the boundary-line was shown running down the channel on the east side of the island of San Juan, known as Rosario Straits. But in 1856, when, after a long delay, for which the American Government is responsible, joint commissioners were appointed to mark out the boundary which had never before been officially determined, the American Commissioner, Mr. Archibald Campbell, insisted that the line ought to run down the Canal de Haro, on the western side of San Juan, giving that island to the United States. In making this claim he was only following up an aggressive movement begun some years before by the legislature of Oregon Territory,

which passed an act affecting to include the Haro Archipelago, to which the island of San Juan belongs, in one of the counties of the Territory. In 1854 the legislature of Washington Territory, by that time detached from Oregon, passed a similar act, in accordance with which the property of the Hudson's Bay Company on the island of San Juan was in 1855 assessed by the civil authorities of Washington Territory. The Company naturally refused to pay taxes to a foreign government on account of property which had always been regarded as, and which they still believed to be, situated on British ground. The property in question was then formally advertised and sold by the American authorities, and it was the official correspondence relating to this transaction that at last prompted Congress to appoint a boundary commissioner.

It seems to be the policy of the American Government never to recede from a claim once put forward in its name, no matter by whom or under what circumstances. Mr. Campbell proved a persevering exponent of this policy. In the course of a long correspondence with Captain Prevost, the British Commissioner, he never swerved from his contention that the Canal de Haro was the channel which best carried out the language and intentions of the treaty. Captain Prevost, on the contrary, became more and more convinced that the boundary-line, to be fairly drawn, must be carried down the Rosario Strait. Under these circumstances it became wholly impossible for the joint-commission to conclude its task, and its members ultimately reported themselves to their respective Governments as hopelessly at variance.

Before explaining the merits of their controversy it is desirable to say a few words on the importance of the point at issue. Some people may imagine that the possession of a small islet on the Pacific coast is an advantage for which it cannot be worth our while to contend. Viscount Milton, however, who has studied the subject with great care, declares:—'On a just and equitable solution of the so-called San Juan Water-Boundary question depends the future, not only of British Columbia, but also of the entire British possessions in North America.' He goes on to explain that Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, is situated at the south-eastern extremity of Vancouver's Island, and its approach, in a military sense, absolutely commanded by the Island of San Juan. Rosario Strait is commanded by islands already in possession of the United States. With San Juan in their hands, they could shut us out also from the use of the Canal de

Haro, and, practically, from all communication by sea with our colonies on the mainland, as the northern passage *viâ* Queen Charlotte's Sound, is narrow, intricate, and perilous in the extreme. These considerations have earned for the island of San Juan the title of 'the Cronstadt of the Pacific.'

We now come to the arguments in support of the British and American claims. We find the British position fortified, to begin with, by a memorandum drawn up by Sir Richard Pakenham, the British plenipotentiary who negotiated the very treaty whose signification is now the question in dispute. He declares that the treaty was arranged without any reference having been made by the American Government to the islands in the channel between the continent and Vancouver's Island. True, it subsequently appeared that Mr. McLane, United States Minister in London, writing to Mr. Buchanan, the American Secretary of State, and negotiator of the treaty, said that the line about to be proposed by Her Majesty's Government would 'probably be substantially to divide the territory by the extension of the line on the parallel of 49 degrees to the sea; that is to say, to the arm of the sea called Birch's Bay, thence by the Canal de Haro and Straits of Fuca to the ocean.' The Americans attribute great importance to this despatch; but what use did they make of it at the time it was written, at the time when the hydrographical knowledge of the region under partition was confessedly imperfect, and the accurate definition of the boundary was much to be desired? 'It is certain,' says Sir Richard Pakenham, 'that Mr. Buchanan signed the treaty with Mr. McLane's despatch before him, and yet that he made no mention whatever of the Canal de Haro as that through which the line of boundary would run, as understood by the United States Government.' We quote this passage, not to show that Mr. Buchanan was designedly entrapping Mr. Pakenham to accept words having a signification to which he would not have given his assent if he had understood it, but merely as evidence that the United States Government contemplated nothing more in 1846 than the establishment of a fair boundary, on the basis of obtaining all the mainland south of the 49th parallel, while we reserved all Vancouver's Island. It is only by virtue of the contention now set up by the United States that Mr. Buchanan can be accused of having stooped to overreach the British plenipotentiary. If he understood the hydrography of Fuca Straits, he cheated Mr. Pakenham. If he acted fairly to Mr. Pakenham, he had no fixed impression as to the direction the boundary-line would take among the islands,

dividing the Canal de Haro from Rosario Strait. Proceeding on this hypothesis, it will be manifest that the treaty ought to be interpreted as prescribing a fair division of the islands which stud the channel to which it refers. A plea has been set up on behalf of America to the effect that the object of deflecting the boundary-line was merely to prevent it from cutting off a fragment of Vancouver's Island; therefore that we ought not to claim anything whatever beyond that one solid piece of land. But, first of all, this plea is manifestly inequitable. We reserved Vancouver's Island, and, in doing this, it is manifest that we also reserved those immediately adjacent insular appendages without which its possession would have been an element of weakness rather than of strength. Secondly, there is not a word in the treaty to support the idea that its language ought to be interpreted as giving us nothing but the one compact island specifically named. On the contrary, the language would be just as capable of bearing an exactly opposite interpretation, according to which we might claim that the United States ought to have nothing but the mainland all along Fuca Straits, leaving every islet, however near the mainland, in our possession.

A fair division of the minor islands, made without reference to the treaty, and merely on the basis of an understanding that England was to have Vancouver's Island, and America the mainland, would assuredly give us the Island of San Juan. That island, and many others in its immediate vicinity, are geologically fragments of Vancouver's Island, and not of the mainland. The island, whose mere value as so much territory is hardly worth consideration in this dispute, is useless to the United States, except for the purposes of offensive military operations against the British dominions. To us, as Lord Milton has pointed out, it is of priceless importance for the proper defence of our own territory, while altogether unavailable for hostile operations against the United States. It is difficult to imagine a stronger equitable claim on the island than these considerations give us. We can only want the island for our own protection, and could not use it for aggressive purposes. The United States can only want the island as a *point d'appui* for aggressive purposes, and could not render it serviceable for their own defence.

The correspondence that took place between Captain Prevost and Mr. Archibald Campbell during their attempt to agree upon a boundary, concerns itself mainly with the technical arguments on each side, and affords, together with the instructions issued by each Government to its own representative, a com-

plete epitome of these arguments. On behalf of England it is maintained that, when the treaty was concluded in 1846, only one navigable channel was known to exist, viz., that known by the name of Rosario Strait. The Canal de Haro is alleged to be a channel only fit for steamers, and in endeavouring to show that it is in all respects as navigable a channel as Rosario Strait, Mr. Campbell seems driven to quote from an American hydrographical report dated as late as 1855, on which it is not improbable that the existence of the San Juan question as an international difficulty had some influence. In dealing with another technical point he was not ashamed to use the argument embodied in the following passage:—'Rosario Strait is a navigable channel, but it does not separate the continent from Vancouver's Island. In no part of its course does it touch upon the shore of either. It separates the islands of Lummi, Sinclair's, Cypress, Guemes, and Fidalgo on the east; from Orcas, Blakeley, Decatur, and Lopez islands on the west; but in no respect does it separate the continent from Vancouver's Island, and cannot therefore, in my opinion, be claimed, in accordance with the language of the treaty, as the channel therein referred to.'

Thus, if there had been one main channel twenty miles wide connecting the Gulf of Georgia with the Straits of Fuca, still if each shore were fringed with islands, Mr. Campbell's argument would have made it necessary to take the boundary-line inside them, within a half-mile or so either of the mainland or of Vancouver's Island, in order that it might pass through a channel washing one or other of the territories named in the treaty. It is impossible to read the passage we have quoted from Mr. Campbell's despatch without feeling that the argument it involves must have been invented to accommodate the facts, and would never have been heard of under a somewhat different conformation of the regions in dispute.

It would be tedious to follow the two commissioners through all their prolonged and fruitless diplomacy, but we may here record the fact that, Captain Prevost, after vainly exhausting his arguments in endeavouring to convince Mr. Campbell that the Rosario Strait was the channel of the treaty, and after finding his own conviction to that effect entirely unshaken by the counter-arguments brought forward on the other side, proposed a compromise. He suggested that the whole intervening space between the mainland and Vancouver's Island should be treated, in laying down the boundary, as if it were one channel, and that the line should be taken as nearly along the middle of the

whole space as the position of the minor islands would allow. This proposal, this very liberal proposal, which had the effect of offering the United States many islands to which they had no fair right, was declined curtly by Mr. Campbell, who wrote that he must decline 'any proposition which would require me to sacrifice any portion of the territory which I believe the treaty gives to the United States.' It will be seen that Mr. Campbell had profited by the lessons of the Maine and Oregon controversies, and comprehended the doctrine that all territory which at any time, or by any accident, any citizens of the United States had seized or claimed as subject to the sovereignty of the republic, was from that moment to be regarded as United States territory, the restoration of any part of which to its legitimate owners was to be treated as a cession.

The first settlement of the island of San Juan was effected by the Hudson's Bay Company, the island having been 'always considered to be and treated as within the jurisdiction of the Governor of Vancouver's Island.* But about the year 1859 a few American squatters made their appearance, and their arrival was generally regarded as foreshadowing some ultimate designs. In June, 1859, a dispute arose between one of the squatters and the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company. The squatter shot a hog belonging to the Company. General Harney, the United States officer in command of troops in Washington Territory, availed himself of the quarrel which arose out of this trifling incident to send a company of American troops to San Juan 'to afford adequate protection to American citizens, in their rights as such.' This aggressive step was taken altogether without reference to the Governor of Vancouver's Island. The Hudson's Bay agent remonstrated with Captain Pickett, the officer in charge, and warned him that the island was the property of the Hudson's Bay Company. This warning induced him to send for the 'Massachusetts,' an American man-of-war in the neighbourhood. Governor Douglas, of Vancouver's Island, hearing of these events, at once went to San Juan. Captain Pickett informed him that he was acting under orders—that he would prevent any inferior British force from landing, fight any equal force, and protest against the landing of any force superior to his own. We need not trace the correspondence that ensued between Captain Pickett and the British authorities. The tact and great self-control of Governor Douglas averted any actual outbreak of hostilities.

Eventually he landed in a different part of the island from that occupied by the Americans a small force equal to that under Captain Pickett's orders, and thus established the joint occupation that has endured ever since. In accordance with the provisions of the treaty of Washington, the sovereignty of the island has been referred for arbitration to the German Emperor, and the cases prepared on each side have been for some time in his hands. It is very desirable that no decision should be given in this matter while the arbitration referred to the tribunal at Geneva is threatened with miscarriage. Should the Emperor give a decision in our favour, there would be every reason to fear that its reception by the Government of the United States would depend upon the fate of the arbitration at Geneva. Judging by the principles on which American diplomacy is regulated, it is but too probable that in the event of a collapse of the treaty, as far as it relates to the 'Alabama,' the United States would repudiate an arbitration in the San Juan case that failed to grant them the sovereignty of the island. On the other hand, the British Government would probably accept a decision unfavourable to itself, whatever might be the fate of the treaty. We stand, therefore, in the position of having everything to lose and nothing to gain by letting the Berlin arbitration proceed. If our Government have not taken steps to suspend it while the issue of the negotiations relating to the 'Alabama' arbitration is doubtful, they have shamefully imperiled interests it was their duty to guard.

The fate of San Juan, however, has excited but little public interest during the last few months. The incidents that have interrupted the progress of the arbitration at Geneva have thrown all other subjects of international speculation into the shade. Time has at last exposed, what circumstances for a while disguised, the true character of the Washington treaty. Our consent to that unfortunate instrument was obtained by the American Government in one of those propitious moments in which it has always been their good fortune to conclude their treaties with this country. An eager desire to secure the friendship of the United States, at almost any material sacrifice, had inspired Mr. Gladstone's Government with the idea of settling the 'Alabama' difficulty by giving up almost every question in dispute. Demands which successive Governments, both Conservative and Liberal, had ever since their first presentation persistently resisted as wholly unreasonable—which in some cases they had almost resented as insulting—he resolved to grant. The Washington Government was

* Lord Milton, p. 252.

thus enabled to obtain the signature of Great Britain to a treaty which it almost dictated, and of which some of the most important passages were certainly framed in its own language. The precedents of history were followed out with melancholy exactitude. Over a long course of negotiation the diplomatists of Great Britain proved the justice of their case. But the more they strengthened their position by argument, the more the United States endeavoured to strengthen theirs by increasing the extravagance of their demands. Finally, at a moment when the contention of the United States was more unreasonable than at any previous period, Mr. Gladstone acceded to almost every claim that the Americans had made, and that this country had resisted in a long diplomatic battle, extending over nine years. American statesmen, at any rate, appreciate the lessons of history. They know that, however extravagant have been the demands made in former times by their Government on Great Britain, a period has always been reached when this country has been either frightened or wearied into acquiescence. It is not surprising that they relied, in dealing with the 'Alabama' question, on the recurrence of events in their old order.

Recent criticisms on the Washington treaty have been chiefly directed to the passages which bear on the vast indirect claims now advanced by the American Government. But the truth is, that even if the indirect claims had never been heard of, the treaty, regarded merely as a settlement of the 'Alabama' claims pure and simple, would still have involved an ignoble surrender on our part to unwarrantable pretensions on the part of America. This will be seen clearly enough if we cast back a glance at the long negotiations which the treaty of Washington was designed to close. Those negotiations extended over four distinct periods. The claims were first presented by Mr. C. F. Adams to Lord Russell in 1862. A long correspondence was devoted to their discussion in that year, but Lord Russell and Lord Clarendon, after Lord Palmerston's death, steadfastly disclaimed responsibility for the acts of the 'Alabama.' They refused to entertain the idea that arbitration on this subject was possible. Lord Russell expressed his readiness to agree to the appointment of a mixed commission to settle minor claims, but he refused to permit the introduction of those relating to the depredations of the 'Alabama.' With the correspondence that passed between Mr. Adams and Lord Clarendon in the winter of 1865, the first period of the negotiations may be said to have closed.

When Lord Derby's government came into power in 1866, negotiations were commenced afresh. The American claims were laid before Lord Stanley, and in a despatch written in November, an offer was made to the American Government which advanced considerably beyond that made by Lord Russell. Lord Stanley now expressed the readiness of the British Government to arbitrate upon the 'Alabama' claims, if the two governments could agree upon the questions to be referred for arbitration. Mr. Seward, however, now contended that the arbitration should include a reference of the question whether this country was justified in recognising the belligerent character of the Confederate States. Lord Stanley absolutely refused to make this question the subject of any arbitration whatever, and the negotiations again fell to the ground.

A third series was undertaken on the arrival in this country of Mr. Reverdy Johnson. It extended over the change of government in 1868, and was concluded under the auspices of Lord Clarendon. This time the British Government advanced beyond its previous concessions, and agreed, not indeed openly to arbitrate concerning the recognition of belligerent rights, but to arrange for the arbitration of the 'Alabama' claims on the basis of a tacit understanding that although we could not refer the question of belligerent rights to the arbitrators, the American Government might nevertheless still reserve their opinion that our conduct in that matter had been unjustifiable.* The American Senate, however, refused to accept the convention signed on the basis of this and other concessions by Lord Clarendon, and the third period of the negotiations was closed by the refusal of Lord Clarendon to re-open the subject with Mr. Reverdy Johnson under these circumstances. The fourth period dates from the appointment of the Joint High Commission.

The appointment of that commission was in itself an exceedingly imprudent measure. It is true that the commission—as a commission on the 'Alabama' claims—was not ac-

* See despatch from Lord Stanley to Mr. Thornton of Oct. 21, 1868:—"In this conversation little was said as to the point on which the former negotiations broke off, namely, the claim made by the United States Government to raise before the arbitrator the question of the alleged premature recognition by Her Majesty's Government of the Confederates as belligerents. I stated to Mr. Reverdy Johnson that we could not on that point depart from the position which we had taken up; but I saw no impossibility in so framing the reference as that by mutual consent, either tacit or express, the difference might be avoided."

tually proposed by the British Government, but the proposal which was made by the British Government for a commission to settle the fisheries dispute was practically an invitation to Mr. Fish to propose the reference of the 'Alabama' claims to the same body of diplomatists. Thus it may be asserted with substantial truth that Mr. Gladstone's Government is responsible for having re-opened the 'Alabama' controversy. The folly of such a course of action was extreme. The Government thus displayed an anxiety to conciliate the favour of the United States, that was certain to re-act on the American Government in such a way as to produce claims of a more extortionate kind than any previously put forward. As Lord Derby justly observed in the debate in the House of Lords on the 22nd of March last: 'A mission so sent out, with such unusual pomp and ceremony, was bound, under the penalty of making itself ridiculous, to conclude a treaty of some sort. It could not come back *re infectis*, and obviously, when the other party to the negotiation is aware of that fact, you are not likely to make an advantageous bargain. So we have gone on from concession to concession.' Moreover, it might have been remembered that the rejection of the Reverdy Johnson treaty had been accompanied by the development of Mr. Sumner's views in the famous speech that first imputed to England a liability to pay the cost of some years of the civil war. True, this was the theory of a comparatively irresponsible though, on account of his connexion with an important committee of the Senate, an influential politician, but the Government here ought to have been awake to the danger that the new claim might sooner or later be taken up by the United States Government. The encroaching spirit, which that Government had already shown, should have taught British statesmen of common prudence that our only policy in reference to the 'Alabama' claims was to stand on the defensive, prepared to make concessions up to the advanced limits already defined, but to go no further. Unluckily, however, Lord Granville,—or Mr. Gladstone, whom we suspect to have been the author of the idea,—fancied a time had come at which it would be possible to negotiate a treaty with the Americans which would please them without absolutely empowering them to sell up the British empire. To almost anything short of this he appears to have been ready to agree. During the Washington conferences Lord Granville stood behind the commissioners, ordering them by telegraph to concede and to submit, whenever they showed signs of resisting some demand rather

more startling than usual. From first to last their proceedings seem to have been little more than a registration of the terms on which the American Government was willing to receive the submission of this country. If the Government of Mr. Gladstone had cared to maintain any decent show of insisting that the negotiations should be conducted on a system of reciprocity, they would have firmly persevered in requiring that arrangements should be made for obtaining an arbitration on our claims in respect of Fenian raids on Canada. Whatever complaints the Americans can make against us, for having shown unfriendly negligence in letting the 'Alabama' escape, we might bring complaints against them of an unfriendliness tenfold greater, shown in repeatedly permitting the organisation within their territory of regular military expeditions designed to make war upon the Queen's dominions. But the Fenian raid claims were given up by our Government for no better reason than because the American people were said to be resolved never to listen to these claims. The American people seem to be regarded by Mr. Gladstone's Government with mingled emotions of fear, and anxiety to please, which combine to render its claims tremulous in their diffidence; its concessions servile in their eagerness.

The commissioners, urged forward by the Foreign Office, hastened when the conferences opened to accumulate their peace offerings in a heap at the feet of the American negotiators. At the outset of their proceedings, they imparted a wholly new character to the treaty under preparation, by inserting, in accordance with Lord Granville's instructions, an apology for the escape of the 'Alabama.' Of course the theory of the treaty was that a future arbitration had to decide whether that escape carried with it any reproach to this country or not; but without the apology, say the defenders of the treaty, the American people would never have accepted it. It is odd that this excuse should be considered sufficient, because the treaty which we are thus supposed to have purchased by means of the apology, is in itself a concession—an enormous concession to the United States. We derive no advantage from it ourselves—none, at all events worth speaking of—except the hope that the United States may, under its influence, ultimately surrender an unjust claim against us. However, the apology was destined to be soon eclipsed by the three rules. American theories concerning the 'Alabama' had by this time matured so far that the United States Government was no longer content to submit the 'Alabama'

claims to a free and unfettered arbitration. It insisted that artificial rules should be laid down for the guidance of the arbitrators, so that it should be rendered almost certain that under these rules, drawn up to suit the circumstances, England should be found liable to pay damages. The British Commissioners were startled by such an extravagant demand, and at first refused to entertain it. But subsequently, under the influence of telegrams from home, they agreed to the *ex post facto* rules. The arrangement exactly fell in with the views of the British Government. It might, perhaps, have shrunk from calling on Parliament to pay heavy damages voluntarily, in a matter where our culpability had never been acknowledged. But in its mania for trucking to the United States, it joyfully acceded to an agreement by which the defence of the country before a tribunal of arbitration would be embarrassed by artificial difficulties, and rendered unlikely to succeed. In an age when the use of strong language was more prevalent than at present, it would probably have been asserted that a country thus treated by its Government had been betrayed.

The treaty signed by Lord Ashburton in 1842, as we have already said, was described in the political controversies of its day as a capitulation. Surely the circumstances we have recalled in reference to the recent treaty, are enough to show that this treaty was no less a capitulation. In all our diplomacy with the United States, we seem to have been destined to capitulate in the end.

The three rules under which the treaty consents that the liability of Great Britain shall be decided are awkwardly drawn up, but their general significance is that a neutral Government is bound 'to use due diligence' to prevent the complete or partial preparation within its jurisdiction, of any vessels destined for hostile employment against any power with which it is at peace. Also to deny belligerents the use of its ports or waters, 'for the purpose of the renewal or augmentation of military supplies or arms, or the recruitment of men.' Under these rules, and on the assumption that their infringement renders a neutral liable to pay damages, we should undoubtedly have been liable to pay damages to the Confederate States, if they had achieved their independence; for men were recruited for the service of the Federal armies at Queenstown (see Lord Russell's despatches to Mr. Adams), and the United States made constant use of our ports and waters for obtaining 'renewals and augmentations' of military supplies and arms. But it is worth while to observe that under these rules, if reasonable allowance is

made for the occasional failure, even of 'due diligence' in enforcing the law, there is good ground for believing that the British Government would be able to defend itself before a tribunal of arbitration in respect of any claim for damages brought by the United States. Even in reference to the simplest of the direct claims advanced by that power, it will be found difficult, after an examination of the facts, to understand how a fair tribunal could decide that our conduct towards the successful belligerent during the American Civil War was such as to render us justly amenable to penalties. The anxieties of the present moment have a good deal overshadowed the incidents which have been supposed to connect this country with the proceedings of the Southern cruisers, but if only for the sake of correctly appreciating the spirit in which the new claim for consequential damages has been advanced, we should keep in view the fundamental arguments on which that superstructure has been raised.

The British Case supplies us with an able narrative of these incidents. Beside the American Case our own pleadings may appear weak to a hasty reader. They contain none of that exaggeration, forensic ingenuity, and misleading rhetoric by which the American Case is distinguished. This last may be compared to the speech of the counsel for the plaintiff in a breach of promise trial; the British Case, to the explanation which a cool statesman, conscious of being in the right, might give in Parliament in justification of some measure that had been unreasonably attacked. The British Case, however, is strong and satisfactory, even when taken as a defence against the fiery indictment of the Americans.

We have not space for a close analysis of the unfair reasoning—the simulation and dissimulation—of the American Case. But the long chapters relating to 'the unfriendly course pursued by Great Britain,' 'the duties which Great Britain as a neutral should have observed towards the United States,' and the acts 'wherein Great Britain failed to perform its duties as a neutral,' which are especially disfigured by these characteristics, are the less deserving of close criticism as being improperly conceived in principle. The friendliness or unfriendliness of Great Britain, her performance of neutral duties other than those connected with the Southern cruisers, are matters with which the Geneva tribunal cannot properly concern itself. In discussing them at unreasonable length, the authors of the American case violate the spirit of the Washington treaty. In the British Case general questions are only discussed so far as may be absolutely necessary in explaining

the policy pursued by Great Britain towards the cruisers. And the general principles thus laid down in the British Case concerning neutral duties as they affect the claims under arbitration, though not so concisely expressed as they might be, are nevertheless so well conceived that we are induced to quote them :—

'1. It is the duty of a neutral Government in all matters relating to the war to act impartially towards the belligerent powers, to concede to one what it concedes to the other; to refuse to one what it refuses to the other.

'2. This duty, inasmuch as it flows directly from the conception of neutrality, attends the relation of neutrality wherever it exists, and is not affected by considerations arising from the political relation which before the war the belligerents may have sustained to one another.

'3. Maritime war being carried on by hostilities on the high seas, and through the instrumentality (ordinarily) of vessels commissioned by public authority, a neutral power is bound to recognise, in matters relating to the war commissions issued by each belligerent, and captures made by each, to the same extent, and under the same conditions as it recognises commissions issued and captures made by the other.

'4. Where either belligerent is a community or body of persons not recognised by the neutral power as constituting a sovereign state, commissions issued by such belligerents are recognised as acts emanating, not, indeed, from a sovereign Government, but from a person or persons exercising *de facto*, in relation to the war, the powers of a sovereign Government.'

With this exordium the British case proceeds to record the leading facts of the great Southern struggle for independence. When the American Case deals with history, much circumlocution is employed to keep up the theory that from first to last the people of the Confederacy were 'insurgents;' that the war throughout was an 'insurrection;' that the members of the Southern Government were 'persons calling themselves' by this or that official title. In the British Case, on the other hand, transactions are described by their right names. The historical narrative, for instance, opens with the statement :—'In the year 1861 a civil war broke out in the United States.' It is astonishing how different an aspect is at once imparted to the policy of Great Britain by the use in this manner of honest phraseology in describing events, from that which it is made to wear when examined under the false light thrown upon it by the distorted language of the American writers.

As soon as the war began, the Southern leaders, finding their own ports blockaded by a naval force with which they were quite unable to cope, sought abroad for the means

of creating a navy. The identity of their own language with ours, and commercial ties, naturally attracted their agents to this country. The American firm of Fraser, Trenholm, and Co., was established at Liverpool. The American Case makes it a subject of bitter complaint against us that the firm was to all intents and purposes a branch of 'the insurgent treasury.' The complaint is childish. Could the British Government have hunted out, banished, or imprisoned private merchants trading within its territory because they did business with people with whom the United States were at war! The truth is, that the arrangements made by the Confederates for supplying money in England for any purposes connected with their interests during the war would have gone far to excuse the British Government, if it had been much less successful than on the whole it was, in guarding its neutrality. For after all, in spite of the exertions the Confederates made to circumvent our neutrality, and in spite of the weak ineffective character of the old Foreign Enlistment Act, which was the only weapon the British Government could employ against them, the only vessel which so far escaped the vigilance of this Government as to leave a British port prepared to become a Southern cruiser without going into a Southern port, and without undergoing seizure and trial, was the 'Alabama' herself. The American Case says :—

'The cruisers for whose acts the United States ask this tribunal to hold Great Britain responsible are (stating them in the order in which their cruises began), the "Sumter," the "Nashville," the "Florida," and her tenders; the "Clarence," the "Tacony," and the "Archer;" the "Alabama," and her tender the "Tuscaloosa," the "Retribution," the "Georgia," the "Tallahassee," the "Chickamauga," and the "Shenandoah."'

Some of these vessels are now heard of for the first time as the subject of claims against the British Government; and the British Case, dealing only with those vessels in reference to which claims had been advanced during the 'Alabama' correspondence, does not contain a complete account of all the ships now named. But it does contain a complete account of the four principal cruisers, and the history of the others may be gathered sufficiently for our present purpose from the American Case itself. First, let us notice the more important vessels. 'Of the four vessels in respect of which alone,' says the British Case, 'the United States have up to this time made claims against Great Britain,' two, the 'Georgia' and the 'Shenandoah,' were built as mer-

chant ships. The 'Shenandoah' was actually employed as a merchant ship, and bought abroad for the Confederate Government. The 'Georgia,' was built at Dumbarton, was cleared for a port in the West Indies, and though she was at once taken to French waters and there equipped for war, so well was the secret of her intended character kept, that the United States agents in this country could obtain no evidence against her till too late for use. The first communication made by Mr. Adams to Lord Russell on the subject of this vessel was made six days after she sailed. How can it be argued, therefore, that the British Government is responsible for her depredations, on the ground that it was guilty of negligence in letting her escape? In the case of the 'Florida,' that vessel after leaving this country was seized in the dominions of the Queen abroad, and was brought to trial, but at this time she was not a man-of-war at all. She was released by the court because no proof was forthcoming that she was even intended to become a man-of-war. The American Case describes her trial as a farce; but whether the prosecution was or was not conducted, by the Colonial authorities engaged, in a lukewarm spirit, at all events the ship entered a Confederate port, and there for the first time was fitted out for war.

The vessels made the subject of claims now for the first time were mostly blockade runners, or vessels which were unequivocally fitted out in Confederate ports, and in reference to which the theory that England is responsible for these depredations rests wholly on the hospitality they are alleged to have received in British ports. In reference to this hospitality, the charge of the United States is met by the reply that in the exercise of a strict neutrality we treated Southern and Northern vessels exactly alike. That, of course, is our offence in the estimation of the American people. We ought to have shown hospitality to the Federal ships alone, and to have assisted them in capturing Southern cruisers as pirates. But such theories, although unhappily they cannot be overlooked, and cannot therefore be described as beneath notice, are certainly beneath serious attention.

The general deduction, therefore, from a survey of the facts relating to the cruisers is this.—The only offence committed by Great Britain was that in one solitary instance during four years she failed in guarding her neutrality. Just before the 'Alabama' slipped unexpectedly away, Mr. Adams, who up to that time had merely been enabled to submit vague rumours and unsubstantial evidence against her, did certainly forward to

the British Government evidence which, when examined by the law officers, was found to be sufficient to justify her detention. But the legal opinion came just a day too late. The ship had flown. In many other cases the British Government acted with great promptitude, and almost with illegal zeal for the benefit of the United States. The British Case shows:—

'That, besides the "Florida" and the "Alabama," many other ships were believed and asserted by Mr. Adams to be fitted out in British ports, for the purpose of carrying on war against the United States, and were made the subject of representations to Her Majesty's Government.

'That in every case, without exception, the allegations of Mr. Adams were promptly and carefully investigated; that in the greater number of cases Mr. Adams proved to be mistaken, the suspected ships being merely merchant ships, built and fitted out with a view to a special employment, and not for war; that in all cases as to which reasonable evidence could be obtained, the suspected vessels were seized, and proceedings instituted for the condemnation of them; that four were thus seized—the "Alexandra," the two rams, and the "Canton," or "Pampero"—and were prevented from being used for belligerent purposes, and one of them (the "Alexandra") having been seized in England and restored by the verdict of a jury, was afterwards seized again in a British colony.'

In fact, whatever may have been the sympathies of private individuals in this country during the war, it is certain that the British Government pushed to the verge of partizanship with the North, its determination to prevent the South from making use, for war-like operations, of the maritime resources of Great Britain. And yet because in one instance its vigilance broke down, because one vessel out of a great number that the Southern Government was struggling to obtain got away in spite of us, the American Government is not ashamed to importune us for damages, and to come before the world claiming that we ought equitably to reimburse it for the expenses of a large part of the war! The old story is repeated. The more we yield to America the more is expected of us. By constantly courting that power, we encourage it in behaving towards us with an arrogance which grows more and more difficult to endure. Each concession on our part provokes a fresh demand, and every sacrifice we make has the effect of augmenting instead of diminishing the sum total of sacrifice claimed at our hands.

The penalty we incur for having yielded to the United States Government, so far as to have consented that the original 'Alabama' claims should be referred to arbitration, is

that we are now called upon to meet fresh claims which may amount to some hundreds of millions sterling. Much discussion has been devoted to the question whether the indirect claims now advanced were understood by the American Commissioners at the time the treaty was signed to be included in that instrument. We need not travel over this discussion, nor follow those writers who have busied themselves, in the interests of peace, in trying to show to the United States honourable paths along which they might retreat from their present untenable position. Efforts have been made in this way to prove that the treaty itself was the 'amicable settlement' mentioned in one of the protocols as calculated, if it could be arranged, to bar all further prosecution of the indirect claims. But in this matter we must adopt the American view. It is evident that the American Commissioners, when they spoke of an amicable settlement, contemplated an arrangement by which Great Britain should, without even taking her case to arbitration, have accepted the worst consequences that an arbitration could have inflicted upon her. With what intention the American Commissioners made this proposal it is difficult to understand. It assumed either that Great Britain had previously for years been dishonestly refusing the American people compensation which it knew to be their due, or that it had finally sunk so low that it might be induced through fear to submit to a claim it knew to be unjust. Certainly it would appear that American statesmen do not refrain from making proposals to this country from any dread of rousing its indignation, if the policy suggested be ignominious. But it would be waste of time to discuss at length the intentions which actuated the American negotiators during the conferences at Washington. The American Case formally calls upon the arbitrators to declare that this country ought equitably to reimburse the United States for the expenses entailed upon them by the prolongation of the war after the battle of Gettysburg. Whatever was intended by the negotiators of the treaty, the intention of the authors of the Case—that is to say, of the American Government—is perfectly clear. It is to obtain, if possible, a decision, that we are equitably bound to pay the consequential damages; and if any sane Englishman imagines, that having obtained such a decision, the American Government would be content to leave it a dead letter without adding up the claims and producing a definite sum total in dollars, he must certainly have studied American policy, if at all, to very purpose. The theory that the indirect

claims mean nothing, that they are really introduced for the sake of their moral effect, is almost unworthy of examination. If it were sound, we should be none the less enabled to object to devices for producing a moral effect on the minds of the arbitrators, by means of pleadings irrelevant to the question at issue, but the argument is altogether delusive. If the arbitrators admitted what the American Case asks them to admit, that we ought in equity to pay certain charges not yet estimated, they could not, in the discharge of their appointed functions, do otherwise than proceed to assess those charges, or refer them for assessment to another tribunal.

The claim for the indirect damages lies before us; and this country will deserve the worst consequences that can befall it if it consents to any course of action which is based upon the belief that the claim can be in any way ignored. In making that claim the American Government has clearly overstepped the rights conferred upon it by the treaty. Whether Mr. Gladstone is justified in declaring that the treaty is not ambiguous, or whether its clumsily constructed sentences are ambiguous, one thing is certain, even Mr. Gladstone's Government, in advising the Queen to ratify the treaty, was incapable of intending to submit to arbitration the question whether Great Britain ought to pay half the cost of the American war. Starting from this indisputable position, we venture to say it is absurd to contend that a great nation can be entrapped by adroit diplomatists into signing away, without intending to do so, sums that would involve national disgrace. The reference of the indirect claims is not sanctioned under the treaty, because this country never consciously consented to any such reference, and because treaties cannot be applied to purposes of unforeseen extortion like acceptances in the hands of a money lender. They are nothing if they are not the record of a mutual agreement between the states in whose names they are signed.

On the part of the United States it is contended that the court of arbitration at Geneva is the proper tribunal to determine whether the indirect claims are admissible under the treaty. But to refute this view it is only necessary to apply the principle on which it is based to an imaginary case. Suppose the American Government had gone to the Geneva tribunal declaring that the only compensation it would really accept would be the deposition of the Queen, and the entrance of this country into the American Union as a new state. Any person of sane mind will see, not only that such a

claim would be inadmissible under the treaty, but that we could not possibly allow the tribunal to arbitrate concerning its admissibility. Under no circumstances could we consent to stand the risk of an arbitration, however slight, in a matter of so much importance. There is but one theory that can explain in a rational manner the nature and functions of a court of arbitration. Two disputants narrow their differences by negotiation to a specific issue, or a series of specific issues. They agree to refer those issues—those, not any others—to a third party. The jurisdiction thus conferred on the third party is essentially a jurisdiction *ad hoc*. The arbitrators have no more authority to determine a new dispute arising subsequently to their appointment—whether it concerns the limits of their jurisdiction or a wholly independent matter—than to determine any old dispute standing apart from those they were appointed to consider. Their authority was only called into existence by mutual agreement; it can only continue in existence by mutual agreement. To conceive an effectual decision by arbitrators we must begin by conceiving two suitors ready to receive that decision; pledged to one another, agreeing with one another, that in reference to the matter before the arbitrators they would abide by that decision.

As we write negotiations are in progress, the character of which is concealed from us, and the issue of which it is impossible to foresee. All that we know of them is that they have begun badly. When at last the Government was roused by the press and the country from a lethargy which it has yet to explain, and when it grew aware that something had to be done in consequence of the unfair manœuvre that the United States had attempted, Lord Granville, on the 3rd of February, sent a despatch to General Schenck, which was described in the Queen's Speech as a 'friendly communication,' and the contents of which were understood to be as nearly colourless as the circumstances would allow. Timid to the verge of servility at a time when honour and policy would have alike dictated some boldness and precision of tone, the Government seems to have done nothing more than feebly suggest that the United States was asking too much in asking us to give the arbitrators at Geneva power to treat us as a conquered nation. As a matter of course the United States Government maintained the position it had already assumed. Lord Granville's despatch practically encouraged that Government to persevere in the course on which it had entered. We do not say that he could easily have persuaded it to draw back. The

lessons of fifty years are not to be unlearned in a day. We have displayed towards the United States such miserable weakness and servility in the past, that now—or whenever we may ultimately be compelled to change our tone with them, as sooner or later it is inevitable that we must—we may have to face some disagreeable contingencies before convincing them that we are in earnest. But very ordinary sagacity should have shown the Government that indecisive remonstrances, however sweetened with sugary phrases, were absurdly out of place when we had to deal with such an extraordinary aggression as that attempted by the American Government. The course before us was to say plainly that, in signing the Washington treaty, we meant to concede the most liberal terms we could agree to, compatibly with the maintenance of our own honour, but that we never contemplated the discussion before arbitrators, nor imagined that the American Government contemplated advancing demands of so extravagant a nature as those they have put forward. Those demands, we should have explained, constituted so serious an infringement of the understanding embodied in the treaty, that we could only regard the proceedings before the arbitrators as suspended until the American Government might choose to conform to the stipulations therein laid down. An explanation of this kind would have required no reply of an argumentative character. We should have known at once whether to regard the arbitration as still pending, or the treaty of Washington as null and void by reason of the irremediable infringement of its provisions by America.*

What, on the other hand, is the painful position in which we are placed by the feeble and inadequate diplomacy of the Government? We are drifting on, in spite of

* The advice which Lord Westbury gave to the Government upon this point in the debate in the House of Lords on March 22nd is so excellent that it deserves to be recorded here:—'What I beg the Government to do is to take a firm stand upon the truth of what was understood on both sides at the time, and not to be beguiled into a question concerning the construction of a treaty, for it is idle to discuss the construction of a document which you contend does not contain your real sentiments, and does not tally with the belief and understanding which you were induced by the other side to entertain. Insist that no question as to the construction of the treaty on this matter shall go to the arbitrators; for there is something superior to language—the question what was intended by us, and what was represented to us to be intended by them. Have that point raised and decided before you begin quibbling as to the interpretation of the language.'

Lord Derby's warnings, from one concession to another. Our attitude, which at this moment should have been bold, honourable, and intelligible, is equivocal and all but ignominious. Sooner or later, at a less favourable opportunity than that which we have allowed to let slip, we must speak out courageously, or submit to concessions that will earn for us the contempt of the civilized world. The momentary success of the Government in persuading credulous admirers that the danger by which we were menaced is passing away, is due merely to a policy of procrastination that has temporarily averted an evil day. Deaf to the warnings of the past, the Cabinet seems still to cling to the belief that our difficulties with the United States can yet be surmounted by

means of a policy of conciliation ; and indeed whether it is still possible that ultimate measures of common sense, involving the abandonment of this foolish and feeble policy, may avert the dangers by which we are at present encompassed, is a question to which, without knowing as yet how far the Government has already committed us, we should shrink from giving a reply. But taking a broad view of the relations that have subsisted between this country and the United States for the last fifty years, we must confess that politicians, who still look hopefully to a future depending on the continued influence of conciliation in our further negotiations with that Power, display a confidence which no experience will teach, and which borders on downright folly.

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- ART. I.—1. *Liber Eliensis*. Vol I. Ed. D. J. Stewart. London, 1848.
2. *Saint Cuthbert; with an account of the state in which his remains were found upon the opening of his tomb in Durham Cathedral, in the year 1827*. By James Raine, M.A. Durham, 1828.
3. *Chronica Jocelini de Brakelonda* (Camden Society). 1840.
4. *Historical Memorials of Canterbury*. By A. P. Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. London.

THE difference in the circumstances under which the English settlements in Britain were first made, and the first northern conquerors established themselves in Gaul, is reflected in the whole later history of each country. In Britain the earlier population was either gradually driven to the remoter corners of the island, or (to all appearance) was entirely extinguished. At any rate, no Brito-Roman influence is traceable in the polity or habits of thought of the heathen colonists. But in Gaul, and in the other southern countries to which Teutons found their way, they encountered an old Roman civilization far more perfect and widely spread than any that had existed in Britain, and which, unlike that of Britain, was still comparatively unbroken. The conquerors themselves were conquered by it. They accepted Christianity from the Romanized Bishops of the Gallic cities; and although they crossed the Rhine as heathens, they were nowhere left, as in Britain, without the spectacle of great Christian churches and services before they learnt themselves to adore what they had burned, and to burn what they had adored. One marked result of this

difference appears in the nationality of the saints chiefly revered in the two countries. The great saints of the Gallic provinces are for the most part Romans or Romanized provincials. St. Remigius of Rheims, St. Martin of Tours, and St. Hilary of Arles represented the clergy whom the Frankish conquerors found presiding over the cities of which they took possession, and from whom they received the Christian faith. In Gaul no saint of Teutonic origin ever attained equal distinction. But in England it is quite different. Here the great national saints are Englishmen and Englishwomen,—St. Edmund, St. Cuthbert, St. Etheldreda. British saints, indeed, like David of Menevia, kept their hold in Wales and in Cornwall: but there the races were not mingled, and St. Alban alone, the so-called protomartyr of Britain, occupies a position at all analogous to that of the Gallic saints. Like them, he belonged to the older race, but received his greatest honours from the newcomers.

It is hardly peculiar to England, but is perhaps a necessary result of the social conditions under which Christianity was embraced by the northern races, that the greater number of persons revered as saints in this country before the Norman Conquest were of royal or of noble birth. The origin of St. Cuthbert is doubtful; but so impressed were the early hagiologists with the belief that a 'regia origo' was a fitting accompaniment of saintship, that a descent from certain Irish kings was duly discovered for him.* This descent is at least as doubtful

* An inscription placed by Prior Wessington under an image of St. Cuthbert in Durham Cathedral described him as 'natione Hibernicus,'

as that of St. Rumold, the patron of Mechlin, —son, according to his legend, of a king of Scotland; on which account the Archbishops of Mechlin still quarter the lion of Scotland with the arms assigned to their see.* Welsh genealogists went still farther; and, whilst they asserted the royal descent of St. David and St. Cadoc, they traced them back, on the female side, to a sister or a cousin of the Blessed Virgin.† Much strong tribal and local feeling was thus necessarily mixed with the reverence paid to the religious character. Each English kingdom possessed its own saints, more honoured in their own district than in other parts of the country, and the greater part of them little recognized beyond the sea. It was this intensely national character of the English saints which caused Lanfranc, after the Conquest, to question their claims to the honours they had up to that time received.‡ In his hesitation there is something of the hardness and perhaps of the political spirit of a conqueror; but nothing indicates more clearly the strong English feeling with which the Church of our forefathers was penetrated. Nor did this national feeling by any means cease with the Conquest. The Confessor at Westminster and Bishop Wulfstan at Worcester were both received by popular consent into the company of saints long before the eleventh century had expired, and long before their final canonization. We cannot follow M. Thierry in regarding St. Thomas of Canterbury as the representative of the English people in struggle with an 'alien' king; but it is sufficiently clear that after his martyrdom he was looked upon as a true Englishman. The last saint recognised in this country before the Reformation was St. Thomas Cantilupe of Hereford,—a member of that noble family which, after Normans and English had become fused into one people, assisted in the struggle against another foreign domination, and in the person of William Cantilupe, Bishop of Worcester, blessed the host of the Barons before they rose in arms to fight at Lewes and

Evesham. And the English feeling which recognised the national spirit of the Cantilupes, led also to the honouring as saints of such great leaders as Simon of Montfort and Earl Thomas of Lancaster; in the first instance not perhaps altogether unworthily, in the second with more questionable right. But both 'fought for England' and for the English people. Saintly honours and the ascription of miracles at his tomb were the greatest distinction that could be paid to any man after death; and in those ages popular love and regret took that form almost naturally. It will be well, however, before entering farther on our subject to pass in somewhat rapid review the great shrines of England as they existed toward the middle of the fifteenth century, when their number had long been completed, and before the signs of the coming religious change had become too marked to be disregarded. The fashion of pilgrimages was then perhaps at its height, and the English shrines, throughout the country, stood untouched and unrivalled in their magnificence and stores of wealth.

We will suppose that a pilgrim bound to visit '*sanctorum Anglicanæ religionis reliquias et loca venerabilia*'—like that Armenian archbishop who in the year 1228 was entertained in the hospitable Abbey of St. Alban's, and there edified the monks with the history of the Wandering Jew*—has landed at Bristol, a port from which pilgrims frequently sailed for Compostella, and which may well have been a place of arrival for strangers whose errands were of similar nature. Such a pilgrim would find the country south of Bristol Channel—Somersetshire, Devon, and Cornwall—without any shrine, of the first importance; though he would of course turn southward to visit the green hills of Glastonbury, a 'station' regarded as of great sanctity, though rather from the accumulation of supposed relics than from the reputation of any one great tomb. No English church claimed more unhesitatingly the possession of so many and so great relics, and none with so little reason. Yet Glastonbury had her authentic tombs, which an Englishman, at least, might well venerate—setting aside the remains of the legendary Arthur and his queen Guinevere, which after their 'invention,' in the reign of Richard I., found their final resting-place in a sepulchre before the high altar.† On the north side of the

regis parentibus ortus.'—Raine's 'St. Cuthbert,' p. 15, note. But Bede knew nothing of this descent.

* Or at any rate did so until very lately. The shield of Scotland is to be seen quartered with the arms of many archbishops, on their tombs in the cathedral.

† Lives of the Cambro-British Saints (Welsh MSS. Society), pp. 378–402. The biographers of St. Patrick constructed a genealogy, in which they traced his descent from Brutus of Troy, 'a quo sunt Britanni nominati.'—Todd's 'St. Patrick,' p. 353.

‡ Eadmer, 'Vita Anselmi,' quoted by Freeman, Norm. Conquest, vol. iv. p. 442. Lanfranc consulted Anselm, who removed his prejudices.

* Matt. Paris, ad ann. 1228, p. 296 (ed. Wat.).

† Leland saw the tomb there. The bones of King Arthur, of gigantic size, were shown to Edward I. and his queen in 1276. The skulls of Arthur and Guinevere were kept outside the tomb, 'for the devotion of the people.'

British king reposed the actual remains of Edmund the Elder—the ‘magnificent;’ on the south, those of his namesake and descendant, the noble Edmund Ironside; and behind the presbytery, in a separate chapel, lay Edgar the ‘peaceful’—sainted, if never canonized.* Before his tomb the pilgrim might kneel; but his special devotion at Glastonbury would be claimed by St. Joseph of Arimathea, St. Dunstan, St. Gildas, St. Patrick, and others, whose relics seem to have been displayed in their several chapels. There are few sites in England more remarkable or more interesting than Glastonbury—the ‘Isle of Avalon,’ which was the common sanctuary of Briton and of Englishman, and which alone among the older British churches (without the border of what is now Wales) survived the storm of the English Conquest. But Glastonbury was for a considerable period within the limits of ‘West Wales;’ and it was the long continuance of this British kingdom—the powerful kingdom of Damnonia—which not only gave to Glastonbury her peculiar character, but materially affected the whole of the western peninsula. We may thus account for the absence of any great English shrine in that district. Exeter possessed none. Crediton, the first seat of the bishopric, was without a shrine—although the deep religious fervour of the earlier English settlers is in none more conspicuous than in St. Boniface, the ‘Apostle of Germany,’ born at Crediton late in the seventh century. But all this country was for some centuries a sort of border land from which the Britons were gradually driven westward; and as we advance farther west we find that such saints as were chiefly if not exclusively revered were of British origin, more or less connected with Wales and Armorica. In the church of the Benedictines at Tavistock, which stood near the limit finally assigned by Athelstan to the Britons, stood the splendid shrine of St. Rumon, a Cornish bishop of whom nothing but the name is known, whose relics were obtained for the abbey by Ordulf the giant, son of the founder, Earl Ordgar. Tavistock was an English foundation, and her Cornish tutelary saint (the abbey was dedicated in the names of St. Rumon and of the Blessed Virgin) affords a curious proof of the mixture of races in this district. In Cornwall itself, although the Augustinians of Bodmin possessed the shrine of St. Petroc, and although the names of saints are numerous, there was but one place of pilgrimage of great importance

—St. Michael’s Mount—visited in honour of the Archangel, who is said to have appeared to certain hermits on the crags—

‘the great vision of the Guarded Mount’

of Lycidas. The Cornish St. Michael’s became a cell to the great Abbey of St. Michael ‘in periculo maris,’ on the opposite coast of Normandy. The devotion paid here to the Archangel is not less distinctly of British character than if the saint of the Mount had been St. David or St. Teilo. Ninety-four churches and chapels, the ‘Llan-fihangels’ so frequently met with, are dedicated in his honour in different parts of Wales.*

Returning to Bristol and crossing the mouth of the Severn, the pilgrim, journeying along the ancient ‘Via Julia,’ would find his way to St. David’s, long regarded as the most sacred spot in Wales, and still almost unrivalled in its attraction for the antiquary and the lover of untrammelled nature. No British coast is grander, and nowhere else are noble architecture and a wild rocky landscape brought into such close relationship—each heightening the other’s interest. In the great cathedral, ‘Ty Ddewi,’ the ‘house of David,’ as it was called, rested the shrine of the patron of Wales—the saint who, besides his labours in his own country, helped to regulate the Irish Church of the sixth century, and who influenced, more perhaps than is generally suspected, the lives and teaching of the missionaries who found their way from Iona to the ‘regions of the Picts,’ and to the kingdoms of English Northumbria.† Difficult of access and remotely placed, it was not perhaps without reason that the old verse pronounced two pilgrimages to St. David’s equal in merit to one made to Rome—

‘Meneviam pete bis, Romam adire si vis,—

Æqua merces tibi redditur hic et ibi.

Roma semel quantum dat bis Menevia tantum.’

The shrine was visited and revered by the Conqueror, by Henry II., and by Edward

* Rees’ ‘Essay on the Welsh Saints,’ p. 40. There are in Wales 143 churches dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and 53 to St. David. These, with the Archangel Michael, are the Saints chiefly honoured.

† All these missionaries belonged to what is called the ‘second order’ of Irish saints (see Todd’s ‘St. Patrick,’ p. 88, *note*). They ‘do not appear to have had any connection with Armagh, or the institutions of St. Patrick’ (ib. p. 95); but had received a Mass or Liturgy from St. David. The lives of nearly all these Irish saints bring them to Menevia, where they join the ‘familia’ of St. David.—Todd’s ‘St. Patrick,’ p. 100; Haddan and Stubbs, ‘Councils and Eccles. Documents,’ i. pp. 115, 116.

* Willis’s ‘Architectural History of Glastonbury Abbey,’ p. 38.

I.; and it was while resting here, before embarking for Ireland, that Henry II. is said to have learnt from a Welsh bard the position of King Arthur's tomb at Glastonbury—thus leading to the famous 'invention' of his remains.

The list of true Welsh saints is somewhat long, but not one attained the celebrity or the distinction of St. David—the only Welsh or Cornish saint whose name appears in the calendars of the Western Church. Leaving Wales, therefore, and turning northward from Bristol, our first resting-place is Gloucester, where the Benedictines guarded in their magnificent church the tomb of Edward II.—beyond all doubt no saintly shrine, and only recommended as a place of pilgrimage by the 'divinity that doth hedge a king,' and by the circumstances of the unhappy Edward's death. It is in fact a curious and unusual example of the homage which, as has before been mentioned, was paid at certain 'political' shrines. Edward II. had few merits, and an overpowering weight of demerits. But after the erection of his superb tomb by his young son Edward III. pilgrims flocked to it in such numbers that, as it was asserted, the oblations made at it within fifty years would have sufficed to build the whole church anew. It was thought that offerings at the king's tomb availed to turn aside the Divine anger from the nation. No similar offerings were ever made at the tomb of King John in the choir of Worcester. 'No man cried God bless him.' In the hour of his death at Newark (October 16, 1216) he 'commended his body and soul to St. Wulfstan,' the last great English saint who had been canonized (by Innocent III. in 1203), and before whose tomb the king had more than once knelt in such devotion as was possible with him. The shrines of St. Wulfstan and St. Oswald stood one on either side of the high altar. In front and between them was the tomb of King John—a position which, it was asserted, fulfilled a prophecy of Merlin, 'et inter sanctos collocabitur.' St. Wulfstan, 'vir magnæ pietatis et columbinæ simplicitatis,' in the words of William of Malmesbury, was Bishop of Worcester before, during, and after the Norman Conquest. It is of him that the story is told, how, when called upon by Lanfranc to resign his see and to deliver up his pastoral staff, he refused to do so unless to the Confessor, from whom he had received it. He laid it accordingly on the Confessor's tomb, which opened and enclosed it. No one could withdraw it but Wulfstan himself,* who was of course permitted

to retain his see. St. Oswald, an earlier Bishop of Worcester, was the friend and (in his support of the monks against the regular clergy) the coadjutor of Dunstan. He was the founder of the monastery and the builder of the first great church at Worcester.

At Worcester we are in the old province of the Hwiccas, a portion of the great Mercian kingdom. From this place, still keeping within the Mercian limits, the pilgrim might turn southwest to Hereford. There, in the beautiful transept of the cathedral, stood the shrine of St. Thomas of Cantilupe, at the translation of whose relics Edward II. was present in 1286, although the saint himself was not formally canonized until 1320. St. Thomas, Bishop of Hereford between the years 1275 and 1282, was, as has already been said, the last Englishman recognized as a saint before the Reformation.* He was Provincial Grand Master of the Templars in England; and armed figures of Templars, treading on dragons, muzzled swine, and various monsters, fill the niches which surround the pedestal of his shrine, still remaining at Hereford. 'Superstition,' says Fuller, 'is always fondest of the youngest saint . . . and no fewer than four hundred and twenty-five miracles are registered, reported to have been wrought at the tomb' of St. Thomas of Cantilupe. Hereford possessed an older shrine—that of St. Ethelbert, King of East Anglia, who was murdered about the year 792 in a neighbouring palace of the Mercian kings. But the reputation of this shrine was altogether eclipsed by that of the 'youngest saint.'

Returning to Worcester, the pilgrim would find his way to the very heart of England—to Lichfield of the triple spires—the most ancient episcopal see of Mercia. There in the retrochoir, behind the high altar, rose the great shrine of St. Chad—'Ceadda'—bishop of the Mercians between 669 and 672, for which period he ruled 'gloriosissime' the vast diocese, then conterminous with the Mercian kingdom. The story of his death at Lichfield, and of the company of angels who cheered him in his cell with their celestial harmony, is told at length by

is first told by Ailred of Rievaulx, writing in the next century. A very interesting account of the 'Life and Times of St. Wulfstan,' by the Dean of Chichester, will be found in the twentieth volume of the 'Archæological Journal.'

* The last recognized as a saint, but not the last formally canonized. This was St. Edmund of Sarum, who died in 1099, and was not canonized until 1456, although he had always been regarded as a saint in his own diocese.

* Matt. Paris, p. 228 (ed. Wats.). This story

Bede.* Cavaliers delighted to tell the later story of the siege,—

‘ when fanatic Brooke
The fair cathedral spoiled and took;
Though, thanks to heaven and good Saint
Chad,
A guerdon meet the spoiler had.’

The siege began on St. Chad’s festival (March 2), and on the second day Lord Brooke was shot dead from the tower of the cathedral.

Through a portion of what is now the ‘black country,’ but was then a fair, green land,

‘With shadowy forests and with champains
riched,’

the traveller of the fifteenth century might proceed to Chester, there to kneel before the tomb of St. Werburgh. Werburgh was the daughter of Wulfere, King of Mercia, and, by her mother, was a descendant of Anna, King of the East Anglians, all of whose daughters were sainted. She died in the seventh century; and in 875, when the Northmen were ravaging Mercia, her relics were brought to Chester, where they remained undisturbed, and where the ealdorman Æthelred and his wife Æthelflæd, the ‘Lady of Mercia,’ afterwards built a church to receive them. Werburgh became the great patroness of the City:—

‘In the Abbay of Chestre she is shryned ryche-
ly,
Pryores and lady of that holy place.

* * * * *
Protectryce of the cytee she is and ever was,
Called specyall prymate and pryncypall pre-
sydent,
There rulyng under our lorde omnytpotent.†

The remarkable well of St. Winifred, some distance west of Chester, attracted numerous pilgrims, and still, in ‘bathing hours,’ affords a very curious scene; but there is no shadow of ancient authority for the very existence of the saint, and her whole story seems to have come into existence in the early part of the twelfth century.‡

Turning north from Chester we enter a wide region, unmarked by the possession of a single shrine of importance; it may almost be said that it contained no place of pilgrim-

age whatever. Again we must look to the earlier history of the country for an explanation. Much of this north-western land, lying west of the hill-ranges known as the ‘backbone of England,’ was included within the British kingdoms of Strathclyde and Cumbria long after the regions east and south of it had been thoroughly Anglicized. The British boundaries varied at different times. Cumbria maintained for a considerable period a close connexion with Wales; but the whole life of the kingdom was stormy and obscure, and it produced no British clergy of learning or religion such as Wales, during the same period, recognized as saints. The see of Carlisle was not founded until after the Norman Conquest, and the cathedral possessed no shrine. Beyond the Solway there were two great places of pilgrimage within the Strathclyde kingdom—Whith-erpe, the ‘Candida Casa’ of Bede, where St. Ninian, in the fifth century, had founded, in a position not unlike that of St. David’s, close to the rocky coast of Galloway, a church in which his shrine was long revered by the kings of Scotland; and Glasgow, where was the tomb of St. Kentigern, better known as ‘St. Mungo,’ the founder of the cathedral. Kentigern, who belongs to the sixth century, was made by the genealogists a nephew of King Arthur, like St. David of Wales. He seems to have been an active missionary throughout Strathclyde and Cumbria, and eight churches in Cumberland are named in his honour. These were the only shrines of importance between the Solway and Forth, which ‘bridles the wild Highlandman,’ and beyond which we meet with numerous saints whose names indicate their Gaelic origin. The tomb of St. Margaret, queen of Malcolm III., at Dunfermline, is the single shrine which connects Scotland with the great company of English saints revered south of the Tweed.

Crossing from Carlisle along the line of the Roman wall, the pilgrim might visit Hexham, more from respect for the site where St. Wilfrid had raised his church and St. John of Beverley had long dwelt, than for the sake of any actual relics there, but would press eagerly onward to the ‘holy land of St. Cuthbert,’—

‘Where his cathedral huge and vast
Looks down upon the Wear.’

Here, as he approached the city from the north, and beheld, suddenly outstretched before him, that unrivalled scene—the castle, with the banner of the Prince-bishop floating from its keep, the church and conventual buildings rising sheer from the face of the river-cliff, and towering above masses

* Hist. Eccles., i. iv. c. 3.

† ‘Holy Life and History of St. Werburgh,’ by John Bradshaw, Monk of Chester; printed by Pynson in 1521, and reprinted by the Chetham Society.

‡ See Haddan and Stubbs, ‘Councils,’ vol. i. p. 161 (note ‘a’); and Rees, ‘Welsh Saints,’ p. 297.

of greenwood that line the broad, winding stream, he would kneel with no ordinary feeling before the cross of 'Montjoie,' as the spot was called from which pilgrims caught the first view of the shrine to which they were bound.* This was the great shrine of all the north. In the splendour and dignity of the church which protected it, in the richness and singularity of the offerings which hung round it, it was exceeded by no other in the kingdom, with the exception, possibly, of that of St. Thomas at Canterbury. But, in the north, Durham was without a rival. York herself, always jealous of the 'bishoprick,' could set forth in her stately minster no shrine at all comparable in attraction or importance to that of St. Cuthbert. And besides the 'incorrupt body' of the great patron, the pilgrim might reverence, before their altar in the beautiful Galilee, the relics of the Venerable Bede—acquired for the church of Durham by one of those 'pious thefts' of which we shall presently have more to say. Within St. Cuthbert's shrine was deposited the head of St. Oswald, Christian king of Northumbria, who fell in battle with the heathen Penda of Mercia in the year 642. His head, fixed on a stake, was raised on the battle-field by Penda. It was afterwards removed and brought to Lindisfarne,† and it accompanied the coffin of St. Cuthbert in its many wanderings.

From Durham the pilgrim would advance southward to York. The metropolitan church of the north was, indeed, as Æneas Sylvius described it, 'toto orbe memorandum;' but St. Paulinus, its founder, was revered far away at Rochester; and its chief shrine was that of St. William, Archbishop of York, who died in 1154. The head of the saint was kept by itself in a reliquary of silver, gilt, and covered with jewels. It was the greatest treasure of the cathedral; and when Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., rested at York on her way into Scotland, she knelt and kissed it with great devotion. St. William, it is said, was poisoned in the chalice—a fact or a calumny to which reference is made in one of the hymns for his office:—

'Toxicatur a prophanis
Ille potus, ille panis,
Per quem perit toxicum.
Ambo præsul amplexatur,
Et per unum moriatur
Et vivat per reliquum.' †

* Ducange, s. v.

† Bede, 'H. E.,' l. iii. c. 12.

‡ From a hymn printed by Canon Raine in his 'Lives of the Archbishops of York.'

Before the canonization of St. William by Pope Nicholas III. York had felt greatly the want of an important shrine. Wealth was flowing daily into the coffers of St. Cuthbert, whilst little or none came to her; and within her own immediate jurisdiction she saw crowds of pilgrims turn aside to lay their offerings before St. Wilfrid at Ripon and St. John at Beverley. As Canterbury contested the possession of St. Dunstan with Glastonbury, so she insisted that the true body of St. Wilfrid was deposited with her, and not at Ripon. Relics called his, however, were certainly honoured in the latter church, and Wilfrid was, no doubt, interred at Ripon, the place which he had loved beyond all others in his lifetime. Pilgrims to Ripon visited the remarkable crypt, which is the most perfect existing relic of the first age of Christianity in Northern England, and which contains the opening known as 'St. Wilfrid's needle.' Curious ceremonies were connected with it, not, as we shall presently see, unlike others in use at some Continental shrines.

Ripon, York, and Beverley were the three centres of early Christianity in Northumbria. Beverley derived her importance from the foundation of a monastery by St. John, Bishop of Hexham, and afterwards of York, who died there in 721. A superb minster arose over his tomb, and 'li bons Johans . . . celui ki gist à Beverli,' canonized in 1037, attained a reputation only exceeded in the north by that of St. Cuthbert. Sir Walter, indeed, has linked his name with that of a greater saint than Cuthbert:—

'Come ye from the east, or come ye from the west,
Or bring relics from over the sea;
Or come ye from the shrine of Saint James the Divine
Or Saint John of Beverley?''*

The victory of Agincourt (October 25, 1415) was gained on the day of his translation, and Henry V., with his queen, afterwards made a pilgrimage to the shrine.†

The great Cistercian churches of Yorkshire possessed no shrine—unless we must except the tomb of St. Ailred at Rievaulx. The monks of Fountains tried hard to ob-

* Sir Walter Scott, 'The Grey Brother.'

† The day (Oct. 25) was also the festival of SS. Crispin and Crispinian:—

'This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered.'
(K. Hen. V., act iv. sc. 3.)

On the day of the battle a holy oil flowed 'like drops of sweat' from the shrine at Beverley.

tain the body of St. Robert, a hermit, who died about 1218, in a cell which he had constructed on the Nid, near Knaresborough.* But St. Robert was buried in the chapel attached to his cell, which, since the middle of the last century, has received numerous pilgrims of a very different description from those who anciently frequented it. St. Robert's cell is the cave in which Eugene Aram hid the body of Clark; and had he known of the existence of the saint's coffin, hewn in the rock—which has been discovered of late years—he might have used it for the effectual concealment of his guilt. This was, probably, a very local place of pilgrimage, and there was no great shrine to delay the traveller until he reached Lincoln. Here he would kneel before the shrine of St. Hugh, in that most graceful and beautiful church which the saint had helped to construct with his own hands. Hugh of Burgundy, Bishop of Lincoln from 1186 to 1200, was canonized by Honorius III., twenty years after his death. No saint in the English calendar received more earnest reverence, and none more entirely deserved it. St. Hugh was one of the noblest bishops of his century. Simple, fearless, indefatigable in his vast diocese, he, although a foreigner, by the sheer excellence of his life, and his zeal for all men's rights, was one of those who assisted in welding into one nation the conquerors and the conquered of England. A crowd of archbishops and bishops—'populus abbatum, turba priorum'—assembled at his burial, and the kings of England and of Scotland, who had met by appointment at Lincoln, assisted in carrying his bier into the cathedral.†

The Benedictine monasteries of the Fens, of far more ancient foundation than the Cistercian houses, possessed numerous relics, and were all frequented by pilgrims. The pride of Crowland was the tomb of Waltheof, beheaded for his share in the 'brideale' of Norwich. Thorney possessed the shrines of St. Benedict Biscop and St. Botolph. At Ramsey was that of St. Felix, the first bishop and the true 'apostle' of East Anglia. There, too, was the shrine of the fabulous St. Ivo.‡ Before the great gateway of 'Peterborough the Proud' pilgrims, of what-

ever rank, put off their shoes, and then passing through the court and into the church they knelt at the altar of St. Peter, and in certain cases received the same full absolution they would have merited by a journey to Rome. But the queen of all this group of ancient monasteries was Ely. The shrine of St. Etheldreda, supported by those of her sister abbesses Sexburga and Ermenilda, was one of the most important and frequented in England. The isle had been hallowed since the latter part of the seventh century, when Etheldreda settled there; and the cathedral, completed by Alan of Walsingham's matchless octagon, indicates, by its magnificence and its varied architecture, the flow of wealth which century after century set steadily towards Ely. This part of England was, indeed, under especial saintly patronage. The halidom of St. Etheldreda marched for some distance with that of St. Edmund, whose shrine at Bury was famous as the greatest resort of pilgrims in East Anglia. 'The sun hath not shone,' writes Leland, 'on a pleasanter position;' nor, it may be added, on a vaster and more stately monastery. The great church, which in size perhaps equalled Ely, has disappeared almost entirely; but it is still possible to mark the site of the high altar, before which, and in the presence of the shrine, Archbishop Langton received (Nov. 20th, 1215) the pledges of the barons in arms for the demand of the Great Charter. St. Edmund, King of East Anglia, was defeated and killed by the Northmen in 870, in the course of that terrible irruption, during which they plundered all the chief monasteries of Northern and Eastern England and murdered their inmates. Little is known of him that can be regarded as at all authentic. His legend asserts that he was taken by the heathen invaders near Hoxne, on the Waveney. They bound him to a tree and made him a mark for their arrows till his body resembled a hedgehog—'velut asper hericius, aut spinis hirtus carduus.*' His head was then stricken off and flung into a wood, where it could not be found until his followers, searching for it, and led by a cry of 'Here! here! here!' came on it at length, carefully guarded between the paws of a wolf, who gave up his treasure, and then retreated 'with doleful mourning.' Head and body were afterwards brought to Bury. A huge and very ancient oak-tree in Oakley Park, in the parish of Hoxne, was long pointed out by tradition as that to which St. Edmund was bound. It fell

* St. Robert was the son of a certain Tok Fluore, who had been twice mayor of York, in the latter part of the twelfth century. He has had three biographers. For all that is known of him see Walbran's 'Memorials of Fountains,' i. 166 (Surtees Society).

† The 'Magna Vita' of St. Hugh (Master of the Rolls' series) and a very interesting 'Metrical Life' have been published, with admirable introductions by Mr. Dimock.

‡ The story of his 'invention' is told *infra*.

* Abbo, Abbot of Fleury, 'Vita S. Edmundi,' printed in Surian.

in 1849; and it is somewhat remarkable that, when the tree was broken up, an arrow-head was found in the heart of it. The severed head of the King, the head guarded by a wolf, and the crown with two arrows in saltire—emblems of the martyrdom of St. Edmund—are constantly found in glass, painting, and sculpture throughout Norfolk and Suffolk.

From the land of St. Edmund the pilgrim might turn northward, first to Norwich, where the cathedral displayed a single shrine of no great importance—that of St. William the Less, a boy who, like the lesser St. Hugh of Lincoln (who should have been mentioned before), was said to have been killed by the Jews; and then to a place of far greater fame—to Walsingham, where was the most renowned image of the Virgin in all England. She is the '*Virgo parathalassia*' of Erasmus, who, in his colloquy, '*Peregrinatio Religionis ergo*,' has given a curious account of the shrine and of the ignorance of its guardians. The shrine and the Priory of Augustinian Canons at Walsingham dated from the twelfth century. The chapel in which the miraculous image stood was, it is said, 'in all respects like unto the Santa Casa of Nazareth and of Loretto.*' Roger Ascham, after visiting Cologne in 1550, declared that the Three Kings were not so rich as the Lady of Walsingham before the Dissolution. Remote as the place was, it attracted a vast crowd of pilgrims, who, on their way to or from it, might visit many of the lesser shrines and relics in which Norfolk was especially rich: the arm of St. Philip, at Castle Acre; the rood of Bromholm, a relic from the Imperial Chapel at Constantinople, held to contain a portion of the true cross; the head of St. John the Baptist, at Trimmingham; the tomb of St. Walstan, patron of 'all mowers and scythe-followers,' at Bawburgh, near Norwich; or the 'good sword of Winfarthing,' a mysterious relic, possessing many virtues, and consulted like a modern white witch, 'for the discovery of things that were lost.†' Many such places of pilgrimage existed in the eastern counties; but no great shrine would attract the traveller

until, on his way to London, he beheld the long ridge of St. Alban's Church stretching across the low rising ground above the stream of the Ver. Here was the shrine of the so-called protomartyr of Britain. The great Benedictine abbey, founded by Offa of Mercia in 793, was famous for its wealth, its hospitality, and for its long-continued school of Monastic historians. Lying as it did on the main northern highway, it was frequently the resting-place of kings and princes, and many important events have been connected with it. We may still recognize the '*insita species venustatis*' which Bede admired on the hill of St. Alban; and, in spite of some uncertainty, we must continue to believe that the saint here revered was an actual personage, martyred during the persecution under Diocletian.* The authenticity of the relics displayed here is a different question.

At last the pilgrim reached London. In St. Paul's Cathedral, within the City, he would kneel before the shrine of St. Erkenwald, Bishop of London in the seventh century, whose festival was honoured by the presence of all the clergy of the diocese, wearing their richest copes. But St. Erkenwald could not rival the great shrine of the Confessor at Westminster. The relics of the patron saint of England—the chief patron until, after the Synod of Oxford, in 1220, the martlets of St. Edward gave place to the red cross of

'St. George the bright, our Lady's Knight'—

reposed beneath the stateliest roof in the kingdom, and were surrounded by the noblest associations. The Confessor has lately been drawn at full length by more than one 'eminent hand.' Whatever may have been the failings of the 'baleless king of blithe mood,' there can be no doubt that the strongest English feeling dictated his popular canonization before William landed at Hastings, and long before it was formally decreed by Alexander III. in 1161. The church in which he was first buried, and which he had himself built, has passed away; but the glories of the existing church of Westminster are due entirely to the fame of the Confessor, and to the reverence paid to him by the third Henry.

* The supposed resemblance of this chapel to the Santa Casa must have been an afterthought, since the famous house at Loretto was not heard of until 1291, and the Walsingham Chapel was in existence long before.

† Becon, in his '*Reliques of Rome*,' asserts that he had 'many times heard, when a child,' that the sword had belonged to a thief, who took sanctuary in the churchyard and afterwards escaped, leaving this relic behind him. Can it have been shown as the sword of St. Gestas, the good thief crucified with our Lord? Chapels were occasionally dedicated to him.

* The evidence for the existence and martyrdom of St. Alban has been carefully collected by Messrs. Haddan and Stubbs, '*Councils*,' vol. i. p. 5. 'All that seems certain is, that within 125 years after the (Diocletian) persecution a belief existed at Verulamium that a martyr named Albanus lay buried near that town.'—*Ibid.* The authorities followed by Bede are Gildas and certain '*Acta*,' otherwise unknown.

The shrine of St. Frideswide, in her church at Oxford, might be visited from London; and, like the company immortalized by Chaucer, the pilgrim would proceed—it may be from the ‘Tabard,’ in Southwark—over the hills and through the green woods of Kent,

‘The holy blissful martyr for to seek’

in his resting-place behind the high altar of Canterbury. Of all English shrines this was the best known on the Continent. ‘Cantorbrière, la cité vaillante,’ took her place with Compostella and Cologne. No stranger, of whatever rank, who landed at Dover, neglected to kneel before the body of St. Thomas. The jewels which hung round it were the offerings of kings and princes, and were some of them, singly, rich enough

‘To ransom great kings from captivity.’

And besides the great shrine, pilgrims who visited Canterbury paid their devotions before the tomb of St. Anselm, and before the supposed relics of St. Alfege—the archbishop murdered by the Danes—and of St. Dunstan. St. Augustine’s also, the church and monastery without the gate, would be visited; and on their way to Canterbury they might reverence, at Charing, the block on which the Baptist was beheaded, said to have been brought to England by Richard the Lion-heart. Rochester was a more important resting-place. The Cathedral of Western Kent contained the shrines of its primitive bishops, St. Paulinus and St. Ithamar—the latter the first native bishop of the English Church; besides a tomb more eagerly sought by Canterbury pilgrims, that of St. William of Rochester. He is said to have been a Scottish baker of Perth, who was in the habit of giving every tenth loaf to the poor, and who undertook a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, intending to visit the Canterbury shrine on his way. But on the Watling Street, near Chatham, he fell in with thieves, always on the watch for wealthy pilgrims, and his murdered body was brought to Rochester, where it was solemnly interred. St. William was duly canonized in 1256.

There was a certain connection between the great saint of Canterbury and Sir Richard of Chichester, bishop of that see in the middle of the thirteenth century. St. Richard was a Dominican, and was the only saint of that Order in England; but he was also, in Fuller’s words, ‘a stout Becketist,’ and the two saints are sometimes represented together.* Beyond Chichester, the next

‘station’ of the pilgrim would be Winchester, a ‘locus venerabilis,’ if there were one in England, yet not marked by any greatly frequented or very important shrine. On a raised platform behind the high altar stood forth the shrines of St. Birinus, converter of Cynegils, the first Christian king of Wessex; of St. Swithun, the Bishop, buried at first, by his own desire, outside the church, ‘where passers-by might tread on his grave, and where rain from the eaves might fall on it,’* but afterwards translated; and of St. Athelwold, builder of the cathedral which was replaced by the Norman structure of Bishop Walkelin. But to the shrines of these sainted bishops was due but a small portion of the glory which rested on Winchester. Old English memories were crowded round her. The remains of many kings lay in the cathedral, including those of Cnut, whose golden crown rested on the head of the great image of the Saviour in front of the altar. In the ‘new minster’ was interred the best and most perfect of all English rulers—Alfred the Great; and the long succession of princely prelates who, in later ages, filled the see, and have left enduring memorials of their splendour and magnificence, maintained and increased the renown of the ancient capital. Salisbury, a cathedral of much more recent foundation, possessed no canonized saint until as late as the year 1456, when St. Osmund was so honoured by Pope Calixtus III., the first of the Borgias. But Osmund had long been revered as a saint in his own church. He was the first Norman bishop of the see, and the compiler of the famous Ordinal ‘for the use of Sarum.’ He died in 1099, and was buried in the old cathedral; but on the removal from Old Sarum to Salisbury his remains were conveyed to the new site.

We have thus completed the circuit of the chief shrines. The strong national character on which we have already insisted is sufficiently evident. By far the greater number of English saints belong to the period before the Norman Conquest, and for the most part to those early days when Christianity was in active combat with heathenism. The

paintings (of Perpendicular date) on the tomb of John Wootton, in Maidstone Church, Kent. At West Tarring, in Sussex, where was an ancient palace of the bishops of Chichester, are the remains of a fig orchard, said to have been planted partly by St. Richard, partly by Becket.

* W. Malmes, ‘de Gestis Pontificum,’ p. 242. It may have been this direction that gave St. Swithun his reputation as a weather saint. Tradition asserts, however, that the removal of his relics from his grave to the golden shrine prepared for them was prevented by forty days of continued rain.

* They are thus represented in the curious

first Christian teachers in each English kingdom, including St. Augustine and his followers, are in almost all cases recognised as saints; but theirs were not always the shrines which afterwards became the most important. The first Christian teachers, Augustine, Birinus, Felix, were strangers; so, though in a somewhat less degree, were Aidan and the first Northumbrian bishops. English reverence and religious feeling were not so greatly moved by them as by the primitive saints of home birth, St. Cuthbert, St. Edmund, St. Etheldreda, or St. Chad. Such shrines as these formed sacred centres in each ancient kingdom: St. Cuthbert for Northumbria, St. Edmund for East Anglia, St. Etheldreda and St. Frideswide for South-eastern Mercia, and St. Chad for the north of that kingdom. Kent, besides St. Augustine and St. Paulinus, possessed the relics of many sainted bishops; but her lesser shrines were entirely eclipsed by the glory which in later days gathered round that of St. Thomas. It is somewhat remarkable that Wessex possessed no great shrine, for we can hardly place that of St. Swithun at Winchester in the foremost rank. But in this kingdom, and especially after it became dominant, there was a marked tendency to confer saintly honours on its royal race. Edgar the 'peaceful,' Edward the 'martyr' (at Shaftesbury), and Ethelred, elder brother of Alfred (at Wimborne), were all so recognized. Athelstan was not so honoured; and we can only wonder, without being able to explain how it came to pass, that the king whose character, as has been truly said, is the most perfect in history—the great Alfred—a better king and a nobler man than the sainted Lewis of France,* was never proclaimed a saint by popular acclamation. His should have been the great shrine of Wessex; a shrine before which all Englishmen might have knelt with far deeper feeling than could ever have been inspired by that of the Confessor at Westminster. That royal saint, indeed, belongs to a period when the old divisions of England had altogether changed character, and were gradually disappearing; a change which brought about a more widespread reputation for the principal shrines. They became centres of national life rather than of that provincial life to which they first belonged; and although each district was always proudest of its own saint, it was the splendour of the entire constellation that gave to this country her ancient reputation as a land of saints—'*insula sanctorum.*'

And now, what is a shrine? The ques-

tion is not an idle one, since but scanty portions remain of any English shrine, and of nearly all those on the Continent the position and accessories have been much changed since the period of their greatest splendour. From a comparison of the greater foreign shrines, however, with the relics of our own, we are enabled to picture to ourselves with tolerable clearness the ancient appearance of such important shrines as those of the Confessor, of St. Cuthbert, or of St. Thomas.

The passion for the possession of relics, and in especial for that of the bodies of saints, had been fully developed long before the arrival of St. Augustine in this country. But all the earlier English saints, however they may have been revered during their lifetime, were buried 'in peace,' in accordance with the primitive custom of the Church, which erected her 'martyria' above the graves of those who had suffered for the faith. As the reputation of each saint increased, it became the custom to raise the body from the grave in which it had been first laid, and (if it had not already been buried within the walls) to bring it into the church; where it was placed in a tomb prepared for it above ground, generally near the altar. We have distinct evidence that this was done in the cases of St. Etheldreda and St. Cuthbert. Sixteen years after the death of Etheldreda, her sister Sexburga, raised her body—which, like that of so many other saints, is said to have been found incorrupt—and placed it in a Roman sarcophagus of white marble, found among the ruins of ancient Granchester, near Cambridge. The sarcophagus, which Bede tells us fitted the body of the virgin as though it had been made for it, was then conveyed into the church, open to the sight and to the reverence of all.* St. Cuthbert, after his death in his solitary island, was brought to Lindisfarne, and buried in a stone coffin within the church. Eleven years later the monks raised him, and placed his body '*dignæ venerationis gratiâ*' in a coffin above the pavement.† From these actual tombs the remains were in most cases again translated into costly shrines ('*scrinia*') or repositories, plated with gold and silver, and for the most part moveable, so that they could be carried in procession. The use of such shrines was common before the eleventh century, though rather perhaps for the preservation of such relics as were of lesser size. The

* Bede, '*Hist. Eccles.*' l. iv. c. 19.

† '*Et involutum novo amictu corpus, levique in theca reconditum, super pavimentum sanctuarii conposuerunt.*'—Beda, '*Vita S. Cudberti*,' cap. xlii.

* See Freeman's '*Norman Conquest*,' i. pp. 50–55.

greatest zeal for their fabrication, and for the translation of the remains of saints to the place of greatest honour in their churches, was displayed during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; and it was then that the shrine assumed its most imposing form and proportions. An English shrine of the first class—and those on the Continent differed but little—consisted of at least four distinct parts:—* (1) the stone basement; (2) the altar at the west end of it, dedicated to the saint; (3) the actual shrine or case containing the body, properly called, where it was moveable, the ‘feretrum’† (on this the greatest cost and treasure were expended, and to it were attached the jewels and most precious offerings made to the saint); (4) the cooperulum,‡ or wooden covering, often painted and much enriched, with which the ‘feretrum’ was protected on ordinary occasions, and which was suspended from the vaulted roof by ropes. The whole structure, often raised, as at Durham, on a wide platform, was thus of considerable size and height; and, placed as it usually was at the back of the high altar, it towered far above the reredos dividing the presbytery from the retro-choir, and was by far the most conspicuous object in the church.

The basement on which the ‘feretrum’ rested may be said to represent in some sort the tomb from which the relics of the saint were removed to be enshrined. In some cases the tomb itself may have been used as a basement. The basement of the Confessor’s shrine at Westminster remains almost perfect; that of St. Thomas of Cantilupe, at Hereford, is still uninjured; and the singular base of St. David’s shrine retains its ancient position in his remote cathedral. With the exception of some fragments of St. Werburga’s shrine at Chester, these were the only portions of the English shrine

known to exist, until the beginning of the present year (1872); when, during the restoration of the great Abbey church, portions of the base of the shrine of St. Alban were discovered, built up in walls which, since the reign of Edward VI., had divided the Lady Chapel from the retro-choir. The actual ‘feretra,’ with their gold and jewels, disappeared of course in the sixteenth century; and during the changes which then occurred, the ornamental stonework was almost universally destroyed. There is no trace of the basement of St. Thomas’s shrine at Canterbury, nor of that of St. Cuthbert at Durham. But they greatly resembled the existing base at Westminster. This dates from the reign of Henry III., and supported the shrine made for the Confessor’s relics on their translation in 1269. It is of Purbeck marble, enriched with glass mosaic, the work, as an inscription records, of a certain Peter, ‘civis Romanus.’ On the north and south sides are three trefoil-headed niches, the backs of which were filled in with mosaic, so as to resemble windows of stained glass. They are of some height and depth, and sick persons were sometimes allowed to remain in them all night in hope of obtaining a miraculous cure, especially of the ‘King’s evil.’* The recovered base of St. Alban’s shrine is of somewhat similar character. It is of Purbeck marble, about 9 feet long by 4 broad, and rising, in two stories, to a height of about 8 feet. The longer sides, below, were pierced with four niches, the shorter with two. The upper story was formed by rich canopied niches. Marble steps, on which the shrine was elevated, have also been found, and are much worn by the knees of pilgrims. There were open arches in the base of the Canterbury shrine; and at Durham the base, given by the Lord Neville about 1380, was ‘of fine and costly green marble, all lined and gilt with gold, having four seats or places convenient underneath the shrine, for the pilgrims or lame men sitting on their knees, to lean or rest on in the time of their devout offering.’† At

* These divisions have been pointed out by Mr. Burges, in his paper on the Shrine of the Confessor.—‘Gleanings from Westminster Abbey,’ p. 127.

† The word ‘feretrum’ is used for a carriage or conveyance of any sort. Bede (‘H. E.’, l. iv. c. 6) mentions the ‘feretrum caballarum,’—the horse car or litter—in which Eadonwald, Bishop of London, used to travel—‘quo infirmus vehi solebat.’ It gradually came to be used almost exclusively for the moveable shrine of a saint. The word is constantly confounded with ‘feretory,’ which means the place where the ‘feretrum’ was deposited.

‡ Mr. Burges uses the word ‘cooperculum’ to distinguish the covering of the shrine from a ‘coopertorium,’ or flat wooden canopy, such as appears above the tomb of Richard II. at Westminster. ‘Coopertura’ sometimes signifies the plating (‘lamina’) of the shrine.—Matt. Paris. ‘Vite S. Albani Abbatum,’ p. 1010 (ed. Wats.)

* If the illumination in the ‘Life of St. Edward,’ in the Cambridge University Library, represent (as is most probable) the shrine as it appeared after the translation in 1269, it would seem that the base was at first (though it can only have been for a very short time) different from that which now exists. In one of these drawings, engraved for Mr. Burges’s paper, there is a circular hole in the base of the shrine, through which a sick person is creeping.

† ‘Description or briefe Declaration of all y^e auncient Monuments Rites and Customs belonging to the Monasticall Church of Durham before y^e Suppression, written in 1593;’ first published in 1672.

St. David's, in front and at the back of the basement (which resembles a stone altar tomb, filling the space between two piers of the presbytery) are small foiled openings with a hollow at the back, in which offerings might be placed by the pilgrims. In all cases a close contact with the shrine—the resting of the body in one of the lower niches, or at least the placing within it of some diseased limb—was regarded as a high privilege, and, as was then believed, was frequently attended by some special favour from the saint. On the Continent, and it would seem at some places in England, a superstition far more ancient than Christianity was connected with these openings and recesses in the saint's tomb. The tomb or shrine of St. Dizier in Alsace is a hollowed monolith of the twelfth century, in form of a small cell, with a ridged roof. On either side is an arched opening, through which insane persons were made to creep, in hope of effecting a cure. A similar ceremony at the tomb of St. Menoux in Auvergne cured the headache.* The tomb of St. Arnould, near Beauvais, has circular holes in the sides, used by sick persons with the same object.† We may fairly regard as belonging to this species of 'folk lore' the passage of 'St. Wilfrid's needle' in the crypt at Ripon, which was held to be a test of continence; and the Cornish 'holed stones,' through which the sick are still made to creep, carry us back no doubt to the heathen period, though we need not insist, with Borlase, on pressing the Druids into the service.

The 'feretrum' or shrine containing the relics, which stood on this stone basement, was generally, when of great size, of wood covered with a plating of precious metal; but was sometimes entirely of gold or silver. It has been already said that the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are the periods in which these shrines attained their greatest magnificence; but they had long before called forth the choicest art of the goldsmith and enameller. The earliest are no doubt Byzantine, and are rather reliquaries than shrines. Such reliquaries were sometimes made in the form of the portion of the body they contained—a head, an arm, or a foot; but they more

generally resembled some part of a church—as a *flèche*, a *tourelle*, a portal, or a dome. In the latter form are twelve little reliquaries in the Convent of St. Paul on Mount Athos, made, it is asserted, from the gold offered to our Lord by the wise men, and containing mingled grains of frankincense and myrrh—also part of their offerings. These are said to have been the gift of Constantine the Great.* Reliquaries like these are to the greater shrines much what a chapel or chantry is to a church. Many of the most ancient shrines on the Continent were destroyed in the revolutionary fury of the last century; but some of considerable antiquity still exist, and show clearly what was the primitive type. They are almost always in the form of a church—varying in character of course with their date. Under arcades lining the sides are figures of the Apostles; at the eastern end is the Saviour; and at the west, where was the opening by which the relics were introduced, was either St. Peter with his keys, or the saint of the shrine himself. Thus the shrine, like the church in which it stood, represented the heavenly city,—St. Peter or the local saint acting as 'janitor coeli.' Many such shrines still exist in the Limousin, and have been described by M. Didron.† The metal shrine of St. Gertrude at Nivelles, dating from the end of the thirteenth century, is a precise facsimile of a church of that time, with a triple western portal, windows, and a three-aisled nave. The shrine which contained the famous relics of the Sainte Chapelle is a miniature of the chapel itself. An ivory shrine in the Musée d'Antiquités at Brussels, of the twelfth century, curiously reproduces the Romanesque Rhine church of that date, with its two small eastern and two western towers. The shrine of St. Eleutherius, in the Cathedral at Tournay, was constructed about 1247, at which time the saint was translated into the newly-built choir, where the shrine now stands. This is one of the finest of the earlier shrines existing; and its preservation through the troubles of 1566 and 1793 is little short of a miracle. It is of gold filigree, encrusted with precious stones and enamels. In the arcade round it are figures of saints and Apostles, and at the ends, those

* Didron, '*Annales Archéologiques*,' xviii. 15. —At St. Dizier, after creeping through the openings, the patients were plunged into a stream of water running through the village. In some cases, according to M. Viollet-le-Duc ('*Dict. de l'Archit. Française*,' viii. p. 36), a reliquary was fixed between the 'rétable' of the altar and the chancel wall, and the sick person was made to pass beneath it.

† A notice of this tomb, as illustrating the Confessor's Shrine, is given in '*Gleanings from Westminster Abbey*,' p. 137.

* Didron, '*Bronzes et Orfèvrerie du Moyen Age*,' Ann. Archéol. xix. Mr. Tozer ('*Highlands of Turkey*') describes a shrine of much later date in the monastery of St. Dionysius on Mount Athos, shaped like a Byzantine church, silver-gilt, with five domes of gold. The windows are enriched with a singular open-work tracery, and at the sides and ends are recesses, with portraits of saints in niello. It contains the arm of St. Niphon.

† '*Annales Archéologiques*,' t. xix.

of the Saviour and St. Eleutherius.* This great shrine is in the shape of a small church, but without tower or *fleche*; and this was the form which the largest and most important shrines finally took, and which was, as we know from descriptions, that of the great shrines at Canterbury, at Durham, and at St. Alban's—the last of which, however, rose at the angles into turrets of open work.† These shrines exceeded the earlier in richness, though hardly in artistic beauty and skill.‡

* 'Ann. Archéol.' t. xiii. The character of the figures, says M. Didron, is rather Roman of the Lower Empire than Gothic. The shrine itself is distinctly Gothic (*ogivale*). Tournay was in the Archdiocese of Rheims, and the figures on the western portal of the Cathedral at Rheims strongly resemble those of the shrine. 'Il y a là, comme à Tournai, une réminiscence, une imitation flagrante, de la sculpture romaine du bas Empire.' The figures on shrines constantly resemble, in every detail, the sculptures in contemporary churches.

† The St. Alban's shrine was in some respects very remarkable. There were, in fact, two shrines—an outer and inner—besides the 'cooperculum,' both of which were highly enriched. The two shrines stood on the base just discovered. The first, or inner shrine, was made at the time of Abbot Geoffry (1119–1146), by a monk called Anketil. It was of gold, set with gems and enamel. 'Fecit autem illud opere ductili, et elevato, et educto, imagines impulit elevari, et concavas cemento solidavit, et elegantiam totius corporis feretralis in brevis culmen ascendendo coartavit' (Matt. Paris, 'Vit. Abbat.' p. 1010). One of the stones brought from the treasury of the convent to be used was an ancient *onyx* ('sardius onicleus'); but as this stone was of great service to women in childbed, it was not inserted in the shrine, lest any of its virtue should thereby be lost. Abbot Simon (1166–1188) caused the outer shrine to be constructed, 'per manum præcellentissimi artificis Magistri Johannis aurifabri.' At the west end (which fronted the high altar) was represented the martyrdom of St. Alban and (apparently above it) the Virgin and Child. At the east was the Crucified Saviour between St. Mary and St. John. Round the shrine were subjects from the legendary life of St. Alban, '—eminentibus imaginibus de argento et auro, opere propulsato (quod vulgariter Levatura dicitur).' The shrine rose to a crest—'in crispam et artificiosam cristam consurgit.' 'In quatuor angulis turribus fenestris, tholis crystallinis cum suis mirabilibus, quadratur venusta.' In this shrine, which was of great size, Abbot Geoffry's 'theca'—'ipsius martyris theca, quæ quasi ejus conclave est, et in qua ipsius secreta ossa recondi dignoscantur'—was enclosed (M. Paris, p. 1037, ed. Wats.). The inner shrine, therefore, represented at St. Alban's the ancient coffins of wood, in which St. Edmund and St. Cuthbert reposed in their respective shrines. Probably the fact that the bodies of the latter saints were held to be incorrupt, while only the bones of St. Alban were preserved, accounts for the different treatment.

‡ To this later time belong the shrines of St. Remigius at Rheims and of St. Ferdinand at Seville; which, as Dean Stanley has pointed out, of all which now exist, are perhaps those which

We cannot estimate the value of the jewels cramped and fastened to the sides of Becket's shrine, or to that of St. Cuthbert. The treasures of the Three Kings of Cologne are said (allowance must doubtless be made for much exaggeration) to be worth six millions of francs—240,000*l*. They can have been little added to since the sixteenth century; and if Ascham was right in asserting that 'Our Lady of Walsingham' was richer, we may form some faint idea of the enormous wealth anciently displayed round the great shrines of England.

The cooperculum or covering of the shrine became necessary, not only for the protection of the precious work and jewels from occasional injury, but also as a defence against thieves; for the Northmen of the tenth century were by no means the only persons who looked with longing eyes toward the treasures of great churches and their shrines. In the year 1086 the shrine of St. David was stolen from the church, carried out of the 'dinas' or city, and there spoiled of all its gold and silver.* At a later period the head of St. Hugh of Lincoln, which was kept in a reliquary apart from the body, was stolen. The gold and jewels were stripped from the case, and the head was flung into a field, where it was watched by a faithful crow until discovered by its proper guardians.† This occurred in 1364, when, according to Knighton, there were many similar robberies of shrines and relics, and many of the thieves were taken and hanged. These were thefts on a large scale: but smaller losses were not infrequent; and one case is recorded of an apparent worshipper who, seeming to kiss the jewels on a certain shrine, managed to detach them and carry them off in her mouth. Much care, in fact, was necessary for the protection of the shrine and its treasures. One of the monks or canons of the church was always shrine-keeper, with others under him whose duty it was to watch night and day; for which purpose a 'watching chamber' was constructed near the shrine, either forming a portion of the church itself, or a wooden enclosure, sometimes much enriched. The Canterbury shrine, on extraordinary occasions, was guarded by a troop of fierce dogs;‡ and it is possible that the service of such protectors was in general use. They still (or, at least, such was very recently the case) are the chief shrine-keepers in the

most nearly resemble the final appearance of the great English shrines.

* Freeman and Jones's 'St. David's,' p. 104. The relics were either not stolen, or were recovered.

† Knighton, ap. Twysden, x. Script. 2628.

‡ Ellis, 'Orig. Letters,' Ser. III. vol. iii. p. 104.

Church of St. Anthony at Padua, exceedingly rich in works of art, though the Dalmatian dogs who protect it could not prevent the spoliation of the gold and gems of the shrine in 1797. Two of these dogs keep constant watch; and Valery tells the story of a servant of the Sografi, who, absorbed in prayer before the shrine, did not observe the closing of the church doors. The dogs placed themselves one on either side of him, and would not allow him to stir until the morning.*

In England, and very generally on the Continent, the usual position of a great shrine was at the back of the high altar, between that and the eastern end of the church.† It is probable, as has been suggested, that this part of the church was chosen as being the most sacred, and the most remote from the nave open to all worshippers.‡ It is always the position of the Lady Chapel in churches which possessed no great saint; and the fact that an eastern Lady Chapel existed at Chichester and at Hereford before the canonization of St. Richard and St. Thomas of Cantilupe accounts for the position of their shrines—the former in the south, the latter in the north, transept of their cathedrals. On the other hand, the existence of an important shrine sometimes rendered necessary an unusual position for the Lady Chapel. At Ely, the place of greatest honour had been assigned to St. Etheldreda and her sisters; and Alan of Walsingham was compelled to project his beautiful chapel from the north transept. At Durham, the Galilee at the west end of the church served as the Lady Chapel, a previous attempt to construct it at the east end having failed—‘a manifest sign,’ says the chronicler, ‘that the work was not acceptable to God, or to his servant St. Cuthbert.’§ St.

Cuthbert, it need hardly be said, sternly forbade the presence of women at his shrine, or within his church beyond a certain mark; and the western Galilee was far enough removed to allow of their entering it. The ground around every shrine was in an especial manner hallowed. At first no burial, even of the greatest personages, was permitted near it. At Durham, indeed, for some centuries, no interment was allowed within the walls of the church. Bishop William of St. Carileph, founder of the great Norman Cathedral, would not give leave for his own burial in the midst of the work which he had so nobly begun, saying that it was unmeet for any ordinary corpse to be brought into the presence of the incorrupt St. Cuthbert. It was not until the beginning of the fourteenth century that the ancient rule was broken; when the first to be buried in the cathedral, and at no great distance from the shrine, was the great prelate Anthony Bek—‘the proudest lord in Chrestientie’—Prince Bishop of Durham, Patriarch of Jerusalem, and King of the Isle of Man. Even the body of this ‘mighty clerk’ was not brought through the church, but was conveyed to its resting-place through a door on the north side of the ‘nine altars,’ where it lies. One other bishop, the learned Richard of Bury, was buried there; but no stately monument marked the grave either of him or of Anthony Bek. It was not apparently thought fit that any ordinary sepulchral magnificence should be displayed so near the shrine. At Canterbury the Black Prince was the first personage deemed worthy to rest near the shrine of St. Thomas.

In almost every case the translation of the saint to the shrine in which he finally rested was preceded by the rebuilding of the eastern portion of his church. This was frequently rendered possible by the offerings made at the saint's tomb before his translation. The translation itself was, in the more important cases, a ceremony of the utmost grandeur and solemnity. None can have surpassed that of St. Remigius in 1049, when his shrine was conveyed into the new church prepared for it in the presence of the Pope, Leo IX., who himself for a time supported it, and in that of the bishops and abbots assembled at the Council of Rheims; but it is probable that few more striking displays of magnificence have ever been witnessed in England than those which attended the translation of Becket at Canterbury in 1220, or of the Confessor in 1269. Advantage was sometimes taken of the translation to examine the saintly relics. Of such examinations we have happily two very interesting and full descriptions,—one of the body

* ‘Voyage en Italie,’ i. 412.

† The great shrine of St. Alban was at first placed above the high altar. ‘Et loco suo eminentiori, scilicet supra Majus Altare, contra frontem celebrantis, collocavit; ut in facie et in corde habeat quilibet celebrans missam supra idem Altare Martyris memoriam.’ (M. Paris, p. 1037.) The west end of the shrine, with the martyrdom sculptured on it, was in front of the celebrant. This is the position (in a sort of niche above the high altar) still occupied by the shrine of St. Rumold at Mechlin, and by some other Continental shrines. The shrine of St. Edmund at Bury seems at first to have been thus placed. But both that and St. Alban's shrine were afterwards removed, and stood alone (so that it was possible to pass quite round them) in the retro-choir.

‡ Stanley, ‘Hist. Mem.’ p. 188. The Crusades had probably much to do with the increasing reverence for the east.

§ Gaufridus de Coldingham, cap 7.—‘Ang. Sac.’ i. p. 722.

of St. Edmund at Bury in 1198, the other of that of St. Cuthbert in 1104. From them we gather much collateral information relating to the shrines.

The Chronicle of Jocelin of Brakelond, monk of Bury, from 1173 to 1202, affords without doubt the most curious existing picture of old monastic life,—with all its jealousies, its difficulties, and its gossip. We need hardly refer to the use which has been made of it by Mr. Carlyle in his 'Past and Present.' Jocelin tells us that in the year 1198 the 'glorious martyr Edmund' thought fit to alarm the convent, and to teach it the more careful keeping of his body. This had been translated by the first Norman abbot in 1095, but the coffin or inner 'theca' was not then opened. In 1198 it occupied probably the position to which it had been removed a century before. Between the shrine and the high altar was a table on which two large waxen torches were constantly burning. On the vigil of St. Etheldreda, whilst the guardians of the shrine were asleep, a part of one of these torches fell, and set fire to the table. When the monks were at last roused they found the whole shrine wrapped in flames, which they only extinguished with difficulty. Much of the woodwork of the shrine was burnt, and the silver plates which covered it scarcely hung together. Only the golden Majesty (a figure of our Lord) in front of the shrine, with the jewels set in it, remained unharmed and 'fairer after the fire.' The brethren feared at first that the 'cup of St. Edmund' had been destroyed; but although its oaken case was entirely consumed, the cup itself was found unharmed amid the rubbish.* Happily, says Jocelin, the great beam behind (ultra) the high altar had been removed to be recarved.† On this beam were placed the rood with Mary and John, a chest containing the shirt ('camisia') of St. Edmund, and many other relics—some of them suspended from the beam in small 'arks.' These of course escaped. Abbot Samson,

absent at the time, returned to the monastery in great haste and grief; and told his monks in full chapter that this calamity had happened 'for their sins,' and especially because of their 'murmurings touching meat and drink.' He gave himself fifteen golden rings ('anuli') towards replating the shrine, and proposed that the convent, for the same end, should resign their 'pittances'—or extra dishes—for one year. The convent agreed; but the sacrist afterwards discovered that 'St. Edmund could well repair his shrine without any such aid,' and the monks were accordingly spared this unusual 'mortification.'

The abbot had before the fire been preparing for the elevation and enrichment of the shrine. Marble shafts for supporting a new base were already polished, and the work was now hastened. In the mean time it was determined to remove the shrine, and to place it temporarily on the high altar. Even such a removal as this called for much solemn preparation. The abbot, on the Sunday after the feast of St. Edmund (Nov. 20), proclaimed a three days' fast; and when the monks assembled in the church that night for lauds, they found a new shrine standing on the altar, covered on the outside with white deerskins, fastened with nails of silver. The saint himself was reposing in his usual place. When lauds had been sung, the monks all received 'discipline.' Then the abbot and his attendants, clad in albs, reverently approached the 'loculus' or chest* in which the body of St. Edmund was resting, and removed from it the linen and silken wrappers with which it was covered. When the chest appeared, it was seen that an angel of gold, about a foot in length, with a sword in one hand and a banner in the other, was fastened on the outside, above the breast of the body. Over it were the words—

'Martiris ecce zoma servat Michaelis agalma;'

and below was an opening in the lid of the chest through which former guardians used to put their hands so that they might touch the holy body. The chest was then raised, borne to the altar, and enclosed in the shrine. 'I helped to support it,' says Jocelin, 'with my sinful hand, though the abbot had ordered no one to approach unless called for.'

And now came a great disappointment to the monks. They thought that the abbot would have exhibited the chest to the people, and perhaps have opened it in the

* Water from the cup of St. Edmund was held to be of great service in all diseases of cattle.—Yates, 'Hist. of Bury St. Edmunds.'

† 'Contigit etiam, volente Altissimo, tunc temporis magnam trabem quæ solebat esse ultra altare sublatam esse, ut nova sculptura repararetur.'—J. de Brakelonda, p. 79. There was a similar beam at St. Albans: 'Abbas Gulielmus . . . quasdam structuras nobilissimas circa majus altare construxit; cum quadam trabe, Historiam Sancti Albani representante, quæ totam illam artificiosam machinam [apparently the high altar with the shrine is thus indicated] supereminet. Quod quidem opus splendidissimum magister Walterus de Colecestria, non sine magno studio laborioso et labore studioso . . . perfecit.'—M. Paris, 'Vit. Abbat.' p. 1055.

* This 'loculus' was placed within the shrine, like the coffins of St. Cuthbert at Durham. At St. Alban's the loculus was really an inner shrine.—See *ante*.

sight of the convent. The abbot wished, indeed, 'to see his patron,' but he determined that the examination should be private. Accordingly choosing twelve brethren, while 'the rest of the house were asleep,' he withdrew the chest from the shrine and opened it. It was found 'filled with the holy body, so that hardly a needle could be introduced between the head or the feet and the wood.' Many wrappings of silk and linen were then removed, the last being of thin silk, 'like the veil of some holy woman;' and the body then appeared, wrapped closely in linen. The eyes and the nose, '*valde grossum et valde eminentem*,' were distinctly visible. The abbot did not venture to remove the linen—perhaps, indeed, it was impossible,—but taking between his hands the head (which was found, in accordance with the ancient legend of St. Edmund, miraculously reattached to the body), he blessed the hour in which the 'glorious martyr' had been born, and then prayed that he would forgive him who had dared to touch him—'*quod te tango, peccator et miser*.*' The body as was usually expected in such cases, appeared flexible and incorrupt. Besides the abbot and his assistants, these things, says Jocelin, were witnessed by brother John of Diss, who, with some servants of the vestry, had managed to conceal himself in the roof of the church. The chest was finally reclosed, wrapped in linen, and over that in a piece of silken brocade, which had been offered at the shrine by Archbishop Hubert Walter. It was then replaced in the shrine, of which the panels were closed. After matins the abbot assembled the monks before the high altar, and told them what had been done. 'When we heard it,' says Jocelin, 'we sang with tears' (partly caused perhaps by grief at having been excluded from the great sight), "*Te Deum laudamus*," and then hastened to ring the bells in the choir.'

Shrine, relics—even the great church of St. Edmund—have all passed away, and no opening or 'coign of vantage' remains, from which, like the adventurous brother John, we might obtain such a glimpse as would bring these things at all nearer to us. It is otherwise at Durham. There we can still see and handle not only portions of gifts made in most ancient days at the shrine, but even certain relics looked upon and used by St. Cuthbert himself. The great recorded

examination of St. Cuthbert's body was made in 1104,—when the Norman cathedral, begun by Bishop William of St. Carlisle, had been so far completed under his successor, Ralph Flambard, as to permit of the removal of St. Cuthbert's coffin to the shrine prepared for it. When the monks of Lindisfarne first raised his body from the grave, in 698, eleven years after his death, they found it, so Bede asserts, entirely incorrupt.* It had since undergone much wandering and many changes; and at the time of the removal in 1104—although the fame of no incorrupt saintly body, the '*caro carie carens*,' as the chroniclers described it, had been more widely spread—there was some doubt of its continued preservation, or indeed whether any relic of the saint still remained in his coffin. A great company of Benedictine abbots had assembled at Durham to assist in the translation; but the day before that took place certain of the monks, with Turgot, the prior, at their head, were allowed to examine the coffin and to set all doubts at rest.† They found, we are told, 'the venerable body of the blessed father' lying on its side in a perfect state, with a great number of relics in the same coffin. These, no doubt, were the head of St. Oswald and the relics of St. Aidan and other early bishops of the Northumbrians, which it is distinctly stated were placed in St. Cuthbert's coffin when that was removed from Lindisfarne. The robes in which the body was wrapped are duly described. The Abbot of Seéz was then permitted to touch the body and to show it to those great personages who were waiting its translation. It was then carried in solemn procession round the new church, in the midst of a vast kneeling crowd, and at last reached its resting-place in the choir. There was some change when the 'nine altars' was built; but the shrine thenceforward occupied the same place until the dissolution in 1542, when there is an express record that the body of St. Cuthbert was buried under the platform on which the shrine had stood.‡

* '*Invenerunt corpus totum, quasi adhuc vive-ret, integrum, et flexibilibus artuum compagibus multo dormienti, quam mortuo, similis*.'—Bede, '*Vita S. Cudberti*,' cap. xlii.

† Of the details of this translation and examination there are two narratives,—one anonymous, printed in the '*Acta Sanctorum*,' and evidently written by a contemporary; the other by Reginald of Durham, in his '*Libellus de S. Cuthberto*.' Both are given at length by Mr. Raine.—Reginald's book has been printed for the Surtees Society.

‡ The statement is made by various persons, many of whom were Romanists.—Raine's '*St. Cuthbert*,' pp. 174–180.

* '*Gloriose martir, sancte Ædmunde, benedicta sit illa hora qua natus fuisti. Gloriose martir, ne veritas michi in perdicionem audaciam meam, quod te tango peccator et miser; tu scis devocionem et intencionem meam*.'—J. de Brake-londa, p. 84.

In spite of this record, however, and in the face of many difficulties, there was, it has long been asserted, a tradition to the effect that the 'treasure beyond gold or topaz,' the incorrupt body of the saint, had been secretly removed by certain of the monks, and concealed, until better times should allow of its reappearance, in some unknown part of the church:—

'There deep in Durham's Gothic shade
His relics were in secret laid;
But none may know the place—
Save of his chosen servants three
Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,
Who share that wondrous grace.'*

The tradition was preserved among the English Benedictines; but whatever amount of belief it had obtained ought to have been dissipated in 1827, when the tomb beneath the platform of the shrine was opened and examined. This was done in the presence and under the direction of the late Mr. Raine, whose very interesting and now scarce volume, containing a full account of his discoveries, we have placed at the head of this article. In a walled grave immediately under the centre of the platform appeared first the 'new coffin' made for the relics on their interment in 1542. Within this were the remains of two other coffins; that added on the translation of 1104, and another showing, by the character and decoration of its fragments, that it was the same in which the remains had been placed at Lindisfarne in 698. Within this last coffin was found a human skeleton wrapped in robes which had once been of great richness. These robes, and many relics found among them, were carefully removed. The bones, including a skull found in the inner coffin—no doubt that assigned to St. Oswald—were reinterred in a new chest, and the grave was closed as before. There can be no reasonable doubt that these were the actual remains of St. Cuthbert. It is quite possible that the body may have been incorrupt when it was first disinterred in 698. Instances are known in which, from natural causes, human bodies have remained perfect for a considerable length of time. But it would seem that, probably long before the translation in 1104 (when only one or two persons were allowed to touch it), what passed for the incorrupt St. Cuthbert had been, in truth, a skeleton so shrouded and enveloped in robes as to give the appearance of an entire body. The cavities of the eyes in the skull of the saint had been filled with round artificial balls of a whitish colour;

indicating, perhaps, that when first the actual body showed signs of collapsing, these balls had been inserted to give the full outline beneath the face-cloth, which no one was ever allowed to raise.

The relics taken from among the robes, and now preserved in the library, comprise, among others, a cross of gold of very ancient form, and set with garnets. It may well have been worn by St. Cuthbert in his lifetime; but it is more certain that a small portable altar—a square slip of oak plated with silver—is a personal relic of the saint. Only portions of the silver plating remain; and the oak beneath is inscribed with letters the form of which shows that the altar was coeval with St. Cuthbert. It was, no doubt, used by him; and, in accordance with a custom of that age, it may have been placed on his breast at his first interment. A very beautiful stole and maniple, embroidered with figures of saints and still in wonderful preservation, were doubtless the gifts to St. Cuthbert of the 'glorious Athelstan' when he visited the shrine (then at Chester-le-Street) either in 934 or in 937.* So, too, may have been the robes in which the body was wrapped. The remaining fragments of these show that they were of Eastern, or perhaps of Sicilian, workmanship; and not (in spite of the water-fowl embroidered on them), as Mr. Raine suggests, manufactured expressly for the saint.†

We believe, therefore, that Durham possessed the actual relics of St. Cuthbert, and that these are still reposing beneath the shadow of his own church. If the tradition of the removal of the body could have lin-

* In which year this visit was made is not certain. The Chronicle of Mailros placed it in 934, when Constantine, king of Scots, 'broke the peace,' and Athelstan went against him with a great host. Simeon of Durham assigns it to the 'tenth year of Bishop Wigred,' or 937—the year of the great fight at Brunanburgh. The gifts which Athelstan then bestowed on the saint are enumerated in a charter (Cotton MSS., Claudius, D. 4; and Mon. Angl. i. 40), a translation of which is given by Mr. Raine ('St. Cuthbert,' p. 50). A stole and maniple occur among them, besides seven robes (pallia).

† Mr. Raine supposed these birds to represent the elder-duck, which frequents the Farne Islands in great numbers, and was connected in an especial manner with St. Cuthbert. They were called 'St. Cuthbert's ducks' in the days of Reginald, who asserts that the saint, during his solitary life, tamed them, made them of use to him, and sometimes wrought miracles on their behalf. A Durham 'Bursar's roll' for 1380–1, mentions that 12*d.* was paid to a painter from Newcastle for painting 'one of the birds of St. Cuthbert' for the Reredos (Raine, p. 119). In the feretrar's office were 'pillows of Cuthbert down' (Id. p. 142).

gered in the face of such discoveries, it was effectually disproved by an examination made in 1867. The tradition, it was known, asserted that the body had been buried under the stairs of the bell tower. This place was carefully explored. No remains were found; and it was evident that the ground had never been disturbed since the construction of the tower.*

The remains of St. Cuthbert and those of the Confessor alone, of all the long line of English saints, still repose in their own churches, and on the very spots where they were anciently revered by crowding pilgrims. And it may be added that there is scarcely another of the greater saints dating from before the Norman Conquest, whose asserted relics, guarded and honoured as they were, can be shown by such direct evidence to have been authentic. Of the later saints—St. Thomas of Canterbury, St. Hugh, St. William of York, St. Thomas Cantilupe of Hereford—there is, of course, no question. But an examination of the earlier histories will give us good reason for pausing before we admit that the relics displayed in many a great shrine were, in truth, what they were declared to be. The two greatest shrines of Eastern England, those of St. Etheldreda and St. Edmund, are in this respect at least doubtful.

Far more is this the case with those exhibited at St. Alban's. We have seen that there is no very good evidence to prove that such a person as St. Alban ever existed. Still the tradition, traceable apparently up to the time of Germanus and Lupus (125 years after the Diocletian persecution), must be allowed its due weight. But the question of the relics introduces us to a region altogether 'supra historicam.' Nearly five hundred years after the death of the martyr, Offa of Mercia 'fell in sweven' as he lay on his bed in the city of Bath, and was warned by an angel to raise from the earth and to enshrine the relics of St. Alban. The place at Verulamium, where they had been hidden from the fury of the English conquerors, had long been forgotten,† and Offa and his

bishops were at last guided to it by a miraculous light. They found the relics in a wooden chest, which also included relics 'of all the Apostles and divers martyrs,' placed in it by Germanus.* It was in consequence of this dream and discovery that Offa, according to the questionable authority of the Life assigned to Matthew Paris, founded the monastery on the place of St. Alban's martyrdom, and provided a rich shrine for the precious relics. They can have been neither more nor less authentic than those of St. Amphibalus, a fellow martyr whose name is due to Geoffrey of Monmouth, and who seems to have been manufactured out of the cloak—'amphibalus'—of St. Alban. His remains, together with those of nine other martyrs, were 'invented' in 1178; and when the shrine of St. Alban was brought out of the church to meet them it became so light that it seemed 'to fly rather than to be conveyed on the shoulders of its bearers,' whereas, on ordinary occasions, it was difficult even to lift it.‡

It is certainly, as Professor Willis has remarked, a suspicious fact that the rebuilding of a church—sometimes the foundation of a new one—was often accompanied by the discovery of a saint's body, or by some especial marvel wrought before the ancient shrine.‡ One of the most wonderful discoveries was that of the body of St. Ivo (the St. Ives of Huntingdonshire §), the resting-

793. Bede, writing in 781, asserts that miracles were in his day wrought in the church of St. Alban ('H. E.', i. 6). But even the locality of this church seems to have been forgotten. In 1257 a tomb was discovered at the east end of the great conventual church, which was held to be that in which St. Alban had been laid on the day of his martyrdom, and, of course, that in which his relics were found by Offa. (M. Par., p. 809.)

* Constantius ('Vita Germani,' quoted in Hadan and Stubbs, 'Councils,' p. 5) asserts that Germanus placed in the sepulchre of St. Alban 'omnium Apostolorum diversorumque martyrum reliquias.' This passage is the most direct evidence remaining to prove that such a person as St. Alban ever existed.

† Matt. Paris, p. 113. Some relics, said to be of St. Alban, are preserved in the church of S. Maria at Cologne. It is asserted that they were taken from the tomb by Germanus of Auxerre, and carried to Rome, whence they were brought to Cologne by Theophania, wife of Otto II., Emperor of Germany. But Constantius says nothing about the removal of any such relics. (See the 'Guardian' newspaper, Sept. 13 and Oct. 25, 1871.) If there was ever a real St. Alban, his remains are probably still somewhere near Verulamium. The relics contained in the shrine are said to have been removed to Rome after the dissolution.

‡ 'Archit. History of Glastonbury,' p. 24.

§ The St. Ives of Cornwall was a different

* There were, it is said, two lines of tradition, —one descending through the Benedictines; another through the Vicars Apostolic (now the Roman Catholic bishops) of the district. It was the secular (or episcopal) tradition which asserted that the body had been buried in the tower. It is hinted that the Benedictine tradition does not agree with the secular.

† 'Fuerat namque locus, et memoria martyris post adventum S. Germani . . . omnino deleta' (M. Paris, 'Vita Offæ Secundi,' p. 983). 'Locus autem sepulchri et loci distincti cognitio, penitus delebatur' (id. id.). This was about the year

place of which was revealed to a certain smith (*cuidam fabro*) soon after the monastery of Ramsey had been founded, at the end of the tenth century, by Ædnoth and Ailwin—the ealdorman whom the Ramsey monks called the ‘friend of God.’ The existence of this St. Ivo is a pure fiction; and when he revealed his own tomb in a vision, he seems also to have added that he was a Persian bishop.* So, at least, he was held to have been at ‘Ramsey the rich,’ where his supposed relics were translated by Ædnoth, and doubtless, in Fuller’s words, ‘brought much grist to the mill.’ Indeed a peculiar morality was gradually developed in the whole matter of relics. They were of so great value to the church which displayed them, and the belief in their miraculous powers had worked itself so deeply into the religion of the times, that it was held a good and pious deed to obtain possession of them in any manner—‘*si possis recte, si non, quocunque modo.*’ Thus Durham obtained the relics of the Venerable Bede by the stratagem of its monk Elfrid, who for many years visited Jarrow on the day of Bede’s death (when his remains were exhibited), apparently for the purposes of devotion, but really in hope of carrying off the relics. At last he succeeded, and Jarrow, without remedy, was left to mourn her loss.† A favourite plan was to ‘make heavy with drink’ the keepers of the shrine, so that the ‘pious robbers and faithful thieves’—as the successful foragers called themselves, the losers no doubt went more directly to the point—were able to make off with their spoil unsuspected. Thus when the body of Ædnoth, Bishop of Dorchester, killed in the battle of Assandun, was brought to Ely on its way for interment at Ramsey, the guards who protected it were made drunk, and the body, held to be that of a martyr, was secretly buried at Ely, and was afterwards raised to the dignity of a shrine.‡ The historian who reports this with approbation, also reports with far higher approval the translation or the ‘faithful theft’ of the body of St. Withburga from Dereham, in Norfolk, to Ely. Withburga, like Etheldreda of Ely, was one of the many sainted daughters of Anna, king of the East Anglians. She was

buried at East Dereham, where she had established a church and convent, and where she was venerated for many generations. At last Edgar gave Dereham to Ely, lately restored by Bishop Athelwold. Abbot Brithnoth determined to remove to the new church ‘*illud præclarissimum monile ecclesiæ*’ the body of Withburga; but he feared the men of Dereham, and proceeded with due caution. He arrived at Dereham with a body of armed followers, and invited the inhabitants to a great feast, at which he ‘filled them with wine.’ At night, when all had well drunken and were asleep, ‘God’s robber’ (*Dei prædo*), as the abbot is called, ‘ready for this holy sacrilege, this faithful theft, this supplanting of Jacob’s blessing,’ entered the church, opened the tomb, and carried off the body of Withburga. His armed men and clerks surrounded the carriage on which it was placed, rejoicing like conquerors over their prey. The men of Dereham awoke to find their treasure gone. Like the ark of God, they cried, it had been carried off by the Philistines. They roused the country with horn and clamour, and pursued in hot haste, but did not come in sight of the ‘Philistines’ until the relics of Withburga had been embarked on the Ouse at Brandon. The pursuers lined the river on either side, flinging darts and javelins at the ‘robbers.’ The abbot hardly escaped, and even the body of the saint was endangered. But, in spite of the tumult and continued attack, the abbot reached his own territory in safety. A great company of men and women poured forth from Ely to meet the new treasure; and Withburga, with the utmost joy and festivity, was placed in the church by the side of her more famous sister.*

But however obtained, and however doubtful its authenticity, the body of a saint, when once recognized, was a treasure of infinite value to the church which possessed it, and, in the case of the greater shrines, was a protection to the whole surrounding country. The saint knew how to care for and to defend his own. Reflecting the feudal and warlike character of the age, he was constantly regarded as a great baron, the head of his followers—a distinction which in some legends is given even to St. Peter and to Zebedee—a ‘mighty baron’ of Galilee, whose sons fished for pleasure and not for profit.†

person. He was a Breton, and according to the hymn for his office a ‘lawyer’:—

‘*Sanctus Ivo erat Brito,
Advocatus sed non latro,
Res miranda populo.*’

* See Haddan and Stubbs, ‘*Councils*,’ p. 31, note b.

† *Siméon Dunelm.*, cap. 42.

‡ *Liber Eliensis*, p. 189.

* ‘*Liber Eliensis*,’ pp. 164–167.

† *Freeman*, ‘*Hist. of the Norm. Conquest*,’ i. 279. In the ‘*Romance of Paris la Duchesse*’ the combatants Milès and Berengiers swear to the truth of their statements on

... ‘*la chace del baron San Martin,
Cet del baron San Gile, et del cor Saint Firmin.*’
—p. 53.

'Monseigneur St. George' and 'My Lord St. James' more than once appeared on horseback in the battle-field, like the 'twin brethren' at the Lake Regillus, fighting for the Christians against the Spanish Moors. They wore full armour, and the surcoat of St. James was covered with scallop shells—the emblems which pilgrims carried from Compostella.* So St. Edmund, when King Sweyne had demanded a heavy tribute from Bury, and threatened destruction to the church and town if it were not paid, took the defence on himself, and, just as Sweyne was beginning his march from Gainsborough, appeared to him in full harness, coming against him with a spear in his hand. 'Help,' cried Sweyne, 'fellow soldiers—Saint Edmund is coming to slay me!' And as the saint ran him through, he fell from his horse and died the same night in torments.† So, too, when Henry Earl of Essex, head of the great house of Mandeville, was fighting Robert of Montfort in wager of battle on an island in the Thames, near Reading, he beheld St. Edmund fully armed, his countenance fierce and threatening, floating in the air above the river, and attended by a certain Gilbert de Cerville, whose death Earl Henry had caused. Henry had made no gifts to the house of St. Edmund, and had even oppressed it. Hence the martyred king appeared at this moment of peril, took all strength from the earl, and caused his entire defeat.‡ King Edmund could assail his enemies with sword and lance; but other saints had their own protective weapons, which they were not slow to use. The three sainted abbesses of Ely killed with the points of their pastoral staves a servant of Picot, Norman sheriff of Cambridgeshire, who had greatly troubled the men of St. Etheldreda.§ St. Cuthbert, when the Norman soldiers were advancing toward his holy territory, spread a thick mist over the earth, so that they were unable to cross the Tees; and when afterwards the Conqueror himself, returning from Scotland, visited Durham, and insisted on ascertaining whether the saint's incorrupt body really rested there, he was seized with a violent fever on the very day appointed for the inspection, rushed from the church, and, mounting his horse, never drew bridle until he had passed the bounds of the bishoprick.||

Fulke de Breaute, one of the fiercest of King John's 'robbers,' who had plundered the town of St. Alban's and killed a man at the entrance of the church, dreamt some time afterwards that a mighty stone fell like a thunderbolt (in modum fulguris) from St. Alban's tower, and ground him to powder. His wife persuaded him to ask the saint's forgiveness, and Fulke accordingly presented himself before the chapter of monks, without his upper garments, and holding a rod in his hand. He was absolved, and kissed all the monks. But he made no restitution, and died afterwards of a poisoned fish, suffering the vengeance of the martyr.* Stories such as these, which might be multiplied almost without number, sufficiently indicate that, in those ages of storm and rapine, the dread of a saint's vengeance and the reputation of his power were of no slight assistance in protecting his halidom, and in producing that comparative peace which for the most part reigned in the neighbourhood of a great shrine. In fact with a feeling which takes us back to the days of the Nials and Gunners—when it was held that the old Northern hero rested in some mysterious half-life within the recesses of his grave mound—the shrine was regarded as the home of the Christian saint, from which he frequently emerged, and within which he was alive to the prayers and vows of his worshippers. A window in Canterbury Cathedral represents Becket issuing from his shrine in full pontificals to sing mass at a neighbouring altar. St. Edmund on one occasion was seen leaving his shrine in armour, and then returning to it with his sword drawn and bloody, as though he had smitten his ene-

gests that we may exclaim with Hubert in 'King John'—

'The king, I fear, is poisoned by a monk.'

'After this,' says Hegge, in his curious 'Legend,' 'the king had a reverend opinion of St. Cuthbert.' It is certain that the church of Durham was much benefited by the Conqueror, whose charters are still preserved in the Treasury. But the whole story is legendary. See Freeman, 'Norm. Conq.,' iv. 520.

* Matt. Paris, p. 246, and *post*, p. 238, where the story is told with some variation. 'Utinam non adhuc conterat eum lapis iste in inferno plurimum formidabilis,' adds the historian. A singular fate befell one Herbert Duket, 'possessionibus Beati Albani infestus,' who, passing one day before the high altar (and therefore in front of the shrine), was suddenly reduced to the height and size of a monkey (vix simiæ retineret quantitatem), whereas before he had been a man of lofty stature. 'Ita quod nomini ejus cognomen Duket per contrarium adjectur.' He was restored on promising to make satisfaction 'Deo et sancto Martyri.' (M. Par., 'Vit. Abbat.,' p. 1017.)

* A. de Morgan, s. s. 1225. (Luard's Ed., p. 34-5.)

† Freeman, 'Norm. Conq.,' i. 403. The story is told by Florence of Worcester.

‡ Jocelin de Brakelonda, p. 50.

§ Thomas Eliensis, ap. Wharton, 'Anglia Sacra,' i. p. 611.

|| Simon Dunelm., cap. 54. Mr. Raine sug-

mies; and St. Alban, by issuing from and returning to his shrine, testified that his relics were safe in his own church, and not in Denmark or at Ely.* Spoliation of the shrine in which the saint thus rested, although, as we have seen, not altogether unknown, became a crime, the perpetrators of which could not hope to escape unscathed. Certain monks who, obeying the wicked will of Bishop Nigel, ventured to take part of the gold and other metals from the shrine of St. Etheldreda, were, we are told, variously punished, one of them by an attack of gout—'quem medici podagra græce nuncupant.† When Cœur de Lion was a captive in Germany, and the treasures of England were gathered for his ransom, the Abbot of St. Edmund's refused to sanction any stripping of the shrine. 'The doors of the church shall be opened,' he said; 'he may enter who will—he may approach who dares.' The justiciaries would not venture. 'St. Edmund,' they declared, 'displays his anger against many who are absent and at a distance. Far more angry will he be with those who are present, and try to take his coat from him.‡

The saint was thus in a sense the head of his barony, and was represented by the bishop or abbot in whose church his shrine was erected. The followers of the feudal lord were the 'men of St. Cuthbert,' 'St. Edmund,' or 'St. Etheldreda,' and many privileges fell to their lot which could not be claimed by the men of more secular baronies. They were in an especial manner the guardians of the shrine. The men of St. Cuthbert's halidom, known as 'haliworfolc,' § resisted the 'ban' of their powerful bishop, Anthony Bek, and declared that they held their lands for the defence of St. Cuthbert's body, and were not bound to go beyond the Tyne or Tees for either king or bishop, ||—a claim which was certainly not insisted on, and which, on the border district, would have been at times full of danger. They professed to be descendants, or at least representatives, of the laymen of Lindisfarne, who, when St. Cuthbert's body was conveyed thence in 875 for fear of the Northmen, followed it through all its wanderings, and at length settled in the heart of ancient Deira. In time of war they rallied under the banner of St. Cuthbert, one of the most famous of those holy standards which belonged to, and were hung

above, every great shrine. In the earlier Christian ages, the shrine itself, or some portion of the relics, was frequently carried in the 'host' and stationed on some high ground overlooking the battle-field, where, like the uplifted arm of Moses, it might bless and influence those who fought for it. Thus the shrine of St. Wendreda was carried from Ely to the field of Assandun, where, with other relics, it was lost, and never recovered.* On special occasions, relics were carried on the person of a great leader. William, at Hastings, wore round his neck a reliquary, containing certain of the saintly remains on which Harold had sworn his famous oath.† But the greater shrines were rarely moved, and the display of the actual relics was gradually superseded by that of the consecrated banner, specially belonging to the saint, and sometimes containing some lesser memorial of him. The great prototype of such banners was the 'Vexillum Regis'—the 'standard of the King' Himself—the supposed true cross of our Lord. At once a standard and a relic, it was frequently carried to victory in the host of the Crusaders, until, at the battle of Hittin (July 4th, 1187), it was taken by Saladin; ‡ and its loss, heard with horror throughout Christendom, was one of the great incitements to the crusade in which the 'Athleta Dei,' Richard the Lion-Heart, won his brightest renown. St. Cuthbert had, doubtless, a banner from an early period; but after the battle of Neville's Cross (1346), when David King of Scots was defeated, some change was made in it. On that occasion the Prior of Durham had been warned in vision to fasten on the point of a spear 'the holy corporax cloth wherewith St. Cuthbert covered the chalice when he used to say mass,' and to display it on the Red Hills, close outside the city, and within sight of the battle-field.§ The victory was mainly attributed to this relic; and it was afterwards fastened into the centre of a banner covered with white velvet, on which was laid a cross of red. This was the 'banner of St. Cuthbert,' which was carried against Scotland by Richard II. and by Henry IV., which waved over the men of the bishoprick at Flodden, and which, after the dissolution, was 'despitefully burned in her fire' by the wife of Dean Whittingham, 'to the open

* 'Liber Eliensis,' p. 196.

† Freeman, 'Norm. Conq.' iii. p. 463, from William of Poitiers. A rib of St. Rumold was once, with the best results, fastened into the shield of a knight who was fighting for Mechlin under the walls of the city. (Sollerius, 'Vita et Mirac. S. Rumoldi').

‡ Itin. Regis Ricardi, i. l. p. 15 (ed. Stubbs).

§ 'Description of the Ancient Monuments Durham.' (Raine, p. 107).

* Matt. Paris, 'Vitæ Abbat.' p. 997. 'Ecce ego Albanus hic quiesco,' exclaimed the saint. 'Nonne me vidisti de meo feretro exire?'

† Ric. Ellen., ap. 'Anglia Sacra,' i. 638.

‡ Jocelin de Brakelonda, p. 71. 'Qui tunicam suam ei auferre voluerint.'

§ i. e. 'Holy Ward Folk.'

|| Robert de Graystones ('Ang. Sac.' i. p. 749).

contempt and disgrace of all ancient reliques.' A somewhat similar fate, no doubt, befell the great saints' banners of Yorkshire—those of St. Peter of York, of St. John of Beverley, and of St. Wilfrid of Ripon. These were of great antiquity. The banner of St. John was carried into Scotland by Athelstan, who regarded himself as under the special protection of the saint; and on his return, victorious, offered on the altar of his shrine the sword he had wielded in the great battle of Brunanburgh. The three banners gave name to the 'Battle of the Standard' (1138), in which David of Scotland was defeated. On this occasion they were suspended from a tall mast, crowned by a silver crucifix and a pyx containing the consecrated host, and raised on a four-wheeled platform, like the 'carroccio,' or carriage, which bore the standard of so many Italian cities. Round the platform—the place of which during this battle is still known as 'Standard Hill,'*—gathered the English host; and from it Walter l'Espec addressed the barons 'with a voice like a trumpet,' and Ralph, Bishop of Orkney, gave absolution to all who should fall in the coming fight. The Scots were broken and fled in disorder, and the victory was mainly attributed to the power of the saints whose banners rose in full sight of the combatants.†

In connexion with the chief shrine—sometimes in almeries ranged about the platform on which it stood, as at Durham; sometimes hung above it, as we have seen was the case at St. Edmund's; sometimes in vaulted recesses beneath or near it, as at Winchester, where the vault beneath the platform of St. Swithun's shrine is still called the 'Holy Hole'—lesser relics of various descriptions were arranged, often in reliquaries of the utmost richness.

A complete list of the relics which surrounded the Durham shrine was made by the shrine-keeper in 1883, and has been printed by Mr. Raine.‡ Among many noticeable rarities, 'griffins' eggs' frequently occur; and as the 'green cope of St. Cuthbert,' in which he was wrapped before his translation by Bishop Flambard, was ornamented with griffins, and as certain robes manufactured for Bishop Hugh de Puiset were profusely covered with them, it has been suggested that the griffin was in some special manner connected with St. Cuthbert.§

This may have been so. But the griffins' (which were, in truth, ostriches') eggs preserved in the almeries were frequently used as reliquaries, and were suspended near other shrines besides that of St. Cuthbert. They were brought by pilgrims and Crusaders from the East, and a certain mysterious character was assigned to them by Greek and Oriental Christians, from whom the use of them in Western Europe was adopted. Ostrich eggs may still be seen in some Greek churches.* They are said to symbolize at once faith and the constant attention of the Creator to the universe, according to a strange but beautiful fable that the ostrich hatches its eggs by gazing steadfastly at them: a story which Southey has used in 'Thalaba,' where Oneiza gazes at the 'chosen youth'—

... 'even with such a look as fables say.'
The mother ostrich fixes on her egg
Till that intense affection
Kindle its light of life.†

To complete the picture of a great shrine we must imagine it hung round with 'ex voto' offerings of wax or of metal, representing, according to a custom still followed in some Italian churches, either the persons themselves who had been miraculously cured, or had received some special favour from the saint;‡ or, more frequently, the arm, hand, leg, or other member restored to health, such as we see so often about the shrines of Belgium or of Brittany. In most cases such offerings and waxen figures can hardly have been attached to the actual shrine. They must have been hung on the

eggs among the Durham relics. 'In the British Museum is a horn of the Egyptian ibex, more than two feet in length, and on its silver rim is engraved in letters of the 18th century, "Gryphi unguis Divo Cuthberto Dunelmensi sacer." Casley mentions a cup (? sic) as being in the Bodleian Library, 4 feet long, with the same inscription.' (W. H. D.) Longstaffe on Bp. Pudsey's (de Puiset's) buildings at Durham, in 'Transac. of Archæit. and Archæol. Soc. of Durham and Northumberland,' 1862.

* Tozer's 'Highlands of Turkey,' i. 80. Three ostrich eggs filled with relics were among the gifts of Magnus of Sweden and his queen to the church of Wadstena, where was the shrine of the Swedish St. Brita, or Bridget.—Marryatt's 'Sweden,' i. 805.

† 'Thalaba,' bk. iii. 24.

‡ In the church of S. Maria delle Grazie, near Mantua, many such large waxen figures are hung up. They are fully dressed. Among them are Charles V., Philip II., Pope Pius II., and the Constable Bourbon. Some are 'ex votos' from persons with the Constable's army. There were formerly similar figures in the church of the Annunciade at Florence, among which a full-length of Duke Alexander was moulded by Benvenuto Cellini. They were hung from the roof.—Valery, 'Voyage en Italie,' t. i.

* Standard Hill is about three miles north of Northallerton. A farm near it is called 'Scot Pits,' from the burial trenches of the Scots who fell in the battle.

† Ailred of Rievaulx, 'De bello Standardi,' ap. Twysden, 'Decem. Scriptores.'

‡ Id. id. p. 121.

§ Two claws of a griffin were shown with the

surrounding piers, and in some instances have been suspended from the vaulting; whilst the great shrine towered in the midst, reflecting from its gilded and polished surfaces the blaze of waxen torches burning day and night around it.

The name of the local saint was always a favourite in his own district. Hence the many Cuthberts of the North, the Wilfreds of old Yorkshire houses, and the Edmunds and Audreys (the form which Ætheldrythe or Etheldreda took among the people) so common in Eastern England. The great saint of Canterbury stretched his influence more widely. It was owing to his national reputation that the name of Thomas—on which Southey has rung so many pleasant changes in 'the Doctor'—became so general, and was so variously applied. The Plantagenet Edwards were named from the royal Confessor. Henry III., who rebuilt his minster and translated his relics, gave his name to the son who succeeded on the English throne and became the greatest of his race. To the same king is due the restoration to the royal house of another saintly name, which had been borne by one at least of the worthiest heroes whose deeds are recorded in old English history. But Edmund, son of Henry III. and Eleanor of Savoy (born on St. Marcellus' day, 1245), was not named in honour either of Edmund Ironside or of the sainted King of East Anglia. His 'patron' was Edmund Rich, Archbishop of Canterbury (1234–1240), who, after a life and episcopate of great excellence, despairing of his country, then groaning under that foreign yoke which was at last lifted by the war of the Barons, fled to the Cistercian house of Pontigny (where Becket had before him taken refuge), and died there (November 16, 1240.) In 1246 this second St. Edmund was canonized by the Pope at Lyons; and his shrine, which it is said still contains his relics, occupies even now the place of honour in the church of Pontigny. Edmund (afterwards titular King of Sicily) was born and named in the year before the archbishop's canonization, but some time after his sanctity had been recognized.*

Long before the religious changes of the sixteenth century the zeal for pilgrimages had greatly lessened. The 'scent of the morning air' made itself felt in that direction, as in so many others, before the great shrines were altogether removed; so that,

for the most part, there was little strong feeling excited by the spoliation and destruction of the shrines, or by the appropriation of their vast wealth. We may well wish that, in many respects, the destruction had been less complete, and that we had followed the example of some other countries at least as eager for reform as our own. In Sweden many reliquaries are still preserved; and the silver shrine of St. Eric, the great patron of the country, occupies his ancient position on the left side of the altar in Upsala Cathedral.* But the change itself was inevitable. Whatever good had been bound up with the earlier reverence for saintly shrines had long passed away. The multitudes of so-called patrons and protectors obscured all truth; and we are reminded of the old dramatist's noble lines:—

... 'Superstition
Doth violate the deity it worships
No less than scorn doth; and believe it,
brother,
The use of things is all, and not the store.
Surfeit and fulness have killed more than
famine;
The sparrow with his little plumage flies,
While the proud peacock, overcharged with
pens,
Is fain to sweep the ground with his grown
train
And load of feathers.' †

ART. II.—1. *Histoire de la Terreur, 1792–1794, d'après des Documents Authentiques et Inédits.* Par Mortimer-Ternaux, Membre de l'Institut. Vols. I.–VII. Paris, 1869.

2. *Tableaux de la Révolution Française : publiés sur les Papiers Inédits du Département et de la Police Secrète de Paris.* Par Adolphe Schmidt, Professeur d'Histoire à l'Université de Jéna. 3 vols. Leipzig, 1867–1870.

3. *La Démagogie en 1793 à Paris ; ou Histoire, jour par jour, de l'Année 1793, accompagnée de Documents contemporains rares ou inédits, recueillis, mis en ordre, et commentés par C. A. Dauban.* Ouvrage enrichi de seize gravures, &c. Paris, 1868.

* Marryatt's 'Sweden,' ii. 153. The shrine was opened in 1699 in compliment to the Polish Ambassador, who kissed the relics one by one, and said some fine things to Olaus Rudbeck, who was present, about his 'Atlantica.'

† Ben Jonson, 'The Staple of News,' act 5, sc. the last.

* By the Pope, and apparently by Henry. But St. Edmund's enemies in England did all they could to prevent the canonization.—Matt. Paris, p. 556.

4. *Paris en 1794 et en 1795: Histoire de la Rue, du Club, de la Famine; composée d'après des Documents inédits, particulièrement les Rapports de Police et les Registres du Comité de Salut Public.* Avec une Introduction par C. A. Dauban. Ouvrage enrichi de gravures du temps et d'un fac-simile. Paris, 1869.
5. *Royal and Republican France.* By Henry Reeve, Corresponding Member of the French Institute. 2 vols. London, 1872.

FRENCH Revolution-history (it was high time!) is being re-written. Professor Von Sybel, in Germany, is bringing to completion his comprehensive survey of the history of the Revolution Era in France, and the *contre-coup* of that tremendous explosion in Europe. The valuable work of M. Mortimer-Ternaux has been interrupted by his untimely death; but where it breaks off—at the fall of the Gironde—the publications of Professor A. Schmidt, of Jena, and of M. Dauban take up the thread of the history of the Terror, and effectively contribute, each in his way, to the picture of a great capital and a civilized country, subjected to what M. Thiers has called the sombre and ragged rule of the multitude.

Professor Schmidt and M. Dauban are both literary investigators of that useful class, who make it their business to 'attend to the neglected and remember the forgotten.' The former takes precedence (at least in date, and singleness of scope) in a field of research in which both have been employing their time and pains very serviceably to future historians of the French Revolution, viz. in bringing under the light of publicity, for the first time, the reports of the police 'observateurs' (Anglicè, spies) kept in pay by the ephemeral holders of power, or at least of office, during its successive phases. Professor Schmidt's protracted labours in the reproduction of the police records of that period—which had lain undisturbed ever since the epoch at which they were penned, in their dusty official cartons in the central Archives of France, formerly entitled 'Archives of the Kingdom,' afterwards, 'Archives of the Republic,' to-day [1867] 'Archives of the Empire,' and on the morrow, we may add, of that day (1871) again 'Archives of the Republic' (who knows what new name to bear on the morrow of that morrow?)—will furnish materials of very substantial value to the future historian of the Revolution, and have already, we are told by Professor Schmidt, in the preface to his third volume, been characterized, to his lively gratification, as 'precious' by M.

Mortimer-Ternaux, 'the truly critical author of the "Histoire de la Terreur."'

The two very curious and interesting volumes published by M. Dauban, entitled respectively 'La Démagogie en 1793 à Paris, and 'Paris en 1794 et en 1795,' &c., are drawn, in like manner, from documents of the time, but of more miscellaneous character, and owe much of their entertaining quality to the somewhat indiscriminate variety of their sources. For our present purpose, we shall chiefly concern ourselves with those portions of them which, like the bulk of the contents of Professor Schmidt's volumes, consist of the secret communications which paid 'observateurs' then, as at more remote and more recent periods, were in the habit of making to their patrons and employers in office of all they could collect by poking about in all quarters of Paris, of the state of popular opinion and feeling on men and things generally, and with special reference to the question which Revolution placed most in jeopardy—the daily question of *daily bread*.

The twofold character of French Revolutionism, from its birth-hour to the present day—that which renders its movements apparently endless in their recurrence as fruitless in their results—is one which seems, at first sight, self-contradictory—combining the most outrageous contempt for law with the most implicit submission to any and every ephemeral usurping public power, that does but assume the insignia, no matter how conferred, of legal authority. But the contradiction vanishes, when it is remembered that contempt for law was for ages a royal prerogative, and submission to the delegates of the lawless power of the Crown the habit of the people. Law, for ages in France, had neither supplied the sanction nor prescribed the limits of obedience; royal functionaries had acted as the delegated depositaries of absolute power; and when these became revolutionary, they did not lose their habit of lawless absolutism, nor did the subject masses shake off theirs of servile and implicit obedience. The well-meant effort of the Constituent Assembly to decentralise and distribute public powers through every grade of official hierarchy, and every field of local action, only produced a multiplication of petty potentates, each doing what seemed good in his own eyes, and exerting himself, to the extent of his influence or impudence, to make all around him do what seemed good in his eyes likewise. Every petty municipal, newly entitled to tie a scarf on his shoulder, held himself therewith entitled to wield unlimited and irresponsible powers, so far as he

could get unscarved citizens to obey them. And this habit of French functionarism of exerting a vigour beyond the law survives down to our day.

The two years' terror of 1792-4, like the two months' terror of 1871, was the work of a set of men who themselves acknowledged that they did not represent France, and of whom it may be affirmed, with equal certainty, that they did not represent Paris.* Having seized power by surprise, they could only hope to keep it by terrorism. They had against them large—we can scarcely say decided—majorities in two successive Assemblies—first in the Legislative Assembly, afterwards in the National Convention—though the latter body was elected under the terrifying impression of the September massacres, planned and executed by the usurping insurrectionary Commune of Paris, its parliamentary or ex-parliamentary leaders in the background, and its subsidised satellites in the lowest dregs of the Paris populace.

The sovereignty of Paris, involving that of France, was usurped in a single night—that of the 9th-10th of August 1792—by a knot of conspirators, calling themselves the commissaries of the forty-eight sections, which a recent decree of the Legislative Assembly had most suicidally constituted *en permanence*, and thus rendered just so many available rallying-points for perpetual commotion. The majority of the sections on that night, as M. Mortimer-Ternaux has shown by documentary evidence, elected no commissaries at all, and the remainder, with a few ardent revolutionary exceptions, were represented by a mere fraction of their members—knots of conspirators assembling in the dead hours of night—a real electoral *coup d'état* against the constituent majority of the metropolis. The whole subsequent history of what has been called by popular French historians the ascendant period of the French Revolution is, in truth, the history of the rapid and lawless development of the lawlessly usurped power of these eighty-two commissaries of the sections—who installed themselves, in the night of the 9th

and morning of the 10th of August, 1792, in a room of the Hôtel de Ville beside that of the real Council of the Commune. In the morning of the fatal 10th of August, the legal Council of the Commune submitted to the usurped sway of these intrusive night-birds, who had nestled so near them—so far as to send a message at their dictation to the Commandant of the National Guard, Mandat, who had taken the military measures his duty demanded for defence of the avenues to the Tuileries. He received orders to withdraw the cannon he had posted on the Point Neuf and the quays, and to present himself in person before the Council of the Commune. When he came, on reiterated summons from the legal authority which he supposed still existing, he found himself placed in the sinister presence of the intrusive commissaries, and by them was speedily thrust out to be massacred by their mob outside. As soon as these night-birds (some amongst them jail-birds) had put out of hand this preliminary piece of morning work, and got all they wanted of ostensible legal authority for crippling the legal force from the complaisant municipal council in the next room, they simply walked in and took their places—which, indeed, the latter (the legal Municipals) were already vacating. The usurping Commune of Paris, thus constituted, in contempt of law—law fresh from the mint of Revolution—are 'damned to everlasting fame' as the founders and inaugurators of the unparalleled *régime* branded by history as the Terror.

What manner of men were they who thus seized into their own hands the sovereign power of a great city and a great country? 'When one runs through the list of these pretended Commissaries,' says M. Mortimer-Ternaux, 'what are the sort of names (such of them as were known at all) which meet our eyes? We find men of the worst and lowest description—"scribes of the kennel" as M. Michelet terms them, like L'huillier and Truchon, "*hommes de sac et de corde*," such as Huguenin, the ex-clerk at the barriers, and Hébert, the ex-vendor of checks at the theatre doors—lazy and good-for-nothing workmen, like Rossignol, who became a not less *lâche* and good-for-nothing general—apostate priests, like Bernard and Xavier Audoin—Simon, the shoemaker, the future torturer and murderer of the royal orphan—Cailly, Lenfant, and Duffort, the future colleagues of Marat, Panis and Sergent in the September *comité de surveillance*; the rest totally unknown either to fame or infamy.' And these were the men, who, in a night of fatal memory, held the destinies of France at their uncontrolled disposal!—who, and

* 'The Jacobins,' says Von Sybel, in his 'History of the Revolution-Time,' vol. iv. c. 5, 'could not conceal this fact from themselves. "All France is against us," said the younger Robespierre in the Jacobin Club, on the 29th September, 1792; "our sole hope lies in the citizens of Paris." "Don't trust too much to that ground of hope," Desfieux warned the same audience. "Even here in Paris, it is only too certain that we should be beaten at every election made by secret voting." [The Jacobins, indeed, were themselves so sure of this, that they violently set aside the legal mode of taking the votes, whenever they could bring their mob force to bear on the elections.]

whose successors, held those destinies at their disposal for nearly two years, through their political chiefs in the National Convention and its Committees.

Such having been the Elect of the night of the 9th of August, 1792, and such their titles to seize the whole powers of government in a great city and a great country, the question suggests itself, in reviewing so strange an episode in civilised history: What sort of anarchy must have first crept over a nation's mind, before such an anarchy could, for a time, overspread a nation's life, and stiffen, by the cement of daily bloodshed, into a terrific tyranny?

It is an eternal truth, and a truth eternally lost sight of, that connivance with evil draws subjection to evil after it. The Girondists had called the Anarchists in aid of their own ambition; and their too protracted connivance with excesses, consummated at last by regicide, struck them with the moral impotence to stem the rising tide of Anarchy against themselves. Of the rank and file of the party which finally triumphed it is said, we think truly, by M. Dauban,* 'Jacobinism is not, in its original essence, a homicidal frenzy, an insatiable thirst of blood: it is not in its nature precisely malignant (*méchante*); it is much worse—it is *bête*. The most stupid of men are precisely of all men the most dangerous, because, independently of the evil they may intend to do, they do, without intending it, the evil others in the background have an interest of their own to set them doing.' And thus, between the *bêtise* of the popular masses, and the unbridled passions and unscrupulous aims of their leaders, Mirabeau's prophetic words were verified, which must have seemed extravagant when they were uttered:—'Vous aurez des massacres—vous aurez des boucheries—vous n'aurez pas même l'exécration d'une guerre civile.'

There is not in the history of mankind a more instructive example than that which is afforded by the internecine struggle between the Gironde and the Mountain, during the first nine months of the National Convention, of the unequal chances and predestined issues of a conflict in which, while on the one hand there is a clear superiority of mental and even of physical power, there is on the other a not less clear superiority of concert and organization, albeit concert in crime, and organization of anarchy. In the three successive national legislatures of the French Revolution—the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies, and the National Convention—

the majorities might be said to be conservative—so far, at least, as sentiment and intention went—of the essential principles on which civilised society is founded. There was, indeed, a sad amount of presumptuous ignorance of the conditions of stability in a political system, foremost amongst which is that it shall not be attempted, in a country of old habits and traditions, to erect an entire polity *de novo*. There was an utter want of acquaintance with the art of conducting public business through parliamentary channels, an utter ignorance of parliamentary tactics or party discipline, a fatal want of consistent and effective leadership on the part of the men who made themselves the organs and mouthpieces of the majority, rather than of willingness to be led in the rank and file. But here was the worst consequence of the self-denying ordinance of the Constituent Assembly, re-adopted by the succeeding legislatures, which disabled the leading members of the national representative body from becoming Ministers, and therefore deprived that body of all responsible and steady guidance. In the first months of the National Convention, and under the recent impression of the anarchical outrages, of which the leading functionaries of the Commune were the agents, and the leaders of the Mountain in their own body the abettors, an energetic Minister could have carried any measures conservative of social order, which he should but have put in substantive shape and pressed as Cabinet questions. This was proved by the fact that the Conservative motions of individual members were invariably carried, but carried in no shape capable of practical execution. The Party of Order had as many heads as Hydra, but no directing head. The consequence was, that the Party of Order made "most admired disorder," and the Party of Disorder kept perfect working order in its own ranks. The bond of union was the conscious solidarity of crime, the sense of implication in guilt and danger of punishment, the instinctive feeling that nothing could ensure impunity for the past but perpetual recurrence to fresh outrages and fresh terrorism. They had on their side the insurgent Commune of Paris confronting the legal Executive; the Jacobin Club confronting the National Convention; and the lowest Parisian populace, armed and finally subsidised at forty sous a day, to overawe the real public, whose sentiments from time to time found utterance, but failed to find means and instruments of effective action.

In the Girondin Ministry, nominally reinstated in power after the 10th of August,—

* 'Paris en 1794 et en 1795,' &c. Introduction, p. xviii.

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'the attribute of *weakness*,' says M. Mortimer-

Ternaux, 'was represented by Garat, one of those men of letters, without moral stamina or consistency, who, thanks to a certain facility of pen or fluency of speech, sometimes play for a moment, at epochs of revolution, a part out of all proportion to their real importance. Whether they are poets, publicists, or orators, matters not much. In verse or prose they adore the Divinity of the day, and prostrate themselves before the rising sun. They are never at a loss to find materials in their commonplace book for dithyrambs or harangues to celebrate the triumph of the stronger party, and the proscription of their former friends and colleagues. The incense they can no longer offer to the minions of absolute monarchy they burn at the feet of the new idol, the People-King, and tune their lyres to celebrate the charms of the guillotine, just as they previously tuned them to celebrate the charms of Phillis and Chloris. Devoid of strong convictions, pliant to "pressure from without," submissive to all powers that be, which they eulogise by turns with the like *naïve* shamelessness, they are ready to embellish with all the tinsel of their eloquence the most execrable outrages, the most monstrous crimes. Such, in many respects, was the new Minister of Justice, Garat.*

When Roland at length retreated before the rising storm from the Ministry of the Interior, Garat was made use of as an unobnoxious stop-gap to fill his place. Most fatally he filled it for his friends of the Girondin party, who put him there. After their fall, under the Jacobin insurrection of the 31st of May and 2nd of June 1793 (just as the Throne had fallen under the insurrection

connived at by the Gironde on the 10th of August, 1792), Garat was still complaisant enough to remain in office as the Jacobin stop-gap, as he had previously been put in office as that of the Girondins.

The system of street police—of 'observation'—or, in plain terms, espionage of all that was said, done, or written, in the French metropolis—we scarcely need remind our readers was no invention of the revolutionary era of 1789-92. So long back as the date of the royal ordonnance of 1667, by which the police of the city and vicinity of Paris was placed in charge of the lieutenant-general of that city, there was established under his authority not only a public but a secret police, represented by a larger or smaller number of agents, euphemistically entitled 'observateurs.' The functions of these 'observers' have varied under various régimes from that day to this, but have never gone out of use, least of all under the Second Empire. Under the old régime a host of spies was employed of all ranks; and the whole life and conversation of individuals were often subjected for years to the secret inquisition of one or more of these 'observateurs,' of whom many were domestic servants. These observers were specially set to observe men of letters, priests, 'dames galantes,' 'filles publiques,' and French refugees in foreign countries. Under their supervision also were placed the 'Nouvelles à la main,' or manuscript scandalous chronicles, which were circulated in the capital, and throughout the provinces, at rates of subscription from six to nine and twelve francs monthly. Under Louis XV. the police busied itself in penetrating all the scandalous secrets of Paris life for the amusement of the jaded voluptuary on the throne. The systematic violation of the secrecy of letters was regarded as a natural right of the Government, and the discoveries made by these disgraceful methods were doubtless often turned to the purposes of private vengeance, ambitious intrigue, and arbitrary power, with its ever-ready instrument of 'lettres de cachet.' These portentous warrants—sometimes of imprisonment which might be perpetual—were signed in blank, as a matter of course, by the monarch, and left to be filled up at discretion by his ministers, or his ministers' lackeys, or those to whom his ministers, or his ministers' lackeys, might give or sell them. More than 150,000 of these documents are said to have been issued under the sign-manual of Louis XV., 14,000 even under that of the mild Louis XVI.* It need scarcely be asked in what

* Garat afterwards became a count and senator under the First Empire, having been successively Minister of Justice and Minister of the Interior under the Convention. He became, also, in his character of *bel esprit*, a member of the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*. It has been surmised that the moral and political science he had chiefly studied must have been that which had taught him to cultivate cowardice as prudence, baseness as moderation, and dissimulation as reserve. The daughter of the well-known barrister and political historian, John Adolphus, in her lively and entertaining 'Recollections' of her father, makes the following mention of Garat in his later days (about 1820):—

'A remarkable French acquaintance made by my father was Garat, who, as Minister of Justice in 1793, delivered the sentence of death to Louis XVI. He was a quiet, gentle-mannered old man. He and his daughter joined a dinner-party at our house, and were much pleased with the English, and greatly enjoyed London. It seemed like a dream to see a man who had been so prominent in the tragedy of that dreadful Revolution sitting at the table of so pure a Royalist as the author of the "Biographical Memoirs," cheerful, simple, and agreeable in his manners and conversation, and recalling to the mind no trace of former days and dreadful deeds.'

* It must be observed, in order to render the

chool the Revolutionists learned their processes of arbitrary arrest and unlimited incarceration. They bettered the instruction indeed by massacre; but that was the only addition, unless in extended scale of operation, they could well make to the processes of lawless power.

The utter destruction of all that remained of the *prestige* of royalty—of 'that divinity which doth hedge a king'—by the otherwise contemptible (but unchecked) rabble-march on the Tuileries of the 20th of June, and the not less contemptible (but unresisted) rabble-siege of the Tuileries of the 10th of August—was accompanied by an entire revolution in the police of Paris, as in the administration of France:—

'The legal municipality,' says Professor Schmidt, 'was superseded by an insurgent Commune, which arrogated to itself all power, acknowledged no authority, and assumed into its hands the government of the whole of France. The police, the proper function of which was the maintenance of public order, the prevention or repression of crime, on a sudden itself became disorderly and criminal—passed in great part from the hands of the municipality into those of the sections, and from those of the sections into those of the clubs which domineered over them. During this monstrous metamorphosis it declared the city of Paris *en masse* in a state of suspicion, performed domiciliary visits in all directions, crammed the prisons with innocent victims, suborned and perpetrated the massacres of September, openly set at defiance the Legislative Assembly as afterwards the Convention, annulled the authority, co-ordinate with its own, of the Department, and paralysed the action of the ministerial government—the power of the executive Council of the State.'

Under such circumstances, secret police communications to the nominal Executive Power could have no more efficacy for the prevention of crime, or the preservation of order, than the impotent moralisings of a Greek tragic chorus. Accordingly, Roland, as Minister of the Interior and member of the Executive Council, gave up all hopes of doing anything with the police—which had, indeed, been wrenched from his hands—and set up as a counterpoise to the anarchical omnipotence of the Commune, clubs, and sections, what he called a 'Bureau d'esprit public,' for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge throughout France on political subjects. Such an idea was amiably character-

istic of the Gironde, who never lost the illusion that murder and rapine, freed from the fear of law, could be restrained by words spoken or written. 'Madame Roland,' says Dumont, in his 'Souvenirs sur Mirabeau,' 'was too fond of writing, and incited her husband also to scribbling without end. It was the Ministry of political penmen. A single good journal would have served the Girondins better than did all the swarms of scribblers subsidised by the Minister of the Interior, under the notion of enlightening the nation and forming public opinion.'

Public opinion, indeed, in Paris, as in the provinces—(all that deserved the name)—was already pre-enlisted on the side of Public Order. The problem was, to give legal organs and legal force to it; and that problem the Girondins never fairly grappled with, or worked out.

When Garat, on the fall of Roland, suffered himself to be pitchforked into the Ministry of the Interior, he often, and with great justice, complained that the National Convention neither bestowed power, nor confidence, nor *agents* on that Ministry; that it left, in fact, all practical power in the hands of the Commune, which had the usurped attribute of arbitrary arrests, and the armed force of the sections, at its disposal. 'All these exorbitant powers,' says Garat, in his conversations with the Girondins, 'were granted against kings; and why are they left in the hands of the Commune, now that there are no kings? You leave the Executive Council, composed of your friends, powerless; and you leave the Commune, composed of your enemies, all-powerful. Make haste to organize a Government, such as shall possess force and merit confidence.'

'But why,' Professor Schmidt asks, with not less justice, 'why did Garat, on this subject, confine himself to private conversations with one or other member of the Convention of his acquaintance? Why did he not make his well-founded complaints heard in the Convention itself?' Why, we would add, had not the Ministry the power of making itself heard there, regularly? That arena was, most mischievously, left to 'independent members,' who have been described by a British Minister as 'members there is no depending on.' Had even a Minister with so little pluck and bottom as Garat possessed seat and voice as a Ministerial leader in the Convention, instead of appearing before it only when he was summoned, or only on some special and instantly-alarming emergency, is it possible he should have left to an independent member (Gensonné) to bring forward, unsupported, a motion for placing

above figures credible, first, that a *second* 'lettre de cachet' had to be issued, to liberate prisoners *embastillés* by a first; secondly, that the larger proportion of these royal mandates were not issued for imprisonment in the Bastille, but for exile from Paris.

in the hands of the Executive Council the power of calling out the armed force, which it did not possess, which the Commune did possess, and used—we all know how? Is it possible that even a Minister like Garat should not have made a Cabinet question of such a motion?—a course in which he would have, most unquestionably, been backed by a majority in the Convention. As a substitute for the only effective constitutional remedy for the situation, which would have been supplied by the presence of Ministers in the House, Garat declared his opinion (as usual, without attempting to get it acted on) that the Executive Council had better be suppressed altogether, and the Convention take into its own hands, through its Committees, the execution of the laws and the disposal of the armed forces of the metropolis. The Girondins having then the majority in the Convention, and its Committees, might have got the start of Robespierre, who established his tyranny on precisely the same basis. The Gironde left to the Mountain, as represented by Robespierre, to propose later the transfer of the whole powers of administration to the afterwards too-famous Committees, on the very substantial ground that ‘a Government was needed, of which all the parts should be in contact; and that there had hitherto existed between the Executive power and the Convention a barrier which prevented that unity of action which formed the essential force of a Government.’ From the date of that transfer, the seat of political initiative and executive action may be said to have been transferred from the anarchical absolutism of the Commune to the Terrorist absolutism of the Committee of Public Safety, wielded in effect by Robespierre.

We have seen that Revolutionary legislation had completely disabled the nominal holders of executive power in France, either for taking charge of public measures in Parliament, or for calling public force in aid of effective administrative action. They were neither in a position personally to press the passing of measures of public urgency, nor to secure the execution of such measures, even had they been passed. What was left them? A rôle unfortunately congenial to Garat’s natural disposition—that of passive observation of the unchecked progress of anarchy towards tyranny. Garat organized what he called ‘a system of observation for the departments and for Paris’—a pale reproduction of the system of secret police of Louis XV.—with the important exception of the *Cabinet Noir* at the Post-office. That department of *espionnage*, with all its persecuting and plundering opportunities, the

Commune had taken good care to keep in its own hands.

Under these circumstances, Garat gave himself the sterile satisfaction of secretly organizing a corps of ‘*Commissaires observateurs locaux du département de Paris*.’ The object was to keep the Home Minister, by daily reports, *au courant* of all that was said and done in Paris. Garat’s corps of ‘*Commissaires observateurs*’ consisted of at least seven. Amongst the reports of these observers, published by Professor Schmidt, the most original in character, and in all respects the most deserving of notice, are those of Citizen Dutard, extending only over the short period from April 30th to June 25th, 1793, a period including the last unequal struggles and final fall of the Gironde. Dutard had exercised the profession of an advocate at Bordeaux and Paris, and, it seems, had owed obligations to Garat’s family. There is much good sense and evident good faith in Dutard’s reports, and he seems to have done all that an humble friend could do to stir his patron to action. His reports afford ample confirmation to every other trustworthy contemporary authority that there was in Paris, as well as in the departments, an enormous preponderance of force, as well as of opinion, ready to array itself against the Jacobin populace-tyranny. But that force was without organization, and without leaders. Revolutionary legislation, which had let all the administrative powers of the State drop into the hands of the populace, had helped the Jacobins to both. The Jacobins, therefore, triumphed.

The worst firebrand of civil discord—the only one indeed which could have kindled anything like intestine war in France in the first years of a revolution which had thrown to the popular masses the bait of material benefits partly real, partly illusory, from the overthrow of the old order of things—was the religious firebrand lighted by the Constituent Assembly in its civil constitution of the clergy, and hurled far and wide among the millions of adherents pure and simple to the Church (who had also, including the great body of the *curés*, been adherents of the Revolution), by the savage spirit of persecution with which the first mistaken measures of the first Assembly were followed up by the second, by the revolutionised Commune of Paris, and by the National Convention. Very vivid are the impressions communicated by Dutard’s reports of the oppressive effects of the interdict attempted to be enforced by the Commune and the revolutionary committees of the sections on the popular religious fêtes and processions which

had been customary in Paris from time immemorial. The Kings of France had always figured in the procession of the Fête-Dieu (Corpus Christi day), the greatest and most popularly-honoured annual solemnity of the Catholic Church in Paris. In 1791 this religious anniversary happened to fall on the days of Louis XVI.'s ill-starred flight to Varennes. The King's place in the procession was taken by the President of the National Assembly—at that time, by a curious freak of destiny, the Marquis Alexandre de Beauharnais.

'Who could have predicted at that time,' says M. Mortimer-Ternaux, 'to that simple member of the Assembly, separated from his colleagues in the procession only by an interval of a few paces (but whom that interval designated for the day as the representative of French royalty), that, sixty years later, his grandson should be invested with the imperial purple, and with sovereign power in France for himself and his heirs [?], by virtue of a constitution, the *ninth* in succession to that which the Constituent Assembly was then engaged in completing?'

'The Fête-Dieu is at hand,' Dutord writes to Garat, on the 25th May, 1793—

'Remember, that it was at this time last year Petion, the popular idol, was pelted by the sans-culottes of Arcis for having put forth an ordonnance that people on that day should be free to work, or not to work, as they pleased. Remember that, at the same anniversary, the sans-culottes of Paris debated for some days whether they should not stone Manuel for having dared to print that they should be free to hang out tapestry from their windows or not.'

It was on that occasion Camille Desmoulins addressed to his friend the Procureur of the Commune the ironical caution—'Mind what you are about, friend Manuel! *les rois sont mûrs—le bon Dieu ne l'est pas encore!*'

The fête-day recurred, in 1793, just on the eve of the final Jacobin movement against the Gironde, begun on the 31st May, and consummated on the 2d June. The revolutionary municipals did their worst to prevent the usual processions and decorations. The Paris population generally, however, persevered, under difficulties, in honouring the day as heretofore. The processions, indeed, were shorn of all their official pride, pomp, and circumstance. The line of march was headed by no representative of the democratic supremacy of the moment. Only the priests led, and the people followed:

'The countenances of the assistants plainly spoke their feelings. There was an involuntary contrast of things as they were with things as they had been—a sense of privation by the arbitrary abolition of the most splendid

ceremony of the Church. I observed also,' adds Dutard, 'regret at the loss of the accustomed profits which this and other fêtes produced to thousands of workpeople. The people of all grades, and all ages, were silent, shamed, depressed. Some had tears in their eyes. The priests and cortège seemed well pleased with the reception given them.'

What results most clearly from the personal observations of the most intelligent of Garat's secret police, is the warning example against pushing political animosities and resentments to such a pitch as to preclude united action against worse enemies in a common cause. A trivial enough instance of this ever-recurring French foible is afforded in the following report of Dutard to Garat, 30th April, 1793:—

'Yesterday, in the Palais Egalité, a young man who, by his bearing [*par son moral*] seemed to me to be a *Brissotin* or an *aristocrat*, got into a quarrel with a Jacobin. The former had trod on the tail of the latter's dog; and for this cause a serious affair was on the point of arising between them. The Jacobin had a long sword, the aristocrat none. The latter at first put a good face on the matter, but at last turned pale and apologized.

'You will ask me how it could happen that a dozen Jacobins should have intimidated two or three hundred aristocrats. [It may be observed that Dutard's "*aristocrats*," at this epoch, like Fréron's "*jeunesse dorée*" at a later epoch, seem to include everybody with a hat and coat.] *It is because the former have a rallying-point, and the latter have none.* It is because the aristocrats are still divided amongst themselves. All alike are open-mouthed against the massacrers [*"les tueurs"*]*—some of the more reasonable wish to unite with the sound part of the Convention—but the majority resists. Their heads are still full of all the old quarrels—their tongues are still wagging against the Guadets, the Vergniauds, and so on.*

Dutard's reports supply some curious and amusing details of the sort of pressure from without which carried the too famous law of the maximum—a law which pretended to fix maximum prices for the first necessities of life. Ducois had argued in the Convention with convincing force (to instructed minds) that if you insist on fixing a maximum price for grain, you must fix it for everything else. He showed that the cause of the high prices of necessities was the excessive issue of assignats—which, being inconvertible into specie, necessarily became depreciated.* To attempt to remedy this

* Another cause of high prices of agricultural produce, since the outbreaking of the Revolution, was the considerable decrease of agricultural production, owing to the successive sweeping

by fixing the price of corn and provisions was illusory; the only real remedy was reduction of the issues of paper. But the populace of Paris, and the patriotic women and girls of Versailles, thought otherwise; they invaded the Convention with all their charms on the 2nd May, 1793, and seemed to have formed the main body of the force which carried the maximum. 'The people,' says Dutard, 'has witnessed with satisfaction the sort of victory gained by the women of Versailles yesterday; but the Jacobins, for their part, do not mean to remain content with that victory.'

'The Versailleses evacuated the hall of the Convention about six o'clock, and traversed the length of the Château [of the Tuileries] as far as the *Grande Allée*. All the groups in the garden dissolved in an instant—men, women, old, young, aristocrats, and Jacobins—it was who should run the fastest to see the Versailleses pass. I was really quite ashamed to see people *comme il faut*, of all ages, of all ranks, scampering through the mud, and jumping over the puddles which had been formed by the rain that had fallen. And all to see a hundred or so of women walk in procession with a battered drum at their head.

'On reflection I felt ashamed to let myself be left behind, and ran like the rest. A pretty Versaillese, who had observed that I had something about me that looked like gaiety, seized hold of my arm, saying—"If you are not an aristocrat, you will come along with us." The challenge was tempting; so I fell into the line of march, and accompanied them as far as the barrier. At the *Pont Tournant* [which formerly connected the Tuileries gardens with what is now the Place de la Concorde] we found the sides of the road crowded with men and women. I started the cry of *Vive la République* near a hundred times over (I play the fool pretty well when I set about it). But what was my surprise to find that the word struck a chill into all round me, and that none of these people—not even the blackguards of the street—echoed it.

'Arriving at the Champs Élysées, we passed

measures of confiscation. The state and communal management of the confiscated landed property of the Church and the emigrants was so wretched, and their cultivation so crippled, that before the end of 1792 it was estimated that a twentieth part of the land previously under cultivation lay as good as waste. Those lands which came into the possession of petty holders without skill or capital thrived accordingly. The general derangement of the whole rural economy rendered it more and more difficult to supply from home-sources the wants of Paris and the other great towns of France: and in 1793 and 1794 the frantic administration of the Terrorists (*leste* Gouverneur Morris) laid embargoes also on the American and other foreign commerce in French ports, which might to some extent have supplied the revolutionary deficiency of home production.

a public-house with an awning outside it. Under this awning about sixty persons had assembled for shelter from the rain. Of the sixty, forty at least had the air of aristocrats. At this point I amused myself by setting my sans-culottes by the ears with the *gens culottés*. These good people looked rather like dogs, when, to provoke them, you crook your fingers in guise of claws. They half grinned, but never could be got to cry "*Vive la République!*"—"Vivent les sans-culottes!"—"Vivent les gens de Versailles!"

'We halted at the barrier, all carrying branches of trees. I forgot to mention that a flag preceded us, bearing in large and legible characters the inscription—"We bring you a decree fixing the price of corn." Here we halted and fell into each other's arms promiscuously. I received a hundred compliments and invitations to come to Versailles, and for my own share kissed at least sixty citizenesses.

'I returned in company with a baker's daughter, about sixteen years of age. She talked to me all the way of nothing but the sittings of the Jacobins. "My papa goes to every sitting of the club almost, and mamma is much pleased when papa has other business, for then she goes instead. I think it very hard (*je suis très-prieée*) that I mayn't too. Things can't go on in this way very long—we will wait just a little longer—but if the *côté droit* [at that epoch Girondin] don't convert itself, it may get the worst" (*ça pourra bien aller mal pour lui*).'

Sternly menaced for sweet sixteen! And the menace was too soon verified; and thus did Versailles send its States'-girls to bully the squeezable Convention—to press on them the reluctant passing of the *Law of the Maximum*—the Law of Famine, which, if it fed nothing else, daily fed the guillotine.

Let it be owned, that the direful depreciation of the assignats furnished too fair an excuse of the popular pressure for the maximum. But the effect of decreeing maximum paper prices for the first necessities of life was simply that those selfish *accapareurs*, the farmers and graziers, withheld their supplies of corn, cattle, and forage from Paris. They uncivically declined to supply money's worth for fixed prices in worthless paper. Thence the protracted scarcity, notwithstanding the most lavish municipal and State subsidies to provision Paris. It was a state of siege, self-inflicted, without besiegers. Thence the spectacle of those long-suffering *queues* at the bakers' and butchers' shops, which Paris has seen renewed so recently under German pressure from without. Thence the hungry readiness to follow the monomaniac Marat's murdering and plundering counsels; thence, from the unsatisfied rage of hunger, the thirst for blood. The successful demagogues of the day always

made it an article of charge against their last precursors that they had conspired to starve Paris. And at every fresh *fournée* of victims, whether aristocrat or Jacobin, the Political Women always promised themselves that they should have cheap bread.

The precious regimen of *assignats*, tempered by a *maximum*, produced a state of things which drove the working class to desperation. The flight from Paris of a large proportion of the wealthier classes, who had been the most considerable employers of labour and purchasers of its products, completed their misery. Evidence on these points abounds in the secret police reports before us. A report of Dutard, 2nd May, 1793, gives the following instance:—

‘A sturdy locksmith, one of those blunt discoursers who have a good deal of dry humour, said:—I work in iron; if any one will prove to me that I can live on iron, I shall be satisfied; but as it is, if the *gros bourgeois*, if the rich proprietor, refuses me bread, I shall say to him, “B——, I don’t care a fig for your assignats—what I want is bread; I give you iron, I give you my labour, on condition you give me, not assignats, but bread.”’

Some nine months later—that is to say, in the thick of the Terror (February, 1794)—we find the following passage in a report of another police ‘observer.’ It must be admitted that these reports, in the strict sense of the word, may be termed ‘trivial’—the materials for them are picked up for the most part in the public thoroughfares—but they are not the less illustrative of the sort of life-in-death of the dismal epoch before us:—

‘A group of workpeople, amongst whom were carvers and gilders, were complaining that they had been a long time out of work. “How should we have work,” said they, “when all the rich, whether patriots or no, are clapped in prison, and the only workpeople now who can get a living are those employed by the army contractors?” “That won’t last long,” replied another; “there is a commission to inspect the cases of those who have been unjustly imprisoned; and as soon as they are released you will see they will find employment for the hands of the poor.”’

The Paris workpeople had some five months to wait—till the fall of Robespierre—for the first partial realisation of their modest hopes for the good of trade by the liberation of rich customers from wholesale incarceration. Poor people! they lived and died before the enlightened days of that new economic science which has demonstrated, with such cogent logic, that rich customers are no good to trade—that ‘demand for commodities is no demand for labour.’

Nothing more true, throughout the long dismal monotony of the Two Years’ Terror, than M. Dauban’s remark that the one word ‘HUNGER’ explains horrors inexplicable without it. We would only add one epithet to that sad substantive—*Ignorant Hunger*. It is remarked in the posthumously published Continental journals of the late Mr. Nassau Senior, that England is the only country in Europe in which the visitations of cholera were not ascribed by the people to poison scattered about broadcast by some or other of their betters. The distinction is a happy one—confuting of itself many assertions one often hears of the deeper popular ignorance, and wider chasm between classes, in England than elsewhere. In Paris, during the dismal years of the Terror, ‘a people mad with mistrust and misery’—we again cite M. Dauban—‘credits all capital charges, applauds all capital executions. It asks for bread—they throw it carcases. Its wrath is wild as its sufferings are sharp—and when did ever famine listen to reason? If the people is being famished, it is being famished purposely—it is being betrayed. Death to the monopolists! death to the traitors! The monopolists are the rich—the bourgeois—the peasants: the traitors are their own chiefs, civil and military. The history of reiterated political ingratitude and political iniquity—the history of wholesale slaughter, sacrificing alike innocent and guilty, old and young, friend and enemy—and, lastly, those who drew the proscription-lists themselves—has never hitherto had its true name given it—the HISTORY OF FAMINE.’

It so happened that the policy which in a manner forced itself on the men who wielded the Terror, was a policy precisely congenial to the nature of its pre-eminently Representative Man. That man may be regarded as the very incarnation of revolutionary ‘Preternatural Suspicion’*—of seemingly sincere disbelief of any possible Public Virtue but his own, or that of his most obsequious and unwavering *suites*. It was early predicted of him, on his first undistinguished appearances in the Constituent Assembly—“Cet homme ira loin, car il croit tout ce qu’il dit.” Robespierre profoundly believed in Rousseau’s apocryphal political gospel of the ‘Contrat social.’ But, above all things, and all men, he profoundly believed in Maximilian Robespierre. As that latter belief of his was never partaken by men of more liberal culture or more genial temperament, Robespierre had the stimulus of irritated self-love, as well as ‘Preternatural Suspicion,’

to make him feel quite in his element as denouncer-in-chief of victims to the political justice of the Paris populace. There was no moral reason either in his temper or theirs, why the process of 'épuration,' whose crucible was the guillotine, should not have gone on, so long as that populace and its chosen chief believed in its efficacy. The physical obstacle to the indefinite duration of the Terror, was that the number of heads available for its daily consumption was, after all, limited, and that every member, even of the passive 'Plain,' in the National Convention, was beginning to ask himself how long his own head was safe on his shoulders.

There is nothing more clearly demonstrated, as we have already remarked, in the intelligently written portions of the police reports before us than that there existed, at any moment previous to the complete establishment of the Reign of Terror, available forces amply sufficient, had they been brought into action, to have driven the Terrorists back in discomfiture into the obscure haunts from whence they issued. Months after the 10th of August, months even after the 21st of January, the available effective force was never wanting—had there existed anywhere authority and energy to muster and lead it—to have formed an Army of Order fully able to put down Mob Rule.* The *tourbe révolutionnaire* by which Paris, in 1792–3, passively suffered itself to be disarmed, man by man, and house by house, was certainly and consciously inferior

—not only in intellectual but in physical force—to the great body of the comparatively instructed and possessed classes, whom Danton, Robespierre, and the rest, set themselves systematically to lay prostrate under the heel of a jacobinised proletariat.

The character of Danton he that runs may read, if he will read it in the original and authentic records of the man Danton's own words and deeds. Human nature has been said to have much of the beast in it, and some of the devil. It may be said of Danton's nature that it had more of the animal and less of the diabolical, while Robespierre's, if less of the former, had more of the latter. Danton had nothing of the atrabilious temperament or political fanaticism requisite to have made him a sincere zealot of proscription and massacre. He let loose both indeed deliberately over the length and breadth of France. But it was simply to preserve his populace-leadership in Paris. Populace-leadership in Paris meant prolonged enjoyment for Danton—first, of bribes from the Court to avert risings of the populace; secondly, of the lion's share of public plunder after their triumph.

The first appearances of Danton in Paris politics stamped the reckless and truthless demagogue. He was elected a member of the Council-General of the Commune in September 1790 by the section of the Théâtre Français. Five months later, in February 1791, he contrived to get himself elected into the Council-General of the Department—a body instituted as a sort of Conservative Senate, to keep the democratic Commune in check. Here Danton found himself in a minority of one for the most part. On the 18th April of that year, Louis XVI., wishing apparently to ascertain by experiment whether he was, or was not, a prisoner in his own palace, set out *en carrosse* to pass a few days at St. Cloud, whereupon arose a furious *émeute*, and the royal party were forced back to the Tuileries, notwithstanding all the efforts of Bailly and Lafayette to coax the mob and clear the way.

On the 28th April, Danton denounced to his Section (that of the Théâtre Français) the conduct held by Lafayette and Bailly on the 18th. This denunciation was placarded by the Section all over Paris, and Danton's part in the matter was brought formally before the Department. The report (published for the first time by Professor Schmidt) of the sitting of the Council-General of that body on the subject demolishes the falsities and fanfaronnades which had found their way into history from the Paris journals of that day, prompted and inspired by Danton.

* The 'Papiers posthumes' of the unfortunate Rossel—martyr to the Communal cause, of which he frankly acknowledged himself to have been the dupe—contain the following striking and unsuspecting testimony to the same preposterous state of things in the Paris of 1871 as in the Paris of 1792–3, viz. the shameful subjugation of preponderant moral and physical forces under rabble-rule, through mere lack of leaders, union, and organization:—

'Il y avait dans Paris, au 18 mars (c'est un compte dont je sais l'exactitude), soixante bataillons révolutionnaires; il y avait quatre-vingt-dix bataillons entièrement conservateurs. Le reste était partagé, et incapable d'avoir une action décisive. Les quatre-vingt-dix bataillons conservateurs étaient plus anciennement formés, mieux équipés, mieux armés que les révolutionnaires; ils étaient également nombreux, ils étaient mieux commandés et plus disciplinés. Seulement ces indignes citoyens ont l'habitude de s'en remettre à l'armée et à la police, qui sont chargées de se faire tuer pour l'ordre. Mais il y a des moments où la police est sur les dents, où l'armée ne comprend pas bien de quel côté est son devoir, ou si son devoir n'est pas de rester tranquille. A ces moments-là, le pavé de Paris est au premier occupant.' ('Rossel—Papiers posthumes recueillis et annotés, par Jules Amigues,' Paris, 1871.)

Those journals * had asserted that

'Lafayette and Bailly solicited the department to proclaim martial law, and authorise firing on the people. BUT DANTON WAS THERE. He prostrated them at once [*il les a terrassés*]; he pulverised the demand with the thunders of his popular eloquence. He carried the rejection of the resolution for martial law. Lafayette left the room full of rage.'

At the above-mentioned meeting of the Council-General of the Department a formal declaration was drawn up—first, that, on the 18th April, two sittings had been held of that body. At the first of those sittings, which was being held at the moment when the mob round the palace were putting their veto on the excursion of the King to St. Cloud, *M. Danton was not present*. [For the very sufficient reason that he *was* present at the Tuileries, and taking part with the mob, at the head of his battalion of the National Guard.] Secondly, that it was false that, at that sitting, any demand had been made on the part of the Mayor of Paris (Bailly) or the Commandant-General of the National Guard (Lafayette) to be authorised by proclamation of martial law to fire on the people. Thirdly, that the second sitting had taken place after the King had given up his intended excursion. At that sitting, at which M. Danton was present with other members, nobody had asked for any order or authority to fire on the people; and as the assemblage had by that time dispersed, there remained no motive for any such application. Danton made a lame explanation, and the matter dropped.

Danton has been described as a Mirabeau *en moins grand et en plus laid*. But Mirabeau had the genuine aristocratic virtue of abhorring, in his heart, revolutionary disorder and violence, though he lent his tongue, at some critical moments, to promote or palliate them. Mirabeau's main effort went to bridle Revolution before it should irrecoverably convulse France—Danton's to unbridle Revolution till it should elevate and enrich Danton. That effected, he was the sort of revolutionary lion that would willingly have lain down with the lamb. Land and beeves—*domus et placens uxor* (the second)—as well as a certain self-indulgent good-nature in the man himself, and a clear and acute perception of the hollowness of the ochlocratic bubble he had been blowing—were rapidly converting Danton, in his last days, into something as like an easy-going Conservative country gentleman as any one

in France could well be in *An II.* of the Republic one and indivisible. But he reckoned without his host. The wakeful and vindictive malice of Robespierre had been roused by the lenient veillities and the ill-concealed contempt of Danton for the *énervés* of the great Jacobin Incorruptible. And whom Robespierre spited he never failed to strike down—till his last fatal failure.*

That a worthless, possessionless, brainless minority—Mr. Bright's true 'residuum'—could ride roughshod over all that had sense or substance in Paris, and throughout France, during the eighteen months or two years of the Terror, was owing, as we have already indicated, simply and solely to organization on one side, want of organization and isolation on the other. The scoundrels who had scent of blood and plunder were banded, and, fatally for France, badged with the insignia of municipal office; the honest working men and substantial citizens were scattered unofficial units. They had lost the protection of the old royal government, and did not know (till they came to feel) all that was involved in the experiment of cutting an old kingdom to pieces, in order to stew it into a new Republic.

'There is not the slightest doubt,' says M. Dauban, 'that if the citizens of Paris who were then under arms [on the 2nd of June, 1793, which completed the fall of the Gironde] had been informed of the courageous stand which was being made for hours in the Convention by Lanjuinais, Isnard, and

* A shrewd observer, Gouverneur Morris, has left the following observations on the fall of Danton, which occurred during his stay in France. They read curiously at the present day from their at least partial variance with the revolutionary mythology of which eminent pens have made Danton the hero. But they transmit impressions which must be supposed to have been current in France at the time Morris wrote them down for the information of his official chief, Edmund Randolph:—

'Danton always believed, and what is worse as to himself at least, always maintained, that a popular system of government for this country [France] was absurd; that the people were too ignorant, too inconstant, and too corrupt to support a legal administration; that, habituated to obey, they required a master; and that, even had they been educated in the principles of freedom, and joined to the energy of sentiment the force of habit, yet, like ancient Rome, they had reached the period in which Cato was a madman, and Cæsar a necessary evil. His conduct was in perfect unison with those principles when he acted; but he was too voluptuous for his ambition, too indolent to acquire supreme power. Moreover, his object seems rather to have been great wealth than great fame. He has fallen at the feet of Robespierre.' *

* Camille Desmoulins' 'Révolutions de France et de Brabant,' Fréron's 'Orateur du Peuple,' &c.

* 'Life and Writings of Gouverneur Morris,' by Jared Sparks, vol. i. p. 42.

others against the conspiracy, the day of the 2nd of June would have had a very different termination. Blood would have flowed, doubtless—but how much blood would have been spared!—how much shame would have been spared to the French name!—nay to human nature itself!

The superior order of the Paris workpeople, as well as the *bourgeoisie*, belonged, and felt they belonged, to the classes interested in preventing public confusion. The reports, already cited, of the police 'observer' Dutard, give some curious instances of the feelings prevailing amongst those classes just on the eve of the decisive Jacobin triumph over the Gironde—a triumph which nothing prevented from being decided the other way, but the sad fact that the friends of Order were isolated, and its foes combined; that the party still in nominal possession of power—the Gironde—had no conception of a practical line of action, or no nerve to strike into it; while the party in pursuit of power, *per fas aut nefas*, had at least those faculties for its attainment and remorseless exercise.

'Yesterday,' writes Dutard [28 May, 1793], 'I was at the Montagne Ste. Geneviève, at a bookbinder's—a very honest and very industrious man. He had formerly been of the Jacobin family himself—that is to say, he loved above all things liberty and the Revolution. I have often had conversations with him before, but I never found him so reasonable as I did yesterday. I ought to observe that work is beginning to fail him—he has been struck by the current rumours and newspaper announcements that the faction would level all conditions. This honest man is not rich, but he has a modest apartment of his own, comfortably furnished—his workshop and an *avant-boutique* which contains his merchandise. He has two little children, and, to save the expense of servants, he does his cooking himself since his wife is dead. He possesses *force assignata*, and perhaps some louis. He spoke to me yesterday pretty much in the following terms—"M. Didot is richer than I, but if they would give me his fortune to-morrow I would not take it; and if, on the other hand, they proposed to take it away from him to give it to some one else who had nothing, I should oppose that too, because I feel that M. Didot owes his fortune to his labour, to his industry, economy, &c. Let those who have nothing do as M. Didot has done—as I have done, though I have little—let him work to get something. Is it not scandalous that they want to substitute for the bourgeois, *avocats*, &c., all the common workpeople employed on the church of Ste. Geneviève? Is it by people of that sort they mean us to be governed in future?"

'Another true sans-culotte with whom I supped yesterday, near the Cour St. Martin, who had nothing but his daily labour to live upon, held pretty much the same style of reasoning. His wife, whose ruling passion is to *lie soft*,

and put as many as four mattresses on her bed, said to me—"Ma foi, they say that, to be a true sans-culotte, one should lie upon straw. At that rate I never shall be a true sans-culotte, for I love my bed hugely. Let others keep what they have—I mean, for one, to keep the little I have. I should like to see a stinkard [*un puant*] come and ask me to part with it! *Tiens*, they have combed off our small lice, and clapped big ones on instead, which bite much harder. The former were plump, comfortable, and kept quiet; these they now give us are meagre, eager, and would gnaw the devil to the bone. *Par exemple*, everything is grown too dear; it is no longer possible for the poor to live." I wish you could have heard how this good lady tackled a sans-culotte commissary, who came to demand an extraordinary contribution. "*Veux-tu me . . . le camp?*"—if I take the broomstick to you I'll show you the difference. You're a good one to come here asking money! Where did *you* study law—under a cabbage-leaf eaten bare by the caterpillars?" "Ah, ah!" cried the husband, laughing to split himself, "so the Père Duchesne is learning to whistle in prison!"

Unluckily, the Girondin Committee of Twelve, who had plucked up spirit enough to put Hébert and Dobsent in prison, could not contrive to keep them there, under the timorous and time-serving ministry of Garat. It may be sadly feared that our friend the sans-culotte and his wife, who liked so much to *lie soft*, found their next lodging at the Conciergerie for *lèse-Jacobinisme*, after the 2nd June had finally decided that the *puants* were uppermost, and should henceforth lay all well-doing and well-to-do citizens under contribution to pay them forty sous a day for keeping them in daily terror.

The following passage affords additional illustration of the description of persons from amongst whom the *tourbe révolutionnaire* were chiefly recruited:—

'Among the *classe enragée* there exists a sort of men who have no kind of prudence in the conduct of their own affairs. When they have 50 livres, they spend 50 livres; when they have only 5, they spend only 5. So that, spending habitually pretty much all they have, they save nothing—they accumulate nothing. Since the revolution this class has suffered greatly, and it is this class which fills the galleries of the popular societies, makes motions, collects groups, &c. At this day, what is the situation of these people? They have nothing—they have divested themselves by degrees of every article of furniture which flattered them with the notion of *some* fortune, of *some* possessions. With what chance of a favourable or patient audience can you now propose to give these people *laus*? The staid and orderly man—the *modéré*, in a word—seems to them an oppressor. For they know well that, in any settled state of things, the man in decent circumstances, decently dressed, whose wife has gold ear-rings, a

watch, a silver key-ring, a showy necklace—that all these individuals will enjoy a position of social superiority over those who are reduced to a state of destitution. Many of these people are in debt to their baker, their butcher, their wine-dealer—nobody any longer will give them credit. They have wives they are tired of—children who are crying for bread, while their father is at the Jacobin club or the Tuileries.'

There is the true morbid anatomy of Revolution. The desperate, at such epochs, soon shove aside, soon polish off (if the phrase be permitted), the earlier easy-going Revolutionists who have aught to lose:—

'These political *raisonneurs*,' writes Dutard, 'these habitual haranguers at the Café Caveau, whenever they come my way, I pull them down from their high horse by saying, "*Where's your sabre? You have not got one? Well, then, hold your tongue!*" Yesterday, a *petit-maitre* was saying, "They won't take away my arms, for I never had any." "Don't boast of that," said I; "there are forty thousand folks like you in Paris might say the same thing, and it does the good town of Paris little honour."'

The suburban auxiliaries of the *tourbe révolutionnaire* about that epoch are ominously described by the same observer as follows:—

'All the rabble in the environs run up to Paris at the first beat of the drum, in hopes of doing a lucrative stroke of business in one way or other. I have seen, within these few days, swarms of people attracted by the scent of the game to Paris from Versailles, Neuilly, St. Germain en-Laye, &c.

Soon after the decisive 2nd June, Dutard writes:—

'I called at the shop of a *marchand de vin*, where I stayed half an hour. His wife, whom I have always known as a *patriote enragée*, was declaring against the Revolutionary Committee. The arbitrary disarmings, arrests, &c., have considerably disgusted her. Her husband besides finds himself taken for an aristocrat. "*C'est une infamie!*"'

On the 8th June, Dutard writes as follows:—

'In one of the groups of the Palais-Égalité a fellow in the uniform of the National Guard, but with his hair cut short round his head (which led to a surmise of other recent discipline), audacious in bearing, of visage pale and haggard, eyes sparkling with the fires of discord, sabre at side, and pair of pistols in belt, was declaiming vehemently on the anticipated arrival of ten thousand Bordelais, said to be on their march to Paris to claim their arrested deputies [the Girondins]. "*Ils n'en sauteront pas moins le pas,*" exclaimed this *spadassin*. "I too am a Bordelais, and it is by these Bor-

delais themselves they will be escorted to the scaffold." [The sinister prediction proved only too true: the provincial *fédérés* invited to Paris to protect the legislature were speedily Jacobinised by the clubs and committees organized to oppress it.] "Yes," proceeded this worthy, recurring to the September massacres, "all my concern is that they did not last longer. But *ça recommencer*—only wait some fifteen days or so." The monster's language was visibly repudiated by those who heard it. But their tongues remained mute. After that, don't tell me *fear* is not the ready accomplice of every ruffian who would deprive his country of its liberty. Don't tell me that a people thus sheepish is not ever on the verge of losing that liberty.'

13th June:—

'The wife of a perruquier of my acquaintance, a woman of some wit and amiability, said to me—"Servants are vile creatures! I never hated them so as since this revolution. They come here daily tattling, and telling all sorts of tales of their masters. I have known some of them who had received benefits from those very masters, some who were receiving them still. It is all one—nothing stops their tongues"

Two or three priests were returning from a sad office. The first of them happened to knock with his silver cross against a porter carrying a load,—"*Eh bien, toi!—where art thou coming to with thy cross?*" "*Chut!*" said his comrade: "*c'est le bon Dieu!*" "*Bah!*" was the rejoinder, "*le bon Dieu! Il n'y a plus de bon Dieu!*" "*On parle de Dieu,*" said a woman, "*mais Dieu est de l'aristocratie.*"'

In the sitting of the Convention of the 25th August, 1793, a deputation of teachers and school-children was admitted to the bar. One of the latter acted as spokesboy. This precocious protapostle of secular education demanded for himself and his fellows that they should be preached to no longer in the name of a *soi-disant Dieu*, but should receive instruction in the principles of equality, the constitution of 1793, and the Rights of Man. The demand was graciously received, and promptly acted on. It was not only decreed that the Constitution should be taught in the schools (a Constitution, by the way, the coming of which into actual operation had been adjourned by the same authority *sine die*, or so long as 'revolutionary government' should continue to be deemed necessary), but the memory of school-children was loaded with the principal productions of the patriotic eloquence of the time.*

'*C'est le peuple bête qu'on remarque partout,*' says the same police-observer.

'Now that they see things are not going as they had imagined, their self-love is strangely wounded, their ambition desperate. For it is to be remarked that every single individual amongst the people, since the revolution, has, according to his condition, constructed for himself his own little *château en Espagne*. What a contrast to what they looked for before, when they now look behind them! They seem to say to you—"We had been promised such great things, we were all to be happy—AND WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN, WERE IT NOT FOR THE TRAITORS. I should have acquired independence. I should have acquired perhaps fortune: and, instead of that, I have run through the little I had. What shall I do to get it back?" etc.'

Take the following darker development of what we may term Disappointed Revolutionism:—

'These executions,' says Dutard, with frightful coolness, 'serve to CALM the resentment of the people for the ills they experience. It is there they wreak their vengeance for all they have themselves suffered. The wife who has lost her husband, the father who has lost his son, the tradesman who has lost his trade, the workman who pays so dear for everything that his wages are reduced almost to nothing—can only be brought to bear patiently the ills they experience by the sight of human beings more unhappy even than themselves, and in whom they have been taught to believe they see their enemies.'

The Political Women, above all—the terror of the *weaker* sex in the galleries of the Convention and the Jacobin Club—made their shrill voices heard (many of them, doubtless, had children at home crying in vain for bread) in demand for more and more convictions and executions, in delight at every new *fournée* of their former favourites sent to the guillotine.

'The great art of demagogues in all ages,' observes M. Dauban, 'is to divert the multitude from the sense of its own privations by exciting its jealousies and resentments. Thus it won't do to say to it that the scarcity it suffers proceeds from the insufficiency of the harvest—from the excessive drought, or excessive humidity—from some natural cause, in short. The suffering people would not rest content with any such simple explanations. It suffers; therefore it is strongly disposed to distrust or detest all whom it supposes more at ease, or less badly off than itself. It is exasperated; therefore, like the angry child, it must need find something to break in pieces. The demagogues eagerly compete to furnish it some object on which its fury may wreak itself, and even, in their precipitation to court its favour, are ready to offer up one another to its vengeance.'

'Near the Champs Élysées,' says one of the Police Reports before us [25th March, 1794],

'a journal was being read in which mention was made of Chaumette [then under arrest, who had been one of the most prominent ring-leaders of the Commune]. Almost all the women, who stopped to listen, said—"Oh, as for him, I shall go to see him guillotined; he is a rascal, who, with all his fine speeches, wanted to starve Paris."

'Hébert,' says M. Dauban, 'had urged the execution of the Girondins, the execution of the Queen, by publishing in his *Père Duchesne*, "Bread has been found in the sewers; meat has been thrown in the river; the conspirators and their abettors seek to starve the people. Their death will be followed by the return of plenty and prosperity." The very same language was held in turn against Hébert himself,—it is the only language that can be held with any effect to a famished and ignorant democracy.

'The report has been current,' says another of the police "observers" before us, 'that a commissary of police had found in Hébert's house nearly a hundred pounds of salt pork, which, in spite of the remonstrances of the *Père Duchesne*, he had caused to be sold to the people, at the rate of 15 sous the pound, at the house door

'The hawkers were crying in one of the suburbs the arrest of the *Père Duchesne*. "He too is a traitor, then," said some sans-culottes, male and female; "*allons vite!*—let him be led to the guillotine. *Ah, les coquins! ah, les scélérats!*" they exclaimed, "let them be brought out—let them perish! It has been rightly said," they added, "that it is only Saint Guillotine can save us."

'In the *Marché du Faubourg Antoine* a fruit-woman distributed 6200 eggs. There was a legion of women marketing, each of whom got some. No untoward incident happened, though there was no guard on duty, and the citizennes made the remark that "since the *Père Duchesne* smokes his pipe no longer, market-women fall out less among themselves—they don't . . . fisticuffs at each other, as they did a week or so back.

'It was reported to-day [19th March, 1794] that more than 50 cart-loads of butter and eggs had come in to provision Paris. "See," said a good woman, "since these rogues have been taken up, provisions abound. *Oh! pour le coup, nous pouvons dire que cela va.* Would it not be as well," added this Political Woman, "to make a clean sweep of the members of the Commune altogether; since there is reason to believe that they are all implicated more or less?" "Oh certainly," said a citizen, "it would be well to put them all under arrest *provisionally*. . . ."

'In all the groups in the National Gardens, nothing was talked of but *provisions*, and the scarcity of provisions was exclusively ascribed to Hébert and his clique.'

The 'observer,' Pourvoyeur, writes as follows on the 19th February, 1794:—

'A citizen in a group, this evening, said it was not just that the restaurateurs should be suffered, notwithstanding the dearth of meat, to have half an ox, a calf, or a sheep in their larders, while fathers of families could get nothing to put in the pot for their sick wives at home. This citizen demanded that no restaurateur should be suffered to have more meat by him than any other man. If he wants to give his customers something to eat, let him give them beans or potatoes. Plenty of honest citizens at this time are obliged to put up with such Lenten entertainment.'

Bacon writes on the 22nd February:—

'A fruit-woman at the Porte St. Denis, who was detected in the possession of some eggs and some pounds of butter, occasioned a concourse of women, who were on the point of strangling her as an *accapareuse*.'

'The section of the "Indivisibilité" sent deputations this evening to the popular societies to announce to them that there were subterranean passages at the Hotel de la Force, through which were driven live oxen, calves, sheep, etc., for the supply of the prisoners. Similar statements were made at the section of the "Droits de l'Homme" respecting the prison of the Carmes. "That's the way we are made game of," said some women near me; they give meat to the rich prisoners, and to us *pauvres diables* they give nothing at all. What do we want with all these aristocrats in the prisons? The wretches, *who starve Paris*, ought they not to have been brought to the guillotine by this time?"'

* History, it is said, never repeats itself. Does it not? Compare the passages above cited with the following, which we translate from the useful little reprint entitled 'Les Clubs Rouges,' of the 'Journal des Débats' reports of the sittings of the popular societies in Paris, during the German siege of 1870-71:—

'DEMOCRATIC CLUB OF THE RUE CADET, 25TH NOV. 1870.—The citizen Wallach denounced the luxury of certain members of the clergy, while the people of the poorer quarters are dying of hunger. There are individuals who gorge themselves, while others want bare necessities. "Some of these, I know," said the speaker, "have four dishes of meat at their dinner." [*Marks of astonishment and unbelief.*] "Yes I have seen, this very day, one of those guttlers singly swallow three dishes." [*Name the guttler!*] The orator next denounced the *accapareurs*, who have walled up their cellars, after having filled them with hams by the million, and *comestibles* of all sorts. [*Cries of indignation—Il faut faire des perquisitions!*']

'CLUB OF THE MARSEILLAISE, LA VILLETTE, 11TH JAN. 1871.—A citizen, name unknown, claiming to be a member of the National Guard, spoke as follows:—"They have closed the Jardin des Plantes; and do you know why? Because they have been selling the elephants, bears, and other rare animals, for their weight in gold to the restaurateurs of the Palais-Royal, to feed the stock-jobbers and food-monopolists who speculate on the misery of the people. We—the *necessitous*, as they insultingly call us—what

No one could possibly grudge the guillotine to the Chabots, Chaumettes, and Héberts. But the honest artisans and workpeople of Paris, as we have already partly seen, did grudge to the guillotine the throats of their innocent and opulent employers and customers. Bérard, one of the police 'observers,' at present under our review, honestly reports as follows to his official employers (22nd February, 1794):—

'It is the observer's duty to state the feelings and opinions of the people about the arrests. The people applauded, so long as the arrests were confined to suspected persons and rich "egoists;" but now that merchants who provided the means of subsistence for numbers of workpeople—now that fathers of families become the victims of ill-humour, personal animosity, and pretended patriotism—the people which feels that it is systematically sought to deprive it of those who enabled it to subsist, murmurs loudly against the violation of all republican laws and principles. "What is become," asks one, "of that Commission, which was to liberate from imprisonment those who are detained unjustly?" "Don't you see," replied another, "that it was only to pacify and delude us that it was made believe that some such Commission was about to be named? If it existed, we should see who are those it releases from prison; but, on the contrary, ever since the day it was announced, we see a hundred and fifty or two hundred individuals arrested daily." "Poor people," exclaimed a third, "it is only to trick and tease you that they are always making believe they are about to resort to milder measures. It is only to tear you more completely to pieces. What they want is civil war; and we shall have it. No meat, no vegetables, no tradespeople, no rich, to feed or employ the poor!"'

Latour-Lamontagne reports (23rd February, 1794):—

'From all points of the Republic nothing is heard but complaints of the arrest of the most sincere patriots. No citizen who employed his fortune in the relief of the people, or his talents in their instruction, ever long escapes the inquisitorial researches of these new despots, who do not choose to permit the people to be relieved or instructed. If the Convention [poor Convention! in the fell grip of Robespierre and his Committee of Public Safety] does not make haste to detect and frustrate their criminal manoeuvres, one sole resource—one sole consolation—is left to the man of good will, the man who is really penetrated with the love of his country. That resource is to seek

can we do with our 80 sous a day, when a bushel of potatoes costs 30 francs, and a stalk of celery 2 francs?" Another citizen said he knows a restaurant frequented by the employés of the Bank, where, only last week, they consumed two cows and a calf, while the ambulance opposite was in want of fresh meat. [*Violent murmurs.*"]

a glorious death from the Austrian sword on the frontier, rather than endure the chains forging for us at home.'

Moncey reports (24th February, 1794):—

'In the Café Hottau, on the Terrasse des Feuillants, many citizens were talking of the Revolutionary Committees of Paris—saying that the *intrigants*, who have been named members of those Committees, do incredible mischief by molesting and arresting better patriots than themselves. "The Revolutionary Committee of the section of the Montagne," observed a citizen, "is one of those which ought to be purged; for I know three individuals in that Committee who are at the bottom of all the vexations practised by it, and who have continually caused good citizens to be imprisoned from private spite, rather than to serve the public cause." "What are the names of those three members of the Committee of whom you speak?" asked a citizen. "Their names," he said, "are Degoust, *coiffeur*, Forté, and Joubert; and I expect, if their conduct were closely examined, plenty of things would come out against them. As these three persons have plenty of words at command, and the other members of the Committee are good easy folks, they are always sure of carrying a majority with them." "These are the sort of people," said my indignant citizen, "who should be denounced at the bar of the Convention, for the liberty and honour of good citizens are too precious to leave at the mercy of men of that description."

Le Breton reports (1st March, 1794):—

'Yesterday, on the Place de la Révolution, I came upon a pretty considerable group of men and women, compassionating the fate of two individuals about to be guillotined, and I heard them say, "Oh, my God! when shall we be tired of all this bloodshed?" Another answered, "When we shall have no more criminals." A third struck in, "The death of a man is no great matter." Another rejoined, "If people are to be guillotined for their thoughts, what multitudes must be caused to perish!" Lastly, some one said, "Don't let us talk so loud. We may be overheard and nabbed" (*pincés*).'

Pourvoyeur reports (2nd March, 1794):—

'This afternoon, on the Place de la Révolution, while a number of persons were being guillotined, a citoyenne exclaimed "*Quelle horreur!*" Several citizens, who heard her, took the citoyenne to task for her exclamation. "What do you mean by such words? Are you sorry conspirators should be punished?" "No," she replied, "but I meant to say how surprising it is that, so long as all this guillotining has been going on, *cela ne corrigeait pas les autres*."

'The people observed, on seeing some peasants mount the scaffold, "How is it these *scélérats* have let themselves be corrupted? If they were rich or noble, one would not be sur-

prised they should be counter-revolutionists, but in this class one expects to find good patriots. The law is just," they said, "it strikes the rich and poor without distinction." *'

This *Pourvoyeur*, observes M. Dauban, might well be called *Purveyor* to the guillotine. 'The rich require a scarecrow,' he says—the guillotine. Elsewhere, 'People are asking each other, How many have been guillotined to-day?' The work, they say, must go on quicker. 'Faudrait que cela aille plus vite que cela.' In another place, 'The people say one guillotine is not enough for Paris; there ought to be at least four.'

For the credit of humanity—even in the grade of paid police-spies—most of these 'observateurs,' beginning with our friend Dutard, are of a less sanguine complexion. 'One or two of these observers,' says M. Dauban, 'are Jacobins, almost all are *modérés*.' Bérard describes courageously the prevailing public distress, which he does not hesitate to ascribe to a bad public policy. Latour-Lamontagne (a man of letters this one, and favourite of the Muses, author of a piece entitled '*Le Montagnard à Bordeaux, scènes patriotiques en vers libres*') declares himself against the Hébertists and terrorists, against the multiplied executions inflicted on persons of all ages and both sexes. His

* 'Two-thirds of the victims,' says Von Sybel, in his '*History of the Revolution-Time*,' 'sent by the Paris Revolutionary Tribunal to the scaffold, between the 22nd Prairial and the 9th Thermidor, were peasants':—

'It happened sometimes that in villages composed, say, of a dozen households, all the heads of those households belonged to the *Comité Révolutionnaire* of the place, and set themselves to exercise a jealous surveillance over each other. The greater number of them valued their new position, first for the pay attached to it, but secondly and specially for the opportunities it afforded of crushing every one against whom they happened to have a grudge—the hated relation, the troublesome neighbour, the importunate creditor or trade-rival. In this way the Terror, which at first directed its blows only against nobles, clergy, and rich *bourgeois*, now made them felt far and wide amongst the lower classes. A good third of French territory had changed hands in the great confiscations, and the overthrow of all old hereditary rights and customs had extensively excited the passions of envy and covetousness in the hearts of the peasantry. The new possessors of the soil, who had first been greeted by the ruling party with acclamations, very soon found themselves looked at askance from all sides. The government viewed them as having become landowners on too large a scale, the poorer peasantry drew unfavourable comparisons between them and the old proprietors. None of them could well fail to have private enviers or political enemies. Hence it happened that, during the last months of the Terror, the *glaiive de la loi* chiefly descended upon the necks of the new class of peasant proprietors.'

tone contrasts strongly with that of Pourvoyeur. Bérard is, in like manner, a *modéré*, who blames the increasing frequency of executions. Perrière much affects the moralising style, lays himself out for piquant anecdote and vivacity. We may add, after reading more of his Reports than deserved reading, that he is a thoroughly mean creature, who, with all his moral essaying, takes kindly to the task of delator of the vague crimes that sent myriads to the scaffold at the dismal epoch before us.

Let us now place on the scene, for a single instant, a model juror of the Revolutionary tribunal and his '*chaire épouse*'—such was this worthy's epistolary orthography in addressing his probably not worse half. Trinchard, a joiner, who sat as juror for eighteen francs a day in that court of infamy, 'seems,' says M. Dauban, 'to have regarded all the accused with that sort of curiosity, pure and simple, which attracted the *prolétaires* of Imperial Rome to the Coliseum on the days when the Christians were to be thrown to the wild beasts.' It never seems to have entered into Juror Trinchard's head that persons *accused* could be *acquitted*; and he invited his friends, before the trial, to come and see them condemned. Citizen Trinchard was desirous to treat his '*chaire épouse*' to the spectacle of a number of persons of distinction to be sentenced on a particular day. Twenty-one of the ex-members of the Parliaments of Toulouse and Paris—Thouret, Déprémenil, Lechapelier, Lamoignon de Malesherbes and *his whole family*, were to be brought in one day before this illiterate and insensible brute and his colleagues. Trinchard writes as follows, proposing the party of pleasure to his '*chaire épouse*.'*—

'Si tu nest pas toute seule, et que le compagnon soit a travailler tu peux ma chaire amie venir voir juger 24 mesieurs tous si deven président ou conselies au parlement de Paris et de Toulouse. Je t'ainvite a prendre quelque choge aven de venir parcheque nous naurons pas fini de 3 hurres.

'Je tembrasse ma chaire amie et épouse.

'Ton mari,

'TRINCHARD.'

Never, surely, were Tragedy and Farce brought into such shocking contact—*flabile ludibrium*! On the one hand, all that was venerable and illustrious in the old age of Malesherbes, all that was interesting in youth, sex, and innocence in two generations of his descendants: on the other, this civic brute Trinchard and his '*chaire épouse*,' whom he invites, 'if so disposed' (to borrow

Mrs. Gamp's phrase), to see '*ces mesieurs*,' and he might have added '*ces dames*,' tried for a crime sufficient to secure condemnation—their moral and social superiority to their accusers and judges; and whom he counsels to *take lunch* before she comes to witness her spouse's more than ordinarily distinguished day's tale of murders.

How the decemvirs of devastation and massacre, judicial and extra-judicial, were lodged, our readers may be amused to learn from the following description given by M. Dauban, from a writing of the period, of the *salons* in the Tuileries appropriated to the sittings of the *Comité de Salut Public*:—

'All the corridors which led to the place of sitting of the Committee were sombre, *tristes*, and strongly contrasted with their saloons themselves. Those who could penetrate so far were astonished and dazzled by the change of scene. The floors were decked with the most splendid carpets from the looms of the Gobelins, marbles and gilt bronzes were reflected from every side in magnificent mirrors, sumptuous clocks, and glittering girandoles adorned the mantelpieces. It was here that delegates from revolutionary Committees came to communicate information and receive orders—it was here that members of the Convention came humbly to solicit missions in the departments. The national representation was entirely absorbed in the Committee. The Convention had become a place merely for the formal proclamation of public measures. The twin Committee, "*de Sûreté Générale*," however, attracted the greatest crowd of suppliants. It was continually besieged by families in tears, and repulsed them with brutal ferocity. Nothing was done there without having first taken the orders of the *Comité de Salut Public*.'

That the strength of Jacobinism mainly resided in the disunion, and thence weakness, of its opponents—in the freemasonry of crime, which combined its ringleaders in a mutual assurance of impunity—was finally made evident by the marvellous ease with which the populace-power was put down in Paris, and throughout France, the moment the split amongst its leaders, which produced the 9th Thermidor, left Jacobinism acephalous, as previous distrusts and divisions had left Girondism and Royalism. 'From the date of the 11th Thermidor' (29th July, 1794), writes Prud'homme, 'the word "Terror" is proscribed; the revolutionary tribunals employ the last days which remain to them in violent and vain efforts at resistance. Numbers of Montagnards are arrested. Fréron musters against them the young men of Paris, who received the nickname of *jeunesse dorée*, and wore, by way of uniform, the distinctive badge of black collars.'

The account which reads most like truth

* 'Archives de l'Empire,' carton W. 500.

of this *jeunesse dorée* is the following, given long back by Lacretelle, the historian,* who took up arms (*i. e.* a walking-stick) in its ranks:—

'At that epoch, it was necessary to combine another sort of combats, not indeed military, but at least athletic, with those of the press and tribune. The Thermidorian party—finding themselves hard pressed by Billaud-Varennes and his Jacobin cohorts, who talked big about the re-awakening of the lion, and took possession of the Tuileries gardens and the Palais-Royal, the old head-quarters of revolt during the last years—conceived the idea of appealing to the youth of those classes most interested in resisting them. The deputy Fréron, who had only just before been an out-and-out Jacobin, first put himself forward in this appeal, the echoes of which soon thundered only too loud through France. I shall not take up the epic trumpet to recount the exploits of this youth, dubbed *dorée*, because it donned the coat instead of the carmagnole, the black hat instead of the red cap. The arms it carried had nothing noble—but nothing homicidal about them—they were *walking-sticks*. We marched, however, to a tune well fitted to excite alarm in our enemies—the *Réveil du Peuple*. The multitude no longer swelled the ranks we denounced as Terrorists; but we did not want to give it time to rejoin them with its array of pikes. No sooner did a group form itself of an evening, than we were down upon it with our *Réveil du Peuple*, charging it with *coups de bâton*, which almost always effected its prompt dispersion. During a campaign of two or three months, the Convention had no occasion for any guard but ours. We in turn formed the audience in the galleries, the sovereign people, the public at all the theatres, the oracles at all the cafés, the orators at all the sections—in a word, the new and not less absolute dictators of Public Opinion. Lastly, we expelled, with ignominious cudgelling, from their club—the very name of which had so lately thrown Royalty throughout all Europe into ague-fits—*Jacobins* and *Jacobines*—not without something like violence and something like outrage—and we pulled down the Deity Marat from the Pantheon, to throw him into the sewer.'

'What a contrast,' says Von Sybel, 'between July 1789 and 1794!' At the former epoch, the democratic party had stood at the head of all France, and had at its back the boundless hopes and resolute will of the vast majority of the nation. Now, that party was divided and demoralised by its internal discords, while it had made itself, by the fearful abuse of its power, an object of universal abhorrence. Though all Paris, and soon through all France, the cry went forth with daily swelling strength and vehemence, that now was the reign of Force, and Rob-

bery, and Murder come to an end. A multitude of newspapers, the interdict on whose appearance was taken for granted to have been annulled by the 9th Thermidor, hastened to anticipate by energetic manifestoes the views of the people. The *suspects* were already being daily released by hundreds, the Maximum was everywhere set at naught, the exemplary punishment of the great criminals, the tyrants of France during the last two years, was loudly called for. Meanwhile, the government, still Jacobin in its *personnel* and proclivities, after as before the 9th Thermidor, durst take no pronounced part, whether in repression or furtherance of the national reaction.

In the Convention, Fréron, with the newborn zeal of a renegade, moved that the Hôtel de Ville, that *Louvre of the tyrant Robespierre*, should be razed to the ground. He was more wisely answered, '*Punish crime, but do not demolish monuments.*' M. Dauban hereupon remarks, '*C'était un progrès.*' When M. Dauban published his two very curious volumes, the Hôtel de Ville was still standing, though with its entire interior Haussmannised 'into something rich and strange.' The Tuileries, too, had long been annexed for the sittings within its walls of the National Convention and the Committee of Public Safety. The old Palace of the Kings of France, the old Hall and head-quarters of her municipal and political demagogues, now alike lie low. Who will invent a new pleasure of destruction for the Paris populace? or who will construct for France a government, or seat of government, fireproof and Revolution-proof?*

ART. III.—1. *A System of Logic, Ratiocinative, and Inductive.* By John Stuart Mill. Seventh edition. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1868.

2. *Dissertations and Discussions.* By John Stuart Mill. Second edition. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1867.

3. *Examination of Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy, and of the principal Philosophical Questions discussed in his Writings.* By John Stuart Mill. Third edition. 8vo. London, 1867.

4. *Principles of Political Economy, with*

* We gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity to recommend to our readers Mr. Henry Reeve's interesting and instructive *Essays on 'Royal and Republican France,'* which we have had the opportunity of reading in a collected form since the preceding article was in type.

* *Dix Années d'Épreuves pendant la Révolution,* p. 199.

- some of their applications to Social Philosophy.* By John Stuart Mill. People's Edition. London, 1871.
5. *Utilitarianism.* By John Stuart Mill. Fourth edition. 8vo. London, 1871.
 6. *On Liberty.* By John Stuart Mill. People's Edition. London, 1871.
 7. *Considerations on Representative Government.* By John Stuart Mill. People's Edition. London, 1871.
 8. *The Subjection of Women.* By John Stuart Mill. Third edition. 8vo. London, 1870.
 9. *Auguste Comte and Positivism.* By John Stuart Mill. Second edition. 8vo. London, 1866.
 10. *Inaugural Address delivered to the University of St. Andrew's,* February 1st, 1867. By John Stuart Mill, Rector of the University. London, 1867.
 11. *The Senses and the Intellect.* By Alexander Bain, LL.D., Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen. Third Edition. 8vo. London, 1868.
 12. *The Emotions and the Will, completing a Systematic Exposition of the Human Mind.* By Alexander Bain. Second edition. 8vo. London, 1865.
 13. *Mental and Moral Science. A Compendium of Psychology and Ethics.* By Alexander Bain. London, 1868.

It is a safe prediction, that there never will be an age without a philosophy. Nature, from her infinite storehouse, pours out and exhibits before our eyes and senses an unceasing stream of phenomena; touching us in various ways, some being more, some less, apprehensible by our understandings. Those parts of this phenomenal world which we can apprehend clearly, either by pure natural faculty or by laborious research; those trains of images which we can summon up before our senses and minds at will—before our senses (it may be) by the help of telescopes and microscopes and the divers appliances of mechanicians, before our minds through the yet more subtle instrumentation of language, which wraps up in a small compass innumerable untold, yet not therefore necessarily vague, associations; these are the subjects of the Sciences. Science is absolutely lucid; whatever is not absolutely lucid is not scientific. But it so happens that Nature does not grant us everything in this absolutely lucid manner; she gives us here a line and there a line; we lay hold of one solid acquisition in one quarter, another in another quarter; but between these solid acquisitions stretches the void and dark inane. There is not one Science, but there are Sciences. With this, however, we cannot be

content. Of nothing are we more certain than that the universe is one, and not a collection of many isolated parts; we seek, therefore, as far as is possible, to survey it in the light of this harmonious unity. Through all the sciences, through all those facts which, though not rolled up and systematized in any nameable science, we yet know and are certain of, through all those vague fields of knowledge in process of formation which flicker before our uncertain eyes, we seek to pierce with the power of a secure, single, fundamental principle. It may be that our endeavour will be in vain; it may be that chance, or our own incapacity, or perhaps something still more deeply-rooted in the being of man, will prevent us, now or even for ever, from attaining to the clear understanding of the universe as a whole. Yet, even if success cannot be guaranteed to us, though a full success may even be discernibly impossible, still the effort must be made. What we cannot attain, we may approximate to; what we cannot comprehend with our intellects, we may represent by symbol and analogy; and experience may confirm to us the essential truthfulness of our symbol.

The effort here described is Philosophy. Philosophy is 'the effort to attain universal knowledge'—meaning by universal knowledge, not the knowledge of every individual fact, but of principles adequate to the explanation and even to the prediction (were time allowed us) of every individual fact. Should universal knowledge, in this sense, be ever attained, Philosophy would then be merged into Science, and would become Science. There would then not be many Sciences, but one Science. Philosophy would then have died, though it would have died by an euthanasia. Like a Roman emperor, it might suffer apotheosis; and, immortalised at one stroke, be forgotten for ever among the workings and ways of men.

Now there is at the present day a class of persons who tell us that the change here indicated is already taking place—that Science is about to supplant, if, indeed, it has not already supplanted, Philosophy. We certainly should have no sort or kind of objection to this prediction, or affirmation, being proved true. We desire to know clearly, and not ambiguously; in reality, and not through symbols. We have no preference of darkness to light, nor would we choose for a moment to dwell in the obscure places of speculation, did those parts which are light and luminous contain in themselves the manifest solution of the whole.

If, then, we are compelled to believe that these persons, whether they call themselves Positivists or by any other name, are in

error in supposing that Philosophy has met with its consummation and termination, this is not because we do not prefer the clearness of Science to the darkness of Philosophy, it is because we cannot but see clearly that Science has not yet in the least got to the bottom of all things; that no thorough-going fundamental principle, such as we have described, has up to this time been attained by it.

Will this be disputed? Will it be said that there is good and sound reason for taking any hitherto discovered scientific principle as the basis of all things, to which all things must have reference, itself being referable to nothing beyond itself? Let the point be considered. The two deepest scientific principles now known, of all those relating to material things, are the law of gravitation and the law of evolution. That these principles will be extended beyond the provinces to which they are now applied, and even very widely beyond, is probable. But can any one now say, or even guess with the faintest ground of likelihood, what is the connexion between these two principles? which is the deeper of them? which has to be derived from the other as subordinate? or, if they are co-ordinate, from what still deeper law do both take their origin? We say, with great confidence, that no answer at the present day can be given to these questions. The law of gravitation, and the law of evolution, while both acknowledged as true, are seen by us as independent, and not as connected, truths. Further; let us extend our view, and take in mental science. Here we find a well-ascertained and very comprehensive principle—the law of the association of ideas; and connected with it the logical law, which Mr. Jevons calls the ‘substitution of similars.’ Has any one, we ask, any sure and trustworthy means of connecting these laws even with the law of evolution?—and yet that would be a simple affair compared with the task of connecting these psychological laws with the law of gravitation; for the law of evolution does at any rate appear largely in mental science, whereas the law of gravitation seems absolutely remote from it. Lastly, how vast the field is of things utterly inexplicable! Those who look at the matter truly will see that the broadest scientific laws are but as lines of light, in a depth of darkness, and lines of light, moreover, which have their termination and end.

So long as this is the case, Philosophy must continue to exist. And it has three functions:—

First. It has the demonstration of the inadequacy of Science; of the infinite un-

known; the exposition of those lines of thought where we feel that there is something discoverable, but what it is we as yet know not.

Secondly. It has the task of originating suggestions respecting these unknown, but discoverable, principles; suggestions which may hereafter take the rank of acknowledged scientific truths.

Thirdly. It has the task of arranging the different elements of reality, taken in their broadest aspect, in the order of causation. This is a task which Science, in each of its narrower fields, can perform with accuracy. Philosophy, having the whole known universe as its subject, can do it but partially and vaguely by comparison; still herein lies her greatest aim, the aim which includes all other aims, and one which, in so far as it can be carried out, does really introduce into our knowledge that harmony which, both for the knowledge itself and for the sake of action, is so needful.

We have been thus particular in defining the real nature of Philosophy, before proceeding to Mr. Mill, because our main criticism upon him relates to his deficiency (as we consider it) in the philosophic faculty, and we are anxious that the true bearing and extent of this criticism should not be misunderstood. He is undoubtedly a highly distinguished thinker, and has produced a number of remarkable works upon various subjects. If this were the whole of the popular impression respecting him, or if his own aims did not extend beyond the limits of each of those great subjects on which he has written—psychology, logic, ethics, politics, political economy—there would be no occasion, except for some personal friend or admirer, to discuss Mr. Mill's views in their entirety. Each of the separate subjects on which he has written would then best be treated singly, and his arguments on each defended or attacked without reference to the others.

But this is far from being the case. Mr. Mill is regarded by an influential school of disciples as the main pillar of a philosophical system. He himself thinks that he possesses a solid basis of definite principles, underlying and supporting all his separate speculations, and moreover that these fundamental principles are complete and exclusive. What other philosophers call their fundamental principles, he attacks, as illegitimately so called: he is highly polemical. It is no wonder that he is severe on those who, like Plato, seem to walk in mystery, when he feels himself to have a perfectly clear commonsense guidance in the most difficult matters. Not that Mr. Mill sup-

poses himself to have the key to the system of the universe; he makes no such pretensions; but he conceives that he has an universal scientific method, explicable in terms which will in the end bear him right and prove the road to universal knowledge.

We cannot attribute to the scientific method which Mr. Mill upholds a value nearly so great as that which he claims for it. Not that we think the propositions in which he sets it forth entirely untrue; but there are many true propositions, the importance of which is greatly overrated by their advocates. This is what Mr. Mill, in our opinion, does; he enunciates principles as fundamental which have no true claim to be considered such. The full view, the the whole view, is what he fails in; the great capacity of his mind is exerted on subjects which remain as isolated after his treatment of them as they had been before; they are not welded together nor harmonised; the hand of the philosopher is still needed in respect of them.

We propose to discuss as fully as our limited space will allow the several branches of knowledge which Mr. Mill has handled in his writings, and to show the weakness which we hold to exist almost invariably in his treatment of their more fundamental parts. But there are a few preliminary observations which it is necessary to make.

First, it may be thought that to attack the fundamental principles of a writer is to attack everything that he has written; since if the foundations are unstable, the superstructure must be unstable too. Doubtless this is the case; but there is a great difference between what a writer supposes to be his fundamental principles, and that which is really deepest in him. Mr. Mill has been brought up in a system, and the formulæ of that system are in a manner sacred to him. But he writes for the most part from his natural good sense; and what he thus writes is generally sound. It is only when he thinks it necessary to prop up his spontaneous beliefs by artificial supports that he introduces a large quantity of unsound material.

Secondly, we do not attack Mr. Mill's principles in the sense in which he attacks what he supposes to be the principles of Descartes and Kant. We do not hold, as Mr. Mill does, that there are two sects of philosophers,—one radically right, the other radically wrong. We see, indeed, that some philosophers are more material in their theories, others less so; but in this fact, taken by itself, we see no sign of discord. The infinite encompasses alike the material and the spiritual philosopher. We cannot

deny the title of philosopher to such a thinker as Mr. Herbert Spencer, who does genuinely bind together different and hitherto alienated subjects of thought by a clear and wide, though neither an all-comprehensive nor a spiritual, hypothesis, the principle of evolution. We are not impugning an entire sect or side in Philosophy, when we affirm Mr. Mill himself to be weak in respect of first principles. His first principles seem to us not to serve for what first principles should serve, the harmonizing of all the elements in his writings; they are an abnormal addition.

Thirdly, we cannot help calling attention to the fact, that Mr. Mill professes to follow a school, as a weakness in itself. The sum of things—the universe—does not present itself to any two persons in precisely the same aspect. Finite things may, but not the infinite. Descartes does not follow Plato, nor does Kant follow Descartes; they are different, but not discordant. Neither should we consider Locke as discordant from these, though in his contentious polemical spirit he thought himself to be so. What Locke positively thought, he enunciated in words more sober than the Platonic theories but less comprehensive, and such as need not be set up either in rivalry or in antagonism to Plato. And when Mr. Mill proclaims himself a Lockist,—

‘Addictus jurare in verba magistri,’

he does an injustice to himself, and no honour to Locke.

Lastly, it may be asked whether it is of much use to demonstrate error in Mr. Mill's principles, if his results (as is frequently the case) remain unimpaired, because not really resting on these principles? To this we reply that the persuasion of the soundness and sufficiency of Mr. Mill's first principles has exercised a narrowing influence upon English philosophy, as was the similar persuasion in the case of Locke. The great thinkers of former ages have suffered an unjust disparagement. Even science, and the entire tone of literature, have not escaped injury; for the leading topics of Mr. Mill's works have been treated by many subsequent writers in a superficial spirit, under the impression that since the foundation of these subjects has now been laid once for all, the succeeding work can be done without any very deep probing and analysing. Few dispositions, in our judgment, are so destructive in their results to science as such a belief.

Let us begin with Mr. Mill's psychology. His primitive assumption is, that there are

two radically divergent schools of psychology; and that all which has to be found out is, which of the two schools is right. He does, indeed, call them two different *philosophical* schools; but he would appear to hold psychology to be the basis of philosophy; at all events, the radical difference between the two schools, in his judgement, is a psychological difference. Here is the latest and most elaborate passage in which he expounds his views:—

‘On the ground of simple psychology, the distinction between the two philosophies consists in the different theories they give of the more complex phenomena of the human mind. . . . Speaking briefly and loosely, we may say that the one theory considers the more complex phenomena of the mind to be products of experience, the other believes them to be original. In more precise language, the *à priori* thinkers hold that, in every act of thought, down to the most elementary, there is an ingredient which is not given to the mind, but contributed by the mind in virtue of its inherent powers. The simplest phenomenon of all—an external sensation—requires, according to them, a mental element to become a perception; and be thus converted from a passive and merely fugitive state of our own being, into the recognition of a durable object external to the mind. The notions of Extension, Solidity, Number, Magnitude, Force, though it is through our senses that we acquire them, are not copies of any impressions on our senses, but creations of the mind’s own laws set in action by our sensations; and the properties of these ideal creations are not proved by experience, but deduced *à priori* from the ideas themselves, constituting the demonstrative sciences of arithmetic, algebra, geometry, statics, and dynamics. Experience, instead of being the source and prototype of our ideas, is itself a product of the mind’s own forces working on the impressions we receive from without, and has always a mental as well as an external element. Experience is only rendered possible by those mental laws which it is vainly invoked to explain and account for. . . .

We are now touching the real point of separation between the *à priori* and *à posteriori* psychologists. These last, also, for the most part acknowledge the existence of a mental element in our ideas. They admit that the notions of Extension, Solidity, Time, Space, Duty, Virtue, are not exact copies of any impressions on our senses. They grant them to be ideas constructed by the mind itself, the materials alone being supplied to it. But they do not think that this ideal construction takes place by peculiar and inscrutable laws of the mind, of which no further account can be given. They think that a further account *can* be given. They admit the mental element as a fact, but not as an ultimate fact. They think it may be resolved into simpler laws and more general facts; that the process by which the mind constructs these great ideas may be traced, and shown to be but a more recondite

case of the operation of well-known and familiar principles.’—*Dissertations and Discussions*, vol. iii.

Is it not clear that, between the beginning and the end of this passage, there is a complete change of front?—an operation which is dangerous in other transactions besides warfare. Mr. Mill begins by saying, that the difference between the two schools lies in the fact, that the *à posteriori* philosophers hold the more complex phenomena of the mind to be products of experience, while the *à priori* philosophers believe them to be original. More precisely, he says, the *à priori* philosophers hold that ‘in every act of thought there is an ingredient which is not given to the mind, but constituted by the mind;’ and he enlarges upon this belief of the *à priori* philosophers in terms to which we can take no exception. Of course, then, it is implied that the *à posteriori* philosophers believe nothing of the kind! But on a sudden it appears that on this point, which Mr. Mill has selected as the central difference between the schools, the *à posteriori* philosophers hold very much what the *à priori* philosophers hold. They also ‘for the most part acknowledge the existence of a mental element in our ideas.’ Has not, then, the difference on this point broken down? It can only be saved from breaking down by the hypothesis that the mental element in our ideas, which the *à posteriori* philosophers acknowledge, is not in any true or peculiar sense a mental element; but the *à posteriori* philosophers only call it so as a convenient abbreviated expression; that it is capable of being analysed into simple sensation. Does Mr. Mill say this? He markedly abstains from saying it; indeed, his language is quite inconsistent with his saying it. ‘The materials *alone*,’ he tells us, ‘are supplied to the mind;’—whence it follows that the ‘ideal construction,’ spoken of by him as complementary to the ‘materials,’ must be purely mental.

Mr. Mill’s first distinction then breaks down. Nor is it of any avail that, refusing as he does to affirm that the mental element in our ideas is analysable into simple sensation, he tries to go as near this assertion as he can, and makes a new distinction between the two schools on the ground that the one seeks to analyse the mental element in our ideas, the other affirms it to be impossible to do so. This distinction, in the first place, is entirely a new one, and not an explanation of the old. In the next place, it is not true. Every philosopher analyses as far as he can; every philosopher finds a limit where his analysis must stop. Does Mr. Bain analyse Intellect into Sensation, or

Emotion and Will into Intellect? Not at all; he lays down these four constituents of human nature as coexistent and independent. We may remark that, in this very classification, Kant had in great measure preceded him. On the other hand, we think it very hard, considering the many subtly-reasoned pages which Kant gave to the analysis of the human understanding, that it should now be declared that he did not analyse at all.

It is, no doubt, an obvious fact to any reader of the two last-named thinkers, that Kant lays down a great many more ultimate unanalysable constituents of the intellect than Mr. Bain does. But the reason is equally obvious; Kant is looking for the ultimate constituents of the intellect; Mr. Bain is not looking for them, at least not primarily. Kant is a philosopher; Mr. Bain is an inquirer in a special science. The difference between them lies in their aims, not in their opinions. We speak of the general tenor of Mr. Bain's work, not of exceptional passages; his task has been to continue that special science of psychology, of which Locke was the unconscious founder.

We will quote yet another passage from Mr. Mill's essay on Mr. Bain; a passage which shows him to be aware of one of the weaknesses of the school to which he belongs. We quite agree with Mr. Mill that this weakness is not necessarily inherent in the school, but is more or less accidental; at the same time we think it penetrates deeper than he allows, and that he himself is not free from it:—

'Those who have studied the writings of the Association Psychologists, must often have been unfavourably impressed by the almost total absence, in their analytical expositions, of the recognition of any active element, or spontaneity, in the mind itself. Sensation, and the memory of sensation, are passive phenomena. The mind, in them, does not act, but is acted upon; it is a mere recipient of impressions; and though adhesion by association may enable one of these passive impressions to recall another, yet when recalled, it is but passive still. A theory of association which stops here, seems adequate to account for our dreams, our reveries, our casual thoughts, and states of mere contemplation, but for no other part of our nature. The mind, however, is active as well as passive; and the apparent insufficiency of the theory to account for the mind's activity, is probably the circumstance which has oftenest operated to alienate from the Association Psychology any of those who had really studied it. Coleridge, who was one of these, and in the early part of his life a decided Hartleian, has left on record, in his "*Biographia Literaria*," that such was the fact in his own case. Yet no Hartleian could overlook the necessity, incumbent on any theory of

the mind, of accounting for our voluntary powers. Activity cannot possibly be generated from passive elements; a primitive active element must be found somewhere; and Hartley found it in the stimulative power of sensation over the muscles. . . . Mr. Bain has made a great advance on this theory. . . . He has widened his basis by the admission of a second primitive element. He holds that the brain does not act solely in obedience to impulses, but is also a self-acting instrument; that the nervous influence which, being conveyed through the motory nerves, excites the muscles into action, is generated automatically in the brain itself, not, of course, lawlessly and without a cause, but under the organic stimulus of nutrition.'—*Ibid.*, p. 119.

The general drift of this passage is excellent; but there is an unfortunate ambiguity at the very point where Mr. Mill was bound to be most distinct. When he says that the brain is a 'self-acting instrument,' does he, or does he not, hold that this spontaneous action is exhibited in the most characteristic functions of the brain, those of intelligence and perception? Is the percipient mind receptive and passive merely, or is it active as well? Locke took the former alternative; he did not merely omit to recognise the activity of the mind in perception, he denied it; he compared the mind to a piece of white paper, on which external phenomena leave their impress. Does Mr. Mill agree with Locke? From the commencement of the above passage it might be inferred that he did, yet from its general tenor we cannot believe that he really does so; at any rate, it is a perfect mystery to us how any one can affirm a spontaneous activity in the brain, and then say that the brain is purely passive in its principal functions. And if Mr. Mill does hold so singular a hypothesis, he at least suggests not the slightest reason for holding it.

The plain truth, plain not merely to philosophers or men of science, but to any man of unbiassed common sense, is that experience is not a simple, but a compound. The senses are not mere pieces of white paper for outward phenomena to draw their scrawls upon; nor, on the other hand, are they active agents exploring an inert world; but they are the habitual energies of the soul meeting the equally steady forces of the external world, and brought into equilibrium with them. Thus the sense of sight is a subtle mental or nervous force capable of meeting the waves of the luminiferous ether, apprehending them, retaining them, and lastly individualising them as red, green, or blue. How can the mind be styled passive in such a process? Seeing is an art quite as much as singing is an art; and it is an

art, too, which is learnt by infants, as any one may observe any day, and learnt, as all arts are learnt, through numerous experiments and failures. The same waves of luminiferous ether fall on the retina of an infant of a day old as on the retina of a full-grown man; but the former does not discern objects, the latter does; why? because the infant has not yet gained the power of appropriating, selecting, and combining the waves which correspond to the different colours. The flood of sensation is a chaos to him; he cannot establish that equilibrium, that steady and permanent reciprocity between his own faculty and the impinging forces, in which definite perception consists; on the contrary, unexpected waves of light continually strike upon his nervous system, and he is quite unable to arrange them or organize them. He is like a novice at cricket who does not know from which direction the ball is coming, and cannot meet it.

There is one more point in the basis of Mr. Mill's psychology to which we must allude. This is, his definition of matter (in his Examination of Sir W. Hamilton) as the 'permanent possibility of sensation.' The definition is one of which we do not wish to disparage the merit; it certainly expresses in a very brief and perspicuous manner one of the most fundamental qualities of matter. But what puzzles us is this; that in the very same volume (and let us say, in one of the finest passages of it, the passage in which he justly blames Hamilton for thinking it possible that science should extinguish the feeling of admiration in man) he speaks of it as not impossible that Matter should be proved to be the absolute origin of Mind. Now in the chapter following that in which he had defined Matter, Mr. Mill had defined Mind; and his definition is, a 'permanent possibility of feeling;' to which he adds that this permanent possibility of feeling has in it that 'inexplicability' which always surrounds an ultimate fact, inasmuch as the feeling is aware of itself as past and future. Now if Mind be an ultimate fact, as Mr. Mill here says, how can it possibly take its origin from Matter? for that would imply that it is not an ultimate fact. Or even waiving this, what kind of an image or theory is this—a possibility of sensation being the absolute cause of a 'possibility of feeling which is aware of itself as past and future'? Mr. Mill must surely have some difficulty in explaining to himself his supposition that Matter is the absolute origin of Mind.

When Mr. Mill leaves the philosophical side of psychology, and comes to the scientific view of it, he shows a far juster apprehension than in the other case. One sug-

gestion we may be permitted to make to him and to Mr. Bain in this relation. It appears to us that the psychologist ought to make far more experiments on the faculties of actual living beings, whether animals or the different races of men, than is commonly done. Psychologists have usually observed and experimented merely upon themselves, a kind of experimentation which is indeed the necessary groundwork of the science, but which is by no means fruitful when taken by itself alone.

We now come to Mr. Mill's logic. After frequent and long perusal, we cannot be induced to regard the first book of his elaborate treatise on the subject as other than a most confused and intricate collection of materials. Of the Introduction we do not speak; that is able and good. But the first book is a series of observations on language, somewhat loosely put together. Now, if reasoning really be a function of language, then let language be thoroughly and systematically analysed before the subject of reasoning is approached. But then let us not merely have the noun analysed (which is all that Mr. Mill does with any approach to completeness), but also the verb, the copula, the adverb, the adjective, the conjunction, the preposition. If, however, reasoning be not a function of language (as we hold), then let reasoning take the first place, and language be introduced afterwards, so far as is expedient. Mr. Mill does not assert that reasoning is a function of language, he merely says that language is 'one of the principal instruments or helps of thought;' therefore, he argues, it is expedient to begin a work on Logic with 'a few general observations' on language. And he appeals to the 'established practice of writers' as justifying him in this course, and as absolving him from the necessity of being 'particular in assigning his reasons' for pursuing it. In spite of which, he does immediately assign his reasons with great particularity. Every part of this procedure is a weakness. It is a weakness to appeal to the 'established practice of writers' in a question of rigid scientific method; it is a weakness, after having declared it unnecessary to give reasons, to proceed to give them very elaborately; and the reasons, when given, are the weakest part of the whole. Mr. Mill says, 'Would any man set up as an astronomical observer without having learned to adjust the focal distance of his telescope?' We ask, will Mr. Mill find for us an astronomical treatise which begins with 'a few general observations' on telescopes? Astronomy begins with the study of the stars; and logic begins with the study of reasoning. A pro-

fessor of astronomy must know a great deal about telescopes; and a professor of logic must know a great deal about terms and their varieties. But the question is, what are we to begin with? what is the foundation? As to the other reason which Mr. Mill gives for his procedure, namely, that without examining into the import of words it is impossible to examine into the import of propositions, all that need be said in answer to this is, that when Mr. Mill comes actually to examine into the import of propositions, his analysis is in no whit dependent on anything that he has advanced concerning the import of words.

The fact is, that what Mr. Mill does not venture definitely to assert, he does nevertheless tacitly assume; that language is the real basis of reasoning. His desire for perspicuity overpowers his resolution to go to the root of the matter. Names, he sees, are at any rate something definite; ideas are too frequently indefinite. Therefore Mr. Mill resolves to take names for his basis, except in the single case that he allows the 'idea of an individual.' 'General names,' he says, in his essay on Berkeley, 'do their work without the aid of general ideas.' We will show, from Mr. Mill's own account of the matter, that this is not the case. And though we are treating of his 'Logic,' we will quote from the above-named essay on Berkeley ('Fortnightly Review,' Nov. 1871), because, as is always the case with Mr. Mill, the later writing is much superior in perspicuity and force to the earlier.

'A name,' he says, 'though common to an indefinite multitude of individual objects, is not, like a proper name, devoid of meaning; it is a mark for the properties, or for some of the properties, which belong alike to all these objects; and with these common properties it is associated in a peculiarly close and intimate manner. Now—though the name calls up, and cannot help calling up, in addition to these properties, others in greater or smaller number which do not belong to the whole class, but to the one or more individual members of it which, for the time being, are serving as mental types of the class—these other ingredients are accidental and changeable; so that the idea actually called up by the class-name, though always that of some individual, is an idea in which the properties that the name is a mark of are made artificially prominent, while the others, varying from time to time, and not being attended to, are thrown into the shade. What had been mistaken for an abstract idea, was a concrete image, with certain parts of it fluctuating (within given limits), and others fixed, these last forming the signification of the general name; and the name, by concentrating attention on the class-attributes, prevents the intrusion into our reasoning of anything special to the indi-

vidual object which in the particular case is pictured in the mind.'

The above is true enough so far as it goes. But let us examine a little more closely than is done in the above extract, how comes it to pass that the attention of the mind is concentrated on the class-attributes? Mr. Mill says it is the work of the *name*; the *name* calls up the class-attributes before the mind. We quite concede that this does actually happen, when once the name is formed. But we contend that, before the formation of the name, and in order to the formation of the name, the mind must have, and has *in itself* a power of concentrating itself on the class-attributes. And even after the formation of the name, we contend that the mind may without any assistance from the name concentrate itself on the class-attributes, though we grant that the name, like all symbols, is a material help in the process. Hamilton designated this concentration of the mind on the class-attributes by the term *conception*; and the class-attributes, when contemplated by the mind, he termed a *concept*. No one argues that the concept or *general idea* (to use the older phrase) can be an object to the mind by itself, without those other accidental properties which, as Mr. Mill expresses it, 'are thrown into the shade,' but still more or less present to the attention. When we think of a cow we think of a white cow, or red cow, or dun cow, though we do not specially regard whether it be white, red, or dun. What is here argued is, that the concept or general idea cannot be considered merely as a function of the name. Mr. Mill says it can; he maintains that the word 'concept' is merely a clumsy way of expressing the 'signification of the class-name.' We say that no general name could ever have been invented unless the class-attributes had been first conceived in the mind as the foundation of the name, and the reason why it was wanted. We further assert that there may be a concept or general idea without any general name corresponding thereto, and that this does constantly happen in all general reasonings. If a chess-player conceives of a certain relative position of the bishop and knight on the chess-board, without however supposing them placed on certain definite squares of the board, that relative position is a general idea to which no name corresponds. If a violin-player reflects that a certain mode of holding his bow will produce a disagreeable sound on the instrument, that mode of holding his bow is a general idea for which no name can be found. The fact is, a general idea must be in very frequent use before those

who use it feel the necessity of finding some means of communicating it to each other by language, and so invent a name for it.

We have tried to go down to the bottom of this matter of the relation of language and thought, and not to seek to involve Mr. Mill in merely superficial entanglements. Else such entanglements are not wanting in the chapters that we have been criticizing. It is, for instance, a very fast-and-loose way of dealing with the distinction between general and individual names, which at p. 27 Mr. Mill declares to be fundamental, when on p. 30 he states of a certain kind of names that it is 'of no moment' to which side of this fundamental division they are considered to belong, and that 'perhaps the best way of deciding the question would be to consider these names as neither general nor individual, but to place them in a class apart.' A more characteristic kind of confusion belongs to his use of the word *attribute*. His first definition of *attribute* is as follows:—

'From what has already been said of Substance, what is to be said of Attribute is easily deducible. For if we know not, and cannot know, anything of bodies but the sensations which they excite in us or in others, those sensations must be all that we can, at bottom, know by their attributes; and the distinction which we verbally make between the properties of things and the sensations we receive from them, must originate in the convenience of discourse rather than in the nature of what is denoted by the terms.'—*Logic*, vol. i. p. 69.

We are at a loss to understand how it can be 'convenient' to introduce into discourse a distinction which has no counterpart in reality. And when Mr. Mill says that attributes are 'at bottom' the same as sensations, the question arises, what kind of exception or qualification does he intend by the words 'at bottom'? It must, we venture to think, be a very wide qualification that shall reconcile the definition given in the above passage with the definition given at p. 111, where he writes:—'We make propositions also respecting those hidden causes of phenomena which are named substances and attributes.' If an attribute be the 'hidden cause' of phenomena, how can it at the same time be a sensation? The two statements seem to us wholly irreconcilable.

The true distinction between a sensation and an attribute, a distinction of which Mr. Mill in parts of his long disquisition on the subject shows some inkling but no clear knowledge, is this; an attribute is a sensation, *plus* the connection which the sensation has with the object from which it emanates. This connection is, it is true, frequently a

thing unknown; we do not know why gunpowder has the property of explosiveness; we do not know why a rose affects us with the sensation of red; but can it be maintained that there is no real connection in these cases between the thing and the sensation? That we do not know what the connection is, does not lessen the importance of our recognising a connection. The truth is, Mr. Mill is anxious to banish the unknown from the region of science; this is why he tries so hard to ignore the difference between sensation and attribute. And it is for the same reason that he seeks to make it appear that all propositions are propositions respecting phenomena. A phenomenon being, *ex vi termini*, that which is apparent, that of which no part is hidden, if it can be made out that all our ordinary knowledge is knowledge of phenomena merely, it will seem that we have secure and absolute possession of a certain territory, outside of which, indeed, the vast Unknown stretches its illimitable tracts, but inside of which all is perfect and indefeasible light. But this is no true representation: the Unknown penetrates the known; we can scarcely devise a proposition that does not involve something of the unknown in it. The most common things have an infinite number of unknown qualities. By abstract thought we do indeed artificially eliminate the unknown elements, and in some few instances (of which mathematics is the most prominent instance) reach to propositions which are absolutely comprehensible and absolutely true. But in the concrete world this is never possible.

The second and third books of Mr. Mill's 'Logic' are far superior to the first. Here, for the first time, he attempts genuinely to grapple with the problem of reasoning; and he gives a solution, which we cannot indeed accept entirely, but to which we must allow great merit. He does, in effect, set up Induction as the sole universal form of reasoning, in opposition to those who affirm that the Syllogism is the same universal form. In our view, the Syllogism and Induction are two aspects of the same complex process, in one of which stress is laid on one element, in the other on another element. It is agreed on all hands, that we argue from the known to the unknown. The question then is, Is that known thing from which we reason a particular fact, or a general idea? Mr. Mill, taking what he supposes to be the common-sense view of the matter, lays down particular facts as the basis of all reasoning. Nay, so far does he go, that he declares that general ideas need not form any part of the process of reasoning whatever; according to

him, they have only a kind of tenant-right in this domain; directly they put in a claim to absolute possession, though it be only over a subordinate part of the territory, he brings a summary suit of ejection against them. Ordinary people, he says, much more often reason without the aid of general ideas, than with them. 'It is not only the village matron who, when called to a consultation upon the case of a neighbour's child, pronounces on the evil and its remedy simply on the recollection of what she accounts the similar case of her Lucy. We all, where we have no definite maxims to steer by, guide ourselves in the same way.' This, which Mr. Mill accounts the general process of reasoning, he calls Induction.

Great credit is due to Mr. Mill for having enforced against the syllogistic logicians, the important and essential part which facts take in influencing our reasonings. It is absolutely futile to imagine that any new truth can be got at simply by general ideas. Facts—impressions on the sensorium—these are what give us novelty, new life, new intelligence. It is not by remaining in the old ruts that we can advance in knowledge.

Nevertheless, to eliminate general ideas entirely from the reasoning process, to account them as non-essential to it, is as great an error as to account novel fact and novel impression non-essential to it. The process consists of the two combined, as a deeper psychological analysis will show.

It is characteristic of the whole school to which Mr. Mill belongs, beginning with Locke himself, that they consider the apprehension of a particular fact by the human intelligence as a matter which needs no explanation whatever. If Locke had been asked how it was that he saw a tree or a rock, he would hardly have understood the question. 'We see it; what more can you require?' he would have said. The difference between ourselves and a polypus or a jelly-fish, in that we see it and they do not, he would not have felt himself called upon to account for.

Nevertheless, the perception of a fact is a process requiring quite as much explanation as the apprehension of a law. The purely vacant mind can, strictly speaking, apprehend nothing; the reminiscences of earlier impressions are indispensable helps, if we would perceive anything whatever, even were it placed before our eyes. If we go far enough back in the history of the mind, we come to a stage in which it is unconscious—absorbed in itself—in which no fact has hitherto stood before it as a fact, apart from the silent slumber of its being. Nature, which by influences from all sides stirs and

wakens the mind from this slumber, cannot yet waken it all at once; she cannot make the perception of external things a quick or sudden process. The slow perennial current of impressions all tending in the same direction, which at first is a novelty, becomes at last a law; the mind which at first received the impressions sluggishly and imperfectly, at last springs forward to meet it, and moulds itself in the form almost before it is struck. A complex fact must many times, so to speak, have impinged upon the mind, and the different elements of it have long been familiar to the mind as general conceptions, before it can be apprehended by the mind and remembered as a fact.

It is this struggle of the novel particular fact with the previously held general impression, or capacity for impression, that Mr. Mill forgets to set down as the primary fact of reasoning. The particular fact has to make good its entry into the mind, and to reconcile itself with the total system, before it can be apprehended as a fact. By the time it is apprehended as a fact, it already comprises many laws. When the 'village matron' refers to the case of her Lucy, the current of her intelligence has already comprehended that case, not merely as a particular fact, but as containing a new orbit wherein free motion for an intelligence is possible. We grant the particular fact remains, localised in time and place. All we say is, that it is not merely a fact; from the moment it is apprehended, it is modified by the mind, which forgets (though it cannot change) some of the elements, and retains the rest as generalised maxims.

Mr. Mill would certainly have not missed this, if his devotion to *terms* had not so misled him as to make him think a general conception impossible except where it is expressed by a general proposition. And to conclude, we may put the whole matter shortly thus: the case is not that ten thousand facts enter the mind first, and then, as a final result, a recognised law; but fact and law enter the mind inseparably and simultaneously.

We are happy in not differing from the general opinion as to the excellence of those parts of Mr. Mill's third book, in which he draws out and illustrates the principal rules of inductive reasoning. But we cannot think that this excellence is in any way found in those parts where he attempts to define those ultimate conceptions which are so invariably assumed in our thoughts, that it is difficult to get to a stratum in which they are not found, and from which they may be surveyed in their entirety. His disquisition on the nature of a 'cause' is eminently un-

satisfactory. He begins, in a manner very frequent with him, by saying that he does not intend to analyse the idea of a cause ('Logic,' vol. i. p. 358); after which he consistently plunges into the analysis with the greatest energy:—

'I premise,' he says, 'that when in the course of this inquiry I speak of the cause of any phenomenon, I do not mean a cause which is not itself a phenomenon; I make no research into the ultimate, or ontological cause of anything.'

No one required Mr. Mill to make any research into ultimate causes. But he may justly be required to consider how many causes within his knowledge are purely phenomenal. Our contention is, that in almost every instance some part of that thing which we speak of as the cause is non-phenomenal—that is, unknown by us—that is, it presents no image to our understandings. A doctor goes to visit a man ill of a fever, and catches the fever. It may be perfectly correct, in ordinary parlance, to speak of his visit as the cause of his catching the fever; but it is not the full and entire cause; of the entire cause we only know some, probably the least important, elements. And therefore, however true it may be that the doctor's visit has been the cause of his catching the fever, no 'invariable sequence' (which is Mr. Mill's definition of cause and effect) is capable of being laid down in the case. The same doctor may go and visit another patient ill of the same fever, under circumstances apparently precisely similar, and not catch the fever. Doubtless, the circumstances could not have been precisely similar in the two cases, but the differing elements were non-phenomenal.

Conversely, it is very curious, that perhaps the most remarkable instance of invariable sequence known, the sequence of day and night, is not an instance of cause and effect. Mr. Mill has to get over this instance, but he does it by a leap direct to the other side of philosophy:—

'When we define the cause of anything,' he says, '(in the only sense in which the present inquiry has anything to do with causes) to be "the antecedent which it invariably follows," we do not use this phrase as exactly synonymous with "the antecedent which it invariably has followed" in our past experience. . . . It is necessary to our using the word cause, that we should believe not only that the antecedent always *has* been followed by the consequent, but that, as long as the present constitution of things endures, it always *will* be so. And this would not be true of day and night. We do not believe that night will be followed by day under all imaginable circumstances, but only that it will be so *provided*

the sun rises above the horizon. . . . This is what writers mean when they say that the notion of cause involves the idea of necessity. If there be any meaning which confessedly belongs to the term necessity, it is unconditionality. That which is necessary, that which *must* be, means that which will be, whatever supposition we may make in regard to all other things. The succession of day and night evidently is not necessary in this sense.'—*Logic*, vol. i. p. 370.

This passage, as coming from Mr. Mill, is a very surprising one. Who has laid down so strongly as he that nothing is necessary, nothing unconditional? He thinks it possible ('Logic,' vol. ii. p. 104) that 'in distant parts of the stellar regions' the law of causation itself may give way, and things may consequently happen by pure chance. If this is possible, what is impossible? What can be laid down as 'necessary' or 'unconditional'? Or if by 'unconditional' he means merely 'conditional on the continuance of the present constitution of things,' or 'on the endurance of the ultimate laws of nature' (though we do not admit his right to use the word 'unconditional' as synonymous with either of these expressions), who shall say what is intended by those vague phrases, 'the present constitution of things,' 'the ultimate laws of nature'? Are we never entitled to affirm causation, unless we are prepared to affirm positively what the ultimate laws of nature are?

Indeed, the very phrase 'invariable sequence,' if pressed in this rigid way, is vague. Who shall say how many instances of a sequence must be observed, before we are entitled to affirm that it is invariable?

We must not, however, be misunderstood. We are not saying that Mr. Mill, either in his definition of cause and effect as 'invariable sequence,' or in the explanations with which he accompanies it, is talking quite and entirely beside the mark. He intends something, we are aware; but that something is distorted, in his view, from the first, and the distortion continues throughout.

'Invariable sequence' is, in our opinion, not the definition of cause and effect, but the test that causation is present. The true causal nexus is, in our opinion, what Mr. Mill says it is not, a deep and mysterious tie; but we grant that even where we are most without a clue to the real character of this tie, it is still a matter of the highest interest to ascertain those phenomenal sequences which form a part, but only a part, of the chain of causation. This is what inductive science does; but the causal sequences with which it deals usually fall short of be

ing invariable owing to their admixture with so much that is unknown. If everything was phenomenal, or, in other words, if everything was known to us, then, doubtless, causation could be analysed into invariable sequence—though then, indeed, the ‘sequence’ would itself be replaced by a more absolute tie, inseparable co-existence. Mr. Mill is so far right, that the more invariable any sequence is, the more sure we are that it has an intrinsic foundation in nature, and that, therefore, it is a true instance of causation. If we consider this, the case of day and night will present no perplexity to us. A real causation is involved here, as in other instances of invariable sequences; not that day is the cause of night, but that day and night are joint effects of a common cause, namely, the revolution of the earth on its axis.

We say that causation is a deep and mysterious tie; but to show that we are not using the word mysterious simply as a synonym for any knot which may be rather difficult to unravel, it will be expedient to enter into a more full account of the point at issue. We have already remarked how rare it is to find a cause in its entire purity. What is loosely called the cause of a phenomenon, in general includes many elements which are not causal, and excludes some which are really causal; as when we say that rainy weather or wind causes the barometer to fall, or that the application of a spark to gunpowder causes an explosion. In neither of these cases do we get near to the heart of the matter; it is plain that many links in the causal chain are wanting. If we want to ascertain accurately what a cause is, we must get as perfect an instance of it as possible. And the more perfect the instance we get, the more it will be found that there is a certain inevitability in the causal nexus—an inconceivability that the thing should be otherwise than it is. We will give three instances of this. The first is one already touched upon—the revolution of the earth around its axis, and the mutual position of earth and sun, form in themselves the absolute cause of day and night. When once we understand and consider attentively the character of the solar system, it is seen to be implied in this character that day and night succeed each other on the earth. The sequence is inevitable. The second instance is the law of gravitation. Every particle of matter attracts every other particle, with a force varying inversely as the square of the distance. This causes the motion of the sun, moon, planets, and stars; at the same time the attraction is wholly unintelligible, except as involving the motion; so much so

that some persons have affirmed that the attraction is nothing at all but an abbreviated mode of expressing motion in its accelerations and slackenings. This, however, cannot be maintained; the force of attraction does naturally connect itself with phenomena very different from motion, with feelings of effort that we experience in ourselves; doubtless it was from hence that the idea of material attraction originally suggested itself; and though there is, indeed, a very wide gulf between these feelings and the attraction of gravitation, yet the connection is too naturally made for it to be possible to annihilate the idea of attractive forces as something intrinsically different from, though not independent of, motion. The third instance is one less perfect than the two given above, but, perhaps, worth noticing. It is this; that our passions, anger, jealousy, &c., are truly inconceivable without those manifestations which are their results, but which are certainly not identical with them. We do not mean that any given manifestation is a necessary result, but that some manifestation is so.

Is there anything of unlikelihood in the supposition that, if we knew the whole train of sequences that follow upon the application of a spark to gunpowder, the explosion would be seen to follow with the same inevitability (so that the contrary should be literally *inconceivable*) as that with which day and night follow the revolution of the earth on its axis?

The inevitability that we speak of, introduces a distinctly new element from the invariability which Mr. Mill speaks of. It of course involves invariability; but the converse is not true; there are sequences that (as far as our observation goes) are invariable, respecting which it cannot be said that they are plainly inevitable. And if it be asked what further account can be given of this inevitability, it can only be answered that the reason of it lies in the mysterious depths of Nature, in those depths which can be felt indeed, but not intellectually surveyed.

Before leaving Mr. Mill's ‘*Logic*,’ there are two other questions treated of in it, each going down to very fundamental principles, on which it will be well to make some remarks. The first is the question, What is the source of the certainty with which we hold mathematical axioms? Why, for instance, cannot we think it possible that two straight lines shall, under any circumstances, enclose a space? Mr. Mill says, for the same reason that we cannot think it possible that any lobster we may fall in with shall have a backbone; because, among

many cases observed, there has been no such instance. However, it is not, in the strict sense of the word, impossible (though certainly, in the highest degree improbable) that some lobster may some day begin to develop a backbone; and, in a similar way, Mr. Mill argues that, however improbable, it is not quite impossible, that in some world remote from this terrestrial existence two straight lines may actually be seen enclosing a space; and that likewise in the same world two and two may, in the daily experience of its inhabitants, be equal to five; and that a variety of equally curious events may happen, of which, in this vulgar state, we have no notion. But there is a difference between the two cases. When we speak of a lobster acquiring a backbone, our words have a meaning; there is an idea which corresponds to them. But when we speak of two straight lines enclosing a space, there is no idea corresponding to our words; and we submit, that, though philosophy is privileged to dwell in the ideal, it is not privileged to talk nonsense. We are aware that an eminent (though not very philosophical) disciple of Mr. Mill has endeavoured to show that we do not talk nonsense in speaking of two straight lines enclosing a space; that there is an idea attaching to these words. Here, we confess, he has the advantage of us. Such is the dullness or perversity of our intellect, that, directly we think of two straight lines, no consideration in the world will make them (to our imagination) enclose a space; while on the other hand, if we think of two lines enclosing a space, one, at least, of them always will go crooked. Perhaps in some future and better age the case will be otherwise. Then, doubtless, all circles will be square, and all triangles cubical.

We advance with some hesitation the following theory on one of the most curious points in speculative philosophy. That the following remarks amount to a proof of it, we do not pretend; but it is the only explanation we can conceive adequate to the facts, and we think we may clear away one preliminary difficulty. The whole subject requires to be deeply analysed.

In our opinion, all the propositions of mathematics are identical propositions; and if this is so, no further reason is required for the certitude with which we hold them. But then it requires explanation, why, if they are identical propositions, we do not assent to them the moment we understand them. And the explanation we assign for this fact lies in the enormous amount and complexity of the concrete forms from which the simple elements with which mathematical

science is concerned have to be abstracted. It will be worth while to show how great the extent of abstraction in mathematics is.

All mathematical science has for its subject measurement. To measure, is to compare efforts of our own; to compare the labour, the pains, we take in doing one thing with the labour, the pains, we take in doing another thing. All the phenomena of the universe are alike in this (and it is the only respect in which they are all alike), that to do anything with respect to any one of them involves labour on our part. It is labour to walk three miles along a turnpike road; it is a greater labour to walk to the top of Mont Blanc. Of course there are causes in the nature of things which make the latter labour greater than the former; but these causes we can only know through their effects in us. Now, be it observed that in the example just given there is no precise measurement; neither is it precise measurement to say that one apple is much bigger than another apple, nor to say that one house has taken much longer to build than another house. It is a great advance in the faculty when we attain to precise or numerical measurement; as, for instance, to say that one piece of land is twice or three times the size of another piece of land. Beasts, and even the lower races of mankind, have singularly little power of numerical measurement; but in an unprecise way they measure instructively, as we do. Now, how does the power of precise or numerical measurement arise? It arises out of the rougher faculty of unprecise measurement. Supposing that instead of feeling that of two efforts one is decidedly the greater, we find it really impossible to say which is so, then the two efforts are in themselves indistinguishable, however unlike they may be in the surrounding circumstances. Supposing, for example, that in carrying our eye along a log of wood, and a piece of stone, we find the trouble of moving the eye (which, though small, is perceptible) to be neither greater nor less in the one case than in the other, these two efforts will then be indistinguishable to us; and if we find many cases of such indistinguishability, we shall want a word to express the idea; we shall call it equality.* When men have become accustomed to the idea of equality, they will in time begin to find that an effort, judged to be equal to another effort, is sometimes repeated; they will want a word to express this repetition of an equal effort; they will call the effort so repeated double of the effort with which it is compared.

* This point of the analysis is due to Mr. Herbert Spencer.

And in time the idea of efforts twice or three times the magnitude of other efforts will arise; hence come the measurements of space and the science of mathematics.

Now be it observed, that the very notion of equality involves the abstraction of all sensuous elements from our cognition. It follows, that in all mathematical science every sensuous element has to be excluded, or, as Mr. Mill would put it, 'thrown into the shade.' Let it be considered how vast a degree of abstraction this is, and how many are incapable of it. But mathematical science proceeds to an even higher degree of abstraction than this; for there are many different kinds of measurement, and we abstract some while attending to others. In measuring an angle, we ignore the length of the lines that contain it. Considering how often men contradict themselves in abstract arguments, it is no wonder if they fail to recognise identical propositions in the intricate forms of mathematics.

The only remaining topic in Mr. Mill's 'Logic' that seems to call for remark is the concluding book, which concerns the Logic of the Moral Sciences. There is very little in the contents of these chapters to which we take any exception; and we agree with Mr. Mill that human nature can be scientifically studied, and that human actions are determined by causes, which it is well worth our while to discover. We agree, that is, as far as a very large part of human nature is concerned. But to the entire amenability of human actions to scientific law we cannot assent; and that for a reason which Mr. Mill ought to allow, namely, the originality always latent in the nature of man, and often openly manifesting itself. By an original man we mean a man whose actions are not determined by any previously ascertained law; otherwise his actions, though under no outward constraint, would not be original. Some, indeed, may suggest that this originality is merely apparent, and means no more than our ignorance of the motives which impel the original man. But to this we cannot assent, as, we suspect, Mr. Mill would not either; that flood of feeling and energy, which is our nature, and which underlies all acquired habits, does seem to us veritably drawn from the infinite source of life, and to transcend all calculation.

We come to Mr. Mill's ethics. There is no subject in which he has naturally a greater original insight—none in which his formal systematization is of so feeble a character. It displays Mr. Mill at his best, and at his surst. We will give a specimen, first, of timeest style—one of many similar passages excepting in his writings:—

'There are, no doubt, in all countries, really contented characters, who not merely do not seek, but do not desire, what they do not already possess; and these naturally bear no ill-will towards such as have apparently a more favoured lot. But the great mass of seeming contentment is real discontent, combined with indolence or self-indulgence; which, while taking no legitimate means of raising itself, delights in bringing others down to its own level. And if we look narrowly even at the cases of innocent contentment, we perceive that they only win our admiration, when the indifference is solely to improvement in outward circumstances, and there is a striving for perpetual advancement in spiritual worth, or at least a disinterested zeal to benefit others. The contented man, or the contented family, who have no ambition to make any one else happier, to promote the good of their country or their neighbourhood, or to improve themselves in moral excellence, excite in us neither admiration nor approval. We rightly ascribe this sort of contentment to mere unmanliness and want of spirit. The content which we approve, is an ability to do cheerfully without what cannot be had, a just appreciation of the comparative value of different objects of desire, and a willing renunciation of the less when incompatible with the greater. These, however, are excellences more natural to the character, in proportion as it is actively engaged in the attempt to improve its own or some other lot. He who is continually measuring his energy against difficulties, learns what are the difficulties insuperable to him, and what are those which though he might overcome, the success is not worth the cost. He whose thoughts and activities are all needed for, and habitually employed in, practicable and useful enterprises, is the person of all others least likely to let his mind dwell with brooding discontent upon things either not worth attaining, or which are not so to him. Thus the active, self-helping character is not only intrinsically the best, but is the likeliest to acquire all that is really excellent or desirable in the opposite type.'—*Representative Government*, chap. iii.

These remarks, if we are not mistaken, are not obvious at once, but yet true; and few can read them without being the better for them. When, however, Mr. Mill turns from the enunciation of his own ethical experience to the formation of an ethical system, the result is as illogical an one as any that ever proceeded from a man of his ability.

He begins by announcing himself the defender of a previous system—the Utilitarian system. To our mind, defence of any system, as a whole, is poor work. Special attacks against a system may be rebutted, doubtless; but this rebutting of attacks ought to be carefully kept separate from the enunciation and development of the system itself. A system must stand on its own legs or not at all.

It was, therefore, to be looked for from Mr. Mill that he should, in the first instance, explain accurately what Utilitarianism is, letting this exposition of its real nature stand as the main evidence of its truth; then, if he had thought any misconceptions of it prevailed to a degree worth counteracting, he might have shown in what these misconceptions consisted; whereas what he does is to plunge at once into *defence*—his *exposition* is in the highest degree broken and obscure.

In our judgment these words, 'the Utilitarian system,' 'the greatest happiness principle,' are by no means so intelligible as is often supposed; and we should be especially obliged to any one who would put this last-named principle in a concise form for us. Is it,

'To act for the greatest happiness of all living beings is the way to promote the greatest happiness of ourself?'

This, we take it, is in the main the way in which Bentham would have defined the principle, had he been pressed for a definition; though we are not aware of any instance in his works in which the principle is defined as a proposition. It is certain that Bentham wished to abolish the words 'ought,' 'duty,' 'right,' 'wrong,' from the vocabulary of ethics; and though many utilitarian thinkers, after abolishing the words, reintroduce the idea under the form of 'ultimate end,' 'sanction,' and other such terms, Bentham certainly tried with unusual zeal to abolish the idea entirely. For example, he defines Virtue as 'the sacrifice of a smaller to a greater interest.' So likewise he would not admit the word selfish as conveying a disparaging sense. 'I am a selfish man,' he said, 'as selfish as any man can be; only in me selfishness has taken the form of benevolence.' It is clear that this use of the word deprives it of all signification. If all men are 'as selfish as they can be' (as Bentham implies), the word selfish does not serve to distinguish one man from another.

But what we have specially to observe is, that Mr. Mill's definition of the greatest happiness principle differs *toto cælo* from any that can with the smallest probability be ascribed to Bentham; whether the exact terms in which we have expressed the principle are the words that would have been chosen by Bentham or not. Mr. Mill says:—

'The creed which accepts as the foundation of morals, utility, holds that actions are right in proportion as they tend to produce happiness, wrong as they tend to produce the reverse of happiness. By happiness is intended pleasure, and the absence of pain: by unhappiness, pain, and the privation of pleasure.'—*Utilitarianism*, p. 10.

Here we have 'right' and 'wrong' in all their full-blown vigour. We ask, whose is that 'utilitarian system' which Mr. Mill is defending? If it is not Bentham's, whose is it? If it is Bentham's, how comes Mr. Mill in his fundamental definition (his book contains no other equally clear) to use words which it was the first object of Bentham to repudiate? It may be thought that Mr. Mill may, somewhere in his treatise, have defined the words 'right' and 'wrong;' and had he indeed defined 'right' as 'that which is for one's own interest,' the shade of Bentham would, we doubt not, have been filled with joy at the sight of so worthy a follower. But this definition, which it would have been so easy to give had Mr. Mill really held it, is precisely what he does not give. He is, on the contrary, highly indignant with those who think that Utilitarianism bids men seek *their own* happiness.

Utilitarianism, then, is not so simple a theory as its advocates suppose. It must not be thought that we deny or overlook the amount of valuable thought which is to be found in the works of utilitarian writers. But it is one thing, to think usefully on any subject; another, to enunciate a perfectly true system. It is this latter merit alone that we must refuse to acknowledge in the utilitarian writers.

Let us try to analyse the matter more deeply. Bentham gave as the basis of his whole system the axiom, 'It is impossible that any man can desire or aim at anything but his own happiness; whoever pretends to do otherwise is a fool or a liar.' This proposition, whatever offence may be taken at it, is unquestionably the clearest, and the most difficult to refute, of any that have been advanced by any writer calling himself utilitarian. Evidently it is no principle concerning the 'greatest happiness of the greatest number.'

There is, however, a very obvious objection to this proposition of Bentham's. What men really desire is not an abstract happiness, but certain concrete things which will make them happy. They do not isolate this feeling of happiness, and consider everything else the means to it; the feeling of happiness is anticipated by them in the desire of the desired thing, but is not set apart as the true end, to which the desired thing is only the means. We are speaking not of what ought to be, but of what is; this is the actual experience of men.

Mr. Mill would, perhaps, answer the above remark in this way. He would say, that men certainly now appear to desire concrete things; but that this is because the concrete

things have by long experience become associated in their minds with the feeling of happiness which they occasion. People who like to have a good dinner seem to desire the delicacies which make up the good dinner; but the actual eatables are only means to an end, which end is the pleasure that has been found by experience to arise from eating them. And it is quite true that some elements in the concrete things are very loosely connected with the feeling of desire, and of the pleasure which corresponds to the desire. An epicure might possibly like a blue salmon as well as a red salmon. But we confidently affirm that it is impossible to eliminate all the concrete elements. In the instances chosen above, the peculiarity of the taste of the different kinds of food is certainly an essential part of the desire, and is inseparably combined with the pleasure; take it away, and you take away the desire itself, the pleasure itself.

Bentham's proposition must then be modified. Men do not desire an abstract happiness. They desire concrete things; but it is quite true that all attainment of a desired object is characterized by a certain strain of feeling which is called happiness, and which is a common element in all such cases; and this feeling of happiness is prospectively anticipated in the desire. Only, the feeling of happiness is not the whole ultimate object of the desire.

This modification of Bentham's view has for its result the modification and enlargement of his whole system of ethics. Bentham, considering that men desire happiness only, naturally thought that the whole business of ethics was to answer this question: How can a man procure for himself the greatest amount of happiness? in, and through, what course of action is the greatest happiness attained? He considered, and very truly, that men do not know the answer to this question by the pure light of nature; that many desires, in the satisfaction of which they anticipate happiness, do not really bring happiness; and that therefore a scientific view is necessary, which shall warn men against these delusive desires, and confirm those other desires which really give the happiness which they promise. This is the Benthamic ethics; and the scientific nature of it is, the correction of impulsive desire by the calm consideration of the expected happiness.

Bentham reasoned quite correctly in supposing that such a scientific research was both possible and needful. It is unquestionable, that we do constantly restrain our instinctive wishes by the thought, 'This impulse has on former occasions brought me

not happiness but unhappiness.' Only, this is not the whole, nor is it the centre, of ethics. For after all our reasonings concerning future happiness, we still must and do return to this question as the centre of all, 'What do I truly desire the most?' This is the real question which ethical philosophy has to answer. Be it observed, the question is not simply, 'What do I desire?' nor even, 'What do I desire most strongly at the present moment?' both of which questions could, perhaps, be answered without much difficulty, though the answer would be different at different times. But the question is, 'Seeing that my desires differ at different times, and that some are superficial and transient, and others deep and lasting, what, taking the whole sum of my nature into consideration, is that which I wish for the most?' To interpret one's own nature truly in this respect is a most important matter, and at the same time no easy task. For the nature of man has elements which slumber, as well as elements which are awake and active; as we may see in comparing the child with the youth, and the youth with the man. When we seek to know what we really desire the most, we must listen not merely to desires which possess us with their full heat, but to those which are just stirring in their first faint dawn. Nor can we refuse to admit in thought the possibility that our whole intelligible nature, in the height of its present existence, is but superficial compared to those profound depths of which we are now, but shall not always be, unconscious. And this question, 'What do I desire the most?' is very different from the question, 'What is the greatest happiness that I can attain?' Any reference to happiness must refer to the happiness of our past experience, otherwise the question is without meaning; but the question, 'What do I desire the most?' extends beyond all past experience to a living present fact. Of course this does not imply that our desires are not very largely influenced by our past experience, still they extend beyond it.

It is then the object of Ethics to conduct a man from the superficial to the deep consideration of his own desires. At the same time, it is impossible to deny that such deep research takes a man beyond the bounds of his individual nature. Sympathy is innate in man; we desire a thing because another desires it, and without any other reason. And as we sympathize with our fellow-men, and desire what they desire, so we have an instinctive wish to be in harmony with the Eternal Law of the Universe, and with the Eternal Desire or Will that embodies itself in this law. This, indeed, is the most per-

manent of the desires of man; an assertion which experience proves, but the proof of which we cannot here enter upon. And hence Duty, which in its strict definition is obedience to the permanent desires of our own nature, as opposed to those which are transitory, is seen to be identical with obedience to the Eternal Moral Law, the Will of God, that harmonizes all the desires of man. In every aspect, Duty curbs and limits (though without abolishing) the vehement transitory desires, and points to the eternal; hence having that mark which Kant denoted as the 'categorical imperative.' When we say, *I ought* to do this; we mean, I desire, and yet I do not desire; but I desire with that in me which is permanent and eternal.

We have taken Bentham, and not Mr. Mill, as the starting-point of the remarks that we have made on abstract Ethics. This could not possibly be helped; for Bentham, though we hold that he is mistaken, is very powerful in this line. Mr. Mill is carried away by his feelings, and no one can clearly understand what he calls his system. In fairness, however, we must add, that Mr. Mill's ethical insight is far more varied and profound than that of Bentham.

We come to those parts of Mr. Mill's writings which are either directly or indirectly political; and first to his 'Essay on Liberty.' Of the second, third, and fourth chapters of this work it is difficult to speak too highly. The fifth is comparatively unimportant. Mr. Mill has but slight success in the details of practice, just as he has but slight success in the subtleties of abstract speculation. His strength lies in the ground intermediate between these two—in the broad conceptions which are neither traced back to the fountainhead, nor forward to the final issue, but which are based on reality, and therefore strong. Of his first chapter we shall speak presently; but it will be as well to say a few words in reference to the three intermediate chapters which are the substance of the book.

Mr. Mill thinks the men of the age wanting in fibre, in active choice, in vigour of individuality. He thinks them timidly subservient to the opinions and habits of their neighbours, passive, subject to nervous fears of the society around them, and of unknown powers beyond. It is unquestionable that the world at all times contains a very large number of persons in whom this temper predominates. Whether in the present age and in this country their number is greater than usual, is difficult to determine. But it must be admitted, that wherever men act for a common purpose on a large scale, there the action of each individual must to a great

measure be framed on a model, and the opportunity for the spontaneous outflow of his impulses is diminished. The complex commercial, manufacturing, and social systems of these days necessarily restrict the time during which each individual can be himself alone; nor do they only restrict the time, but also, by implanting the habit of working by rule, they diminish the power of working with freedom. For these reasons, it seems hardly possible that there should not be a want of free impulse in the men of the present day. But however much this may be true, still, as Shirley says, 'there is no armour against fate.' It is a slow process to modify a temper grounded on the broad nature of things; and there are many things which we can only lament, knowing that any attempt suddenly to alter them must be premature, and because premature, harmful.

Again, work by rule, though it must be accompanied with a certain plainness and homeliness, is by no means always a sign of want of strength. For solidity of character, an Englishman of the present day is probably by no means inferior to an ancient Athenian. Nervous fear of individuality is quite another thing; but whether this is in excess at the present day may fairly be doubted.

Again, in so far as it is individuality of opinion on which Mr. Mill insists, that is a matter on which there are two sides. With the great means of intercommunication existing among mankind, it must be very rare for anyone to find himself absolutely alone in an opinion. It may be thought a solitary error of a very few to hold, nowadays, that the sun goes round the earth; but we remember a gentleman lecturing a few years ago in support of this thesis, and confusing, to the entire satisfaction of his audience, a senior wrangler who advanced the opposite view. Almost all modern opinion gathers into cliques; and it is an excellent thing to give force to the individual against the clique which surrounds him. But is society at large too influential in matters of opinion? We think not. On the contrary, it appears to us that when men deal with the opinions of others beyond their immediate surroundings, they seldom show them sufficient respect. And we may be permitted to observe, that the greatest transgressors of all in this respect are the followers of Mr. Mill himself. So rich, they think, is the mine of truth contained in the volumes of the Master, and of those whom he has honoured with his recommendation, that when they deal with those outside the sacred circle, the roughest treatment will suffice. Google

The above observations are not written in

any spirit of antagonism to the principal parts of the 'Essay on Liberty,' but merely as limiting the application of it. But to the first chapter, in which Mr. Mill seeks to raise his work to the category of abstract speculative truth, our objection is rooted and unconquerable. We quote the passage in which he enunciates the 'principle' that he conceives himself to have established:—

'The object of this Essay is to assert one very simple principle, as entitled to govern absolutely the dealings of society with the individual in the way of compulsion and control, whether the means used be physical force in the form of legal penalties, or the moral coercion of public opinion. That principle is, that the sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number, is self-protection. That the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others. His own good, whether physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant. He cannot rightfully be compelled to do or forbear, because it will be better for him to do so, because it will make him happier, because, in the opinion of others, to do so would be wise, or even right. These are good reasons for remonstrating with him, or reasoning with him, or persuading him, or entreating him, but not for compelling him, or visiting him with any evil in case he do otherwise. To justify that, the conduct from which it is desired to deter him, must be calculated to produce evil to some one else. . . . It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say that this doctrine is meant to apply only to human beings in the maturity of their faculties. We are not speaking of children, or of young persons below the age which the law may fix as that of manhood or womanhood. Those who are still in a state to require being taken care of by others, must be protected against their own actions as well as against external injury. For the same reason we may leave out of consideration those backward states of society in which the race itself may be considered as in its nonage.'—*Essay on Liberty*, chap. i.

Mr. Mill's exceptions form a very large class. Often as we have seen it affirmed that human law is the highest product of human reason, the passage just quoted is the first in which we ever saw human law put forward as the source of reason—at any rate of a general principle of reason. It is unjustifiable, Mr. Mill says, to coerce a youth of twenty-two for his own benefit; it is justifiable to coerce a youth of twenty with the same object. Supposing any man were to assert that the age of maturity should be fixed lower or higher than the present legal age, how would Mr. Mill deal with the question? Is it not clear that the very point he would have to consider is this, at what time

of life a youth begins to be able to take care of himself? Mr. Mill's boasted principle has, in ordinary matters, been acted upon for ages, and embodied in law; but it is very strange that he should appeal to this law as the ultimate foundation of his principle. We say, he appeals to existing law as the foundation of a speculative principle. This is clear; for Mr. Mill's principle is, not that you may not coerce any person for his or her own benefit, but that you may not so coerce any person above the age of twenty-one. In fact the discussion, as a question of principle, is absurd. There are points in which a child ought to be left to decide for itself; there are possible conditions in which men up to any age may be coerced, simply for their own benefit. For instance, a surgeon will in general consult a patient as to whether he wishes an operation to be performed; but it is conceivable that the benefit resulting from the operation may be so certain, that the surgeon ought to perform it, even though the patient refuses his consent. A great responsibility lies on such decisions; but they are decisions that have sometimes to be made.

Similarly, when the question is whether a forcible external government ought to be imposed on a people for the benefit of the people itself, the whole point of the question here is, does the people under mention belong to 'those backward states of society in which the race itself may be considered in its nonage'? Who shall decide? Are the Melanesian savages in this class? are the negroes? are the Hindoos? are the Russians? are the Irish? We think we could point to writers who would deny it of every one of these races; we think we could point to writers who would affirm it of every one of them. Nay, would not, according to Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Ruskin, the English themselves come under this category? What test does Mr. Mill give us to distinguish the races who are still in their nonage from the races who have attained to riper years? The only distinguishing mark he gives us is contained in the following sentence: 'As soon as mankind have attained the capacity of being guided to their own improvement by conviction or persuasion, . . . compulsion . . . is no longer admissible as a means to their own good.' That is to say, when you can persuade men to improve it, it is better not to use force. So obvious a remark is almost a truism. But how does Mr. Mill know that even civilized nations may not sometimes be unwilling or unable to adopt what is really for their improvement? We are not aware whether he considers the consolidation of Germany a benefit to mankind

or not; but, at any rate, it is not uncommonly held to be so, and it is an example of a measure of great magnitude that could hardly have been accomplished without the exercise of some little despotism.

It is singular that after the assertion of this 'very simple principle' in his first chapter, Mr. Mill, in his second chapter, deserts it altogether, and proceeds to discuss the liberty of propagating opinions—an act which is evidently not individual, but social.

The 'Representative Government' is the most excellent of Mr. Mill's works. It is full in design and execution; on the whole, remarkably sober in judgment—abstinent from controversial brilliancies. It may seem rather the task of an *advocatus diaboli* to find out faults in it. Nevertheless there is one not unimportant point in which we are at discord with it.

We dissent from Mr. Mill's conclusion, in the second chapter, that the temper which conduces to Order (or Permanence) in the state, and the temper which conduces to Progress, are the same in kind and differ only in degree—Progress denoting a greater degree of the temperament. We think, on the contrary, that though in a perfect statesman these two tempers will be harmonized and appear as one, yet in themselves they are radically divided. True, a great many good qualities, which Mr. Mill enumerates, 'mental activity, enterprise, courage,' are as conducive to Order as to Progress, and to Progress as to Order. But it does not follow that every good quality is equally conducive to the two. A hopeful disposition, for instance, is more conducive to Progress than to Order; it may even overthrow Order in aiming at Progress. Mr. Mill would say that that is not true Progress which consists in the overthrow of Order. But why not? Sound permanent progress it will not be, certainly; but it will be progress as far as it goes, and, which is still more to the point, it is sure to be the ideal of progress to those members of the community who are more hopeful than sagacious. Nothing is more certain than that a state cannot endure too rapid a succession of even beneficial measures of reform. Every such measure loosens the political structure, which needs a certain time to settle into the new shape. Every reform needs a large amount of thought and care in the practical carrying of it out; and a nation has not an unlimited supply of thought at its disposal. This is the case, then, in which considerations of progress will not of themselves suffice to do the best for a state. It is necessary to bring in the consideration of what amount of progress the state will bear—a consideration

which pertains distinctively to Order, or Permanence. It is true a far-seeing mind will, in a case like this, combine the two dispositions, and produce a result which is at once the greatest amount of Order and of Progress. But less far-seeing minds will not be able to do this; and hence the equilibrium of the state will demand, that as some minds specially aim at Progress, so others should specially aim at Order—since if one or the other class of minds unduly predominated, it would loosen or harden the body politic beyond what was expedient. A good many people have drawn from these observations of Mr. Mill's the not illogical deduction, that the most superior minds are those who recommend the greatest number of abstractedly desirable changes with the utmost possible vehemence; and it is not out of place to show that this principle is not a true one.

It is noticeable that the only other weak point in the 'Representative Government' is the chapter in which Mr. Mill enters upon practical administrative details—that, namely, in which he advocates Mr. Hare's system of voting. We are not rash enough to predict that Mr. Hare's system, or one similar to it, will never come into force in England; but we are quite certain that it will not come into force at one step—the leap from the present system to so widely different a method can only be accomplished by theorists of unexampled agility, certainly not, by so slow-going a nation as the English. It is out of place, in discussing so absolutely a premature device, to lay any stress upon the minute details of it. And this is what Mr. Mill does.

In Mr. Mill's 'Logic,' in his 'Essay on Liberty,' and in his 'Representative Government,' we recognise clearly a considerable quantity of pure gold, though mixed in each case with somewhat of a less worthy material. In his 'Political Economy'—the last of his important constructive works to which we now come—we can discern nothing of the highest value, though it doubtless contains large quantities of material for thought. The ambitious theorems in it are all, in our opinion, failures; the large suggestions are onesided and insufficiently examined; and of the rest, little is absolutely original. Like Mr. Mill's other works, it extends the science of which it treats into fields of a vague vastness, far beyond the grasp of a single thinker. It is the only work of Mr. Mill's of which we should say that it is, in general, distinctly and greatly overrated.

How strange, for example, is it that Mr. Mill, in his treatment of the subject of land tenure, should devote four chapters to the

discussion of present proprietors, metayers, and cottiers, and not give a single line to the description of the system customary in England! A comparison, in which one of the things compared is entirely ignored, is surely an unsatisfactory foundation for an opinion. The style of an advocate, not of a judge, is discernible in every line of the four chapters here spoken of.

Why, again, does he so elaborately and admiringly discuss Fourierism and Communism, when he is not prepared to state one single point, or name one single country, in which he would at present support these systems?

But we must examine his abstract theories, which have been our subject all along.

The principal of these is that elaborate paradox in the first volume, which he puts forward as one of the fundamental propositions of political economy—the proposition that ‘a demand for commodities is not a demand for labour.’

To a limited extent, and only to a very limited extent, there is a truth in this proposition. If by labour he meant the labour of those who are called ‘the labouring classes,’ *i.e.* those who endure physical toil, then the person who buys an article directly from the labourers gives them more than the person does who buys it from a middleman who has employed the labourers. In the former case, the labourers get the whole sum paid for the article; in the latter, the middleman intercepts a certain portion of it. This, however, is not what Mr. Mill means. His statement is, that the buying of commodities does not tend in any degree, however slight, to the sustenance of the labourer. Not a penny of the purchase money, he says, goes into the labourers’ pocket; it might as well have been thrown into the sea, for all the good it does in that quarter. This is the proposition which we dispute.

The proposition, that a demand for commodities is not a demand for labour, is very like the proposition that steam does not move a railway train. The steam will not move the train without the intervention of wheels and cylinders and pistons; and the demand for commodities will not be followed by the employment of labour, without the intervention of a certain amount of intermediate machinery, which is in the hands of the manufacturer or capitalist. But that the demand for the commodities is really the moving force which causes the employment of labour may be seen by this, that if the customers of any trade discontinue their custom, the workers in that trade must lose their employment. Suppose that all persons who buy lace were to cease buying it, and

put their money instead into a strong box at home (or, which would more probably be the case, were to let some article of commerce lie unused and idle, by the sale of which the lace would be purchased), would not the lace-makers be immediately thrown out of work? and who would be the gainers by it? Of course, if the buyers of lace did not put their money in the strong box, but bought something else with it, or employed labour on their own account, then somebody would be the gainer; but this is merely changing an old demand for a new one. Mr. Mill’s proposition affirms that the demand for commodities may entirely cease, and the demand for labour continue unaltered. It is truly monstrous to say such a thing. When a person demands labour, does not this mean that he demands the commodities which labour produces? When a man demands a commodity, does he not *ipso facto* demand the labour which produces the commodity? It is quite impossible to sever the two. Mr. Mill would, we suppose, admit that if I get A to make me an umbrella, and A gets B to help him, giving B a part of the profits, I have been the cause of employment not merely to A but to B. And what difference is there between this case and the case in which A has a reasonable expectation that I shall apply to him for the umbrella, and therefore, with B’s help, makes it beforehand?

Let us hear Mr. Mill. Take one of his illustrations:—

‘A consumer has been accustomed to buy velvet, but resolves to discontinue that expense, and to employ the same annual sum in hiring bricklayers. If the common opinion be correct, this change in the mode of his expenditure gives no additional employment to labour, but only transfers employment from velvet-makers to bricklayers. On closer inspection, however, it will be seen that there is an increase of the total sum affixed to the remuneration of labour. The velvet manufacturer, supposing him aware of the diminished demand for his commodity, diminishes the production, and sets at liberty a corresponding portion of the capital employed in the manufacture. This capital, thus withdrawn from the maintenance of velvet-makers, is not the same fund with that which the customer employs in maintaining bricklayers; it is a second fund. There are, therefore, two funds to be employed in the maintenance and remuneration of labour, where before there was only one. There is not a transfer of employment from velvet-makers to bricklayers; there is a new employment created for bricklayers, and a transfer of employment from velvet-makers to some other labourers, most probably those who produce the food and other things which the bricklayers consume.’

A strange oversight; the two funds exist in the case when the customer buys the velvet quite as much as when he does not buy it. Mr. Mill forgets the fund which the customer transfers to the velvet-maker in exchange for the velvet which he purchases. We are wrong: he does not absolutely forget it; he remembers it after he has written the argument in which it is ignored. Then, of course, he tries to save his case; but it is essentially a desperate one. This is how he plunges into the depths of the abyss:—

'It may, no doubt, be said, that though the money laid out in buying velvet is not an addition to capital, it replaces a capital; that though it does not create a new demand for labour, it is the necessary means of enabling the existing demand to be kept up. . . . The premises of this argument are not denied. . . . It is perfectly true that if I expend 1000*l.* in buying velvet, I enable the manufacturer to employ 1000*l.* in the maintenance of labour, which could not have been so employed while the velvet remained unsold; and if it would have remained unsold for ever, unless I bought it, then by changing my purpose, and hiring bricklayers instead, I undoubtedly create no new demand for labour. . . .'

But, Mr. Mill implies, the velvet will be sold in any case, whether the customer in question buy it or not. He entirely forgets that one of his two funds (in the case when the consumer does not buy the velvet) is derived from the fact that the velvet is not made at all! 'The velvet-maker,' he has said, 'diminishes the production, and sets at liberty a corresponding portion of the capital employed in the manufacture.' Clearly, if the velvet is to be sold, it is a necessary preliminary that it should be made. Briefly and simply, the two funds mentioned by Mr. Mill exist in both cases, and in both are employed in the maintenance of labour. Suppose the customer buys the velvet: there is the capital which the velvet-maker pays to his workpeople for making the velvet; and there is the capital which the customer transfers to the velvet-maker in exchange for the velvet, and which the velvet-maker then uses in the employment of labour either in his own trade or otherwise. Suppose the customer does not buy the velvet; there is the capital set free by the velvet-maker from his manufacture, as no longer wanted in it; and there is the capital which the customer (now no longer a customer) employs in hiring bricklayers.

Let us take one more of Mr. Mill's illustrations:—

'The proposition for which I am contending is in reality equivalent to the following, which

to some minds will appear a truism, though to others it is a paradox: That a person does good to labourers, not by what he consumes on himself, but solely by what he does not so consume. If instead of laying out 100*l.* in wine or silk, I expend it in wages or in alms, the demand for commodities is precisely equal in both cases. In the one, it is a demand for 100*l.* worth of wine or silk; in the other, for the same value of bread, beer, labourers' clothing, fuel, and indulgences; but the labourers of the community have in the latter case the value of 100*l.* more of the produce of the community distributed among them.'

'Wages or alms!' Who gave Mr. Mill leave to interpolate the latter word? It is purely out of place in the consideration of commercial transactions, and we shall take the liberty of omitting it. To proceed: Mr. Mill does great injustice to mankind if he thinks that the initial proposition of this paragraph can be a paradox to any person of ordinary sense. But it is very strange that he should consider it as equivalent to the proposition that a demand for commodities is not a demand for labour. Is it impossible that a person should pay wages to labourers for something which he intends to consume on himself? For instance, to use an illustration of Mr. Mill's own, if he gets labourers to dig an artificial lake for him? Is it, on the other hand, impossible that he should buy at a shop something which will be useful to his neighbours? Mr. Mill does not treat his two parallel cases fairly. He ignores the one hundred pounds which the labourers who produce the wine and silk receive for their labour in producing it; in the other case he ignores the produce which the labourers give to the employer in return for their bread, beer, clothing, fuel, and indulgences. The labourers in each case confer a benefit, and in each case receive a benefit. Mr. Mill, in the one case, omits to notice the benefit which they confer, in the other he omits to notice the benefit which they receive. No wonder he gets strange results: It is not worth while to wade after him further into this quagmire of confusion; but we may observe that, on page 147, he admits that a demand for commodities can 'call labour into increased vigour and efficiency'; though, by some inscrutable process, he still concludes that it does not 'demand labour.'

In many books we have read weak arguments of a kind that Mr. Mill, to his credit, never uses; but we never read so distinct a series of fallacies, so emphatic an assertion that $A = \text{not } A$, as in the above quotations. Perhaps in that ideal world which Mr. Mill anticipates, where two straight lines enclose a space, and two and two make five, and all things happen by pure chance, there Mr.

Mill's Fourth Fundamental Proposition of Political Economy may hold a distinguished place. We fear it must be relegated from this sublunary scene.

One 'fundamental proposition' in Mr. Mill's 'Political Economy,' the doctrine of a wages-fund, has been discussed in former numbers of this 'Review;' and, as it has now been given up by himself, there is no need to say anything further about it in this place. On another leading misconception in his work, in relation to the subject of money, we can only refer to Professor Bonamy Price's 'Principles of Currency' (p. 160).

We have now finished our criticism upon Mr. Mill's original speculations. The points that we have chosen for remark have been those which, as it seemed to us, his followers as well as the world at large would be likely to select as the most typical, the most characteristic, and the most fundamental propositions of his philosophy.

The tone adopted by Mr. Mill's followers of late years has been one not infrequent among the schools of philosophers, but one which in every case demands rigid sifting. It is this: that the human race, which heretofore had dragged its wagons and cars cumbrously over hedges and ditches, muddy lanes, and roadless forests, has now at length, by the efforts of a single thinker, got well on the rails, and is ready to steam off at express speed in any required direction. All is henceforth going to be plain-sailing (to change our metaphor); or if any question is obscure, it is satisfactorily shown that with such question we have no concern, and that no future generation will be able to solve it any more than ourselves.

Now it is true that in the history of the sciences there are epochs of sudden and rapid development which may seem partly to justify such a tone of triumph. But in the history of philosophy there are no such epochs. And it is clear why this is so; for it is very possible for a man to arise in any special branch of knowledge, who shall be entitled to say to others, 'In this branch you have hitherto been utterly wrong, let me show you how to deal with it;' but there never yet was a man entitled to say to his fellow-men, 'You have been hitherto utterly wrong in your views of the entire universe; let me found your speculations for you again absolutely *de novo*.' Bacon was the most revolutionary philosopher, the one who came nearest to making such lofty pretensions with a shadow of reason; but the apparent extreme novelty of Bacon's philosophy was due in no slight degree to his neglect of what was most valuable in the writings of his predecessors.

But of all schools of philosophy, that of Mr. Mill is we think, least entitled to make these extraordinary pretensions. To do him justice, we do not think that Mr. Mill would make any such claims for himself in so many words; but the freedom and positiveness with which he dismisses as 'fallacies' some of the most valued speculations of previous thinkers, without a word of qualification in cases where a just aim and a considerable measure of truth may have coexisted with errors of expression, indicates in him the tacit belief that these philosophers have now ceased to have any reason for their existence. We do not refer to such a work as his 'Examination of Sir W. Hamilton,' which is fair, laborious, and by no means always unsuccessful, antagonism; but to the casual expressions which drop from his pen in alluding to the theories of elder philosophers. He admires Plato; but it never, we think, enters his mind that any of Plato's theories can be, in any degree, true. He extols Berkeley as one of the greatest of philosophers; but he rejects his theological view with as little hesitation or respect as if it had come from an idiot. Even Newton is quoted by him only as evidence how absolutely we who are enlightened may be justified in rejecting an opinion of the greatest of scientific thinkers.

What Mr. Mill silently thinks, his followers more openly proclaim. We must lament that one of the most useful and distinguished of English Universities, the University of London, should have almost formally excluded from their examinations any other philosophy than that of Mr. Mill and Mr. Bain. Such a procedure does, indeed, show a good deal of simple misapprehension on the part of the more technical followers of these thinkers. It is quite true that Mr. Mill and Mr. Bain have had a great share of raising psychology, which is a science, and a very modern science, to the rank which it at present holds in public estimation. It is true, also, that psychology, like all nascent sciences, is much more connected with the great body of philosophy than a science which, like astronomy, has long been subject to accurate and well-defined investigation. But psychology is not therefore identical with philosophy; it is, on the contrary, wholly and entirely distinct from it. Those who think that psychology can combine the accuracy of science with the universality of philosophy, anticipate a state of things of which there is at any rate not the smallest sign at present. When this is once fully acknowledged, the narrowness which now characterizes Mr. Mill's school will be in a fair way to pass off.

But if the arguments advanced in the pre-

ceding pages have any weight, it can never happen that Mr. Mill's philosophy, as a philosophy, can be held in any high value. His inconsistencies are too many; his principles, borrowed to begin with, have been subject to too little analysis and harmonization at his own hand. He is, indeed, a kind of Procrustes, who takes the narrow and shrunken substance of other people's speculations, and tries by main force to expand them to the dimensions required by the age—dimensions which he himself is by no means ill qualified to appreciate.

For Mr. Mill himself, as we gladly acknowledge, is much more eminent as a man than he is as a philosopher. Were his nature narrower than it is, his reasonings would be more consistent. And even in his philosophy itself there is an antiphilosophic tinge, a disposition to withdraw from all theory into common-sense observation, which has in itself served inconsiderably to recommend him to the English nation, who have a decided preference for maxims over theories, for truth in detail over general systematization.

To ordinary unphilosophic readers Mr. Mill has been an arousing, exciting force; he has inspired men by his energy, he has animated them by sentiments generally benevolent and sometimes noble, he has forbidden them to be quiescent, lazy, and inert. Yet even taking Mr. Mill as a public teacher—putting aside the question of technical philosophy—we find something to regret, something to weigh against his merits. He either has not, or at least has never expressed, any sense of the mystery of life, apart from that mere curiosity which we feel for all things that are unknown. We do not, indeed, ask of any man, even of a philosopher, that he should enter at length upon such subjects, unless his nature inclines him thereto. But some recognition of them is, we think, to be desired, especially from those who undertake to teach mankind on their most vital interests. What interest can be more vital than this? Who can consider what he himself is, and how within a few years he has arisen out of nothingness, or out of what seems to men nothingness, and within a few years will sink back into the same, and not be deeply moved. Who is not driven at times to ask himself whether the world is truly animated and ruled by Eternal Love, or whether it is an external unfeeling something that hurries us from birth to death? A scientific curiosity is surely a very imperfect feeling in regard to these matters. But in Mr. Mill the evidence even of a scientific curiosity is rare in respect of them, and the omission has the appearance of being deliberate. He intends to imply that these are questions with which a

rational man will not concern himself. He thinks himself capable of drawing a sharp line between things knowable and things unknowable. We affirm that he is not really capable of doing this, and that no solid or justifiable ground can be shown for making an entire severance between what is called science and these topics of such deep interest to ourselves. The unknown penetrates the known, and is everywhere intermingled with it. It has resulted from such ultra-scientific views as those of Mr. Mill (which after all over-shoot the mark, and are not really even scientific) that the very notion of a moral idea has been ignored by many recent thinkers, and the title of moral philosophy has been usurped by a historical psychology, that is by theories respecting the feelings and habits of men in past ages.

To sum up briefly the conclusions of the present article, we trust it will be thought, as is truly the case, that we are far more anxious to correct than to depreciate the estimate generally formed in this country of Mr. Mill. That for which he has been most applauded by his admirers is his talent for original abstract speculation, whereas this seems to us precisely the line in which he is weakest. He is powerful by a certain broad common-sense, he is powerful also by a fervour of enthusiasm; and though these two qualities sometimes flow side by side in his writings, like the Arve and the Rhone, without commingling, yet at times they are united. He is a partisan, but a partisan with great purity of motive.

A sharpness of temperament, inherited from his father, coexists in him with a great love of fairness. He has a strong admiration for great men, which is the more excellent in him, as he sometimes disagrees widely from the opinions of those whom he holds up as patterns to others. To consider him as simply a cold-blooded reasoner is the greatest mistake that has ever been made about him. On the contrary, there is an element of fanaticism in his temperament, which frequently warps his judgment, and overcomes his natural sense of justice. But, notwithstanding this, it is his moral energy which, in our opinion, gives him his greatest title to honour, and which will most contribute to preserve his name among those who have done good to mankind.

ART. IV.—*A History of Painting in North Italy, Venice, Padua, Vicenza, Verona, Ferrara, Milan, Friuli, Brescia, from the*

fourteenth to the sixteenth century. By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. London, 2 vols. 8vo. 1871.

THE publication of two additional volumes of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's 'History of Painting in Italy,' proves that the interest long felt in this country in the Fine Arts has not diminished. The success of recent exhibitions of the works of the old masters at the Royal Academy, and of pictures by English and foreign painters elsewhere shows, indeed, that this interest is increasing. No one who desires to see the taste and amusements of the people improved and refined can regret that this is so. We believe it to be of the utmost importance that in these days, when the different classes of society are being politically amalgamated and confounded, working men should be taught that, after all, there is something in the cultivation of the intellect, and that the high state of civilization to which we have attained, and our advancement in prosperity, happiness, and comfort, are not unconnected with the development of the human faculty, whether in the direction of literature, science, or art.

It is, therefore, with concern, if not with fear, that we observe a disposition in certain persons hitherto entrusted with the direction, as far as Government can affect it, of public opinion in these matters, to sneer at the arts and taste, and to treat with contempt, if not with something worse, those who profess them. That in these days of 'Communism' and 'Internationalism' this tendency is positively mischievous, and even dangerous, we need scarcely point out. It is more than desirable, it is necessary, that those who are seeking to control society, and to abolish the distinction of classes, should be made to feel that high mental cultivation and intellectual pursuits soften and elevate the national as well as the individual character, instead of being taught to despise them. The 'Communists' of Paris, whatever may be said to the contrary by their apologists, waged war against the arts and literature as a part of that civilization which they consider it their mission to destroy. If they had been allowed a few more hours to mature and carry out their plans, it has been proved, beyond question, that the public, and probably the private libraries, galleries, and museums of the capital, would have been destroyed. We hope and believe that our working classes are not inspired by the same ignorant and fanatical fury. The interest they have hitherto shown in the collections of art and science, which at such vast expense and such infinite labour have been collected to-

gether in this great metropolis, leads to a contrary belief. If London had ever the misfortune of falling into the power of a mob, we trust that they would prevent the repetition of such scenes as were witnessed in Paris. But there are always reckless men to be found, and they would be encouraged and directed in their recklessness by foreigners, who, outlawed and expelled from the rest of Europe, conspire against civilization and order under the protection of our laws, and would rejoice in being able to bring about the destruction of our most glorious national monuments.

It has often been said that the Fine Arts have made greater progress, and men of genius who followed them have received greater encouragement under despotic Governments and absolute princes than in countries enjoying free institutions. It has been too hastily inferred that the highest development of the arts, and even of literature, is inconsistent with political liberty. The fact is overlooked that the growth which preceded and led to it has taken place under the impulse of freedom, and that speedy decay has generally followed such temporary splendour. It was in the Greek republics that the arts and literature attained a glory unequalled in the world's history. It was under the Roman Empire that they rapidly declined. It was in the small Italian republics that they rose again, and it was when Italy fell under the withering despotism of the foreigner that they perished. Catholic Rome was never, as her eulogists assert, the cradle of the arts. She was their tomb. Artists and literary men were attracted to her by the encouragement which a sumptuous religion held out to them. She availed herself of the genius which had been nourished elsewhere, but she has not produced a single artist or writer of world-wide fame. Those who were drawn to her soon lost under her baneful shadow their originality and greatness. Her influence elsewhere was equally fatal to the arts. The architecture and painting of the Jesuits, which have disfigured from the end of the sixteenth century almost every city of Italy and Spain, and have caused the destruction of so many noble monuments of art, show the result of the superstitions and tyranny of Rome.

We have not space to dwell upon the value economically of the arts and of taste. But when war is declared by labour against capital, and the most perverted notions of political economy prevail, it is of no little importance that the influence of art upon the wealth of a country, and upon the consequent well-being of its working classes, should be well understood. The result of

the theories of the 'Internationalists,' if put into practice, would be the destruction of modern civilization, against which they are directed; and the return of Europe to a state of barbarism, anarchy, and misery scarcely surpassed in the darkest periods of the middle ages.

These considerations force themselves upon us when we take up Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's volumes. The publication of such researches affords a proof of the interest that is felt in the lives and performances of any class of men who have done something to illustrate the history and promote the civilization of their time. Few books have been more generally read than the biographies of the Italian painters by Vasari. It is true that much of their popularity is to be attributed to their style, and to the picture they give of contemporary manners and modes of thought which can scarcely fail to interest and amuse even those who are most indifferent to painting and painters. But Vasari is proved by documents and from other sources to be singularly inaccurate in his facts and dates. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have with much industry and care corrected many of his mistakes and misstatements. The technical description of a picture can never be attractive. Nor can the mere chronicle of the works of painters, unless relieved by personal anecdotes, such as Vasari has interspersed with his biographies, be very amusing. But making every allowance for the difficulties with which our authors have had to contend, we must object to the art jargon which they frequently use, and to the somewhat grotesque English of their criticisms. It was surely unnecessary to coin uncouth words and phrases to point out the merits or demerits of a picture. However, their history is the mine from which future writers on Italian painting will obtain their materials. It is indispensable to the library of the collector and the artist. Although we think the conclusions of the writers, in some instances, too hasty and dogmatic, we readily admit that they have been the first to treat their subject with the requisite knowledge, to define the various schools of painting that flourished in Italy, and to establish on sure grounds the real authorship of many hitherto misnamed works.

The first three volumes of the 'History of Painting in Italy' are of special value for the study of that great art-revival which took place in the fourteenth century in Central Italy. But our space will not permit us to do more in one article than notice the volumes recently published on 'The History of Painting in North Italy.' Now that the

illustrious cities under the shadow of the Alps are so accessible to the traveller, and their splendid monuments are so generally visited, the schools of painting which once flourished in them deserve to be better known. That the many remarkable painters whom they produced should not enjoy the fame they deserve, is mainly owing to the fact that Vasari has passed them over for the most part almost unnoticed. A Tuscan, and justly proud of his own countrymen, his principal object was to exalt the Tuscan schools of art. He has consequently given an undue prominence to men of second or third rate abilities who happened to have been born on Tuscan soil, whilst artists of far greater merit are either passed over altogether or summarily disposed of, not unfrequently under disfigured names. His notice of the painters to whom the Venetian school owed its development and its glory, Avanzi and Altichiero, the Vivarinis, the three Bellinis, Carpaccio, Cima da Conegliano, Basaiti, the Veronese and Vicentine masters, and even Giorgione himself, is comprised in less than thirty pages of the last small octavo edition of his lives, and in a short joint biography of Lorenzo Lotto and Palma Vecchio, and a rather more copious one of Titian. It is true that local historians have to a certain extent made up for Vasari's ignorance or silence. But their works are scarce or little known. From them, and from personal investigations and researches, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have now for the first time produced a complete history of the development of painting in Northern Italy.

There is nothing more surprising in the history of Italy from the eleventh to the sixteenth century than the prosperity of the small states into which the Peninsula was then divided. No country can show a more general, and apparently a more equal, distribution of comfort and wealth. On all sides splendid monuments arose—churches, convents, public buildings, private palaces, unequalled for the beauty of their architecture and the richness of their decorations. There is scarcely an Italian town, however small, which cannot boast of some such edifice. This fact would indicate a state of tranquillity and general well-doing little consistent with the prevailing idea that Italy was at that time torn to pieces by the struggles of political factions and was the theatre of general disorder and war. Her true history during that period—not the chronicle of the intrigues of ambitious and unscrupulous families—but the history of her economical condition, of her trade, her industries, and the social state of her people—has yet to be

written. It is hard to believe that, during those five centuries in which Italy attained an almost unexampled splendour in culture, in literature, in science, and in the arts, her people were engaged in no other occupation than that of butchering each other, and that the country was overrun by bands of 'condottieri' and plunderers, who carried ruin and desolation wherever they went. And yet such is the popular notion of the state of Italy during that period, in spite of the evidence which every city and town offers to the contrary. It is true that there was rivalry amongst the many small states into which she was divided, frequently leading to deplorable results; but on the whole it was a healthy rivalry, which led to an extraordinary development in art and literature. It was during this period of intellectual movement that the arts flourished throughout the Peninsula. Subsequent to it occur, no doubt, some of the greatest names that illustrate the history of painting; but they were the produce of earlier times, and when the spirit which had fostered it died out, art perished too. Raphael, Michelangelo, Correggio, Titian, and the other illustrious painters of the sixteenth century, were, though the greatest, the last of their class. After them, and under the influence of the new order of things, the arts rapidly decayed and soon expired. In the Venetian Republic, which retained its independence, the decline was not so rapid, and the glory of the Venetian school was not altogether extinguished in the middle of the seventeenth century.

During the period to which we have referred almost every city in Northern Italy had its school of art. These schools generally lasted as long as the cities in which they flourished maintained a certain amount of political independence: Venice, Ferrara, Padua, the cities of the Friuli, Vicenza, Verona, Mantua, Cremona, Bergamo, Brescia, and Milan can each boast of its painters, sculptors, and architects; and each has produced men who have added to its renown, and who deserve higher places in the history of art than have been hitherto assigned to them. Many of their works have unfortunately perished, others have been repainted and destroyed by restorers, or pass, frequently with forged signatures, for those of other men. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, with much industry and critical ability, have endeavoured, in most instances with success, to discover such as still exist, and to restore to their true authors those of which time and fraud have deprived them. Signor Cavalcaselle, in particular, is well qualified for the task he has undertaken in conjunction with Mr. Crowe. There is probably no

living art-critic who has so carefully studied the whole history of painting and painters, or who has a wider acquaintance with the various schools, not only of Italy but of other countries, and with public and private collections in all parts of Europe.

Whatever may have been the direction ultimately taken by the north Italian schools, they all appear to have received their first impulse, directly or indirectly, from Giotto. We can have little hesitation in claiming for that great painter the first place in modern, as distinguished from classic, art. That the traditions of Roman art were preserved, and that painting was used for religious and secular purposes until he appeared, there can be no doubt. Paintings, dating from the fall of the Roman Empire to the thirteenth century, may be found in all parts of Italy. One of the most interesting and instructive portions of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's work, is that showing the gradual decline of the influence of Roman art in the paintings of the catacombs, in early Christian mosaics, and in the frescoes on the walls of ancient churches. At the commencement of the thirteenth century, painting throughout the Peninsula was nearly at the same level, and was marked by the same characteristics. The old classic traditions had not been altogether lost: they are still to be traced in the barbarous works of that time. But pictorial representations were puerile and grotesque. Painters of more or less skill worked in different parts of Italy. It would be a profitless task to endeavour to trace any fundamental distinctions in their styles, or to attempt to divide Italian art of that period, such as it was, into schools. There appears to be no doubt that to Cimabue is due the glory assigned to him by Vasari, of having been the first to break through the old traditions, and to seek in nature his models. He represented in art the spirit and tendency of his age, as shown in religion, politics, and literature. Moreover, to Cimabue is due that advance in the technical branch of painting, without which, probably, his illustrious pupil Giotto would have been unable to carry out his great conceptions.* But his works, however remarkable they may be, considering the circumstances under which they were executed, show to what a low condition painting had fallen. To Giotto is due its true revival. The activity and industry of this great painter were scarcely less surprising than his genius. In almost every city

* See, as to this, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle in their former work on the 'History of Painting in Italy,' vol. i. p. 205.

of importance in Italy he left some monument of his art. In tracing the origin of the various schools of painting which flourished from the Alps to the bay of Naples, we everywhere find the influence of his teaching. He travelled from Florence to Arezzo, Rimini, Rome, Gaeta, and Naples, to the south—to Lucca, Ravenna, Ferrara, Padua, Verona, and Milan, to the north. In each city he executed important works, and gave a new stimulus and direction to his art. Throughout Italy he was recognised as the painter who most worthily interpreted the opinions and wants of his day.*

The only important city in Italy which it cannot be proved that Giotto visited was Venice. Yet, there too, his influence was felt. The wonderful frescoes with which he decorated the walls of the Arena Chapel at Padua could not fail to open a new era of painting throughout Northern Italy. It was not, however, till late in the fourteenth century—the Arena having been finished at its commencement—that in the same city, Giotto, a Paduan, painted the Baptistery, and Altichiero and Avanzi, probably Veronese, executed the frescoes in the chapels of S. Giorgio and S. Felice. These remarkable works were unquestionably inspired by those of Giotto. Their authors adopted his maxims of composition and colour as well as his types. They followed so well in his footsteps that Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle justly pronounce the chapel of S. Felice to be the noblest monument of the pictorial art of the fourteenth century in Northern Italy.

Similar results appear to have attended Giotto's visit to Verona and the neighboring cities; but a direct Giottoesque influence can only be traced in one existing monument at Venice—the mosaic of the tomb of the Doge Michele Morosini, in the church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, executed about 1382. Guariento, who painted in Padua early in the fourteenth century, decorating with frescoes the church of the Eremitani and other buildings, and who was an imitator, if not a disciple of Giotto, had, however, painted his celebrated 'Paradiso,' in the Council Hall of the Ducal Palace, in 1365. But this work has perished. Wall-painting, whether in fresco or tempera, seems to have been little practised in Venice on a large scale before the sixteenth century. Experience had probably shown that it could not resist the effects of the damp sea-air. The

Venetians preferred the more gorgeous and durable material of mosaic; and it was fortunate that they did so, as they produced one of the most magnificent monuments of architectural decoration in the world—the church of S. Mark, and have taught us the use of a substance which will withstand our English climate, and is capable of the most beautiful and varied effects if judiciously treated.

The two painters who decorated the chapels of S. Felice and S. Giorgio at Padua—Altichiero and Avanzi—were also extensively employed at Verona. Of their works in that city but few traces now remain. Frescoes on the Gothic tombs in the church of S. Anastasio, especially that of the Cavalli family, may be attributed to one of them. They certainly belong to their school and time, and are unmistakably Giottoesque. Neither at Milan, Rimini, nor Ferrara, have the works executed by Giotto been discovered. The early wall-paintings still existing in those cities have, however, more or less the characteristics of his school. But at Ravenna traces of his pencil are still seen.

It was not without reason that Vasari—proud of the genius of his fellow-Tuscans—claimed for them so large a share in the revival of the arts and in the ultimate triumph which painting achieved at the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century. Whilst the North Italian schools owed their origin to the influence of Giotto, they were indebted for their final development to three other Florentines—Donatello, Fra Filippo Lippi, and Paolo Uccelli. It was, indeed, this Tuscan influence which produced the school of which Mantegna was the head, and which, through Jacobo Bellini, his fellow-labourer and father-in-law, contributed to form the Venetian, that culminated with Titian, Tintoret, and Paul Veronese, the greatest of colourists. It is true, as we shall hereafter see, that the Vivarinis, a family of painters of the island of Murano, near Venice, were already distinguished by their rich colouring and somewhat barbarous profuseness of ornamentation. This taste for bright contrasted tints and gorgeous decoration, opposed to the true Giottoesque spirit, may be traced to that Byzantine or oriental influence which predominated even to a late period in Venice. It was corrected by the Tuscan influence, which taught the Venetians sobriety in colour, correctness in drawing, natural expression, and pleasing well-balanced composition.

Squarcione, who founded the later Paduan school, was a bad painter, although, judging from his scholars, a good master. His works are distinguished by a singularly per-

* The first volume of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's 'History of Painting in Italy' contains a description of the works executed by Giotto in various parts of the Peninsula, and of his influence on the different schools of painting.

verted taste for the ugly, by grotesque and exaggerated expression, and by an affected imitation of the antique. He seems to have been carried away by the enthusiasm for Greek and Roman remains, which then prevailed in Italy, and to have collected and used specimens and casts of ancient sculpture as models for his pupils. Unfortunately his followers retained more or less the characteristics of their master; the best, such as Mantegna, refining, the others, if possible, exaggerating them. The chapel of the Eremitani at Padua, decorated by his scholars, holds in the history of painting in the north of Italy the same place as the Brancacci chapel at Florence does in that of Tuscany. The contract for its decoration in fresco was entered into by Squarcione himself. Whether he actually executed any part of the work seems doubtful; but the ablest of his pupils were employed on it. Messrs Crowe and Cavalcaselle have endeavoured to assign to each painter his share. The frescoes of Pizzolo, Ansuino, and Mantegna, can with certainty be identified either by their signatures or by documentary evidence.

The wall paintings of the Eremitani represent the martyrdom of S. James and S. Christopher, the Assumption of the Virgin (behind the altar), and the Evangelists, who occupy their traditional position in the four divisions of the groined roof. Scarcely less important than the subjects are the rich and varied ornaments in chiaroscuro and colour which divide them, and follow the architectural features of the chapel.

In the Brancacci chapel, decorated, like that of the Eremitani, by different hands, we trace the development of that grand, severe, naturalistic Tuscan school, from which sprang the great *cinque-centisti*. Its frescoes combine the qualities which distinguish that school—sober colour, skilful composition, correct and vigorous drawing, and truthful and dignified expression. Nature in its best and highest aspects inspired their authors. The painters of the Eremitani chapel drew their inspiration rather from antique models than from nature. They did not, like Donatello and other Florentines, combine their study—profiting equally from both. They exhausted the scientific knowledge of the day, and were able to produce wonderful effects of perspective and light and shade. They were careful, but not free, draughtsmen, and showed an almost Flemish skill in the exact representation of fruit, flowers, medallions, and fragments of sculpture and architecture. But they were ignorant of the highest ends of painting, and did not attempt, or were unable, to appeal,

like the painters of the Brancacci chapel, to the best feelings of human nature. The one amongst them who most succeeded in freeing himself from the effects of early teaching was Mantegna—a man of true genius, who takes rank with the few really great and original painters.

Mantegna was still young when he painted in the Eremitani, but he showed himself far in advance of his master and of his fellow-labourers. If Squarcione quarrelled with him on account of his superiority, the master had certainly excellent grounds for his jealousy of his pupil. Considering the time at which they were executed (the middle of the fifteenth century), the frescoes representing the martyrdom of S. Christopher command admiration for their skilful drawing, foreshortening, and perspective; for the beauty of the architectural and other details, and for the noble conception of many of the figures.* But whilst admitting that they possess these qualities, we cannot remain insensible to their artificial character. We feel that they are the result of careful studies from models, executed upon scientific principles. They do not, in consequence, excite that interest and sympathy which are produced by a lofty and truthful interpretation of nature herself.

It is evident that Squarcione's school was on the wrong track. Mantegna himself, who became its head as he grew older, carried its principles to the highest perfection of which they appear to be capable; but even in his most important works we see the evil effect of the early influence we have described. Perhaps the best example of his style and skill is the well-known triptych in the Tribune of the Uffizi at Florence. It was painted about 1464 for his patrons, the Gonzagas, and was afterwards sold to Antonio de' Medici, Prince of Capistrano. It combines the most wonderful minuteness of detail, and the highest finish, with rich and harmonious colour, careful and correct drawing, and an elevation of feeling rarely to be met with in the works of this painter. Some of the figures have the severe beauty of a Greek gem or bas-relief; and yet these rare merits are almost marred by the too visible influence of Squarcione, shown in grotesque and exaggerated types and expression. It is owing to this fact that whilst the artist and connoisseur will look upon this

* The frescoes in the chapel of the Eremitani are well known to most travellers who have visited Padua, and have been copied and in part published by the Arundel Society. Portions of some of them are not inferior in conception and design to the antique.

picture with admiration, the common observer will probably pass it by.

A grander example of Mantegna's powers would have been furnished by the celebrated paintings representing the triumphal procession of Julius Cæsar, now at Hampton Court Palace, had they not been completely and irretrievably destroyed in the reign of William III., by an ignorant restorer, who, not satisfied with replacing what time may have injured, has repainted almost the whole of the master's work. The parts which retain traces of Mantegna's hand would scarcely cover a space of more than a few square inches! We can, therefore, now judge of them only by the composition and by the general character of the details. We know that they were so much admired by Rubens that he copied some figures from one of them in a masterly sketch now fortunately preserved in the National Gallery.* They show the extraordinary fertility of imagination of Mantegna, his skill as a draughtsman, and his intimate knowledge of the antique, by the spirit of which they prove him to have been more deeply inspired than any other painter. They are freer from the Squarcioneque influence than any of his other works, and even the ugly and grotesque 'masks,' to use Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's favourite expression, that are conspicuous in so many of his pictures, disappear; the prisoners are noble and dignified men, and some of the youths and children creations of singular beauty.†

Mantegna died in 1506, about the time when Raphael was becoming famous. He left two sons, Francesco and Ludovico, painters of moderate abilities, and imitators of their father, under whose name their works frequently pass.‡ Amongst his other immediate pupils none rose to eminence. The school which he had founded was soon absorbed in those of Venice and Lombardy.

Although there is no evidence that Mantegna worked in Vicenza, this city was too near to Padua to be free from his influence. It was owing to it that out of the primitive school of painting which existed there, as in other cities of Northern Italy, there rose in

the second half of the fifteenth century, four painters of considerable ability and originality, Speranza, Bartolomeo Montagna, Buonconsiglio, and Fogolino. Their works are rare beyond their native city and its neighbourhood. Many have perished, and others in the hands of collectors pass under other names. Of the four the most remarkable was Montagna. In his pictures the harshness of Mantegna appears to have been softened by the study of the works of Giovanni Bellini, his contemporary. This combined influence led him to produce grand, dignified and graceful pictures, such as the noble altar-piece in the Brera. He showed a tender feeling for nature in some of his smaller works, and in the backgrounds of his 'Madonnas,' in which he represented with careful minuteness the hills and walled towns of his native province. That he was a fresco painter of considerable skill is proved by his frescoes in the church of SS. Nazaro e Celso in Verona, and by his employment in that capacity in the neighbouring city of Padua.

Buonconsiglio was a painter little inferior in ability to Montagna. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, judging by his later works in the churches of Venice, conjecture that he was one of the first to follow Antonello da Messina in the use of oil as a vehicle. Fogolino worked in the Venetian territory and in the Valley of Trent during the first quarter of the sixteenth century, but he afterwards changed his style under the influence of the works of Raphael and his followers. With these painters ceased the short-lived independence of the Vicentine school.

Verona produced a long series of painters. Altichiero and Avanzi, the earliest of note, appear to have been natives of this city, although their works are chiefly found in Padua. They followed, with success, the style and manner of Giotto. The next Veronese painter of importance was Vittor Pisano, sometimes called Pisanello, a man of true genius. Although born at Verona, or in its territory, he probably studied, when still young, at Florence, where at the beginning of the fifteenth century the second great epoch of the Tuscan school was already commencing. There he found himself within the influence of the prevailing taste for the antique. Under it he executed his medals of some of the most distinguished men of his time, and upon them his fame as an artist now chiefly rests. Twenty-eight of them are known and are justly prized for their beauty and vigour of design, and for their boldness of execution.

Of his paintings but few have been preserved. Those attributed to him are for the

* No. 278—'The Triumph of Julius Cæsar.'

† We think that Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle underrate the 'Holy Family,' by Mantegna, in the National Gallery. Although it may not rank amongst the best examples of the master, it has great merits—especially in the expression of the two Saints, and an unusual softness of colour. It is to be regretted that the national collection does not possess a really fine picture by this great painter.

‡ For instance the 'Christ and Mary Magdalene in the Garden,' No. 639, in the National Gallery, probably by Francesco Mantegna.

most part apocryphal. In the National Gallery is a small picture representing the Virgin in glory, S. Anthony the Abbot, and S. George, authenticated by his signature. It is a vigorous work, and gives some idea of his power as a colourist. There are a few remains of his frescoes at Verona. They are spirited and well drawn. He was fond of introducing animals and birds into his works, and rich embellishments and gold embossings, a practice which he had probably learned from Gentile da Fabriano and other painters of Central Italy. He was called to Venice with other distinguished artists of his time to decorate the Ducal Palace, but the works which he executed there and in other cities of Northern Italy have perished.

The contemporaries and immediate successors of Pisano, such as Stefano da Zevio, the Benaglii, and others, were greatly his inferiors in power and originality. They are chiefly known by their frescoes in Verona. In no city of Italy was the combination of architecture and painting more studied and carried to a higher degree of perfection. Its splendid Gothic monuments, churches, tombs, and public and private buildings, were profusely decorated with frescoes, and not only were the interiors of edifices thus adorned, but even the façades of palaces were covered with paintings representing biblical and classical subjects. We are glad to see that the Arundel Society is about to publish a collection of drawings of sepulchral monuments, amongst which the tombs of Verona will hold a prominent place. If such a work were to reform to any extent our modern sepulchral art, it would be of no small value.

The feeling for colour which Pisano had introduced into the Veronese school, and which was further developed by the study of the works of Mantegna, bore ample fruits. A series of original and vigorous colourists culminated in Paul Veronese. The painters of Verona, of the fifteenth century and beginning of the sixteenth, like those of all the north of Italy, came under the influence of Mantegna, adopting to a certain extent his dryness and hardness of outline. They also shared his fondness for the representation of fruit, flowers, and ancient remains. They are but little known out of their native city. Vasari barely mentions their names, and they had no contemporary biographers. Amongst the most distinguished were Bonsignori, Liberale, Falconetto, Giolfino, Carotto, Domenico, and Francesco Morone (not to be confounded with the portrait painter of Bergamo of later date), Girolamo dei Libri, and Morando, more commonly

known as Cavazzola. Owing to the judicious purchases of Sir Charles Eastlake, who rightly sought to make our National Gallery a history of painting, several of these painters are represented in it, although not always by works affording the best evidence of their powers. Their masterpieces can rarely be seen except in Veronese churches or galleries. By Bonsignori we possess a portrait remarkable for its vigour, individuality, and colour, authenticated by the signature of the painter.* Its correct drawing and admirable rendering of character remind us of the great Florentines, Ghirlandajo, the Lippis, and Credi. Bonsignori became towards the end of his career an imitator of Mantegna's later and broader style, and pictures by him are not unfrequently attributed to that master. Liberale was known beyond his native province as a skilful miniaturist. The beautiful illustrations of the choral books of the Benedictine Convent of Monte Oliveto, near Sienna, are his most celebrated works. He, too, fell later in life under the influence of Mantegna, for whose works his pictures with counterfeit signatures pass in some collections. Falconetto was known both as an architect and painter. His fresco decorations in the church of SS. Nazaro e Celso at Verona, although ill-preserved, are sufficient to prove his skill. Giolfino does not hold as high a rank, but Carotto was a painter of considerable merit.

It was, as we have observed, an early custom, and one which still exists in the cities of Northern Italy, to cover with painted subjects the exteriors of public buildings and private houses. Painters of the highest repute did not disdain to employ their talents for such purposes. Mantegna thus decorated the palaces of Mantua and Padua, and even Titian, Giorgione, and Pordenone vied with each other in this field of art. Unfortunately, with the exception of some fragments by Pordenone, the frescoes executed by those great masters in Venice have perished. In Verona, Vicenza, and other cities of *terra firma*, and especially of the Friuli, such works have fared better. Their effect is rich and striking, and adds much to the picturesque beauty of the old Venetian towns. The subjects chosen were sacred and profane; holy families and saints, the patrons of the town, or of the owner of the building, or scenes from the Old Testament; episodes from the history of Greece or Rome; not unfrequently representations of contemporary events. These paintings were accompanied by imitations of architecture,

* National Gallery, No. 736, called 'A Venetian Senator.'

classic ornaments, and medallions of heroes and celebrated men. This mode of decoration was carried to great perfection on the façades of the spacious palaces of Verona. Nearly all the painters of the Veronese school whom we have mentioned were engaged in it. The traveller who has visited Verona will not forget the picturesque appearance on a sunny Italian morning, and especially on a market day, of the great square—the Piazza delle Erbe—with its painted house fronts and its two columns surmounted by the symbols of the old Venetian republic. The scene has been a favourite one with our painters.

The two Morones, father and son, especially distinguished themselves in this branch of painting, but they were no less skilful in interior decoration. Of Domenico Morone an interesting example is preserved in the library of the suppressed convent of S. Bernadino, painted in 1503. The walls of this great hall, used during the Austrian occupation as a storehouse for grain, are covered with sacred subjects, and portraits of saints, well-arranged, and producing a striking and pleasing effect. By Francesco Morone, a better painter than his father, there is a charming fresco on a house near the picturesque bridge on the Adige, known as the 'Ponte delle Navi.' Of this graceful composition, so soft and harmonious in colour, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have given a sketch.* We trace in it the influence of Mantegna in the festoons of flowers and fruit, which hang above the head of the Virgin and Child, seated in the midst of saints. Francesco Morone's masterpiece are his frescoes in the sacristy of Santa Maria, in Organo, an example of internal decoration, justly pronounced by Vasari 'one of the most beautiful in Italy.' They were finished in the beginning of the sixteenth century, although commenced at the end of the fifteenth. The lower part of the walls of the sacristy is panelled with wood carvings, and 'tarsie,' or pictures in inlaid wood, by a friar, known as Fra Giovanni of Verona. They are excellent examples of an effective and durable mode of decoration largely employed for ecclesiastical and other purposes in Italy during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and for which even such painters as Raphael and Perugino made designs. Above the 'tarsie' are half-length

portraits in lunettes of Popes, monks of the Olivetan order, and female saints, painted by Morone. On the ceiling he has represented a balustrade in excellent perspective, from which angels look down, and in the centre a figure of the Saviour. The portraits are remarkable for their individuality, and the general tone of colour is singularly bright and pleasing.

Contemporary with Morone was Girolamo dei Libri. He derived this name from his father Francesco, who was probably an illuminator of books. No well-authenticated specimens of the works of either in that branch of art have been preserved. Girolamo's altarpieces are principally found in the churches and public gallery of Verona; there is, however, a fair example of the master in the National Gallery.* They are distinguished by their gay and attractive colour, by the graceful action of the figures, generally by correct drawing, and by a considerable advance in the representation of landscape. This painter was fond of introducing in the foreground of his pictures angels singing, and playing upon instruments of music. In his masterpiece in the church of S. Giorgio at Verona, are three charming figures of this kind.† The background to his groups is frequently formed by a lemon-tree, with its rich contrasts of yellow fruit and green leaves; whilst beyond are seen the wooded hills and castles of the Veronese territory, executed with a minuteness and delicacy which betray the miniaturist.

But the most eminent painter, who at this period issued from the Veronese school, was Paolo Morando, more commonly known as Cavazzola. Vasari extols his character, 'unstained by any vice,' and declares that had he lived longer he would have attained to the best and highest honours that can be hoped for in painting. The individuality of his types, his originality as a colourist, and his free and correct drawing, place him unquestionably in the first rank of his contemporaries. He died at the early age of thirty-six, or according to Vasari of thirty-one, from overwork. The rapid progress that he was making, and the promise that he gave, may justify the boast of the Veronese that he would have been a second Raphael. With the exception of two of his pictures in the National Gallery,‡ his works are not to be

* 'History of Painting in North Italy,' vol. i. p. 492. As this fresco is rapidly perishing, we would recommend it to the attention of the Arundel Society. In the National Gallery there is a picture ascribed to Francesco Morone (a 'Virgin and Child,' No. 285), but of inferior merit.

* No. 748. 'The Madonna, Infant Christ, and S. Anne.'

† A copy of this fine work is announced for publication by the Arundel Society.

‡ 'S. Rock with the Angel' (No. 735), and 'The Virgin and Child, with St. John the Baptist and an Angel' (No. 777). Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle praise both these works, and

found out of Verona. His masterpiece is the 'Deposition from the Cross' in the public gallery of that city, painted for an altar in the church of S. Bernadino. For powerful contrasts of light and shade, for new and striking effects of colour, and for dignified and natural expression, we know few pictures that surpass it. In the background Cavazzola shows himself a consummate landscape painter, almost equalling Canaletto in the vigorous and picturesque representation of nature.

As Verona and Mantua owed their schools of painting to the protection extended to arts and artists by the powerful families of the Scaligeri and the Gonzagas, so at Ferrara a school arose under the patronage of the Estes. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have given a sketch of its history, and have, with their usual care, removed the confusion with which the names and biographies of its principal painters have been surrounded by the ignorance of modern writers on art. The most famous of them were, at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century, Cosimo Tura, Cossa, Baldassare, Ercole Roberto Grande, Ercole Grande (two painters who, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have shown from documentary evidence, must not be confounded), and Lorenzo Costa. They were, like all the north Italian masters, more or less under the influence of Mantegna. The principal monument of their skill was the frescoes in the great hall of the Schifanoia palace at Ferrara. Its walls had been painted by them in the last quarter of the fifteenth century with the signs of the Zodiac and the god or goddess presiding over each of them, accompanied by allegorical emblems. Beneath these subjects were depicted scenes from the public and domestic life of Duke Borso of Ferrara, illustrating the twelve months of the year. The frescoes had as usual been covered with whitewash, which was removed a few years ago. But only those on two sides of the hall have been preserved. They are interesting and spirited records of the manners of the fifteenth century, and are full of curious details of costume.

At a later period Costa went to Bologna, where he became associated with Francesco Francia, and fell like him under the influence of the tender and graceful Umbrian school, of which Pietro Perugino was the chief. They painted together, and with their pupils, the walls of the oratory or chapel of S. Cecilia in that city, with frescoes illustrative of the lives of the saint and of S. Valerian. Those

beautiful works have greatly suffered from ill-treatment and neglect, the oratory having been used as a stable and a barrack.*

The works of Francia and Costa are too well known to require more than a passing notice,† nor have we space to follow the history of the Bolognese school, until it expanded into that of the great eclectics, the Caracci, Domenichino, and Guido. The influence of Mantegna gradually declined in Ferrara, and a new school was formed distinguished by a richer and more vigorous colouring, and by a grander and freer treatment. Its principal painters were Maszolini, Ortolano, Garofalo, and the two Dossi, men of considerable, though varied, merit. Of them Dosso Dossi was the greatest; and his famous altarpiece, now in the public gallery of his native city, may be placed for its marvellous power and effect of colour amongst the masterpieces of painting.

We have not space to follow Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle in their history of the schools which flourished in Parma and in the cities of the Romagna. That of Milan is of greater importance from its ultimate connection with Leonardo da Vinci. It produced in its early period only two painters of real ability, Vincenzo Foppa and Bartolomeo Suardi, better known as Bramantino. They may both to a certain extent be included amongst the followers of Squarcione, from their manner and their fondness for the antique. Foppa was engaged on considerable works in Milan during the middle of the fifteenth century. He continued painting to the end of it in Brescia and other cities of Northern Italy. Of his works, notwithstanding the reputation he enjoyed, very few have been preserved. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle assign to him an altarpiece in the National Gallery, representing 'the Adoration of the Kings,' attributed wrongly to his pupil Bramantino.‡ It is, on the whole, an effective composition, but weaker in its drawing and details than is usual with the painter, who has shown in it a taste for gold embossings and ornaments in stucco relief, unusual in the schools of Northern Italy.

The ablest of his pupils was Bramantino, frequently confounded with the architect Bramante, with whom he appears to have

* The Arundel Society has published two of the principal frescoes, the Marriage of S. Cecilia, and her burial after Martyrdom. They are probably by Francia.

† In the National Gallery we have perhaps the finest existing example of Francia in his well-known altarpiece, now divided into two parts (Nos. 179 and 180). Of Costa we have also an altarpiece, No. 629.

‡ No. 729.

been at one time associated. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have endeavoured to separate their histories. Bramantino furnishes one of many instances of artists of originality and power, who during their lives were famous, and whose works after their deaths have been lost or have been assigned to other men. Many public and private collections contain pictures by him, which are attributed to Mantegna, Luini, and even Leonardo da Vinci. Vasari calls him 'an excellent painter,' and in consequence of his reputation he was invited to Rome, with other celebrated masters of his time, to decorate the halls of the Vatican. His frescoes, like theirs, were afterwards removed to make room for those of Raphael. The portraits he introduced into them were declared by Vasari to be 'so natural and so fine that they only wanted speech to give them life,' and they were so much admired by Raphael, that he had copies made of them before they were destroyed. Of him Vasari further tells the well-known anecdote of the steed which when led out of the stable, would kick at a fresco he had painted of a groom rubbing down a horse.

Long before Bramantino had finished his career, Leonardo da Vinci appeared at Milan, and gave a new direction to the school which Foppa had founded there. Bramantino did not escape his influence; his fellow-pupils, Buttinone and Zenale, abandoned Foppa's manner altogether, and followed the great Florentine.

The life of Leonardo da Vinci, the most accomplished and versatile of the great men of that great age, has yet to be written by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle. He 'revolutionized' art in Lombardy, and his teaching produced those remarkable painters who form the Milanese school of the sixteenth century—amongst them, Borgognone, Luini, Andrea Solario, Cesare da Sesto, Marco d'Oggione, Beltraffio, and Guadenzio Ferrari. The lives of these men, with the exception of Borgognone and Andrea Solario, are not included in Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's volume. The most distinguished of them was Luini—inferior to Leonardo da Vinci in grandeur, vigour, originality, and technical knowledge, but not unequal to him in grace and beauty of form and composition as a colourist. So closely did he follow and almost adopt Leonardo's types, especially in his female figures, and notwithstanding his extraordinary merits, so little was he known beyond the Milanese—even Vasari only alluding to him casually as 'Lupini'—that many of his works are still attributed to his master. It is to be regretted that this should be the

case with the famous picture of 'Christ Disputing with the Doctors' in the National Gallery. To retain Leonardo's name as its author in the Catalogue, without even a hint that the picture is by Luini, is only to mislead and to show ignorance of one of the principal objects of such a collection.

It is remarkable that of a painter who enjoyed so great a reputation, and who appears to have attained a good old age, we should know little more than the place of his birth, the picturesque town of Luino, on the Lago Maggiore, from which he appears to have derived his name. His easel pictures are found in many public and private collections—frequently, as we have said, under the name of Leonardo. In some of the Lombard churches, as in that of Legnano, exist altarpieces by him of great beauty. He shows himself a fresco painter, unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries, on the walls of the church of Saronno, in the church of the Monasterio Maggiore at Milan, and in the fragments preserved in the Brera, amongst which is the well-known 'S. Catherine borne by angels to the tomb.' For facility of execution, brilliant transparency of colour and delicate grace, they cannot be excelled in fresco painting.

In Luini's studio were formed several painters, who adopted his manner, and aided him in his works. The best example of their united labours may be seen in the church of the Monasterio Maggiore.*

As we have already observed, the direct influence of Giotto seems to have been but little felt in Venice. It is possible, however, that it may have been greater than we can trace in the few existing works of his time. Guariento, a Paduan, was invited in 1365 to decorate the great council hall of the Doge's Palace with frescoes, and Gentile da Fabriano was employed later in the same work. This would show that native artists equal to such an undertaking were wanting; and there is no doubt that in Venice, as well as in all Northern Italy, painting was of later development than in the centre of the Peninsula. Guariento's frescoes in the palace were almost entirely destroyed by fire. Judging from such of his works as remain at Padua, he was a 'Giottesque.' But the true Venetian school of painting may be said to have arisen in the island of Murano, celebrated for its glass-blowers, who were men of real artistic genius. There a family of the name of 'Vivarini' had established

* We recommend the frescoes and decorations of this church to the notice of the Arundel Society. They are exposed to injury, and should be copied. Those at Saronno have been published by the Society.

a 'bottega,' or shop, for sacred pictures. They were assisted by a German or Fleming, who appears to have taught them the secrets of the art, better understood at that time to the north of the Alps than in Venice. In the earliest pictures which he executed with Antonio Vivarini, he signs himself 'Giovanni Alamanus;' in his later works he dropped the 'Alamanus,' and appears as a member of the Vivarini family. The group of painters represented by the Vivarini is marked by a richer and more powerful colouring than the contemporary Italian schools, attributable probably to an Oriental as well as a Flemish influence, and by a severe and somewhat grotesque treatment of the human form and expression, which may have been derived from Squarcione or Mantegna. That Bartolomeo and Luigi Vivarini were skilful and original painters their works sufficiently prove;* but their chief merit consists in the share they had in forming the Bellini. There were three masters of this family; Jacopo, the father, and his two sons, Gentile and Giovanni. Jacopo, before establishing himself as a painter in Venice, had probably travelled to Florence, and had subsequently sought employment in Padua, where he became intimate with the youthful Mantegna, to whom he gave his daughter in marriage. He and his sons appear to have felt at once the influence of this man of rare genius. The remarkable picture of 'Christ's Agony in the Garden,' in the National Gallery,† an early work by Giovanni, proves this beyond question. But that influence did not last. Jacopo returned with his sons to Venice, and there they gave a new direction and impulse to a school which was destined to carry painting in one direction—that of colour—to the highest perfection that it had as yet achieved. Few of Jacopo's pictures remain, and they give a less favourable idea of his ability than his sketch-book, preserved in the British Museum.

His two sons more completely abandoned the manner of their brother-in-law Mantegna. Under what influence they changed their style it is not easy to decide. According to Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, it was from seeing the frescoes of Gentile da Fabriano, in the great Council Hall, and pictures of the Florentine school. Their rivals at Venice were the Vivarini, who had hitherto monopolized public favour; but the elder brother Gentile, so quickly made his way, that when still young, he was employed by the State

in representing historical events in the Ducal Palace. Of these works none, unfortunately, remain. They shared the fate of Guariento's earlier frescoes in the fire which consumed a part of the building in the sixteenth century. The proofs they afforded of Gentile's skill, and especially of his technical knowledge, gave him the reputation of the best painter of his time; and as such he was sent by the State to Mahomet II., conqueror of Constantinople, who had applied to the Republic for the most accomplished artist of the day. This fact shows how far more liberal in these matters were the first rulers of the Ottoman Empire than their successors. When Sultan Mahmoud, the modern reformer, had his portrait painted by a Frank artist, and exhibited to the public, such an infringement of their religious law was considered as little less than a 'coup d'état,' and zealous Mussulmans looked upon this act of impiety as one of the forerunners of the fall of the empire. A well-known anecdote accounts for Gentile's precipitate return to Venice. He had painted 'The Beheading of S. John the Baptist.' The Sultan admired the work, but criticised one of its details. The painter, he said, had not correctly represented the appearance of the human neck after decapitation. To prove the justness of his criticism, he ordered one of his attendants to be beheaded on the spot. The painter was, no doubt, convinced, but he thought it best to withdraw from a Court in which such practical lessons in painting were given.

He brought back to Venice a portrait of Mahomet, still preserved,* from which the well-known medal appears to have been executed. It was finished, according to the inscription upon it, on the 25th November, 1480, not long before the death of the Sultan. Gentile also made a collection of studies of Turkish architecture and costume, which he subsequently introduced into his pictures. He originated that natural and picturesque treatment of sacred and other subjects which was adopted by his brother Giovanni, and other Venetian painters. The most important of his existing pictures are those representing miracles performed by the Host, in the Venice Academy; 'The Sermon of S. Mark,' in the Brera at Milan; and 'The Reception of the Venetian Embassy by the Grand Vizir,' in the Louvre. Those which he executed in the Ducal Palace, had they been preserved, would probably have afforded even better evidence of his versatility, and of his power of natural

* The National Gallery contains no picture which adequately represents the school of the Vivarini.

† No. 726.

* At present deposited in the Irish National Gallery at Dublin.

representation—qualities which he possessed to a remarkable degree. In 'The Procession of the Host,' in the Venetian Academy, he has introduced some 150 figures, every one of which has individuality of character and expression. The accompanying architectural details of the Square of S. Mark are represented with the accuracy and minuteness of photography. We find the same qualities in his pictures in the Brera and Louvre, in which he has skilfully introduced Eastern buildings and costumes. Unfortunately these works have been injured by modern restorations and re-painting, and have lost much of their original brilliancy and transparency of colour.

Gentile died in 1507, having taught the first rudiments of painting to Titian, who commenced his great career when nine years old.

Giovanni Bellini's abilities were perhaps of a higher order than those of his brother. He had more imagination, a more delicate taste, and was better qualified in other respects to enter upon what Vasari calls 'the new style,' that is, to emancipate himself from ancient tradition and conventionality. During a long and laborious life he made steady and constant progress, till at its end he had risen almost to the height of Titian. His early sacred pictures, conventional in arrangement, are remarkable for their tender religious feeling, the exquisite grace of his Madonnas and female saints, and the dignity of his male figures. His later, with equal tenderness and dignity, show a profound knowledge of the technical resources of his art, and a breadth of treatment and a skill in composition which place him amongst the greatest painters. The great advance of the two brothers over their contemporaries arose, no doubt, from the use of oil as a vehicle, acquired from Antonello, a native of Messina, who had established himself in Venice. Much doubt hangs over the history of this remarkable painter. From the absence of materials, the sketch of his life by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle is necessarily meagre. According to tradition he went at an early age to Flanders, where the Van Eycks had left a reputation, extending beyond the Alps, by the brilliancy and durability of their colours. We will not discuss the question whether the employment of oil as a medium had been independently discovered in Italy. Those who feel an interest in it can refer to the inquiries on the subject in the admirable 'Materials for the History of Oil Painting,' by Sir Charles Eastlake. It appears almost certain that its adoption by the Venetians is to be attributed to the admiration excited by the exhibition of pictures by the Van

Eycks and their followers, and to the influence and example of Antonello. It is not a little curious that Giovanni Bellini and the Venetians should have been further indebted to a northern painter. Albert Dürer visited Venice when Giovanni was at the height of his fame. The grand imagination of the German could not fail to impress the accomplished Venetian. They both profited by the friendship which sprang up between them. Vasari attributes the conception of one of Bellini's best pictures, 'The Bacchanals,' to Dürer; on the other hand, the influence of Bellini may be traced in some of Dürer's finest works. Amongst the first to abandon the ancient method of 'tempera' which had hitherto prevailed, and to adopt the new medium of oil, were the Bellinis. Giovanni's early works, chiefly altarpieces and religious subjects, are in 'tempera,' his later and more important works are in oil.

When Gentile was sent to Constantinople, his brother was employed by the Republic on the series of historical pictures in the Doge's Palace. His works having also perished, we cannot tell how he treated the subjects confided to him, but probably much after the manner of Gentile. The finest of his altar pictures, and his greatest work in 'tempera,' that of the Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, was destroyed in 1867, by the calamitous fire caused by the carelessness of a priest, which consumed at the same time the masterpiece of Titian, the 'S. Peter Martyr.' But fortunately others have been preserved, especially in the churches and public gallery of Venice, and show how great he was in that branch of his art.

Of Giovanni's skill as a portrait painter, a branch of painting in which the Venetian school excelled, we have the best existing example in the portrait of the Doge Leonardo Loredano in the National Gallery, wonderful for its individuality and dignified treatment, and uniting the most minute and careful execution with the finest effects of colour. Through the liberality of Lady Eastlake the nation possesses a scarcely less important example of his powers as a landscape painter, in the 'Death of Peter Martyr,'* a picture unrivalled of its class for delicate detail, and for poetry of conception. Although we may not agree with those who claim for Giovanni the merit of having been the first landscape painter, we may admit that he was the first who deeply felt and depicted the poetical aspect of nature. In representing the calm evening sky, the glow of the setting sun, the cool transparent shadows of an Italian noon, and the rich

mellow tints of wood and hill, he was scarcely inferior to Raphael.

We would especially call attention to Giovanni Bellini in relation to the classic element, or influence, in art. We have seen that Mantegna and his school had been deeply impressed with the majesty and noble simplicity of the antique, and that in endeavouring to adapt it to modern modes of thought and expression they lost its true spirit, and produced dry formal works, which, although of remarkable artistic excellence, failed to excite sympathy and to touch the feelings. This result was, under the circumstances, inevitable. The mere reproduction of ancient forms, derived from Greek or Roman sources, without reference to the requirements and convictions of the time, can have no influence on the multitude, although it may interest scholars. The spirit which inspired classic art has long passed away, and all attempts to revive it, whether in literature, art, or manners, must necessarily fail. The true problem consists in determining how far the antique can be practically and usefully adapted to modern ideas. There are no remains of ancient painting, as there are of sculpture, which can give us any adequate notion of the masterpieces of the Greeks or Romans in that branch of art. The head of a Muse in the Museum of Cortona (if genuine, as we believe it to be), that of a piping Faun in the British Museum, the *Nozze Aldobrandini* in the Vatican, the well-known mosaic of the battle of Issus or Arbela in the Museum of Naples, the wall paintings of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and a few other remains, all works of a secondary class executed for provincial towns, afford probably but a very faint idea of them. They are however sufficient to prove that the ancients were well acquainted with drawing, foreshortening, colour, and composition. But they do not enable us to judge of the full extent to which this knowledge was carried by the best painters of antiquity. We may assume that if the just and noble proportions, the dignified composition, and the beautiful forms of Greek sculpture could be combined on the canvas with the highest expression attained by Christian art, and with the colour of the Venetian school, painting would attain as nearly as possible to perfection. Giovanni Bellini appears to have been the first to attempt this combination; with what success a series of small subjects in the Academy at Venice, and a religious allegory in the Uffizi at Florence will show. In them the forms and composition remind us of an antique gem, and are united to the most exquisite poetic feeling in treatment, and

the richest and most harmonious colouring. His picture of 'The Bacchanals,' painted in his old age for Alfonso I. of Ferrara, and now in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland, shows what he might have achieved had he struck out this path in his youth. Titian appears to have been so much impressed with the beauty of the composition, that he was induced to complete the unfinished picture, and to make it the first of a series of four similar subjects, two now in the public gallery at Madrid (a Bacchanalian scene, and the 'Goddess of Fecundity'), and the fourth, the 'Bacchus and Ariadne' in the National Gallery. Nothing produced since the revival of the arts, probably affords a better idea of what the highest class of ancient painting may have been than these four pictures. It may indeed be questioned whether with their limited scientific and technical knowledge, the ancients ever attained an equal perfection in colour.

Space will not permit us to notice the many eminent pupils and followers of the Bellini, men of considerable and varied abilities, who adorned the churches and palaces of Venice and of the cities on the mainland with their works. But there are two who cannot be altogether passed over, Cima da Conegliano and Carpaccio.

Cima followed in the steps of the early Venetians in the composition of altarpieces and devotional pictures. The former generally represent the Madonna and child in the midst of saints ('sacred conversations' as they are styled), and Scriptural subjects treated in the usual conventional manner; the latter, the Holy Family, frequently accompanied by the patron saints of the persons who commissioned the picture. Cima was a painter of less refinement and imagination than Giovanni Bellini, but he shows in some of his works a power and originality not surpassed by his great contemporary.* In an altarpiece in the public gallery at Parma, and in one or two of his other works, he displays skill as a colourist little inferior to the best Venetians, uniting with rich harmonious tints a tender feeling and grace reminding us of Perugino and Raphael. So remarkable, indeed, in technical execution is his Parma picture, that it was long attributed to Leonardo da Vinci. But he never approached Bellini in the highest

* No one well acquainted with the works of the two painters would share the opinion of the author of the short notice of Cima in the catalogue of the National Gallery, that 'while equally brilliant in colouring, he was more skillful, more vigorous, and more various in his composition than Bellini.'

quality of the painter—imagination. His backgrounds, consisting of buildings, ruins, and sunny hills, crowned by walled towns, and the old castle of his native place, Conegliano, are executed with truth and with a just appreciation of the beauty of nature. The National Gallery contains several examples of his works, but not of his best, although upon the altarpiece painted in 1501, representing the 'Incredulity of S. Thomas,'* recently added to the collection, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle are of opinion that he expended all his powers.

Carpaccio was a painter of an altogether different stamp. As a colourist he was inferior to Giovanni Bellini and Cima, but he exceeded them both in fancy. His great pictures representing the history and martyrdom of S. Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins, in the public gallery at Venice, have all the freshness and sparkle of a canto of Ariosto. They are full of lively episodes, of naive traits of character, of charming costume and accessory details, and of little incidents which illustrate the manners and mode of thought of the people of his time, represented in a simple artless way. At the same time they prove the painter to have been a consummate artist, and to have possessed a power rarely equalled for portraying character and expression. No less admirable are his architectural and landscape backgrounds, executed with a minute truthfulness which the most realistic school might envy. We know few pictures more attractive than this series, which occupies a side of one of the halls of the Venetian Academy. That unrivalled gallery can alone give an adequate idea of the marvellous power as colourists of the Venetian painters. We may perhaps linger with purer pleasure over the correct drawing and modelling, and the sober harmony of tone of the Florentine and Umbrian schools; but they do not produce the same impression upon the senses as that collection of the masterpieces of the Bellini, Giorgione, Titian, Tintoret, Cima, Carpaccio, Bonifazio, Palma, Pordenone, Paris Bordone, Paul Veronese, and many others who were almost unknown to us before we became acquainted with their works in their native city.

The chief glory of the school of the Bellini was that it produced Giorgione and Titian. They were the greatest painters of one of the two branches into which Italian painting is divided—the colourists, as distinguished from the draughtsmen among whom the Florentines held their first rank. They never attained the exquisite tenderness,

the chaste beauty, and the dignified composition of Raphael, nor the almost superhuman grandeur of Michelangelo. Their genius and that of their contemporaries were shown in reproducing on canvas that Venice in which they lived and laboured—the gorgeous dresses of her senators and merchant princes, the mellow beauty of her women and the noble presence of her men—her churches and palaces of matchless architecture reflected in the blue canals, and nature under its most lovely aspects of sea, mountain, wood, and plain by which she was surrounded.*

It is remarkable that of Giorgione, whose fame, great during his life, has even increased since his death, so little is known and so little exists. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle only admit the undoubted authenticity of about nine pictures attributed to him, and one of them, the fine 'Nativity,' belonging to Mr. Wentworth Beaumont, has been assigned, on equal if not higher authority, to another painter. He occupies eleven pages of almost microscopic print with a list of pictures in public and private galleries falsely assigned to the master. The pride of collectors whose boast it has been to possess at least one of Giorgione's works, has been ruthlessly humbled by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle. Even the well-known 'Entombment,' in the Monte di Pietà of Treviso, attributed for generations by tradition and guide-books to Giorgione, is unhesitatingly, and we believe justly, pronounced not to be his work, but probably by Pordenone, of whom parts, we are assured, are not even worthy. The scarcely less celebrated 'Herodias with the Head of the Baptist,' in the Doria Palace at Rome, is given to the same master. The fine picture in the Louvre of the warrior reflected in his shield, which long passed under Giorgione's name, is now assigned in the catalogue to its true author, Savoldo. Even the striking composition of the 'Three Patron Saints of Venice Exorcising the Demons of the Storm,' to the grand poetical conception and feeling of which Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle do but scant justice, is said never to have been 'touched by Giorgione, or if it was, to have undergone such complete transformation as to appear, in part at least, by Paris Bordone.' The picture in the Louvre, usually called the 'Concert,' so remarkable for its rich and powerful colour-

* See some admirable remarks upon the influence of surrounding objects and scenery upon the Venetian painters, by Sir Charles Eastlake, in the Memoir by Lady Eastlake, Second series of 'Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts,' p. 102, &c.

ing, they attribute to Pellegrino da San Daniele, a painter whose name is scarcely known beyond the province of Friuli. Other works are assigned to Titian (in his youth), Lorenzo Lotto, Sebastian del Piombo, Palma Vecchio, Cariani, and Romanino of Brescia, whose altarpiece in the church of Santa Giustina, at Padua, proves that he was not unworthy of being confounded with Giorgione. Della Vecchia, an eclectic and versatile painter, who imitated with singular success the manner of many masters, appears to have deceived even his contemporaries in his imitations of Giorgione. This identification of pictures falsely attributed to Giorgione, forms a curious chapter in the history of painting, and may teach caution to collectors and connoisseurs.

That Giorgione should have left so few pictures, may be attributed to his employment, as a fresco painter, in decorating the exteriors of public buildings and palaces in Venice. Of the frescoes which occupied so much of his time, and which, according to the unanimous testimony of those who saw them, were worthy of his genius, there now remains but a ruined female figure on the ancient *Fondaco dei Tedeschi*, near the *Riakt*. We cannot, therefore, judge of the works upon which his fame was principally established.

We have fortunately in the National Gallery an authentic example of Giorgione, 'The Knight in Armour,' bequeathed by Mr. Rogers. This admirable sketch, which has all the grandeur of conception and power of colour characteristic of the master, was probably made from nature for one of the figures of an altarpiece painted for the church of his native town of Castelfranco, and still preserved there, although disfigured by repainting and restoration. The Knight is supposed to represent Matteo, the son of Tuzio Costanzo, both celebrated 'Condottieri,' or leaders of free-lances, at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Two other undoubted works by Giorgione, which combine his best qualities, are the 'Ordeal of Moses' and the 'Judgement of Solomon,' in the Uffizi at Florence. They were painted in competition with Giovanni Bellini, to whose exquisite 'Allegory of the Virgin' we have already alluded, and by the side of which they still hang. The three pictures were bought—probably not long after they were painted—by one of the Medici, and were placed in the summer residence of the family at Poggio Imperiale. But the 'Concert,' in the Pitti Palace, is perhaps the most perfect existing example of Giorgione. The history of the picture is unknown before the seventeenth century, when it was purchased

from Paolo del Sera by Leopold of Tuscany. It represents a monk touching the keys of a harpsichord and turning to two musicians who stand behind him tuning their instruments. The beauty and truth of expression of the upturned face of the monk and the masterly action of his hand, could scarcely be surpassed in painting. Unfortunately the head of the youth near him has lost its original character by modern restorations. As Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle justly observe 'no simpler yet no more effective picture than this is to be found amongst the masterpieces of the sixteenth century.' This is no slight praise when we remember who the great painters of that period were.

Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle further note a little picture in the Manfrini collection at Venice, known as the 'Family of Giorgione,' as a genuine work of the painter. And we agree with them. The landscape and the sky, however, have been injured by old repaint and varnish. We reject with them another picture, recently in the same collection, attributed to Giorgione, called the 'Horoscope,' as weak and monotonous in colour, and altogether deficient in that delicacy in the transition of tints and graduated deepening of shadow which are characteristic of the painter. They assign it doubtfully to Girolamo Pennacchi, a painter of Treviso. We speak with some confidence of both these pictures, as they were examined with great care by Sir Charles Eastlake with a view to their purchase for the National Gallery. The remarkable unfinished and somewhat injured picture of the 'Judgement of Solomon,' at Kingston Lacy, may be considered one of the few authentic works by Giorgione in England. Unfortunately no undoubted portraits by him have been preserved. Judging from the 'Concert' in the Pitti Palace, he must have been but little inferior, if he was not equal, to Titian in that branch of his art.

Although anecdotes not unlike those attaching to Raphael assign the cause of his death, they appear to be equally unfounded. According to the best authorities, he died of the plague in 1511, at the early age of thirty-four. He was one of those men of genius prematurely cut off before they could fulfil the promise given by their early works, and whom we the more regret, as their powers had yet to be fully developed. If Giorgione had lived, he would probably have been, especially as a colourist, the greatest of modern painters.

The volumes hitherto published by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle contain the history of the rise of painting in Italy. We care little for the history of its decline, but we

look with interest for the lives of the great men who represent its most perfect development—its culminating point in Christian times—of Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michelangelo, Correggio, Titian, Tintoret, and Paul Veronese. They have yet to be written by the aid of documentary and other evidence which modern research has brought to light. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle are well fitted for the task, and we trust that they will complete their history of Italian painting.

ART. V.—1. *Considerations on the Revision of the English Version of the New Testament.* By C. J. Ellicott, D.D., Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. London, 1870.

2. *On a Fresh Revision of the English New Testament.* By J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., Canon of St. Paul's, and Hulsean Professor of Divinity, Cambridge. London, 1871. Second Edition. 1872.

3. *The Gospel according to St. John: the Epistles to the Romans, Corinthians, Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, and Colossians, after the Authorized Version. Newly compared with the Original Greek, and Revised.* By Five Clergymen. London, 1857–1860.

4. *The New Testament, after the Authorized Version, newly compared with the Original Greek, and Revised.* By Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. London, 1869.

5. *The Psalms, Translated from the Hebrew, with Notes, chiefly Exegetical.* By William Kay, D.D., Rector of Great Leighs, late Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta. London, 1871.

6. *'The Guardian' Newspaper*, September 20, 1871, and January 10, 1872.

THE Revision of the English Bible is sure to raise practical questions, but none, we hope, of insurmountable difficulty. The New Testament work was hardly begun when it was found that the task was twofold, and that, instead of the simple duty of revising a translation with the Greek text, it would frequently be necessary to determine first what reading of the original should be adopted. The critical labours of the last half-century had, however, greatly prepared the ground for this operation, and the internal harmony of the revising body itself will, perhaps, be all the less likely to be disturbed on this head, because the persons who are entitled to take the lead in this department are very

distinctly known. But it should not be allowed to become a practical consequence that those whose authority on the Greek text is most readily acknowledged are, therefore, to be the best judges of the English which is to render it. Those who have the most complete mastery of Greek, or the best acquaintance with manuscripts, have not always the most trustworthy instinct as to what is genuine English. It is on the English aspect of the Revision that the most obstinate questions are likely to rise, and this seems plainly indicated by the nature of the literature which the occasion has called forth. There is little or no argument on the merits of various manuscripts or readings, and we plainly perceive that the stress of debate will fall on questions of English rendering. The main question is this: How far is Revision to be carried? Some desire to retain the existing Version as far as possible, and to admit only a minimum of change: others would willingly find in the Revision an opportunity for such a measure of re-translation as would improve our Bible up to the standard of their ideal.

The different points of view seem to find their exponents respectively in the treatises of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol on the one hand, and of Professor Lightfoot on the other. These two books are very unlike one another. The bishop's treatise has all the appearance of that haste which he pleads, while that of the professor is a mature literary production. But, to balance this inferiority, the earlier treatise is marked by a great appreciation of the excellencies of the present Version, and it displays a perfect consciousness of the public sentiment in its favour. Dr. Ellicott appears as an advocate of '*the least possible change consistent with faithfulness*;' and the italics are his own. (p. 123.)

This book has a dedication 'To the Memory ever fresh and ever to be honoured of William Tyndale, of Gloucestershire;' and the reasoning of the book is (on the whole) in harmony with this inscription, as with a key-note. The specimens of revision which are offered by way of practical illustration, are not equal in excellence to the argumentative part of the book. In illustration of the degree and kind of alteration that may be expected to issue from the Revision, the author points to the revised parts of the New Testament by the Five Clergymen. One of the five, namely, Dean Alford, went on and completed the revision of the New Testament, and produced a work which is a valuable guide for the student and revisionist. In his Preface, he says that, from his experience of combined action with his four

fellow-labourers, there is no employment 'in which purism has so often given way before compromise, and rigid uniformity of rendering breaks down before common sense, as in revision of the sacred text.' He repudiated for his Revision any aim or ambition that it might be adopted as a substitute for the Authorized Version. 'It is impossible, to say nothing more, that *one man's work* can ever fulfil the requisites for an accepted Version of the Scriptures.' This, then, is the translation which, as a whole, comes before us as the type of what we have to expect from the labours of the Revisionists, while the particular parts of it, which are the result of the combined action of Five Clergymen, have a more authoritative claim to be considered as the models of this great undertaking.

We shall have to criticize some of the renderings of this version, and therefore we are all the more desirous of bearing our testimony beforehand to the great merit which it undoubtedly possesses. Indeed, for all English readers to whom the New Testament is precious, we can hardly conceive a more interesting book than this, whether they are or are not Greek scholars. By the slight occasional departure from the familiar current of words, a gentle stimulus is applied to the mind, which is eminently provocative of new and profitable trains of thought. Here and there we meet with a real and substantial improvement: and, as such, we may refer to 2 Cor. iii. 14, which is thus given: 'But their understandings were hardened: for until this very day, at the reading of the old covenant the same vail remaineth, it not being discovered that this is done away in in Christ.' But while we freely acknowledge the merits of this revision, we should be sorry to see our old Version supplanted by it, or by one nearly resembling it. It is one thing to welcome a version as an aid for private study, and another to accept it as an improved form of the national Bible, to be read in churches. To the student a translation may afford valuable light, not only in spite of many crudities, but even by virtue of the crudities themselves. And so with Dean Alford's version: it is too intensely grammatical, it looks at words and flexions with such an amount of attention as to engage the reader over-scrupulously on the mechanism of the sentence, endangering the loss of the end in contemplation of the means.

To the grammatical student after a length of study, each word gains an individual value which is somewhat unreal. There is an important fact which the grammarian is apt to overlook, namely, that words are only

conventional parts of the sentence, and that the real original unit of language is not the word, but the sentence. This may seem to be rather metaphysically remote, but in truth it has a practical bearing. Languages differ much in regard to the degree of individualism which their words have reached. Latin is, perhaps, the most extreme example of this kind. The maker of Latin verses is sometimes spoken of as engaged in mosaic work, as if he were putting tesserae together; and this happy expression must have sprung from a semi-consciousness of the rigid individualism of the words of the Latin vocabulary. This characteristic of Latin imbues the mind of the Latin scholar, and naturally begets in him a disposition to seek a like individuality in his English words, attended sometimes with an impatience at the inaptitude of his mother tongue to match the classic model. The risk to which Scripture translation is consequently exposed, through the scholar-like passion for verbal fidelity, was known and appreciated by John Purvy, the friend and fellow-labourer of Wiclif, and his experience was turned to good practical use for the behoof of translators generally, when he said in the Prologue to Wiclif's Bible, 'First it is to know that ye beste translatyng out of Latyne into Englysh is to translate after the sentence, and not only after the wordis.' Here the great fundamental truth is touched, which is apt to escape grammarians and lexicographers, namely, that the sentence is the unit of speech, and that the word is a fragment with only a relative value, although in some languages it gets a much greater appearance of absolute and independent existence than in others. The advice to consider the sentence first and the words afterwards, is as philologically sound as it is practically useful for translation from any one language into any other. The opposite tendency, that of making the words the prime object of study, produces the effect of what may be called Mechanical translation; and this effect is sometimes forced upon our notice in the work of the Five Clergymen. We will instance 2 Cor. vi. 8, where the received Version has 'honour and dishonour,' and it is altered by the Five Clergymen to 'glory and dishonour.' Now, the motive of this alteration is evident. The Greek is *διὰ δόξης καὶ ἀτιμίας*, and as *δόξα* is supposed to have found its true equivalent in our English word *glory*, therefore it must be so rendered wherever it occurs. It appears to us that had the sentence here been considered before the words, such a correction could not have been made. For the learned reader it matters little, because he would catch the sense in spite of the cor-

rection; but for the general English public it would thrust the sense into more obscurity than before. The Apostle means to signify that his career led him through extreme vicissitudes; he is contumeliously used by some, he is respectfully treated by others; here the world smiles on him, and there it frowns; at one time he is in esteem, and at another time in contempt:—and in all this about social respect and its loss or gain, there is nothing but what the English public perfectly comprehends and is keenly alive to, only it is never known to them by the term ‘glory.’ The word *honour* may not be familiarly associated in their minds with the thing meant, but the word ‘glory’ would lead them all astray. Yet it must (forsooth) be rendered so; because the Greek is *δόξα*, and this word (it is allowed) does very generally signify ‘glory.’ This is what we would call Mechanical translation.

Dr. Lightfoot’s treatise is very distinct in kind; it consists mainly of a succession of well-selected examples, in which the received Version calls for revision and correction. These are grouped and arranged under grammatical or other suitable headings, and the whole forms a book of very delightful reading, replete with interest and full of valuable information. It is indeed the work of an advocate, pleading for Revision, against the received Version; and those who are jealous for the English Bible will occasionally feel that the advocacy is a little over-strained, and that the occasional compliment which the author pays to the Received Version is quite needed to balance the heavily-weighted statement of the case against it. - One of the best sections is that of the inadequate rendering of the Greek Article in our Version. Some of the proposed corrections are so admirable and of such substantial value, that if we had to expect no changes but of this quality, we should look with unmingled pleasure for the appearance of the new Revision. An excellent improvement is that which rises out of the distinction between *νόμος* and *ὁ νόμος* in the Epistle to the Romans, where the particular law of Moses, *ὁ νόμος*, is used as a concrete representation of that universal and abstract principle of law, in which St. Paul sees an imperious and overwhelming presence, antagonistic to grace, to liberty, to spirit, and (in some aspects) even to life. There are many other admirable corrections under this head, and the section is almost entirely free from those extravagances which are too familiarly associated with the cause of the Greek Article. But here we have to remember that it is the statement of an advocate, who does not think it necessary to

travel beyond his brief. An ordinary reader, who knew just Greek enough to follow the reasoning with interest, and had not a daily familiarity with the Greek Testament, might easily go away with the impression that he had read the case of the Greek Article so far as Biblical revision was concerned. Very far from it. He has but read a list of select examples in which Dr. Lightfoot can exhibit the force of the neglected Article, and consequently the need of revision in this particular. We are not told that there are vast numbers of instances in which no rendering can be given to the Greek Article in English. Yet this was needed not only for a complete view of the case, which the writer might well decline to undertake, but it was even needed in order to put the reader in the right attitude of observation relatively to the instances quoted. For it makes all the difference to the audience who are but imperfectly equipped with the data on which we are reasoning, whether we can say *ex uno disce omnes*, or whether we are only making our observations upon selected instances. If to a reader fresh from these pages and full of the Englishing of the Greek Article, some one should point out such a passage as Matthew iii. 13, *ὁ Ἰησοῦς ἀπὸ τῆς Γαλιλαίας ἐπὶ τὸν Ἰορδάνην πρὸς τὸν Ἰωάννην*, where even the grammatical zeal of Dean Alford was only able to translate one out of four consecutive Articles, he would learn to guard himself against allowing to Dr. Lightfoot’s successful expositions anything like a cumulative value, and he would enter upon each instance as upon a new and perfectly isolated trial, perceiving that every case must be examined separately by itself, and that the faintest approach to generalisation must not on this ground be admitted.

It is very desirable that the critical spirit should thus be awakened in Dr. Lightfoot’s readers, and the more so in proportion as there is reason to think that his sound scholarship and well-trained mind will justly exercise great influence in the conduct of the Revision. For even here, in this section on the Greek Article, which is on the whole of such substantial value, we find one or two instances which appear to us to be exaggerated. What shall we think of the English sentiment of a critic who can gravely tell us that *ὁ κλαυθμὸς καὶ ὁ βρῦγμός τῶν δόντων* ought to be rendered ‘the wailing and the gnashing of teeth’? For our own part, we should as lief think of translating ‘*la France*’ into ‘the France,’ or *honorer la vertu* into ‘honour the virtue.’ Dean Alford, indeed, has outdone this rendering, and therein he has been more consistent with his principles,

for he renders the same words with the full expression of all the articles, only then he has the good sense to keep it out of the text, and embody it thus in a foot-note: '*Literally*, the weeping and the gnashing of the teeth.' As it is understood that the new Revision will have its optional renderings in the margin, let us hope that if the English sense of the Revising Body is not strong enough to keep such over-corrections out of sight altogether, they will at least stand aloof from the text of the version. Here we may conveniently quote the words of Bishop Ellicott (p. 177):—'In our very best specimens of scholarly revision, many instances will be found of a want of full appreciation of the differences of usage in English and Greek as to the absence or presence of the Article.' Another case in which we cannot, with Dr. Lightfoot, desire an alteration of the received Version, is 1 John v. 6: 'not by water only, but by water and blood.' Here the Greek has three articles, which Dr. Lightfoot proposes to render in English, but we think the reasoning on this passage is illusory, and the result of an over-wrought grammatical sensitiveness.

While, however, we object to these corrections, and hesitate at one or two others, and while we think that a word of admission seemed due as to the vast number of Articles that must after all be left untranslated, yet we freely admit the general excellence of this section, and our special acknowledgments are due to him for having made no attempt at the laying down of any rule which should govern the revision in the matter of the Greek Article. He has not even seconded the very partial attempt at a rule on this head, which Dr. Ellicott has ventured upon,—by way of explaining an inserted *the* in his revision-specimens: 'Accuracy seems to require this very trifling insertion. It is always a safe rule to observe the Article in translation *when it appears after a preposition*' (p. 148). The italics are the author's; and yet the rule is at once refuted by Matt. iii. 13, quoted above, in which there are two rebellious instances in a single phrase. Would it be possible to translate 'from the Galilee to the Jordan to the John?' We should have more complete satisfaction in the studies of Dr. Ellicott if his treatment were a little more firm and consistent. How are we to reconcile the line of minimum innovation, which Dr. Ellicott has repeatedly maintained in argument, with the proposal to make a 'trifling insertion' of an idle *the* because it is required by accuracy? We would wish that no 'trifling' changes whatever, either in the

way of addition, or correction, or removal, were made in the name of Grecian accuracy, unless some better reason could be rendered for the same. We think that so much as this is due to the interest of the living as against the dead language; and we urge that the traditional phraseology of the English Bible, however bound to yield to high and solid considerations, has yet rights which are abundantly valid as against the claims of accurate scholarship. Not that we undervalue scholarship; it is an excellent accomplishment, and absolutely necessary to the present work: but what we object to is that defining and rule-making disposition which scholarship seems to engender. Dr. Ellicott is not quite free from this tendency, but neither is he blind to its danger:—

'Such a body as the Revisers should be jealously careful to reserve to themselves all proper freedom. Rules and canons are good, but elasticity is better; and in no undertaking that can readily be conceived, will elasticity be found a more necessary element than in the translation of Scripture or the revision of translations already made. Elasticity is the characteristic of every Version from the days of Tyndale down to the date of the last revision, and elasticity must be the characteristic of the revised Version of the future, if it is ever to displace or even rival the fresh, vigorous, and genuinely idiomatic translation that bears the honoured name of the Authorized Version.'—p. 218.

And, we may add, that a consideration of the nature and constitution of the English language as opposed to the Greek, helps to explain the elasticity of our past versions, and supplies us with some forcible reasons for the preservation of this character in the future.

As we before said, Dr. Lightfoot has refrained from generalizations on the treatment due to the Greek Article, and we only wish he had been equally prudent as regards some other debateable relations between Greek and English. In all the purely Greek aspect of his subject, he seems to us to come but rarely within the reach of criticism. We do not mean to say that Dr. Lightfoot has not an equally good knowledge of his mother tongue, but certainly he has not shown an equal sympathy with it. As with our fellow-creatures familiarity is said to breed contempt, so we are too apt to regard lightly the excellence of that language which has come to us by the gift of nature, with little effort on our part. But that language which with great care we have studied in all its parts, and in the various stages of its development, draws our affections after it, because it has been acquired

by labour, and we feel towards it somewhat as towards a man whose troubles we have shared, and whose character we are sure of.

Such a rule as that on which we now proceed to comment could never have been sanctioned by a scholar, who had acquired a true sympathy with the English tongue. Dr. Lightfoot has laid it down as a general principle, that where a Greek word is repeated, at least in the same context or connection, it ought to be rendered by a corresponding repetition of a single English equivalent. This is a very great departure from the principles of the existing Version; and, indeed, it is, so far as it reaches, a reversal of the deliberately expressed plan of the revisers of 1611, and of the translators and revisers from Tyndale downwards. This is acknowledged by Dr. Lightfoot, who unhesitatingly condemns both their theory and their practice, saying, 'this is perhaps the only point in which they proceeded deliberately on a wrong principle.' A large number of examples are given, but they are only a few in comparison with what might be collected, for it was the almost uniform practice of the old translators to render Greek repetitions in a context, by means of a variation in the English equivalents. This variation is stigmatized as an error, a fault, a capricious fondness for an agreeable variety, and even as proceeding from an unworthy prejudice against the truer course, because it had been followed by the Roman Catholic translators of the version of Rheims. Dr. Lightfoot so completely identifies words with things, that diversity of word must necessarily, it would seem, carry with it a distinction in the thing; and accordingly, he has entitled the section in which he discusses this 'error' of the old translators, 'artificial distinctions created.' Had the author for a moment forgotten the existence of those synonyms, which are found with more or less frequency in all languages, and from which even Greek is not exempt, though it has much fewer of them than English has? Between the synonymous relationship of two or more words, and that separation of meaning which assigns a distinct sense to each several word, there intervenes a wide and vague belt of *nuances* in which words may be coupled synonymously, or may be opposed antithetically. In some such a state are the verbs of which Dr. Elliott thus writes: 'There is nearly an insurmountable difficulty in marking properly in translation the shades of meaning in *κατεργάζομαι*, *πράσσω*, and *ποιῶ*. . . . Between the two last it seems hopeless to attempt to discriminate in English' (p. 172).

We are sincerely careful not to misstate

Dr. Lightfoot's views, and we believe we are quite secure in saying that he would have every Greek word fitted with its proper English equivalent, by which it should be represented on every occasion of its occurrence; that for the suspension of this rule in any particular instance there must be a particular reason. It appears to us that such a process would (if the work were to be done *de integro*, which happily it is not) result in a version that could be understood by Greek scholars only. Dr. Lightfoot says that by various renderings of the same word 'artificial distinctions are introduced into the translation.' The old translators plead that they have not tied themselves to an uniformity of phrasing, or to an identity of words, forasmuch as such a course would savour 'more of curiosity than wisdom.'

The following are a few of the passages cited by Dr. Lightfoot as examples of capricious variation, which should have his rule applied for their correction; and that our readers may judge of the probable effect of the alterations, we subjoin the present and the prospective versions.

AUTHORIZED VERSION.

Matt. xviii. 33. 'Shouldest not thou also have had *compassion* (*ἐλεῆσαι*) on thy fellow-servant, even as I had *pity* (*ἠλέησα*) on thee?'

Matt. xx. 20. 'Then came to him the mother of Zebedee's *children* (*υἱῶν*) with her *sons* (*υἱῶν*).'

Matt. xxv. 32. 'He shall *separate* (*ἀφορμεῖ*) them one from another, as a shepherd *divideth* (*ἀφορίζει*) his sheep from the goats.'

Rom. x. 15. 'The feet of them that *preach the Gospel* (*εὐαγγελιζομένων*) of peace, and *bring glad tidings* (*εὐαγγελιζομένων*) of good things.'

1 Cor. xv. 24, 26. 'When he shall have *put down* (*καταργήσῃ*) all rule and all authority and power. . . . The last enemy that shall be *destroyed* (*καταργεῖται*) is death.'

James ii. 2, 3. 'If there come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring in *goodly apparel* (*ἐν ἐσθῇτι λαμπρᾷ*), and there come in also a poor man in *vile raiment* (*ἐσθῇτι*), and ye have respect unto him that weareth the *gay clothing* (*τὴν ἐσθῆτα τὴν λαμπράν*).'

2 Pet. ii. 1, 3. 'Who privily shall bring in *damnable heresies*, (*αἱρέσεις ἀπωλείας*) . . . and bring on themselves swift *destruction*. (*ἀπώλειαν*) . . . and their *damnation* (*ἀπώλεια*) slumbereth not.'

Rev. xvii. 6, 7. 'And when I saw her I

wondered (ἐθαύμασα) with great admiration (θαύμα); and the angel said unto me, Wherefore didst thou marvel (ἐθαύμασας)?'

APPREHENDED CORRECTIONS.

'Shouldest not thou also have had *compassion* on thy fellow-servant, even as I had *compassion* on thee?'

'Then came to him the mother of Zebedee's sons with her sons.'

'He shall *separate* them one from another, as a shepherd *separateth* his sheep from the goats.'

'The feet of them that *preach the Gospel* of peace, and *preach the Gospel* of good things.'

'When he shall have *put down* all rule and all authority and power. . . . The last enemy that shall be *put down* is death.'

'If there come into your assembly a man with a gold ring in *goodly apparel*, and there come in also a poor man in vile *apparel*, and ye have respect unto him that weareth the *goodly apparel*.'

'Who privily shall bring in *damnable heresies*, . . . and bring on themselves swift *damnation*. . . and their *damnation* slumbereth not.'

'And when I saw her I *wondered* with great *wonder*; and the angel said unto me, Wherefore didst thou *wonder*?'

The same system of variation appears in rendering the elementary parts of compounds, as Dr. Lightfoot is careful to show us; thus Heb. i. 1, 'At sundry times and in divers manners (πολυμέρως καὶ πολυτρόπως)'. These are but a very few examples of a variation which characterizes the entire version, and it is this practice, so thoroughly embraced by the translators, which incurs the gravest charge that Dr. Lightfoot brings against them.

'But in fact examples, illustrating this misconception of a translator's duty, are sown broadcast over our New Testament, so that there is scarcely a page without one or more. It is due to our translators, however, to say, that in many cases which I have examined, they only perpetuated and did not introduce the error, which may often be traced to Tyndale himself, from whom our version is ultimately derived: and in some instances his variations are even greater than theirs. Thus in a passage already quoted, 1 Cor. xii. 4, he has three different renderings of διαφόροις in the three successive clauses, where they have only two; "Ther are *diversities* of gyftes verely, yet but one sprete, and ther are *differences* of administration yet but one lorde, and ther are *divers maners* of operations." . . . Of all the English versions the Rheimish alone has paid attention to this point, and so far compares advantageously

with the rest, to which in most other respects it is confessedly inferior' (pp. 43, 44).

Now, if all languages were perfectly sym-morphic analogues of each other,—if one language produced a given mental impression by means grammatically similar or derivatively analogous* to those employed for the same end by another; or even if languages were so correspondent in their structures to each other, that it were possible to match the vocabulary of one language against another, so as to assign value for value, such an English to such a Greek word, and so forth,—if this were feasible, then Dr. Lightfoot's objections would be unanswerable. But if it be the fact that each language has an individual organism and constitution of its own, which regulates the distribution of influence among the parts of speech which compose a phrase, and if all experience shows us that the system of translation by matching of words must end in failure of effect, because in such an operation the natural bent and behaviour of one language is merged in accommodation to the other; then surely, the judgment thus pronounced on our old translation is one-sided, and needs to be revised by the light of the habit of the English language. We cannot indeed bring to bear on the subject such a knowledge of the mother tongue as might balance the weight of Greek scholarship put forth by Dr. Lightfoot; but we will do what we can to trim the uneven scales, and advocate the cause of the English language which has hitherto been left too much out of the account. We shall endeavour to show that the charge which Dr. Lightfoot has preferred against the translators of the sixteenth century amounts to little more than this, that they were true to the native idiom, and that his accusation does not so much apply to the versions as to the English language itself.

The vocabulary of the English language may be said to have been erected upon a system of duplicate words. The homely example of *ox* as compared with *beef*, *calf* and *veal*, *swine* and *pork*, *sheep* and *mutton*, convey this lesson. For these words are instances in which distinct functions have been acquired by words originally synonymous. It is the fact that to this hour 'bœuf' is the French of 'ox,' 'veau' of 'calf,' and so with the others. The above couples of words were therefore bilingual duplicates, which

* For example, the idea of *person* is rendered in Hebrew by *nephesh*, that is, *soul*; but in English by *body*; as in *anybody*, *nobody*, and in Psalm liii. 1, 'The foolish *body*.' For further examples, see 'Speaker's Commentary,' Leviticus xvii. p. 597.

had, through the exigencies of a bilingual population, become associated with each other. This circumstance is the most important of all historical facts for the understanding of the special character of the English language. In the market and in all the daily intercourse of life, people of alien tongues met to transact business, and gradually smoothed away the difficulties in their path by learning so much of each other's vocabulary as corresponded to the principal words in their several occupations. Each man of Saxon birth who did not speak French knew at least the French expressions necessary for selling his own produce; and the like held on the French side. Thus a double system of words constituted the original capital of the English language, and while some of the synonyms were drawn off from time to time, as in the instances above quoted, to fill special and distinct functions, yet those changes were by no means sufficient to alter the general character of the vocabulary. The duplicate system of words continued in action so long as to have a lasting effect upon the constructive habits of the language, and it is this which, being represented in the English Bible, has given offence to Dr. Lightfoot because of its unconvertibility to the Greek idiom. There are many sets of these duplicates still in use, and there are others which have from time to time sprung up new out of the habit of coupling once established in the mind of the nation. Hence such familiar pairs as 'aid and abet,' 'act and deed,' 'baile and borowe,' 'head and chief,' and an expression of great provincial mark, 'meres and bounds.'

Our early literature abounds with such couplings: Chaucer's writings are a perfect repertory of them. Such expressions as 'uncouth and strange,' 'nature and kind,' are simply bilingual duplicates. In the description of the Knight, in the Prologue to the 'Canterbury Tales,' we find a line which consists of two such couples:—

'A knyght ther was and that a worthy man,
That fro the tyme that he first bigan
To ryden out, he loued chivalrye,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisye.'

'Trouthe and honour' are two words for one thing; and so also are 'fredom and curteisye.' For at that date 'free' meant courteous, gentle; and 'fredom' meant politeness. Thus in 'Havelok the Dane':—

'For she is fayr and she is free
And al so hende so she may be.'

And not only in original composition, but in translations also, we see this duplicate action of the vocabulary, especially in the

early period before the restriction of the natural expansiveness of the English language through the influence of classical models. In the translation of Boethius' 'De Consolatione Philosophiæ,' we find the specially characteristic words of the Latin rendered by couplings in English. Thus *claritudo* is rendered 'renoun and clernesse of linage'; *censo*, 'domesman or juge'; *nefas judico*, 'I deme it felonie and unleveful'; quasi verò quæ cujusque rei causa sit, *laboretur*, 'as though men travaiden or weren busy to enqueren the whiche thing is cause of whiche thinges'; *quoquo modo* se habeat ordo causarum, 'how so or in what manere that the ordre of causes hath it self.'

Of later books, the most remarkable store of these duplicates is to be found in the Book of Common Prayer, which is also the book that must be considered as, on the whole, the most genuinely national sample of English in existence. These duplicates abound so in every part, that the only difficulty is in selection. In the Preface we find this:—'that upon weighty and important considerations, according to the various exigency of times and occasions, such changes and alterations should be made.' In every page examples meet the eye: 'acknowledge and confess'—'dissemble nor cloke'—'assemble and meet together'—'requisite and necessary'—'pray and beseech'—'remission and forgiveness'—'adorned and beautified'—'enterprised nor taken in hand'—'image and similitude'—'loving and amiable'—at which latter instance we may be reminded of a like expression in Shakspeare, 'King John,' iii. 4:—

'Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!'

where this bilingual habit of duplication is retained for the purpose of expressing a simple thought with passionate fullness. For 'amiable' and 'lovely' are here two words for the same thing, one French and the other English. They have since been desynonymized, the one being appropriated to the attractions of the mind and the other to those of the person.

It was inevitable that the reverence which has always been considered due to the very words of Scripture should restrain the natural inclination of the translators for coupled renderings of single words, and we are able to point to at least one instance in which they did forego the use of this idiomatic habit out of respect for the traditional rendering. In Acts xii. 5, the translators of 1611 retained the established rendering of *ἐκτενής* 'without ceasing,' although it did not appear to them quite satisfactory. The ren-

dering which appears to have approved itself to their judgment was put in the margin, and it was an adjectival coupling, 'instant and earnest.'

But while the habit of duplicate translation is admitted by Dr. Lightfoot, he maintains that this has nothing to do with alternative variation. He says, 'It is one thing to give a double rendering to a single word at any one occurrence, and another to give it two different renderings at two different occurrences in the same context. The two principles have nothing in common.' It would have been more correct to say that no proof has been given that the two principles are in fact one, and it may even be admitted that some difficulty would attend the attempt at such a proof. But then this is no other than the common and well-known difficulty of demonstrating those things which may be known by simple observation. Our space only permits us to offer some slight indications of the manner in which a point of this kind is to be ascertained. The bilingual coupling of which we have been just now treating extended itself in a curious way to the relative pronoun. We did not, indeed, place a French pronoun by the side of the English 'that,' but we did place by its side an imitation of the French pronoun which had been made of Saxon material. The relative pronoun 'which' was an imitation of the French *que*, and 'the which' was made after *lequel*; for in Saxon times the word 'which' was only an interrogative, and never a relative pronoun. Now at first these two words ran together in pairs, like the 'which that' in the following quotation from Chaucer's 'Parlament of Foules,' stanza 75 :—

'Nature which that alwey hadde an ere
To murmur of the lewedenesse
With facound voys seyde, Hold youre
tungs there,
And I shal sone I hope a conseyf fynde.'

When we look into our Bible we find these words acting as mere synonyms, taking part by turns in the same function, and sometimes supplying a provision against a senseless reverberation. In Matthew xxii. 21, without any warrant from the Greek, we find these pronouns acting as variants: 'the things which are Cæsar's . . . the things that are God's.' Here, then, is at least one instance in which we can trace the course of a bilingual coupling, and we find it comes to supply material for alternative variation. For this alternation is a thing in demand;—it is not, as Dr. Lightfoot insists, a capricious variation, but an established feature in the English language: it is not a thing that

can be dispensed with, but a necessity; and it is not a barbarism to be ashamed of, but an important instance of development and advancement in human speech. On each of these heads we would offer a word. That it is a feature and a character of the English language cannot be more fully demonstrated out of any one book, than Dr. Lightfoot has done by the copious instances which he, by way of complaint, has brought forward from the English Bible. Examples from other sources have been given in sufficient number in the 'Guardian,' and we only need cite a few specimens from the journals of the day. The following are from leading articles in the 'Times':—

'The House of Lords performs these useful functions; but it may be said that its members might discharge them with greater judgment and ability.'

Here we have the alternation of *perform*—*discharge*, rather than a repetition of either.—

'A mode of reform which admits of being adopted in all degrees of strength is precisely that which recommends itself to statesmen, as it does to all reasonable people.'

Here the repetition of *recommend* is avoided by the official substitute *does*; and if any one will consider what is the chief function of this verb in our language, he will easily see that it is a very powerful supporter of alternative variation.

In an article which appeared just before the Thanksgiving Day, we read thus: 'One cannot help fearing that the procession of Tuesday next will not be very imposing as a spectacle. The spectators themselves will be a far grander sight than that which they will assemble to see.' This is written with almost a Greek *nettelé*; but it would be more like Greek if, instead of *spectacle*, *spectators*, *sight*, *see*, it stood with *sight*, *sight-seers*, *sight*, *see*. While, however, this would have rendered it much more Greek-like, it would have considerably damaged the effect on English ears.

But we said that this variation was a necessity in the English language. It has been so in one sense in the past, and it is so in another sense in the present. In the early stages of English it was a necessity, because all ears were not equally acquainted with both columns or lines of words, and it was under this state of emergency that our early efforts at eloquence were made. It is still a necessity in the present, from a different cause, and one of a higher order. Our native powers of modulation are not quick, or active, or versatile; our language is on all

hands pronounced to be monotonous. Now the variation of word and phrase is a natural compensation for the want of a rich variety of tones, and to supply this defect it has become a necessity with us to keep up that variation which had its origin in another cause. For where repetition of the same word takes place in a context, it can never, in good reading, be pronounced twice following in the same tone. Dr. Lightfoot is not happy in his illustration when he pleads the cause of repetition thus:—‘the effect of the sentence in each case depending on the maintenance of the same word, which arrests the ear and produces its effect by repetition, like the tolling of a bell or the stroke on an anvil.’ As to the anvil, there are two sets of strokes: there is the monotonous thud on the glowing mass, and there is the cheery musical tone of the ‘harmonious blacksmith’ as the blows are dealt with discrimination on the work that is hardening towards completion. However, we take Dr. Lightfoot to mean that his repetition is to be a repetition not of the same word only, but also of that word on the same note. We would ask him to bestow a few moments’ attention on this subject, and see whether the effect will be good if this monotony is maintained in the repetition of ‘perils’ in 2 Cor. xi. 26, or in any other of those examples which he has so readily at command; or, let him try to read the words ‘action’ and ‘actor’ in the following passages like the toll of a bell, and observe what the effect will prove to be. ‘It is related of Demosthenes, that being asked what was the first requisite for an orator, he answered Action! Being asked what was the second requisite, he said Action! Being asked further what was the third requisite, he answered for the third time, Action!’ Here it is manifest to the simplest instinct that there must be a heightening of tone with each repetition. The same holds good in the passage of Macaulay’s ‘Essays,’ where we read concerning the Earl of Chatham: ‘He was an actor in the closet, an actor in the Council, an actor in Parliament; and even in private society he could not lay aside his theatrical tones and attitudes.’ Verbal repetitions require to be read on an ascending or on a descending scale of modulation, and we can think but of one exception to this rule. The case of the genealogies is something apart; here we apprehend that the recurrent words, namely *begat* in the one, and *which was the son of*, in the other Gospel, should be uttered with an unvarying monotony. But, as a general rule, all reverberation requires a variation in tone to relieve it, and hence it follows that the increase of the verbal repe-

titions in the New Testament will amount to an increased demand for skilful modulation; or, failing this, it will result in an increase in the supply of wearisome reading.

But as we have shown, first, that this variation is an established fact in English; and next, that there is a necessity for it; so now we have to add, thirdly, that it is not a thing to be ashamed of as a barbarism, but that it has been and is of great efficiency towards lifting the language into a higher grade of development. The measure of better or worse in language consists in the degree in which it is fitted to follow the movements of the mind. It appears to us that our own language, if tried by this test, will be found to contrast favourably with Greek, and, indeed, with all other languages of antiquity. They are comparatively word-bound, and therefore also comparatively sense-bound. Our habit of variation gives our speech a broader footing in the sentient faculties, and therefore a vaguer contact with them; the classical languages, on the other hand, have a narrower, and therefore a more incisive contact with the senses and the memory. In Hebrew, Greek, and Latin it is the word that tells,—it is the identifiable word that produces the effect; in English it is the phrase, and the variable alternatives of the phrasal form, that produce the impression as of reiterated thought; wherein the effect is all the more profound on the mind in proportion as the word is less importunate to the ear: unlike the dint of repeated drops from the soaking eaves, and more like the fertilizing shower which falls here a little and there a little.

We have here a feature which is not indeed absolutely peculiar to the English language, but which has in English obtained through circumstances a special development, namely, the avoiding of verbal repetitions by a change in the vesture of a thought, whereby the appeal is partially transferred from the ear or the eye to the mind; and it is this distinguished excellence of the English language which the old translators instinctively seized and wove into the fabric of our Bible version, but which now under the auspices of modern scholarship, we seem to be in danger of sacrificing to the illusion of a verbal fidelity.

Indeed, the further we pursue this investigation, the more we are compelled to assert that there is a vast difference between the structural habits of the Greek and English languages. In regard to construction, they differ from one another almost, if not quite, as widely as Gothic architecture does from Greek. The English language is vastly more manifold and multitudinous, and its

appeal is far less to sensation and more to mental perception. There are in the English language all the three chief stages of language combined and co-operating, whereas in Greek we find one of the three so overpoweringly developed as nearly to exclude the other two. In Greek the flexional principle pervades and dominates all; in English this is weak, and allows remarkable play to the collocational principle on the one hand, and to the phrasal development on the other. And as in the case of the vocabulary which we have already treated; so likewise in the phraseology, we see a disposition to variation, a liking for variety of structure within the sentence, and a certain dislike of uniformity, which naturally invites comparison with Gothic architecture. Thus at the end of Rom. ix. the Greek has *λίθον προσκόμματος καὶ πέτραν σκανδάλου*, and here the two members are correspondently uniform in construction, and both are flectional. But if we turn to the English, we find 'stumbling-stone and rock of offence'; and here the two parts are of varied construction, the one being collocative, and the other phrasal. Our modern spirit of exact scholarship will say that here is a variation in the English, where the original knows no such distinction. And accordingly we find indications that such barbarous inequalities are to be levelled down to a Greek uniformity, in which process we may expect results analogous to what we have sometimes witnessed where an old Gothic building has been restored by one whose professional education had been solely after the Palladian school. For instance, in Matt. xii. 40, we now read 'in the whale's belly . . . in the heart of the earth,' where the two counterpoised structures are of varied form, one being flectional, and the other phrasal. In the Greek, however, both are after one, and that the flectional pattern, *ἐν τῇ κοιλίᾳ τοῦ κήτους* . . . *ἐν τῇ καρδίᾳ τῆς γῆς*, and Dean Alford, in his revised text, brings the English to the uniformity of the Greek, thus, 'in the belly of the whale . . . in the heart of the earth.' This might be useful as a preparation for a construing lesson; but it is not according to the natural elasticity of the English language, and we want our English Bible to continue to be English in every sense of the word.

It would, indeed, be wrong to deny that there are places in which the repetition is necessary to the effect intended. This can be illustrated from the English language, as well as from any other: but it is of importance to keep this quite clear of the question now in debate. There is a rhetorical use of repetition, and it belongs to the

same general class of agencies as alliteration or rhyme in poetry. Such is to be seen in the following, which occurs in a leading article at the time of our writing: 'If the nation does not show itself as a nation, somebody or something will be sure to present itself and pretend to be the nation. It will occupy the streets, parks, and squares, and in every way fill the space which the nation has unwisely left void by national inaction.' To this class belong the repetition of the word 'blessed' in the beatitudes, and of the word 'perils' in 2 Cor. xi. 26. To this class also belongs, or should belong, that most graphic repetition in Matthew xi of the question: 'But what went ye out for to see?' Only we have reason to fear that that inexorable legality of scholarship will not leave us in quiet possession of the picturesqueness of this dialogue. We can only judge by Dean Alford, the continuator of the Five: but he has found it necessary, according to scholarship and criticism, to dilute this repetition as follows:—'What went ye out into the wilderness to gaze upon?'—'But what went ye out to see?'—'But wherefore went ye out?' So we are to lose repetitions where they are characteristic, and gain them where they are idle; and all for reasons which, even if good, the nation can never appreciate.

It cannot be too often repeated, that the public use of the book should be always before the mind of the Revisers, that they may lend their ear to the sound of those sentences which are to be publicly read in churches. There is such a thing as an exegetical translation of Scripture, adapted for the use of the student, but which for the general reader or hearer would be inappropriate. An excellent specimen of such a translation is that of the Psalms by Dr. Kay: in this book the Hebrew is so admirably represented that the critical reader is greatly assisted in realizing the action of the original, whether he have the Hebrew before him or not; but we do not apprehend that Dr. Kay would offer such a work for reading in churches. If we compare this with the beautiful lyrical sentences of our elder version, we have perhaps as fair an illustration of the difference between Hebrew and English as can be conveyed through the latter language alone. Thus in Psalm 103 Dr. Kay translates:—

- 18 'As a father has compassion on his children,
So the Lord has compassion on them that fear Him.
For He knows our formation,' &c.

In the Common Prayer Book it is given

with variation:—‘Yea, like as a father pitiethe his own children: even so is the Lord merciful unto them that fear him.’ We take leave of this interesting subject for the present, with the earnest hope that minute accuracy will often be waived in favour of the version which has the ear of the people; and on the two urgent points of the public serviceableness of the revision, and the danger of over-correction, we cannot convey our sentiments better than in the words of Dr. Ellicott:—

‘Secondly, it must not be forgotten that the effort to be accurate often involves some sacrifice of the idiomatic turn and rhythmic flow of the English, and that the gain in exactness has often to be purchased at a price which even the most devoted scholar might on consideration hesitate to pay. The different idioms of the two languages, the parallelism rather than coincidence in respect of tenses, the much less logical use of particles in our own language than in Greek, the different principles of order and emphasis,—all these things really do often make accuracy only attainable on terms which are beyond our means, and which would, in fact, be inconsistent with the ground principles of a version which is to be read *publicly* as well as privately, and is to be idiomatic as well as exact. How often it must have happened to many a one whose eyes may fall on these lines to have made a verbal correction in our Version which, at the time seemed not only certain, but a clear contextual improvement, and then after an interval to have read it over again and come to the candid opinion that it was an *over-correction*, and, by being so, was really less faithful to the tone of the original than that which it had displaced. This consideration is really one of very great importance, for it reaches to that very difficult question of the limits to which, in translation, a language may be stretched without losing its idiomatic vigour and elasticity.’—p. 105.

The rapid sale of Dr. Lightfoot’s first edition is good evidence of the interest taken by the educated class in the work of revision, and it may well be felt by the revisers in general as a powerful encouragement in their arduous labours. This great national work has our best wishes for its furtherance and success, and it is because we hope to be able to give the new revision our unhesitating support when it appears, that we look with jealousy at any dangers which may threaten to impair its beauty or to interfere with its utility.

authentiques prisés aux Archives publiques et privées. Par la Marquise Campana de Cavelli. Paris, 1871. Tomes I. II. 4to:

FOR this splendid monument to the memory of the Stuarts we are indebted to the devotion of a lady. An English woman by birth, an Italian by adoption, as she informs us in her preface, Madame la Marquise Campana de Cavelli combines in herself the opposite characteristics of the two races. To the passionate imagination and enthusiasm of the Italian she unites the conscientious labour and research we are accustomed to appropriate to the natives of our own country. Inspired with a strong and almost romantic sympathy for the Stuarts, or at all events for Mary d’Este, the unhappy consort of James II., as the sole Italian who had ever mounted an English throne, the Marquise has no intention of suffering her feelings to evaporate in useless enthusiasm. Like a thorough Englishwoman, she has set to work to justify her predilections; and we have the result in two magnificent volumes, the first instalment of six, containing letters, journals, portraits, engravings of rare prints and medals—everything, in short, that can throw any light on the manners, the reigns, the exiles, the deaths of an unhappy race devoted to misfortune by a sort of inevitable fatality, like the Labdacidæ of old. Beginning at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, which the Marquise visited in 1864, and where she seems to have caught the first idea of her work, she extended her inquiries to England, Germany, Spain, and Italy. She has disinterred from unknown or forgotten archives family papers, reports of Italian residents in England, confidential communications to foreign courts, hitherto concealed from the most diligent historians. If we were disposed to be hypercritical, we should say that many of these documents, especially the letters of Mary d’Este, have a value in the eyes of the Marquise which will scarcely be shared by less enthusiastic admirers. But where there is so much that is really excellent and really novel, so much laborious research that can never find its adequate return, it would be unjust to discover faults. The true and lasting reward of the fair authoress will be—and probably she desires no more—that to all future historians of the Stuart times her work will be indispensable. Even if posterity should not entirely reverse the verdict of history, it may, through her exertions, mitigate some of its severity.

Commencing with the year 1672, and the negotiations for the second marriage of James, Duke of York, these volumes bring

us to the year 1689, and the unhappy attempts of James II. in Ireland. The main intention of the Marquise, in fact her sole object in the first instance, was to gather up the personal history of Mary d'Este. For this purpose she visited the old château of Saint-Germain. In the neighbouring church she found herself standing, as she tells us, before a humble monument, with as humble an inscription—JAMES II. After the most diligent inquiries, she was able to discover no traces of the tomb of his consort. She questioned the inhabitants of Saint-Germain: no one had ever heard of the life or sepulchre of Maria Beatrix. She visited the libraries and archives of Paris. After long search, she discovered that Mary's remains rested in the nunnery of Chaillot. She hastened to Chaillot; nunnery, and all remembrance of it, had utterly perished. 'Disappointed, but not discouraged,' she continues, 'I redoubled my zeal, hoping at least to exhume the historical *souvenirs* of Maria Beatrix. I passed many years in the most celebrated archives of France, Italy, England, and other countries with a passionate ardour. The mortal remains of this Queen always escaped me; but her memory grew beneath my gaze; her career appeared to me every day more noble and more beautiful. I received from all quarters numbers of documents, packets of letters written by Maria Beatrix, in which she laid open the whole course of her private life and political doings from day to day. I was desirous of publishing this correspondence, for therein the world would see in all its brilliancy the charms of this touching figure, whom the indifference or hostility of so many historians, had consigned too long to unmerited oblivion, or the attacks of calumny.*

But the Marquise soon found, as others employed in similar researches have found before, that her materials increased more rapidly than she had anticipated;

'They began to multiply,

Like sparks that from the coals of fire do fly.'

Her industry, her researches, her perseverance, were rewarded by an overflowing harvest of materials not less valuable for the general history of the times than for the biography of Mary d'Este. This abundance compelled her to remodel her plan, and extend the limits of her work; and thus, without losing sight of her original purpose, her attention was naturally turned to the great historical events in the age of the latter Stuarts—an age so full of magic interest to all readers, whatever their principles and

their predilections. Consequently she has not only illustrated the personal history of James II., his queen, and his descendants, but she has collected and published a large mass of documents throwing light upon the times which preceded and followed their downfall. The politics of William III., the fatal measures and infatuation of James II., the intrigues of foreign courts, the treachery of statesmen, the discords between the moderate Roman Catholics and the Jesuits, all find ample illustration in her pages. And though the Marquise disavows the character of an historian, though she is satisfied with confining herself to the humbler task of faithfully presenting to the public the historical treasures she has been fortunate enough to collect, she deserves great praise for her moderation and wise discretion. In the present condition of our historical materials, when so much that is necessary for an impartial and sound estimate of the most difficult epoch in our history remains buried in private collections, we hold that for some time to come the greatest service that can be rendered to this country is not a professed history, but the careful collection and arrangement of such materials as these. Violent religious and political prejudices have already sufficiently obscured the reigns of the Stuarts. What we now want are authentic papers by which we may correct the misrepresentations of party, and form a sounder and more impartial judgment.

Although, therefore, the Marquise makes no secret of her sympathies for the exiled house of the Stuarts, although she thinks that James II., in particular, has received scanty justice from the hands of our Protestant historians, she has prudently forborne all direct attempt to rescue his name from that odium under which it has laboured so long. She has not even ventured to remove any of the superfluous dust with which his memory has been artificially overcharged and blackened. She has been content to let her documents tell their own story, without putting a word into their mouths—without any attempt to extenuate or exaggerate their credit—whether they seemed to make for or against her cherished opinions. Her readers are left to form their own conclusions—a task very few, we are inclined to think, will be willing to undertake, unless the old Greek historian was mistaken in his estimate of human nature; and we are less inclined than were his contemporaries to rely on the opinions of others. The Marquise, therefore, must not be surprised if, though she find a 'fit audience,' it should prove a very select one; or if the chief return for her labour and self-sacrifice

should be little more than the pleasure she has felt in the pursuit of an amiable object. Chivalry and enthusiasm have long been at a discount amongst us; and even if it were otherwise, they are not likely to be revived over the forgotten memories of James II. and his fallen house. Whigs and Tories, Conservatives and Radicals, have long since acquiesced in their verdict, and would scarcely feel grateful to any one who should attempt to disturb it. What does it matter whether the character of James be one shade or several shades less black than Macaulay has painted it? What will it signify whether in his historical apotheosis of Whiggery, the Whig apologist has not always been as scrupulous as he ought to have been in the choice of his authorities, or uniformly careful in the examination of his facts? Even if our enthusiastic admirer of the Stuarts could convict him of gross partiality and numerous mistakes, the final resultant would remain much the same: it would still be disagreeable enough to our English notions. No amount of ingenious pleadings could get rid of the fact that James was not only a Roman Catholic, but a very bigoted Roman Catholic; that he carried into his religious convictions the untampered zeal of a convert, as well as a formality, stiffness, and opiniativeness that were native to him. We should still feel that he was as inflexible as his father, Charles I., without his father's attachment to the religion of his subjects, as indifferent to the good opinions of others as Charles II., without his brother's good nature.

In fact, their fatality, or destiny, let our authoress call it what she will, has pursued the Stuarts beyond the grave; their evils have not perished with them. Unlike other men who are rarely punished twice for their offences, and whose sufferings, like those of Charles I., or whose hopeless exile, like that of James II., have been regarded as some atonement for their faults, history has been unusually severe and bitter to their memories. It has looked exclusively at their failings, which were obvious enough and offensive enough; it has been far from indulgent to their better qualities; it has hardly allowed them any. The popular estimate of James I. has been derived in the main from libels, misnamed history, written in the time of the Commonwealth; of Charles II., and of James II., from writers like Kennet and Burnet, who must have condemned themselves had James II. appeared otherwise in their pages than a sanguinary bigot and despot, regardless of the lives and liberties of his subjects. More modern historians have solaced their disappointment in actual by an ideal Whig-

gery, which has no place in nature or in history. They have been carried back in their brilliant imaginations to a time when, in the triumph of William III., all the men (provided they were Whigs) were brave and honest, and all their women were lovely and virtuous. Setting out with such strong prepossessions it was not to be expected that they should scrutinize too narrowly evidence unfavourable to James II., or suspect of partiality and exaggeration assertions so much in accordance with their expectations and their wishes. Even when, as in the case of Sir John Dalrymple, more accurate research had brought to light undoubted information unfavourable to the more active agents of the Revolution, Whig historians could not easily forego their prejudices, or reconstruct their theories. Though contradicted by unimpeachable evidence, the current impression was too powerful to be shaken; rather than relinquish it, they atoned for any admitted demerits in the main instruments of the Revolution by adding a few additional shades of darkness to the period that preceded it.

But this was not their only or their greatest error. Following the example of Fox, historians of the Revolution of 1688 have generally commenced their work with the reign of James II. If this was done with the notion of setting forth more vividly the evils from which William III. is supposed to have delivered us, those evils did not commence with James II., nor did they entirely vanish with him. If it were done with the view of showing how amazing was the contrast between James and his son-in-law, the contrast is no less mistaken than it is exaggerated. William was a Stuart as well as James II. He was every whit as much determined as James that the royal power should suffer no diminution in his hands. He was as resolute in maintaining his prerogative as James. He exercised his dispensing power more frequently. If James maintained a standing army at Hounslow Heath, William had his Dutch Guards. If James was severe and stern in executing punishment, the torture in Scotland and the massacre of Glencoe exceeded in ferocity the executions at Taunton. If James countenanced Jeffreys, William took Kirke into favour, and pensioned the still more infamous Titus Oates. If James treated his Protestant advisers with disrespect, Schomberg and Ginkell dined at William's table whilst Marlborough and Godolphin stood behind his chair. The main difference consisted in this, that William was a Protestant and James a Roman Catholic; that William plunged this nation into a costly continental

war with France, from which James kept aloof; that William fought the wars of the Dutch with English money and English troops; that he utterly neglected our navy and our commerce, and burthened us with a heavy national debt. Whether the motives which determined the foreign policy of Charles II. and his brother were ignominious or otherwise, the material advantages of that policy to the nation cannot be denied. It enabled this country to recover itself from the exhaustion of the civil wars. When Charles II. ascended the throne, our navy had sunk to so low a condition that in all our magazines and stores there were not 'arms sufficient to put into the hands of five thousand men, nor provision enough to set out ten new ships to sea.*' Within less than ten years of that time Colbert had converted a few rotten hulks of the French marine into a navy, consisting of sixty ships of the line and forty frigates. If the policy of non-intervention be good statesmanship now, it was not only good but indispensable then. Was it for our advantage to fight the battles of other people? Was it for us to relieve the Dutch by engaging in a war with France, whilst they were pursuing their own commerce unmolested and we were neglecting ours? For a cause in which we were nowise concerned, were we to strain every nerve in grappling with a powerful and warlike adversary, when at best victory was dubious, whilst Holland, like the fox in the fable, looked on and ran off with the prey? That is exactly what William and the Dutch wanted us to do. That is precisely what he was always attempting to do when he became King of England. Happily, causes we have now to explain—causes too much overlooked by modern historians—kept us, in spite of ourselves, in spite of the frantic absurdities and fanaticism of the times, from falling into the snare. If to Charles II. and James II. we owe, as Whig historians are fond of asserting, our Protestant religion and civil liberties, we owe to them also the preservation of the monarchy, with all its attendant blessings.

To make this clear, we must trespass a little on the indulgence of our readers. The death of Charles I. was not the only instance, as Milton would have been delighted to inform his hearers, of English kings who had come to a violent end. But the death of Charles, though like that of other kings in its violence, was in its character wholly unique, a fact which Milton did not perceive. In this nation there had never been anything like it before; and we know not whether

there has been in any nation or any age; for the fate of Louis XVI. was totally different, and the parallel sometimes insisted on by French historians and philosophers is wholly fallacious. In all rebellions against previous English kings, it was the conspiracy of one branch or scion of the royal family against the other. The succession remained intact, though the right of succession might be disputed; though the monarch fell, the monarchy remained. By the death of Charles I., for the first time since our existence as a nation, monarchy and the monarch fell together; the nation was not only without a head for the first time, but all its functions ceased; its constitution was at an end. The Church had been already put down, and so far the spiritual authority of the Crown was extinguished. The House of Lords, the constitutional advisers of the Crown, was defunct; for what use was there of constitutional advisers when there was no one to advise with? But there remained the army and the House of Commons. The House of Commons could neither summon nor prorogue itself, least of all at the command of the army; and the army, which by the Constitution of this country knows no command but that of the King,* could not and would not obey the Commons. Here, then, were two concurrent and incompatible authorities. Government was at a deadlock; it fell, as it always must fall on such occasions, to the strongest; and the destruction of monarchy ended in military despotism. The Church of England was effectually disestablished, for its property was taken from it and its worship proscribed. Had Cromwell been less resolute, less large-minded than he was, the spiritual despotism of this country would have been as complete as its civil anarchy. The Presbyterians could not tolerate the Independents, nor the Independents the Presbyterians; and when both had got rid of the Church of England, they vented their wrath, their venom, and abuse, against each other. In the name of liberty they had put down the Church of

* See the Militia Act passed in the year 1663. 'Forasmuch as within all His Majesty's realms and dominions, the sole and supreme power, government, command, and disposition of the Militia, and of all forces by sea and land, and of all forts and places of strength is, and by the laws of England ever was, the undoubted right of His Majesty,' &c., 'and that both or either of the Houses of Parliament cannot, nor ought, to pretend to the same,' &c.

It may be urged that Parliament did command the army in the wars against Charles I. which is very true; but then it evaded the Constitution by issuing its orders in the king's name, avowing by this act its own inability by the Constitution to command the army.

* Echard's 'History of the Revolution,' p. 10.

England, and raised up the most bitter and malignant forms of persecution. In the name of liberty they had pulled down the monarchy, and with it all the constitutional safeguards for civil and religious freedom.

Repentance came too late. Even Cromwell would have restored, had it been possible, some of those constitutional forms he had been instrumental in destroying.* For, however unconstitutionally men may rise to power, none are more anxious in fencing the power, thus gained, by constitutional securities. But that could not be. Rulers and ruled had fallen alike into a false position, from which it was impossible to extricate themselves. Their struggles only served to entangle them the more. Every year the usurper found it necessary to rivet more closely the chains of his authority; every year his attempts to restore the forms of the Constitution became more hopeless and desperate. To a mere tyrant this would have been a matter of indifference; in the case of Cromwell we are convinced that it did more than anything else to embitter his days and break his heart—far more than the pertinacious and malignant abuse of the Presbyterians, the dangerous and subtle designs of Sir Harry Vane, the ambition and dissensions of his Major-Generals, the plots of the Royalists, or a thousand pamphlets cloaking his assassination under the specious pretext of 'killing no murder.' Monarchs without one tithe of Cromwell's ability may with ordinary prudence be sure of the love and obedience of their subjects, because they rule by law, and the law is respected in their persons; but the bravest and most brilliant of fortunate usurpers are a perpetual

memento and exemplification of the weakness of the law, and of the rewards to be obtained by trampling the Constitution under foot. How can they expect obedience who are in themselves flagrant and successful examples of disobedience? How can they preach reverence for law who have taught men, by their own transgression, the advantage of transgressing it? Nothing remains but the rule of force and compulsion—a simple and undisguised appeal to arbitrary power. All government, except that of the stronger, is at an end. The freedom of the people is the destruction of their ruler—their slavery his only security and confidence. Of this there could be no more evident proof than the solitude and silence at Cromwell's death. Men might admire then, as they have done since, his genius, his prowess, his superiority to the common run of usurpers; but we question whether a single tear of affection or regret was shed upon his ashes. From the Royalists, of course, he could expect no sympathy: the Presbyterians regarded him as an apostate; the Varnists as the rebel Absalom who kept out the true David; his own soldiers and the Independents suspected and watched all his movements; for many of them, expecting to be 'half-kings themselves,' looked upon the augmentation or continuance of his rule as worse than despotism. Order broken at the head becomes orderless throughout; the current diverted at the source returns not to its natural bed, but is lost in sand and shallows. Had Richard possessed the energy and abilities of his father, the result would not have been otherwise than it was. When he succeeded to the throne the horizon was perfectly clear; there was not a cloud to be seen in it as big as a man's hand. Charles, with a few followers, wandered about in exile, hopeless, helpless, and forlorn. The feeble attempts of the Cavaliers in his favour had been completely and rapidly suppressed; the whole nation was overawed by the strongest military discipline; there was apparently neither the wish nor the ability to rise. Nay more, the peaceable succession of Richard was insisted on as a proof of God's approbation. He had had no hand in the King's death—was rather inclined to deal kindly with the Royalists. He had never sought the government, but it was thrust upon him. He had been accepted and approved by the House of Commons. The rightful King had been dead for twelve years, and there was no likelihood that his son would succeed him. The common good required that the land should not remain without a governor; whilst the numerous and bitter factions, political and religious,

* So desperately did even Cromwell's own party cling to the old forms of the Constitution that it was this desire more than any other that urged them, and no doubt Oliver himself, to revive the title of king in his person. 'That which inclined the most,' says Baillie, 'to further the Protector's kingship, was their expectation of a regular government thereby, without the perpetuating of a military rule by the sword, to which so vast and arbitrary charges would always be necessary.' Cromwell was only diverted from this design by being informed by Fleetwood of a strong combination in the army to oppose that motion. (See Baillie's Let. to Spang, November, 1658.) As Lambert and other officers secretly cherished the hope of succeeding Cromwell and perpetuating a military despotism in England, they strenuously opposed all attempts on the Protector's part to render the crown hereditary. This was the great reason why he never dared to nominate his successor, and so suppress the agitation and intrigues that troubled his government, and kept the nation in perpetual ferment. Thurlow tells a curious story of the shifts to which they were driven to cover their hypocrisy.

daily multiplying in numbers and malignancy, and ready at any moment to fly at each other's throats, made people ready to acquiesce in almost any form of government and any governor without too narrowly scrutinising their precise legitimacy.

Yet with all these advantages in its favour, the Republic, from no ostensible cause, collapsed in an instant, in the utmost tranquillity at home and abroad. It fell so completely, that not a vestige of it remained; it fell among the execrations and outcries of those who, a few months only before, would have regarded its ruin as impossible. Not a hand was stretched out to support it. Of those who had bled and fought for it—whose interest and reputation were most deeply concerned in its continuance—though they were men of undoubted courage and experience—with swords in their hands—not a handful could be found to strike a single blow in its favour, or make the smallest sacrifice for that which they had hitherto identified with the cause of God:—

'That an army,' says Baxter, 'that had conquered three such kingdoms, and brought so many armies to destruction, cut off the King, pulled down the Parliament, and set up and pulled down others at their pleasure; that had conquered so many cities and castles; that were so united by principles, and interest, and guilt, and so deeply engaged, as much as their estates, and honour, and lives came to, to have stood it out to the very utmost; that had possessed so much of their wisdom and religiousness; and had declared such high resolutions against monarchy:—I say that such an army should have one commander (Monk) among themselves, whom they accounted not religious, that should march against them without resistance, and that they should all stand still, and let him come on, and restore the Parliament, and bring in the King, and disband themselves, and all this without one bloody nose! Let any man, that hath the use of his understanding, judge whether this were not enough to prove that there is a God that governeth the world, and disposeth of the powers of the world according to His will!'

'That a nation,' says Milton, proudly moralising with aristocratic complacency on these events, 'should be so valorous and courageous to win their liberty in the field, and when they have won it, should be so heartless and unwise in their counsels, as not to know how to use it, value it, what to do with it themselves; but . . . basely and besottedly to run their necks again into the yoke which they have broken—will be an ignominy if it befall us, that never yet befell any nation possessed of their liberty.' *

In this absence of all serious resistance to

the return of Charles II., and the frantic delight of people in general at the Restoration, it might be supposed that the old order was not only entirely restored, but had in fact become stronger than before. It is usual with historians to insist on the unqualified submission exhibited by his subjects to their new king, to paint in glowing colours the unanimity of his welcome; as if the whole nation, forgetful of all prudent and rational restraint, had hastened to throw itself at his feet, ashamed of its past misconduct, and resolved to atone for its disobedience to the father by unbounded servility to the son.

'So tears of joy for his returning spilt
Work out and expiate their former guilt.'

No doubt that joy was great; no doubt it was the object of loyal poets and Cavaliers to make the most of it. Those who had been the main instruments in the King's restoration, or who expected to profit by it, were not likely to underrate the popularity of an event in the success of which they were so intimately concerned. But that joy was not so real, not so unanimous, not so profound, as careless or interested observers might have imagined. It was not unmixed delight at the restoration of royalty. Intenser, perhaps ignobler, feelings had their share in it. The great Presbyterian party hated Cromwell, hated his son, hated his Independent generals, who jeered at their classes and their synods, and turned their most reverend divines into ridicule. 'God keep the Presbyterians out of the hands of the Independents and Sectaries when they come to have power.'* is the exclamation of one, not the meanest among them, even before the supremacy had been confided to Cromwell. 'The Independents labour,' he says, 'to get all the power of the army they possibly can into their hands, and the command of all the great towns and cities; and by one way or other to turn out of place, keep out, obstruct, blast, all cordial, zealous Presbyterians, and which, no doubt, is done to give the Presbyterians liberty of conscience! And now they give the Presbyterians good words, viz. that they will send them packing to Rome; that it were a good deed they were hanged and knocked on the head; their guts gored out; that they are anti-Christian priests, cursed priests, damned priests, and such like.' The victory at Dunbar over their co-religionists—the Scotch—had not improved the temper of the Presbyterians; nor had the airs of insolent triumph, assumed by their implacable enemies—the Independents—on that occasion, reconciled

* 'Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth,' p. 410.

* 'Edward's Gangrena,' part ii. p. 66.

them the more to Cromwell's government. They had been taunted by Milton for their hypocritical denunciation of the King's murder, still more for their sedulous praise of the *Eikon Basiliké*, and their dishonest attempt to create a sympathy for royalty in its sufferings at the expense of their enemies—the Independents. All these now crowded to Dover at Charles's landing, and were not the least forward in their shouts of congratulation.

Nor were the Sectaries, as they were then called—that is, the interminable shoal of religious dissentients who were neither Presbyterians nor Churchmen—wholly indifferent to the King's return. For many years Cromwell had relied upon them implicitly, as men who detested monarchy, and were the vehement enemies of the Stuarts. He had preferred them wherever he could to all places of trust and authority. He had recruited his army mainly from their body; but in the latter years of his reign he had found it necessary to change his policy, and oust them from their employments.* They took their disgrace with much sorer anger and resentment; and though they did not change their principles, or become converts to monarchy, they readily swelled the throng of those who were the enemies to Cromwell and his family. If they were to have a king at all, or any settled authority, as well it should be in the person of a rightful king, as of one who had no right, and had besides deceived them.

And thus a variety of motives were working in the minds, if they were not patent in the faces, of those who crowded round the King at his return; jubilant Cavaliers, who had been unexpectedly restored to their country; Churchmen waiting for their incumbencies; Presbyterians, spunging out the memory of past offences by outrageous loyalty; time-servers, who had waited on events, and, like Milton, though with none of his disinterestedness, had been Churchmen, Presbyterians, Independents, Seekers, as the wind veered and the seasons changed. There were king-killers, like Lenthall, prepared to swear that he 'who first drew his

sword against the King, committed as great an offence as he that cut off his head; hoary old renegades, like Sir Harbottle Grimstone, ready to address the new comer as 'the glory of kings and the joy of his subjects;' poets, like Dryden, excusable for their flatteries and their fictions; multitudes who shed tears because others shed tears, or shouted the louder because others were shouting.

Was that tall and swarthy man, then in the prime of his manhood—ever ready with a jest on his lips and a smile in those mysterious eyes, graceful, easy, and careless—in reality deceived, by this hurricane of loyalty? As cheer rose upon cheer from the thousands of spectators that witnessed his landing, as men crowded to touch the hem of his garment and kiss the prints of his footsteps, and all the roads from Rochester to London swarmed with people, 'as if the whole kingdom had been gathered there,' when the two Houses of Parliament 'solemnly cast themselves at his feet, with all vows of affection and fidelity to the world's end,' was Charles deceived? Did he believe that all this demonstration was genuine? He knew mankind much too well. As a boy he had seen the same crowd, and the same Parliament, pursuing his father to destruction. Later in life he had been a reluctant actor in the farce at Scone, when Presbyterians pelted him with insults in the disguise of sermons, libelled his father and his mother before his face, and compelled him to sign the Solemn League and Covenant. A wanderer for ten years, surrounded by needy and disorderly followers, who pestered him with real or imaginary sufferings in the royal cause, he had learned to see the selfish side of professed loyalty. Proscribed first by one state and then by another, at the bidding of the usurper, never sure of protection from any, no sooner was it known that his restoration to the crown was probable than he was overloaded with gifts and professions of service. 'The magistrates of the town of Breda took all imaginable care to express their devotion to the King, by using all civilities towards [him], and providing for the accommodation of the multitude of his subjects, who resorted thither to express their duty to him. So that no man would have imagined by the treatment he now received, that he had been so lately forbid to come into that place!'"* Such a life, as he through untoward circumstances had been compelled to lead, is at no time favourable to the development of the nobler qualities and affections. But those

* 'The sectarian party, in his army and elsewhere, he chiefly trusted to and pleased, till by the people's submission and quietness he thought himself well settled, and then he began to undermine them and work them out. And though he had so often spoken for the Anabaptists, now he findeth them so heady and so much against any settled government, and so set upon the promoting of their way and party, that he doth not only begin to blame their unruliness, but also designeth to settle himself in the people's favour by suppressing them.'—*Reliquiæ Baxterianæ*, by Silvester, p. 47.

* 'Clarendon's Rebellion,' vii. 496, ed. 1826.

of Charles were specially unfortunate. Driven from his home when a mere boy, before he had been trained in any steady principles; deprived of his father; left to the care of his mother, whom he could not highly respect; educated by Hobbes, so far as he was educated; inspired with a distaste of the Protestant religion, of which he knew little, 'except the ill-bred familiarity of the Scotch divines'—who can wonder if he entertained very questionable notions both of morality and religion? Who can wonder, considering the nature of his experience, if he were convinced that other men had as little of either as he himself possessed?

But with Charles the pursuit of pleasure, and an apparent indifference to any precise form of religion, was a part of his policy. It served him equally well with Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Independent, and Sectary. Some might hope that one so undetermined might eventually be won over to their views; all might expect tolerance; if not, the intolerance they suffered could not be imputed to the King. *Point de zèle* was the sagacious maxim of a diplomatist as far-sighted, as subtle as he; one who had lived through disastrous times as Charles had done. Besides, he knew well how opposition brings out opposition; how the ardent, romantic, obtrusive attachment of his father to certain principles in the Church and the State had involved him in trouble inextricable. He knew that enthusiasm brings enthusiasts about it. He had come to reign peaceably if he could; to enjoy, if it were allowed him, and as long as it was allowed him, the good things of peace and plenty, after long abstinence and forced self-denial. He wished needlessly to trouble no one; to alarm no one by appearing too serious, too earnest, or too difficult in any matter. In this nonchalance there was an object, beyond mere appetite in his pursuit of pleasure, though carried too often to excess. It sufficiently blinded men to his real character, and threw them off their guard. In the laxity of familiar and unrestrained conversation, those who were admitted to his confidence often dropped hints and indications of their real character and designs which were never afterwards forgotten. 'For,' says Halifax, who knew him well, 'when he thought fit to be angry, he had a very peevish [pertinacious] memory; there was hardly a blot that escaped him.' From his easy, compliant good humour he reaped his advantage—no small one in a nation so distempered and distracted as this was—that though no minister could confidently reckon on the continuance of his confidence, he knew that his displeasure, unlike that of

Charles I., would be neither severe nor lasting; whilst those who opposed him flattered themselves that there was no permanent or insuperable obstacle against their being taken into favour. Though the nation, through the Speaker of the House of Commons, had complimented Charles 'as having not only Jacob's voice but Jacob's hands,' though they offered their daily petitions to the Throne of Grace that the King might be rewarded with the fatness of Jacob's blessing, they had taken the prudent precaution of not leaving him a guinea in his pocket. 'What troubles me most,' he said, in his agreeable, bantering way, 'is to see so many of you, gentlemen, come to me at Whitehall, and to think you must go somewhere else for your dinner!' Profuse as was their profession of loyalty, they had taken care to disband the army; the militia was commanded by men notoriously unfavourable to his pretensions; the navy, as we have stated already, was utterly inefficient. There stood he in the midst of the shouting and prostrate crowds, a king only in name, a possessor of his father's throne only so long as the *popularis aura* might continue to blow from the same favourable quarter.

He had been indebted for his return to the mysterious policy of one man, whose motives are even to this day an enigma to historians. In the brilliant throng of statesmen, generals, courtiers, and country gentlemen, there was not one, now that success had been achieved, that did not believe it was owing to his own individual advice and his own particular prowess. There was not one who did not equally expect a reward proportionate to his own estimate of his own services, and would have taken mortal offence if the royal ear had been deaf or indifferent to his claims or his counsel. Thousands of expectants started up in forgotten holes and corners; thousands flocked home from abroad to lounge at the stairs of Whitehall; to pursue him from gallery to gallery, and room to room, with suppliant looks and 'asking faces.' Never was a king more popular, more beloved, more persecuted, teased, and pestered.

He could not shut the doors, like any ordinary mortal, against this Egyptian swarm of respectable mendicants that found their way even into the King's bedchamber. He could not give out that he was 'sick or dead,' or even gone into the country. He was a rapid walker, and few men could keep pace with him—a habit he had probably acquired to avoid such incessant importunity. He had a trick, also, of pulling out his watch as a hint to long-winded suitors. But even these little artifices, never very effectual

at any time, were scarcely available at his Restoration. Though the clouds were broken, the elements of confusion were still abroad; they might coalesce as easily and as unexpectedly as they had dispersed, and he was powerless to prevent it; therefore it was of the utmost importance to his safety, and the preservation of his throne, that he should offend and disappoint no one; and in this respect his policy harmonized with his natural temper. Hating the stiffness and formality of a court, unlike his brother James II., he was fond of unbending himself to those below him. He could exchange railery with Halifax, Rochester, and Shaftesbury, without losing his temper, when they presumed on his familiarity; he could listen without impatience to the grave speeches of mediocrities, like Essex, Russell, and Temple. When petulant ministers threw up their appointments, with the honourable expectation of embarrassing his government, he received their resignations without betraying a spark of uneasiness or resentment. Nothing could throw him off his guard; no danger, no difficulty, no complication, could impair that affable, easy, nonchalant air, which left him at leisure to see the faults and failings of other men and effectually conceal his own.

And if this was dissimulation—as they thought who were disappointed in finding him not so tractable as they had expected—he needed it all. He had returned a king upon sufferance. Though he was by inheritance the rightful king, he was in fact in no better condition than an elective monarch. He owed his crown to a party; and how far he might count upon the strength or stability of that party he had no means of ascertaining; it might be more their humour than their loyalty, as Dryden affirms, to which he was indebted. At all events, they would take effectual care to monopolize his favours, and make him dependent on themselves. It was impossible it should be otherwise. It was impossible that they or he should forget that he was indebted to them exclusively for his restoration, to which he himself had been able to contribute nothing. He had no Dutch army, like William III.; no merits or services of his own to plead; not a shred of power, authority, or influence beyond what they and the nation, at their bidding, chose to concede. He had only a barren title—and that, as we shall presently see, was far less valid, with many of his subjects, than is generally imagined—and his own good star to trust to. If by these counters he could play the game of monarchy, like a weary and experienced gambler, against such fearful odds, the greater praise

was due to his ingenuity. And a very hazardous game it was; and one that demanded a wary and vigilant player. For twenty years had these men who now bowed the knee before him, though disgusted with Cromwell and Commonwealth, set kings and kingship practically at defiance; for nearly ten of those years had they been the obstinate and successful opponents of his father. During ten of those years and more they had filled every place of honour or of profit with Roundheads and Presbyterians. They had driven out the loyalists from employment; they had ejected from their livings the Episcopal clergy; they had supplemented the different corporations with their own creatures. Then succeeded the rule of Cromwell; and wherever he had displaced their nominees or created new appointments, he had filled them with stern republicans and anti-monarchists. The loyal party was reduced to the lowest ebb. Nothing can show more completely their utter feebleness and inefficiency, even when the nation was sick of Richard Cromwell, than their inability to bring back the king, and leave his restoration to their political antagonists. Of the disbanded soldiers of Cromwell 25,000 are said to have been scattered chiefly about the metropolis. They were mortal foes to the very name of Stuart: they were almost republicans to a man. Their association in the same regiments, their attachment to The Cause, gave them unusual facilities for combination. The loss of their employment, their position, and their pay rendered them reckless. If a standing army had been allowed, they might have been drafted and dissipated in its ranks. As it was they formed a continual and perilous nucleus for disaffection; and, either here or in Holland, they were the active and untiring agents in all the plots that disturbed the tranquillity of Charles II. For republicanism with them was an idol and a passion;—a passion that had grown strong in the abeyance of the monarchy, and had been fed by the remembrance of their former good fortune. As Dryden sings:—

‘The good old cause revived a plot requires;
Plots, true or false, are necessary things,
To raise up commonwealths and ruin kings.’

Nor were the embers of that fiery enthusiasm which had once burned fiercely in the land, dull and cold as they might seem to careless observers, utterly extinguished. The time was yet comparatively recent when Presbyterian and Independent had encouraged from their pulpits the doctrine of king-killing, under the example of Phineas, and imprecated curses upon the people who ‘did the.

work of Lord deceitfully.' When the drum and the fife were silent, more inspiriting than drum and fife did these screaming ecclesiastics call upon their excitable audience to wash their garments in blood, and to come to the help of the Lord against the mighty. The most sacred occasions, the most solemn hours, brought no respite to their reiterated imprecations. Devotion itself was turned into a libel against the royal authority, and the precepts of the Gospel were travestied into incitements to murder. 'Do justice to the *greatest*; Saul's sons are not spared, nor may Agag, nor Benhadad, though themselves *KINGS*. Zimri and Cozbi, though Princes of the people, must be pursued into their tents. This is the way to consecrate yourselves to God.' (Herle's Sermon before the House of Commons, Nov. 5, 1644.) 'What soldier's heart would not start, deliberately to come into a subdued city and take the little ones upon the spear's point? To take them by the heels and beat out their brains against the wall? What inhumanity and barbarousness would this be thought? Yet if this work be to revenge God's Church against Babylon [Charles and the Cavaliers], he is a blessed man that takes and dashes the little ones against the stones.' (Marshall's Sermon before the Commons, Feb. 23, 1641.) 'Those mine enemies which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither and slay them before me. Let me see them executed, *KINGS*, Rulers, people conspiring rebellion against the Lord and against His Christ.' (Maynard to the Commons, Oct. 28, 1646.) Once more:—'There is no dallying with God now, much delay hath been used already, too much. God is angry, and He seems to say this once more: "Will you strike, will you execute judgment, or will ye not? Tell me, for if ye will not I will. I will have the enemy's blood and yours too, if you will not execute vengeance upon delinquents [the Cavaliers]. The day of vengeance is in my heart, and the year of my Redeemer is come."' (Case to the Commons, 1644.)

It would be easy to multiply hundreds of instances, more violent even and more blood-thirsty than these. But these, and such as these, were the addresses encouraged by the House of Commons and suited to the taste of the greatest deliberative assembly in the nation. One may infer what sort of teaching echoed throughout all the pulpits of the land when this was the most approved fashion in the highest quarters; when the milder teaching and Christian moderation of the Church of England were put down, and the Church itself was disestablished. Nor in the progress of liberty, or rather licen-

tiousness, which succeeded on the death of Charles I., had this spirit abated. Here are a few specimens of the bitter herbs of that rhetoric which greeted the return of his son: 'Charles Stewart, the son of that murderer, is proclaimed King of England; whose throne of iniquity is built upon the blood of precious saints and martyrs.' ('Day of Hope,' p. 1, 1660). 'As for the title of this Prince [Charles II.], who would fain be accounted the heir, let us remember from whence he had it and how 'tis now tainted. Were it never so just, the treason of the father had cut off the son.' ('True Portraiture of the Kings of England,' p. 39.)

What could monarchy, stripped of all power, oppose to such principles and doctrines as these? Could it fall back upon the divinity of kings and the peril of touching the Lord's anointed? Could it set up its divine and indefeasible right? Could it entrench itself behind the Tudor notion of its divine supremacy? All these had been given to the winds. Presbyterianism, the irreconcilable enemy to civil supremacy, had claimed divine right exclusively for itself, and, under pretence of purity, had taught men to believe that no other authority than its own was divine. Presbyterianism, exactly suited to the temper of a people that had always depreciated monarchy, had led Englishmen into a fashion of thinking, talking, and writing about kings which had been hitherto alien to the nation. It had pressed rudely and irreverently into the charmed circle; it had stripped monarchy of its majesty; it had laid kingship bare, and trampled it under foot; it had encouraged the dregs of the people to draw nigh, and put their heel upon the neck of royalty. The execution of Charles had been a practical proof, more convincing than any logic, that kings might be called to account by their people, or at least by those who professed to act in the name of the people; it had taught men to think that in their name and with them was the true source of all authority and power. A new era had dawned for monarchy, whether as noble, as grand, as true, as magnanimous, as that which it succeeded, is altogether another question; but a new era certainly, as dull, mean, business-like, and prosaic, as any Scotchman, or Presbyterian could have desired.

Of course, in the usual and accepted style of loyal and complimentary addresses, the Commons might flatter themselves and Charles that monarchy was restored as before. They might congratulate him and themselves that he had by his return knocked off their shackles and turned their prison into a paradise of pleasure; but Charles was far too

sagacious to be deluded by such professions. If he had learned anything in his long exile, it was the worthlessness of such adulation. If there was any creed to which he was constant, it was a general disbelief in man or woman. How, with such flagrant, such oppressive examples as the scenes before him, could it be otherwise? Here was the whole House of Commons, who had listened to and encouraged rebellion, now professing that until he appeared, 'not many months since, England was but a great prison, where the worst of men were our governors, and their vilest hests the laws by which they governed.*' Here were zealous Presbyterian ministers ready to conform and accept of preferment on any or on no pretext. Here were anti-monarchists suddenly converted into the most zealous of loyalists; and those who had drawn their swords against his father were eager to consign to everlasting perdition the whole generation of regicides. Root and branch reformers made common cause with the Cavaliers, and were just as ready to exterminate their former friends as once they would have exterminated their new-found allies. A man of strong principles or of great resolution might perhaps have stood alone and uninjured in the general shock and confusion of honesty, faith, and patriotism. But Charles was not of that number; and it is at least due to him to say that he never professed to be. He had the ghost of his father's murder before his eyes—that murder which he must have felt to be in the highest degree cruel and unjust; that murder which he felt was inflicted for his father's maintenance of those rights of monarchy and that Church of England which these men now professed it was their greatest delight to see restored. It is easy to condemn him for caring little for parliaments—we conceive it hard how he should ever have respected them. It is easy to condemn him for studying too much his own pleasure, ease, and security: that was all for which he thought a throne valuable. It is easy to denounce his ignoble traffickings with Louis XIV.; but he probably thought he was robbing the Egyptians and doing his own nation no harm. His reign was not noble; how could it be? Monarchy had ceased to be considered as the highest trust—it had ceased to be regarded as the image of God's vicegerency on earth. He might write on his coins, 'King by the grace of God;' but he had been taught that he was king only by the breath of his people. 'Since the King or the magistrate' (says Mil-

ton) 'holds his authority of the people, both originally and naturally for their good, in the first place, and not his own; then may the people, as oft as they shall judge it for the best, either choose him or reject him, retain him, or depose him, *though no tyrant*, merely by the liberty and right of freeborn men to be governed as seems to them best.*' When subjects set up such a rule of selfishness, when they consider, as Milton would say, that the foundation of government is exclusively for their own profit, their own pleasure, and their own caprice, can they be surprised if rulers follow their example? When they falsely and foolishly assert that government is a contract between king and people, which the latter may break at the dictates of folly, whim, and injustice, can they wonder if rulers like Charles look upon government as a contract where all is fair and each party must look to his own interest? If nations wish to make their kings selfish, ignoble, and grasping, tell them they are subordinate to the people they rule; tell them they are not accountable to God but to His creatures; tell them that theirs is a mere human ordinance: and we know of no lesson that can more effectually degrade both rulers and people; none that can make obedience more slavish or dominion more selfish and more arbitrary.

We have no intention of pursuing the history of this reign into its minuter details. Nor need we; for the whole is a drama in which, after a few preliminary skirmishes, inferior actors give place, and the whole interest centres in two opposite and pre-eminent chiefs—Shaftesbury and the King. It is a game of chess, played by two masterly hands, to whom all the rest are no better than rooks and pawns. At first sight, indeed, nothing could appear more disproportionate than this encounter; nothing more certain than that the King would and must succumb. His easy, indolent, irresolute temper seemed but a feeble match for the restless, fiery, turbulent genius of Shaftesbury, with whom the excitement of political intrigue had become a second nature—

'Pleased with the danger when the storm ran high.'

as Dryden says of him; pleased because it ministered to his vanity, and found full occupation for his restlessness, nothing satisfied him better than when he was working on the passions of other men, and goading them to frenzy. A lover of mischief and a plotter from his youth, he had abandoned the cause of Charles I. to side with the Parliament; he abandoned the Commonwealth to take part

* See the Speaker's Address to the King in the name of the Commons in the summer of 1660, in 'Ralph's Hist.' i. 13.

* 'Tenure of Kings,' &c. p. 281, ed. 1806.

in the Restoration; he abandoned the Court because Charles had recalled his declaration of Liberty of Conscience, and he now headed the popular party who had driven the King to take that step, to dabble in the infamous Popish plot, and became the most determined enemy of toleration. Indifferent to all religion, his Protestant zeal imposed upon the zealous Protestantism of other men; an unflinching champion for arbitrary measures when in power, he persuaded Russell, Essex, Stamford, and Salisbury, men of weaker minds and stronger prejudices than his own, that he was the champion of parliamentary rights and constitutional liberty. None could deny him the possession of wit, of eloquence, of versatility, of intrepidity, and audacity; and few will deny that whilst he had all the qualities to make a great, popular, and successful tribune, he had no superfluous spark of generosity, patriotism, virtue, or honour to prevent him from becoming one.

Against an opponent at once so able, so bold, and so unscrupulous, it was not easy for Charles to make head. He was besides double-weighted. He had to fight under numerous disadvantages. There was not a minister admitted to his councils on whom he could thoroughly rely—some for their utter incapacity, others for their cowardice, some for their excessive selfishness. Arlington and Buckingham were not to be trusted; Sunderland notoriously betrayed him, and Halifax was a trimmer. Monmouth went over to the enemy; the Duke of York was an intolerable incubus. Never were two men more unlike than these brothers. The one, if not as his enemies said, wholly indifferent to religion, taking up with it as he found it, willing to please his people in this as in other things, if he could; the other, not satisfied with his conversion to the Roman Catholic faith, unless he flaunted his conversion in the face of all men. The one, even in the gravest affairs of state, hating formality—receiving deputations in his bed-chamber in his dressing-gown; the other, formal and ceremonious, even with his own brothers and most near relations. It is certainly much to the credit of Charles II. and his good breeding that he endured so long and so patiently such a respectable and insufferable bore as James; especially as it was utterly impossible that Charles can have loved him.

For ten years the battle gathered round the body of the Duke of York, to use an Homeric illustration, and raged with increasing violence. To exclude James from the succession, and separate the two brothers, according to the old maxim, *Divide et impera*, was the unceasing object of Shaftes-

bury and the Whigs. To this end they directed all their energies, careless of the honesty or justifiableness of the means; wholly indifferent who suffered so long as they were victorious. It is quite possible that Shaftesbury may have been innocent of the detestable Popish plot. It is to be hoped that he scorned the association with such unmitigated scoundrels as Oates, and Tong, and Bedloe. It is to be hoped that he was innocent of the nefarious project for raising subscriptions to pay and encourage the mendacious trade of information, though appearances are grievously against him. It may be possible, though it is not very probable, that he was not cognisant of the acts of his agent, Stringer, or of others equally unscrupulous; but that he made use of the Popish plot to further his own designs, that he goaded the fanatic passions of the nation to madness, that he did all in his power to render justice impossible, to sacrifice innocent blood, to obstruct and pervert the truth is undeniable. No one now believes that the Popish plot was other than a gross delusion—that Lord Stafford, that Roman Catholic priests, lawyers, and gentlemen, who were condemned to death for a supposed participation in it were not judicially murdered. There is not a blot in our annals more foul than this, none on which an Englishman can look with a greater sense of shame and humiliation. Yet that plot, but for Shaftesbury and the Whigs, would have fallen into the contempt that it deserved from the first—into the contempt in which Charles had been willing to leave it. They employed every method to inflame the angry passions of the mob, to delude the simple, to terrify the doubting, to intimidate honest witnesses; until even to venture a hint that Oates might not be altogether trustworthy, or point out contradictions and discrepancies in his evidence or that of his agents, exposed the audacious questioner to the peril of being himself accused as a plotter and Jesuit in disguise. It was owing to them that, in 1678, when the winter had set in, all the Roman Catholics in London, without regard to age, sex, occupation, or condition, were compelled to withdraw ten miles from the cities of Westminster and London; that the House of Commons was induced to stultify itself and the nation by resolving that there was a 'hellish plot of the papists to assassinate the King, and subvert the established religion and government;' that a public fast was ordered for our happy deliverance—that even the Church was constrained to put up its prayers to Almighty God for preserving the King and the nation from imaginary dangers.

'This,' says Ralph, whom no one will suspect of leaning too much to Toryism, 'was arming persecution with authority, and destroying the peace of the nation under the notion of preserving it. And yet so hardened or so infatuated were the times that almost all but the sufferers thought these savage proceedings just. Early in the session, at the instance of the Commons, informers of all kinds had been invited by proclamation to come in and make their discoveries; in consideration of which they were promised not only indemnity, if accomplices in the plot, but a reward for their good service. This had such an effect that scarce a day passed but some strange story was told of armed men marching by night, arms concealed, treasonable letters found, and consultations held, which were not only patiently heard, but actually entered into the Journals of the Lords [before whom the trials took place], as if worthy of the knowledge and attention of posterity.*'

The hierophants who presided at this immolation of the national honour, candour, and good sense, were Lord Shaftesbury and his Whig associates.

It was in vain that the King offered to submit to any conditions for securing the Protestant religion they might think fit to propose—'to pare the nails,' as it was expressed, 'of a Popish successor'—provided that the line of succession was left unbroken. He told van Leeuwen, the Dutch ambassador, who was sent by William to protest against his parting with any of his royal prerogatives—for William dexterously availed himself of every opportunity to make capital out of Charles's embarrassments—'Your master is mistaken; he is misled by persons who have views of their own, and who would gladly compel me to pass through the gate I am resolved never to pass. The right of succession is a very essential and important prerogative of the Crown, which my opponents would be glad to induce me to destroy.' 'If,' he added, 'he could have disposed of the Crown, he would have given it to one of his children; but he knew well it was not at his disposal, and that he must leave it to those to whom it belonged.†' He went so far in his distress as to offer to the two Houses to circumscribe the power of his successor, in event of his being a Roman Catholic; to leave him no control over any ecclesiastical preferments; to guarantee that in the event of his own death, Parliament should remain sitting for a competent time; and if there were no Parliament sitting, then the last which was in

being should be enabled to reassemble without any new summons; that as no Papist could, by law, hold any place of trust, so, if the King were a Papist, he should have no power to appoint or displace any Privy Councillor, Judge in Common Law or Chancery, Lord-Lieutenants, Deputy-Lieutenants, officers of the Army and Navy, except by the authority of Parliament. It is hard to conceive what stronger safeguards than these could have been devised, or what more the most zealous Protestant could have required, for the security of religion. But, though popery might be the pretext, it was not security against popery, or arbitrary power, which Shaftesbury aimed at. He was far too keen-sighted to share in the vulgar delusion; too indifferent to all religions to care for any; too well aware of the miserable numbers and miserable condition of the Roman Catholics, to imagine that the kingdom would suffer any danger from their encroachments. In England they numbered only one man in two hundred and thirty; in all the three kingdoms, including the Roman Catholic population of Ireland, not more than one in two hundred and five. He did not participate in the panic he had done so much to raise and foment. He had other objects in view. To have admitted any limitation in the succession, to have accepted even the proposal of ministers that the Prince and Princess of Orange should be declared Regents, with royal authority, the name and title only remaining in the Duke, would have been an admission of the Duke's right.* Nothing short of interrupt-

* 'One of the first things they did' (says Sir L. Jenkins, writing to the Prince of Orange, 29th March, 1681), 'was to bring in the old Bill of Exclusion against the Duke. The opposers of that Bill offered to their considerations several expedients, or rather one expedient, consisting of several parts; as that the Princess of Orange should have the whole administration and execution of the regal power, under the name of a regent during the Duke's life. They would not so far hearken to it as to turn the House into a Committee of the whole House, which was necessary in order to a free debate. The Regent was to take a present oath out of hand, and so were all persons in places of trust, to observe and execute the Act for a regency. The Duke was not to be in England, and the Parliament that last sat was to meet again, as soon as was possible, after the king's decease. But nothing of this would be hearkened to. The Exclusion must be had or nothing; and not only that, but, as one of the cabal said openly in the House, they must have the militia, the fleet, the strong places, &c., at their command, and an Association to boot.' (Van Prinsterer, *ibid.* p. 488.) See also Lord Conway's Letter to the same personage on the same day (*ibid.* p. 491); only Conway adds: that if Monmouth had been proposed for Regent there were probably grounds for believing that

* Ralph, i. 407.

† See 'Archives de la Maison d'Orange-Nassau,' by Groen van Prinsterer, vol. v. p. 452, ed. 1861—a book not so well known in England as it deserves to be.

ing the succession, of making the monarchy elective, would satisfy his demands. Whether, if he had gained his ends, he would have set up Monmouth, as Monmouth foolishly hoped and expected; whether he aimed at being the all-powerful minister of an enfeebled king; whether he would have put down monarchy and set up republicanism, no one knows; and he was far too cautious to avow. It suited his purpose with the rabble to cry up, 'A Monmouth, a Monmouth!' but he could talk philosophical treason in his retirement with stiff-backed republicans like Waller, like Algernon Sidney, and the anti-monarchist relics of the old Commonwealth.

Parliament met at Oxford, March 21st, 1681. That ancient and loyal city, it was thought might be more favourable for calm discussion than the heated, noisy, and factious purlieus of Westminster. All the vagabondism of the kingdom had scented the fray, and had been drawn to the metropolis in the hopes of profiting by it. The old disaffected party who had spent scrambling lives in shifting from London to Amsterdam, Covenanters, Canon-Hill men preaching treason against the Government under pretence of conscience, framers and vendors of libels, inventors and retailers of scandal, false witnesses ready to swear anything, here picked up noblemen's guineas, and had the chance of being entertained in great houses. The example of Titus Oates, the idol of the Parliament, with his lodgings at Whitehall, and his pension of 10*l.* a week, was not lost upon hundreds of rogues as infamous, if not as successful, as himself. Coffee-houses and taverns offered a safe harbour, where hissing factionists might spit out their venom against the King and the Duke without fear of detection. Here it was that foolish and gaping listeners were assured, 'how the Queen and two of her women had walked three times round the corpse of Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey;' how an invasion was intended by the French and the Spaniards, led by the Papists; how the Government was turning the Tower guns upon the City; how innocent men and women were murdered in their beds by Jesuits and Irishmen: whilst noblemen, like Shaftesbury, dexterously turned these panics to account, and found in them the means for annoying and hampering the Court and its supporters.

The King expected to have found in Oxford an atmosphere less loaded with sedition;

materials less likely to kindle the flames of a civil war, to which the nation was now rapidly approaching. He found himself mistaken. The members of the House who supported Shaftesbury and his party advised their various constituencies to send their representatives to Oxford defended by a dozen or ten men well armed with carbines and pistols.* The borough of Southwark proposed to accompany its member out of London with a cavalcade of two or three hundred burgesses. Monmouth was attended with a hundred horse, Shaftesbury and Salisbury with a numerous retinue. They had agreed to wear purple ribbons on their swords as a party badge, and had provided for themselves, and all who were willing to espouse their principles, hat-bands of the same colour, with lackered tin plates, and the words '*No Popery, no Slavery.*' Nor were the usual elements of disorder absent. Oxford was astonished to find its quiet cloisters and quadrangles invaded by the refuse of the Westminster coffee-houses; to see libels and caricatures vended about its streets; whilst ribald songs and ballads were thrust into the hands of the passengers. Every device was employed by the popular party to infuriate the passions of the mob, and prejudice their minds against the King and his brother. In one of the caricatures of the times, Charles was represented as a showman, with his box of Parliament puppets at his back, and the Saints pushing him into a ditch, with the motto—

'Help Cooper, Hughes, and Snow.†
To pull down the Raree Show!'

In another the Duke was represented as half Jesuit and half Devil. In one hand, as a Jesuit, he held a firebrand, with which he set fire to London; whilst half a dozen jockeys, booted and spurred, mounted on the back of the Church of England, were riding it as an old hack to Rome.

The King was in a great strait. With the exception of Halifax he had no minister of any ability in his council with whom he could advise; and though Halifax had spoken with great energy against the Exclusion Bill, and personally hated Shaftesbury, he was secretly in the interest of William of Orange. The desire of Charles to find some accommodation, the sacrifices he had professed his willingness to make provided the succession remained undisturbed, had failed to satisfy his enemies, and filled his friends with dismay. No one could anticipate when the King would make a

the project would have been accepted. It appears from Sidney's Letters (ii. 177) that this device, probably concocted by Halifax, was already known and talked of a month before.

* See the 'State Papers' for March, 1680-1.
† Door Keepers in the House of Lords.

stand; or what concession he would refuse. His apparent vacillation, added to the notion, deeply rooted in the minds of men, that, if pressed hard enough, he would eventually yield, and, preferring pleasure to business, throw the reins of government into the hands of the Exclusionists, promised an easy victory to his opponents. At last the King was brought to bay, the prey was in their hands; one more effort, and the day was their own.

On Saturday, the 26th of March, Charles took his seat in the House of Lords. Shaftesbury approached him with a sinister and supercilious smile, the habitual expression of his pale and haggard countenance. He was a little man, with ill-shaped legs, and suffered from an infirmity which made his person far from agreeable. His long and bitter opposition to the Court, now on the eve of its reward, had not contributed to render him more gracious. The curiosity of the Lords was excited, and the eyes of all were fixed upon him as, disengaging himself from a crowd of his admirers, he handed in an anonymous letter to the King. The King read it with ill-suppressed emotion. It demanded that due securities should be taken for the Protestant religion, and that Monmouth should be declared his successor without delay. The demand was as insolent as it was unusual. It was calculated to provoke the King's resentment and throw him off his guard, and that was evidently the expectation of its framers. Addressing himself to the Earl, Charles said, with great dignity and moderation, 'I should be very glad to have a legitimate son, and be able in honour and conscience to see a child of my own capable of succeeding me, rather than my brother and my brother's children. But no considerations shall induce me to take resolutions contrary to law and justice, and other means must be sought for satisfying my people than measures so unjust and odious.' 'Rely upon us,' said the Earl, 'and we will make laws to justify the act.' 'My Lord,' replied the King, 'let there be no self-delusion. I will never yield, nor suffer myself to be intimidated. Men become ordinarily more timid as they grow old; as for me, I shall be, on the contrary, more bold and firm, and I will not stain my life and reputation in the little time perhaps that remains for me to live.* From that moment the power of the Earl was extinguished—

the tide rapidly turned. The King's party everywhere found their confidence reassured by this one instance of firmness, and monarchy from that day was stronger than ever.

Historians, with Burnet at their head, see nothing worthy of remark or praise in this long and continuous effort of Charles to preserve the succession unbroken. They see nothing in this struggle for law and justice, however mixed up with much confusion in the mind of the King, worthy the attention of the moralist or divine. Of ease, of popularity, of natural inclinations, it does not appear to them that the sacrifice made by Charles for the rights of a brother whom he could not much love or esteem, and who had been the chief cause of all his troubles, ought to form the least item in our estimate of his character. We profess to think otherwise. It seems to us that this is the one great redeeming trait in the conduct of a monarch whose life, even when it was not devoted to pleasure and licentiousness, was apparently so aimless and unsteady, so devoid of all noble purpose. That Charles should have struggled so long and so firmly in behalf of what he felt was right, in spite of all the opposition he encountered, in spite of his own love of ease, his own sense of the abuse of his functions as a king, and his convictions of unworthiness as a man, was an indication of a better and nobler nature, still existing and still uncorrupted among many debasing vices—a nature which occasionally burst through the clouds that obscured it, and might have been fostered and developed under more favourable circumstances. We see in Charles the example of a man who, in the total wreck of all religious faith, and disregard of the ordinary rules of life, has yet retained some sense of rectitude, to which he clings, all the more firmly and earnestly, because of the confusion of his moral instincts. Such men, though rare, are not wholly imaginary, especially among ourselves. That one intense regard for law and justice we have had to notice in the defence of his brother's rights was to Charles like the Roman soldier's oath to his emperor; it was the last plank the Englishman abandons—the last step between him and irredeemable corruption. That it was not lost upon the nation is clear from the result. If James mounted the throne, without opposition and without a murmur—if his subjects, notwithstanding all their previous disquietude and excitements, peaceably acquiesced in his succession—if they felt that it was right and lawful—they had been brought to those sentiments by the efforts of Charles II.

* See 'North's Examen,' p. 123, whose accuracy in this matter has been strikingly confirmed by an original letter of Barillon, printed by Mr. Christie in the Appendix to his 'Life of Lord Shaftesbury.'

James was not young when he ascended the throne, as other monarchs had been before him—not young like Edward II., Richard II., or Henry VI.—and he had never had the reputation of being a rash man. He was now in his fifty-second year; had been long trained in the school of adversity; had had many more years' experience at home and abroad than any king that ever ruled in England. When he was only nine years old, he was sent by his father to demand the surrender of Hull from Sir John Hotham; the same year he served under his father at the celebrated battle of Edgehill; four years after he fell into the hands of the Parliament, was carried to London, and after various attempts at escape, showing even then great presence of mind, he contrived to regain his liberty and landed in Holland in 1648. In 1652 he entered the French army, and served under Marshal Turenne with great gallantry. In 1660 he returned to England with his brother, a zealous Protestant. In his office as Lord High Admiral he distinguished himself by his close application to business. He reformed the navy, he studied trade, he gave encouragement to the East India and African Companies. In the wars that followed with the Dutch he displayed the utmost coolness, presence of mind, and rare qualities of seamanship. Whatever might be his excesses in earlier years, he had of late, at all events, assumed a more grave and steady demeanour. His industry, his frugality, and the austereness of his manners, formed a striking contrast to that case, indolence, and love of pleasure which in Charles seemed rather to increase than diminish with his age, and pointed out James to the eyes of the nation as a much fitter ruler of a great people. Comparisons were drawn in his favour to the disadvantage of his brother. He was not only thought to be more grave, steady, and temperate than Charles, which was undoubtedly true, but to possess genius superior to his brother. 'He was,' says Burnet, '*naturally* candid and sincere, and a firm friend;' had a great desire to understand affairs, and spared no pains, no labour, to become thoroughly acquainted with them. All these good qualities he was thought to have lost by his conversion to the Roman Catholic religion, or, to speak more correctly, by his open profession of it in 1672. His own account of this matter is so important, and so curious that we give it here from his own narrative:—'It was about this time, in the beginning of the year 1669, that his Royal Highness, who had it long in his thoughts that the Church of England was the only true Church,

was more sensibly touched in conscience, and began to think seriously of his salvation. Accordingly he sent for one Father Simons, a Jesuit, who had the reputation of a very learned man, to discourse with him on that subject; and when he came he told him the good intentions he had of being a Catholic, and treated with him about his being reconciled to the Church. After much discourse about the matter, the Father very sincerely told him that, unless he would quit the Communion of the Church of England, he could not be received into the Catholic Church. The Duke then said he thought it might be done by a dispensation from the Pope, alleging to him the singularity of his case, and the advantage it might bring to the Catholic religion in general, and in particular to those of it in England, if he might have such dispensation for outwardly appearing a Protestant, at least till he could own himself publicly to be a Catholic, with more security to his own person and advantage to them. But the good Father insisted, that even the Pope himself had not the power to grant it, for it was an unalterable doctrine of the Catholic Church *not to do ill that good might follow*.* Finding evasion impossible, he resolved openly to embrace the Roman Catholic faith, not, however, without consoling himself with the thought that the step was, after all, not so perilous as he had imagined; that 'the Church of England men' were not 'very averse to the Catholic religion;' that 'many that went under that name had their religion to choose, and went to church for company's sake;' that the troops and officers then on foot would serve the Crown and ask no questions; and that the prosecution of the Nonconformists by the rigorous members of the Church of England would encourage the former to demand toleration.

This is no uncommon delusion among converts of King James's stamp; but they are not in general so rapidly or cruelly undeceived as was James. He honestly refused to conceal his religion; he resolutely withstood the repeated exhortations of Charles to moderate his zeal and make concessions to popular prejudices. Had he only been willing to attend his brother occasionally to the Chapel at Whitehall; to have offered the shadow of a concession; to have enabled the courtiers to hold out hopes of his re-conversion, or to have made it appear that he was not so much of a Roman Catholic as people apprehended, he would have saved himself, his brother, and his friends a world of trouble and annoyance. No

* 'Life of James II.' vol. i, p. 440.

Popish plots, no Exclusion Bill, no enterprise of the Prince of Orange, had it been devised, would then have had the least chance of success. But James, in matters of religion, was as firm and unbending as Charles was the opposite. In the days of his youth he had been a sincere Protestant; he had resisted the efforts of his mother to bring over the Duke of Gloucester to that faith which in his later years he considered himself bound in conscience to avow and protect, and, as some think, to promote at all hazards. *Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare* was never more applicable to any prince than to James. It was the only quality he wanted to have ensured him success. He was the only prince of his age who had not the least skill in dissembling his feelings, his thoughts, or his intentions, and he was surrounded by the profoundest adepts in that art; he was a naked and open prey to all around him—to Louis, to Barillon, to William of Orange, to Sunderland, to Halifax; even to bunglers in hypocrisy, such as Churchill, Prince George of Denmark, and Princess Ann. There might be something of pride in this; it is not impossible that he despised the power of his opponents, and was apt to underrate danger, partly from his undoubted natural courage, partly from his utter inexperience of human nature, and his inability to penetrate the characters of men. If there was the smallest crevice in other men, Charles managed to peer through it; if they had been as transparent as glass, James would never have discovered them. Rochester said of the two royal brothers, and his saying is repeated with commendation by Burnet, that Charles 'could see things if he would, and the duke would see things if he could.' The fact was just the reverse—Charles would see things if he could; was always on the alert and watchful, when he appeared utterly careless and indifferent; but James never would see things, even when he could; and that paved the way to his ruin. So far from wishing to see things, he had the habit of resolutely shutting his eyes against them. He would never believe that Protestantism had any strong hold upon Englishmen; he would never believe that his son-in-law, the Prince of Orange, would attempt to dethrone him, or his daughters forsake him; he would never believe that the nobility of England would enter into treasonable correspondence with an usurper; he would never believe that the Church of England could be otherwise than submissive to the Crown; or that the army and the officers of both services would go over to his enemy for a point of religion. He would never believe that Churchill, whom he had loaded with favours and trusted

implicitly, could desert him for William, and, therefore, he refused to seize his person. He would never believe that Sunderland, who most grossly betrayed and abused his confidence, was any other than a sincere and honest adviser. But worst of all for himself and his own happiness, he would never believe, when the selfish and dishonest had betrayed him, but that all his subjects were equally bent upon his destruction. No king ever came to the throne of riper age than James; with more warning, more experience, had he been willing to turn it to account, of the temper and disposition of the people he was called to govern. But experience, though purchased at the cost of much suffering, was lost upon him. He thought himself a much greater adept in government than his brother was; he thought the concessions made by Charles to popular wishes were a sign of weakness, and a desire to avoid collision with Parliament was a diminution of the royal authority. He thought the easy, undignified manners of his brother impaired the majesty of the Crown; therefore he pursued an opposite course. He was stiff, formal, and ceremonious; he gave audience with his hat on, and only in the presence chamber; he kept his nobles at a distance; he treated his parliaments with rigour, and received the applauses of his people without courtesy or condescension. And whilst his natural manners were ungracious, his rigid adherence to his new faith, and the dislike he could not help exhibiting to those who opposed it, shut him out from the confidence and sympathy of all, except the narrow circle of his queen and his father confessor, and the small knot of flatterers who were interested in keeping from him all information, except such as was agreeable to him. Kings at the best find great difficulty in coming to a right understanding of their subjects' wishes and dispositions, but James took every precaution to increase those difficulties. When the blow fell, he was utterly unprepared for it. He had listened to no advice, and he now found himself without advisers. He had given his confidence to none but those who had abused it.

The last scene of his reign was an exhibition of the most pitiable vacillation and imbecility. He did not want for resolution. It was one of his maxims that 'a king should never recede;' yet he took no step before his fall that he did not retrace, nor resolve on any measure he did not almost immediately retract. He was not deficient in courage. Had he attacked William on his first landing, he could have compelled him to re-embark, or at least have prevented

many of the disaffected from joining him. Under Turenne and Condé he had displayed skill and presence of mind ; in his engagements with the Dutch he had fought successfully against great odds. Now he forsook his kingdom without striking a blow ; or, rather, he was driven out of it like a dog by fictitious reports. He was pitied for his hardships, his misfortune, the treason of his ministers, the undutifulness of his daughters, the duplicity of his son-in-law, but he contrived to stifle that pity by a flight of which it is not easy to affirm whether it was more ignominious or more impolitic. Even at the last it was said of him by a shrewd observer, 'that he might have kept the crown upon his head as easily as his hat in a high wind. That wind indeed would have borne hard upon it, but would only have carried off those superfluous ornaments which were too weakly riveted, and too little united to bear a storm.' But James could never understand the salutary truth, that he was really most powerful when abandoned by his friends and advisers, and most strong when he was most defenceless. It may be said in his excuse that, like his brother Charles, he was undoubtedly haunted by his father's fate, though the effect of it on the conduct of the two brothers was totally different.

One remark in conclusion. Unlike as the two brothers were in almost all respects, grave and numerous as were their vices and their failings, they had this one virtue in common—they were both prepared to suffer for what they thought a righteous cause, and they gave most unmistakable proofs of their willingness to suffer. No threats, no intimidations, no discomfort, could have induced Charles to abandon or betray his brother's rights. It is clear to us that, as he sacrificed his ease and pleasure, he would have sacrificed his crown and, if need had been, his life in their defence. And the same may be said of James ; he may have been weak, he may have been bigoted, he may have pursued his purposes with an arbitrary disregard to the rights and opinions of others. He may have thought that in securing tolerance for those of his own faith, 'he was,' as he said, 'growing old and must take large steps, else if he should happen to die, he might leave them in a worse condition than he found them.' But that he was honest and sincere in his religious convictions ; that no dangers, no temptations, no political necessity or interest could induce him to abandon or conceal or modify them, is beyond contradiction. Such a man cannot have been the grim melodramatic tyrant that Macaulay has painted him. He was

punished bitterly enough for his wrong deeds ; but, so far as this nation is concerned, the greatest wrong that he did was that he found the monarchy hereditary, and left it at the mercy of a faction.

Charles I., by his death, sanctified the cause he had mismanaged in his life ; and contrived to associate with the monarchy a sense of personal and romantic attachment which nothing could obliterate. In Cromwell, the man triumphed, but his cause was lost ; the inevitable fate of all rebellions attempted 'with a reasonable prospect of success.' Without a soldier at his back, or a guinea in his pocket—without one single commanding excellence, moral or material—Charles II. raised the monarchy from its ruins, and transmitted it to his brother with its hereditary laurel untarnished and undiminished. But James II., through his imbecility and folly, lost all the advantages thus bequeathed to him. Worst of all, he enabled his Whig and republican opponents—*O facinus indignum!*—to lay the crown and liberties of this great nation at the feet of a stranger, to take them or reject them on his own conditions ! Who then can wonder that, whilst William's Dutch guards dined at his table, Marlborough and the Whig leaders crouched behind his chair ?

But we must here leave our authoress for a while, until her subsequent volumes enable us to pursue the fortunes of the Stuarts in their exile.

ART. VII.—*Notes on England.* By H. Taine, D.C.L. Oxon, &c. Translated, with an Introductory Chapter, by W. F. Rae. Second Edition. London : 1872.

Two familiar lines of Burns' are constantly repeated under an impression that the soundness of the thought or sentiment that dictated them is unimpeachable :—

'Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us.'

The prevalent notion is that others must necessarily see us as we are—through a clear, transparent medium, neither transfigured by vanity and flattery, nor distorted by prejudice and dislike. It is altogether a mistaken notion. People are quite as open to error in judging others as in judging themselves ; and the point of view they take up for the purpose is far more frequently determined by misleading influences than by the unsophisticated desire of truth. The best intentions, the most earnest struggle for impar-

ality, are no guarantee for strict justness of appreciation: since we cannot shake off our idiosyncrasy; we cannot, formed as we are, see things or persons with the calm, pure eye of reason. Where, in this world of intrigue, ambition, passion, and caprice, is the admired and envied wit, beauty, orator, or statesman to find the 'ithers' who are to serve as the infallible helps to self-knowledge? Is Mr. Gladstone to seek them at the Carlton, or Mr. Disraeli at Brookes'?

It is the same with communities as with individuals, or it may be worse; for in nation judging nation, there is the national character to affect the judgment, and the general as well as the particular bias to be calculated on. Each has a different and ever varying criterion of merit, consideration, and morality. 'In Spain people ask, Is he a grandee of the first class? In Germany, Can he enter into the Chapters? In France, Does he stand well at court? In England, Who is he?*' This was written towards the middle of the eighteenth century; but although the revolutionary changes which each country, except England, has undergone, have extended to social habits and modes of thinking as well as to institutions, their respective standards of superiority remain essentially unlike. Whilst freely admitting, therefore, that the 'enlightened foreigner' may afford useful hints or warnings, we demur to his jurisdiction when he assumes to constitute a supreme court without appeal; and the enlightened Frenchman, from Voltaire downwards, is peculiarly open to distrust. His fineness and quickness of perception, his rapidity and fertility of association, his range of sentiment and thought, his boldness and vivacity, nay, his very paradoxes and pseudo-philosophy, make him a most entertaining writer of Travels; but he is spoiled as a teacher, and sadly damaged as an authority, by his vanity, his marvellous self-confidence, his false logic, and his ingrained ineradicable conviction that there is nothing first-rate, nothing truly great or admirable, nothing really worth living for, out of France: M. Thiers, the representative Frenchman, would say, out of Paris.

A Frenchman and an Englishman were fishing with indifferent success in one of Lord Lytton's ponds at Knebworth, when the Frenchman, who had caught nothing, thus addressed his companion: 'Il me semble, Monsieur, que les étangs anglais ne

sont pas si poissonneux que les fleuves français.' As the conversation proceeded, it appeared that the only English pond he had ever fished was the one before him, and the only French river, the Seine.

Sir Samuel Romilly and a French general were discussing a point of equity law. Sir Samuel Romilly gave his opinion in opposition to that of General S——. 'Pardonnez-moi, mon cher Romilly, vous vous trompez tout-à-fait: je le sais, car j'ai lu Blackstone ce matin-même.'

Nor let any one fancy that the national character is materially altered by the crushing defeats they have sustained, or the unparalleled humiliations they have undergone at the hands of conquerors who, in weighing the ransom, ruthlessly threw the sword into the scale. M. Thiers is already preparing to play Camillus to Prince Bismarck's Brennus; and no speaker in the debate on the army made a more telling hit than the Bishop of Orleans when he declared that Germany was not a great nation, but simply a great barracks. The same (under existing circumstances) pardonable petulance and irritability will occasionally break out when England and the English are discussed; for the French have not forgiven, nor are soon likely to forgive, our neutrality during their worst hour of trial. 'To be sure,' observed a distinguished Frenchman to an accomplished and ready-witted Englishwoman of rank, 'it was foolish in us to hope better things from a nation of shopkeepers.' 'These popular sayings'—was the well-merited retort—'are frequently destitute of any solid foundation: we have been in the habit of calling you a nation of soldiers.'

M. Taine, the last Frenchman of eminence who has written fully and freely on England, has evidently struggled hard to shake off the common weaknesses of his countrymen; and if not quite so successful as could be wished in this respect, he has produced a curious and interesting book—a book, however, in which just views and sterling truths are rather indicated than developed, whilst the most valuable trains of thought are not unfrequently suggested by the paradoxes. The

* We have read with regret in the 'Revue des deux Mondes' of June 1st an article from the pen of M. E. Duvergier de Haurannes, in which, not content with blaming our neutrality, he speaks of the *malveillance* of England towards France in her difficulties. The sale of 'Dame Europa's School' (according to the publisher) exceeded 180,000; and as the literary merit of the book was by no means remarkable, this enormous circulation must have been entirely owing to its falling in with the popular feeling of the time. There cannot be a more decisive proof of English sympathy with France.

* 'En Espagne on demande, Est-ce un grand de la première classe? En Allemagne, Peut-il entrer dans les chapitres? En France, Est-il bien à la cour? En Angleterre, Quel homme est-il?' (*Helvetius*.)

spirited English version of this gentleman's 'Notes' is prefaced by 'A Sketch of his Life and Career,' and 'An Outline of his Method of Criticism;' from which we learn that he has gone through a capital course of training, and discovered sundry rules or principles which wonderfully simplify the processes of observation and reflection to the traveller. Born in 1828, and a pupil at what was then called the College of Bourbon, he was the comrade and competitor of four remarkable men—Prévost-Paradol, Edmond About, Sarcey, and Weiss. After taking the degree of Doctor of Letters, he gained the prize offered by the Academy for an essay on Livy, and attracted much attention by a series of articles in the leading journals and reviews, followed by a volume entitled 'French Philosophers of the Nineteenth Century,' in which M. Cousin was unceremoniously held up to censure and ridicule.

M. Taine's 'History of English Literature,' published in 1863, is described as the event of the day and the illustration of the year. The sensation it created may be estimated from the fact that it was singled out by a committee of the Academy, and unanimously recommended for a special prize, valued at about 4000 francs; but when the time arrived for confirming the recommendation, the Bishop of Orleans—the same who gave voice to the prevalent feeling against Germany—vehemently denounced the book as impious and immoral, declaring that the author had alleged virtue and vice to be products like sugar and vitriol—that he had denied free will—that he had advocated pure fatalism—that he had depreciated the ecclesiastics of the middle ages, exalted the Puritans, and (to crown all) pointedly praised the English Prayer-book. The Bishop was seconded by M. Cousin, who eagerly seized the occasion for displaying the proverbial charity and toleration of the philosophic Christian; and the reporter of the committee, quailing before their combined authority, withdrew the recommendation without a word. The injustice of the Academy was in part repaired by the University of Oxford when it conferred the honorary degree of D.C.L. on M. Taine: his principal title to the distinction being the self-same book; which has now taken rank as a standard work in European literature. It is stated to have been the fruit of six years' close study, during which he paid frequent visits to England and collected materials for his 'Notes,' which were revised and completed after his last visit in 1871.

M. Taine's method—for he insists that it is not a system—is one among many proofs

of the irresistible force with which speculative minds of the higher order are tempted into theorizing. Bentham contended that the credibility of witnesses was reducible to a science. Sièyes, in a moment of expansion, exclaimed to Dumont, '*La politique est une science que je crois avoir achevée.*' If Mrs. Trollope heard aright, Prince Metternich said to her, 'I believe that the science of government might be reduced to principles, as certain as those of chemistry, if men, instead of theorizing, would only take the trouble patiently to observe the uniform results of similar combinations of circumstances.*' And what are they to do next but theorize? Just so M. Taine. His royal road for arriving at the essences, the elemental truths, the final causes, the collecting links, of all things, is (to use his own words) 'wholly comprised in this remark, that moral matters, like physical things, have dependencies and conditions.' Take an individual writer, poet, novelist, or historian, and carefully study his works. They will all be found marked by 'a certain disposition of mind or soul, a certain array of likes and dislikes, of faculties and failings—in short, a certain psychological state, which is that of the author.' Then pass in review his life, his philosophy, his ethical and æsthetic code, *i.e.* his general views about the good and the beautiful, and you will find that they all depend upon one another; 'you will be able to prove logically that a particular quality, violence or sobriety of imagination, oratorical or lyrical aptitude, ascertained as regards one point, must extend its ascendancy over the rest.' What is true of the individual is true of a nation and an age—the age of Louis XIV., for example. Religion, art, philosophy, the family and the State—industry, commerce, and agriculture—have all some common principle, element, or ingredient—might all be traced to the same moral and intellectual bent or tendency:—

'Between an elm of Versailles, a philosophical and religious argument of Malebranche, one of Boileau's maxims in versification, one of Colbert's laws of hypothec, an ante-room compliment at Marly, a sentence of Bossuet on the royalty of God, the distance appears infinite and impassable; there is no apparent connection. The facts are so dissimilar that at first sight they are pronounced to be what they appear, that is to say, isolated and separated. But the facts communicate between themselves by the definitions of the groups in which they are comprised, like the waters in a basin by the summit of the heights whence they flow. Each of them is an act of that ideal and gene-

* 'Vienna and the Austrians,' vol. ii. p. 11.

ral man around whom are grouped all the inventions and all the peculiarities of the epoch; the cause of each is some aptitude or inclination of the reigning model. The various inclinations or aptitudes of the central personage balance, harmonise, temper each other under some liking, or dominant faculty, because it is the same spirit and the same heart which have thought, prayed, imagined, and acted; because it is the same general situation and the same innate nature which have fashioned and governed the separate and diverse works; because it is the same seal which is differently stamped on differing matters. None of these imprints can alter without leading to an alteration in the others, because if one change it is owing to a change in the seal.'

All this sounds very ingenious and very eloquent, but we do not see what good can be fairly expected to come of it, unless, as suggested by Mr. Rae, it should induce a nicer observation and more careful estimate of facts. What Condillac said of rules is applicable to M. Taine's method or system: like the parapet of a bridge, it may hinder a person from falling into the river, but will not help him on his way. Indeed it is more likely to lure him out of it in will-o'-the-wisp fashion and land him in a slough; for the odds are that he will draw on his imagination for his dependencies and conditions; that the facts will be made to fit the theory, instead of the theory being based upon the facts; that he will take for granted the connecting link or family likeness between the sermon and the compliment, the religious argument, the maxim of versification, and the elms.

It will be seen, as we proceed, that M. Taine attributes many points of national character, good, bad, and indifferent, to the same cause as the exuberant growth and rich foliage of our trees: that he accounts on the same principle for the large feet of our women and the intemperance of our men. But for a Frenchman with a theory, he is a miracle of impartiality, acuteness, and good sense; and we may say of the English life depicted in his pages what the Merryman in the Prologue to 'Faust' says of human life: 'Every one lives it; to not many is it known; and, seize it where you will, it is interesting.' We may take up M. Taine at any stage of his progress, or we may begin with him at the beginning; steam with him up the Thames, and arrive with him on a cold foggy morning at London Bridge.

Sir Walter Scott states incidentally, in one of his novels, that much of the knowledge of life and character displayed in them is owing to his habit of talking freely with fellow travellers, whether he had any previous acquaintance with them or not.

M. Taine has the same habit. The first conversation he notes down is with an Englishman of the middle-class, 'son of a merchant I should suppose; he does not know French, German, or Italian; he is not altogether a gentleman—twenty-five years of age; sneering, decided, incisive face;—he has made for his amusement and instruction a trip lasting twelve months, and is returning from India and from Australia.' He is from Liverpool, and after laying down authoritatively that a family that does not keep a carriage may live comfortably there upon three or four hundred a year, goes on to say that 'one must marry, that is a matter of course;' and that he hopes to be married within a year or two; adding, with commendable caution—'It is better, however, to remain a bachelor if one does not meet the person with whom one desires to pass one's whole life;' 'but'—plucking up spirit—'one always meets with her, the only thing is not to let the chance slip.' A dowry he declares to be unnecessary: 'It is natural and even pleasant to undertake the charge of a portionless wife and of a family.' Moral: 'It is clear to me' (*loquitur* M. Taine) 'that their happiness (the happiness of Englishmen) consists in being at home at six in the evening with a pleasing attached wife, having four or five children on their knees, and respectful domestics.' And by no means a bad notion of happiness either; but the deduction from such slender premises reminds us of our friend at Knebworth founding conclusions on the river and the pond. The response of the Liverpool oracle as to morals is somewhat mystical:—

'Of all the countries this Englishman has seen, England is the most moral. Still, in his opinion, the national evil is "the absence of morality." In consequence he judges France after the English fashion. "The women are badly brought up there, do not read the Bible, are too fond of balls, occupy themselves wholly with dress. The men frequent cafés and keep mistresses, hence so many unfortunate households. This is the result not of race, but of education. French women in England, seriously brought up in English fashion, make very good wives here." "Is everything good in your country?" "No; the national and horrible vice is drunkenness. A man who earns 20s. a week drinks ten of them. Add to this providence, stoppage of work, and poverty."'

M. Taine says of this interlocutor, 'He is a talkative fellow, devoid of affected seriousness. Two other Englishmen with whom I conversed in the boat are like unto him.' He was a talkative fellow, who talked loosely and carelessly. What could he, not

knowing French, know about French women? or what weight is to be attached to the sweeping statement that a man who earns twenty shillings a week drinks ten of them?

'Other figures in the boat. Two young couples who remain on deck covered with wrappings under umbrellas. A long downpour has begun; they remain seated; in the end they were drenched like ducks. This was in order that husband and wife should not be separated by going below to the cabins.

'Another young wife suffered much from sea-sickness; her husband, who had the look of a merchant's clerk, took her in his arms, supported, tried to read to her, tended her with a freedom and expression of infinite tenderness.

'Two young girls of fifteen and sixteen, who speak German and French exceedingly well and without accent, large restless eyes, large white teeth; they chatter and laugh with perfect unconstraint, with admirable petulance of friendly gaiety; *not the slightest trace of coquetry, none of our nice little tricks which have been learned and done on purpose*; they never think about the on-lookers.'

'A lady of forty in spectacles beside her husband, in a worn-out dress, with relics of feminine ornaments, extraordinary teeth in the style of tusks, very serious and most ludicrous; *a Frenchwoman, even middle-aged, never forgets to adjust herself—to arrange her dress.*

'Patience and phlegm of a tall dry Englishman, who has not moved from the seat, has taken but a single turn, who has spoken to no one, who suffices to himself. As a contrast, three Frenchmen, who put random questions, make hap-hazard assertions, grow impatient, gesticulate, and make puns or something akin to them, appeared to me pleasant fellows.'

We invite attention to these groups; for they are all representative, and each of them eventually, if unconsciously, supplies the keynote to a chapter or a carefully illustrated and expanded note. That they do so may be fairly cited by M. Taine in confirmation of his doctrine of dependencies; as showing that a competent observer might deduce the peculiarities and tendencies of a people from half-a-dozen examples, as surely as Professor Owen would infer the shape and habits of an animal from a bone.

The first day M. Taine passes in London—at all events, the first of which he makes mention—happens to be a Sunday; and he takes the Continental (we think superficial) view of our mode of observing it:—

'Sunday in London in the rain: the shops are shut, the streets almost deserted; the aspect is that of an immense and a well-ordered cemetery. The few passers-by under their umbrellas, in the desert of squares and streets, have the look of uneasy spirits who have risen from their graves; it is appalling.

'I had no conception of such a spectacle, which is said to be frequent in London. The rain is small, compact, pitiless; looking at it, one can see no reason why it should not continue to the end of all things; one's feet churn water, there is water everywhere, filthy water impregnated with an odour of soot. A yellow, dense fog fills the air, sweeps down to the ground; at thirty paces a house, a steamboat appear as spots upon blotting paper. After an hour's walk in the Strand especially, and in the rest of the City, one has the spleen, one meditates suicide.'

In this frame of mind he calls Somerset House a frightful thing; and after contemplating the British Museum and St. Paul's, exclaims: 'These spots are melancholy, being the decay of stone. And these nude statues in memory of Greece! Wellington is a fighting hero, naked, under the dripping trees of the park. The hideous Nelson, stuck on his column, with a coil of rope in the form of a pigtail, like a rat impaled on the top of a pole. A swamp like this is a place of exile for the arts of antiquity. When the Romans disembarked here, they must have thought themselves in Homer's hell, in the land of the Cimmerians.' This assumes, of course, that they disembarked like M. Taine on a wet Sunday, and took a stroll in a corresponding disposition through the Strand and the parks. 'But what is to be done on the day of rest? There is the church and the pothouse, intoxication and a sermon, insensibility and reflection, but no other way of spending a Sunday like this. I observe many doors ajar in the spirit vaults; sad faces, worn or wild, pass out and in. Let us visit the churches.' He visits four in the morning, and two in the afternoon, staying out the sermon in two of them. The congregations impressed him rather favourably. 'They come to provision themselves with moral counsels, to refresh their principles. When reading the numerous essays in English literature, and the moralisings of the "Saturday Review," one perceives that common-places do not weary them.' He is pleased by finding the Book of Common Prayer, 'the mass-book of England,' on the ledges of the pews; and an anthem in Westminster Abbey suggests that 'worship thus understood is the *opera* of elevated, serious, and believing souls.' Was M. Taine the Frenchman who, on entering the vault under the great Pyramid, exclaimed: "*Quelle place pour un billard!*"

On returning to his hotel he reads the Queen's Proclamation, by which her loving subjects are prohibited from playing at dice, cards, or any other game whatsoever on the

Lord's Day, and the magistrates enjoined to prevent the publicans from selling liquors or permitting guests to remain in their houses in the time of divine service:—

'This order is not strictly observed; the tavern doors are closed during service, but they can be opened, and drinking goes on in the back room. In any case this is a relic of the old Puritanism altogether distasteful in France. *Prohibit people to drink and amuse themselves on Sunday? But to a French workman, and to a peasant, Sunday appears to have been made for nothing else.* Stendhal said that here, in Scotland, in true Biblical countries, religion spoils one day out of seven, destroys the seventh part of possible happiness. He judges the Englishman, the man of the North, after the model of the man of the South, whom wine exhilarates and does not brutalise, who can without inconvenience give way to his instinct, and whose pleasure is poetical. Here the temperament is different, more violent and more combative; pleasure is a brutish and bestial thing: I could cite twenty examples of this. An Englishman said to me, "When a Frenchman is drunk, he chatters; when a German is drunk, he sleeps; when an Englishman is drunk, he fights."'

In other words, the only answer to Stendhal is that, if an Englishman were allowed the same liberty on Sundays as a Frenchman, he would get drunk and disorderly: that the primary use of Sunday observances is to keep him out of mischief; and that the French laxity in this particular is an infallible sign of the higher civilization and happier temperament of the French. To test the soundness of this opinion let us take a wider range: let us extend the comparison to other countries besides England and France, and to other times beyond the present. Let it also be remembered that French Sundays are not invariably fine, nor English Sundays invariably wet; that the environs of this metropolis, on an average Sunday, offer much that is bright and cheering to compensate for its gloom. The shop windows are closed, the streets are not alive with traffic, there are fewer handsome equipages, and fewer people of fashion in the parks. But whatever direction you take in the afternoon, you will see groups of men, women, and children, gaily dressed, and looking as if they thoroughly enjoyed their holiday, which most of them could not have at all if the shops were kept open, and the thronging carriages were driving about, and the usual weekday stir and brilliancy were kept up. Take your stand on London or Westminster Bridge and watch the crowded steamers; or go the round of the metropolitan railway stations and form a rough estimate of the thousands of pleasure-seekers

who are starting for Richmond, Hampton Court, Epping Forest, Greenwich, or Blackheath. All the suburban villages and favourite places of resort, for an area of twelve miles round, present the same cheerful aspect. So do the country towns; and that the picture is frequently defaced by intemperance or disorderly conduct, we deny. Follow these groups or couples after their trip or stroll, and you will find most of them forming part of a family circle or enjoying a quiet chat round a tea-table.

The Parisian has his shops open, his innumerable cafés and restaurants, his theatres, and his races; but what proportion of the population are kept at work to minister to his gratification?—nay, are more hardly worked on that day to add to it? If the question were to be decided, without reference to religion, by the greatest happiness of the greatest number, it must be decided against the French; and M. Taine is very much mistaken if he supposes that the English observance of Sunday, as generally understood and practised, is the result of bigotry. It is the result, like so many other English customs and institutions, of a wise compromise—a compromise between those who wish to make Sunday a mere festival, and those who would fain convert it into a Pharisaical Sabbath. For more than a century after the Reformation, the Continental mode of keeping it prevailed in this country. In one of Queen Elizabeth's injunctions, Sunday is classed with other holidays; and it is declared that if, for any scrupulosity of conscience, some should superstitiously abstain from working on those days, they shall grievously offend. The 'Book of Sports' was a proclamation issued by James I. in 1618, specifying the recreations which were allowable after divine service, including dancing, archery, and all athletic games.

It is no affair of Protestantism. Luther's opinion is pointedly expressed in his 'Table Talk': 'If anywhere the day is made holy for the mere day's sake,—if anyone anywhere sets up its observance on a Jewish foundation, then I order you to work on it, to ride on it, to dance on it, to feast on it, to do anything that shall remove this encroachment on Christian liberty.' Knox and Calvin took the same view. 'Upon Sunday at night,' writes Randolph to Cecil from Edinburgh in 1562, 'the Duke supped with Mr. Knox, where the Duke desired I should be.' According to Disraeli, the elder, 'At Geneva a tradition exists that, when John Knox visited Calvin on a Sunday, he found his austere coadjutor bowling on a green. At this day, and in that place, a Calvinist preacher, after his Sunday sermon,

will take his seat at the card table.' The Scotch Calvinists have gone to the opposite extreme. They hold a Sunday walk to be unlawful; and it was actually proposed by a distinguished member of the Kirk to call in the interference of the police to prevent this peculiarly obnoxious mode of Sabbath breaking.* In parts of Scotland, consequently, may actually be seen that state of things which M. Taine was thinking of when he said that an English Sunday left no alternative between dulness and intoxication, a state of things to which all England was reduced for an entire generation, and which, transplanted to the New World, was pushed to the *ne plus ultra* of absurdity.

A violent reaction in the ascetic direction had preceded the 'Book of Sports.' It was preached in Oxfordshire that to do any work on the Sabbath was as great a sin as to kill, or to commit adultery. It was preached in Somersetshire that to throw a bowl on the Sabbath Day was as great a sin as to commit murder. It was preached in Norfolk that to make a feast or wedding dinner on that day was as great a sin as for a father to take a knife and cut his son's throat. It was preached in Suffolk that to ring more bells than one on the Lord's Day to call the people to church was as great a sin as to do an act of murder.† This was at the beginning of the seventeenth century. It was impatience at not being able to enforce their doctrines, or at being compelled witnesses, if not partakers, of profane pastimes, rather than political persecution, that caused the first emigration of the Puritans :

* At a meeting of the Edinburgh United Presbyterian Presbytery, Feb. 8th, 1860, reported in the 'Scotsman,' Dr. Johnston said, 'He should never forget what he saw when he was in Strasbourg. He had a letter of recommendation to a gentleman in Strasbourg—a good man. He delivered his letter in the afternoon of the Lord's Day; the servant told him that his master was walking with his lady on the ramparts, and he found it was the common custom of the Christians in Strasbourg to walk on the ramparts.' Mr. Parlange, of Tranent: 'Why did you deliver the letter on that day?' Dr. Johnston: 'I can explain that, if it is necessary. It was a work of necessity.' His explanation was a halting one, and his delivery of the letter appears to have been deemed the greater atrocity of the two. Dr. Johnston would have found things worse in Protestant Sweden, where counting-houses are kept open and bills discounted on Sundays.

† Strype—quoted by Dr. Hessey in his Bampton Lectures on 'Sunday: Its Origin, History, and Present Obligation.' These Lectures comprise almost everything that can be said or brought to bear upon the subject, and the notes are full of curious information and valuable references. See also Cox's 'Literature of the Sabbath Question.'

'The pilgrim bands, who crossed the sea to keep
Their Sabbaths in the eye of God alone
In his wide temple of the wilderness.'

The spirit of the Sabbatarian legislation, when uncontrolled, may be inferred from a few articles in the transatlantic Codes, or Regulations collected by Dr. Hessey:—

'No one shall run on the Sabbath Day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

'No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave on the Sabbath Day.

'No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or Fasting Day.

'If any man shall kiss his wife, or wife her husband, on the Lord's Day, the party in fault shall be punished at the discretion of the magistrates.'

The Sabbatarian legislation of the Commonwealth was severe enough to justify the pungent satire of Butler, if no cat was actually hanged on Monday for killing of a mouse on Sunday; whilst the looseness of the Restoration was a melancholy commentary on the tendency of mankind to take refuge from one extreme in another and haply a worse. Evelyn's description of the Court on the last Sunday but one of Charles II.'s reign may be taken as a sample:—

'Jan. 25, 1665. Dr. Dove preach'd before y^e King. I saw this evening such a scene of profane gaming, and the King in the midst of his three concubines, as I had never before seen. Luxurious dallying and profaneness.'

This profanation of the day did not extend far beyond the Court circle. The principal statute still in force 'for the better observance of the Lord's Day' (29 Car. II. c. 71) was passed in 1676: respect for the Church was as essential a part of the Cavalier faith as loyalty to the King; and both before and after the Revolution, the Sunday at most country houses was got through in much the same fashion as at Osbaldistone Hall:—

'The next morning chanced to be Sunday, a day peculiarly hard to be got rid of at Osbaldistone Hall; for after the formal religious service of the morning had been performed, at which all the family regularly attended, it was hard to say upon which individual, Rashleigh and Miss Vernon excepted, the fiend of *ennui* descended with the most abundant outpouring of his spirit. . . . "And since we talk of heraldry (said Sir Hildebrand) I'll go and read Gwilym." This resolution he intimated with a yawn, resistless as that of the goddess in the Dunciad, which was responsively echoed by his giant sons as they dispersed in quest of

the pastimes to which their several minds inclined them : Percie to discuss a pot of beer with the steward in the gallery—Thornclyff to cut a pair of cudgels and fix them in their wicker hilts—John to dress May-flies—Dickon to play at pitch-and-toss by himself, his right hand against his left—and Wilfrid to bite his thumbs and hum himself into a slumber which should last till dinner-time, if possible.*

This easy, indifferent, and yet not wholly irreverent mode of passing Sunday lasted through the eighteenth century, and far into the nineteenth. Lord Stanhope, in his chapter on Methodism, quotes a passage bearing on the subject from the 'Life of the Rev. William Grimshaw,' who joined the Methodists, and stood high with them. 'He endeavoured to suppress the generally prevailing custom in country places during the summer of walking in the fields on a Lord's Day, between the services, or in the evening, in companies. He not only bore his testimony against it from the pulpit, but reconnoitered the fields in person to detect and reprove delinquents.'* This excess of zeal did more harm than good. During the entire reign of George III., of pious and decorous memory—indeed, till within living memory—lawyers had their consultations by preference on Sunday : Cabinet dinners were most frequent on that day : and ladies of quality gave regular Sunday card-parties without reproach. It is related of Lord Melbourne, during a visit to the Archbishop of York at Nuneham, that when his right reverend host suggested an attendance at evening service in addition to morning, he replied, 'No, my Lord, once is orthodox ; twice is Puritanical.' This was long the prevalent tone and mode of thinking of the higher class, who have leaned of late to a stricter observance of the day with the especial object of making it a day of rest for their domestics and dependents. But, out of Scotland, there has been no national blacksliding into Puritanism ; and our Sunday has been held up to imitation by earnest and able writers in Germany and France. An imperial chaplain, the Abbé Mullois, in the palmy days of the Second Empire, emphatically called upon his countrymen to exchange their '*Dimanche égoïste, scélérat et débraillé, sans cœur et sans pitié,*' for 'the respectable, beneficent, and humane Sunday of England.'

This slight historical retrospect may help to clear away the popular misapprehensions which abound, both at home and abroad, touching the nature and extent of the obligation which the right-minded and reflect-

ing people of England deem binding on them to keep one day in the week free for worship, rest, and harmless recreation. They are no more answerable for the perversion of Biblical authority by the northern Pharisees than M. Taine is answerable for the vandalism of the Parisian Commune.* To complete the charge of Puritanism, he confounds things essentially distinct :—

"Other traces of Puritanical severity, among the rest, are the recommendations on the stairs which lead down to the Thames, and elsewhere ; one is requested to be decent. At the railway-station there are large Bibles fastened to chains for the use of passengers while waiting for the train. A tall, sallow, and bony fellow handed to me two printed pages on the brazen serpent of Moses, with applications to the present life : "You, too, oh reader, have been bitten by the fiery serpents. To heal yourself lift up your eyes to Him who has been elevated as the sign of salvation." Other tokens denote an aristocratic country. At the gate of St. James's Park is the following notice : "The park-keepers have orders to prevent all beggars from entering the gardens, and all persons in ragged or dirty clothes, or who are not outwardly decent and well-behaved." At every step one feels oneself further removed from France."

Here, regard to decency, religious enthusiasm, and inequality of condition, are all lumped together ; and the combination is so offensive to the refined, fastidious, cosmopolitan Frenchman that, at every step, he feels farther removed from France, and (like Goldsmith's traveller) 'drags at each remove a length'ning chain.

Climate, we have been told, aggravates the evils of an English Sunday, by leaving the unoccupied tradesman or mechanic no refuge but a dram ; and climate, we find, is the cause of our ingrained heaviness, homeliness, dulness, habitual depression, commonplace unimaginative way of living, and bad taste. Occasionally M. Taine bids fair to rival the traveller who said that Nature had adapted the Irish of the bog-districts to their bogs by making them web-footed. After referring to primogeniture, and the large number of children in which English

* The circumstance that so many of the Peninsular battles, and notoriously Waterloo, were fought on a Sunday, is thus accounted for by M. Esquiros : 'Knowing the respect of the English for the rest of the seventh day, the French generals hoped to profit by it in their attacks. I confess that they had not always reason to praise their calculations, for the English troops gloriously broke the Sabbath. They thus justified the proverb current in Great Britain, "The better the day the better the deed."—*The English at Home*, vol. ii. 263. The duel between Pitt and Tierney was fought on a Sunday.

* 'History of England,' chapter xix.—a model of lucid compression.

couples rejoice, as stimulants to exertion, he continues :

'Second cause, the climate; I always recur to this because there is no greater power. Consider that this humidity and this fog existed, and even worse, under the Saxon kings, and that this race has lived amid them, as far as can be traced, even in its earliest country on the coasts of the Elbe and of Jutland. At Manchester, last winter, one of my friends informed me that in the principal hotel of that city it was necessary to keep the gas burning for five days; at midday it was not clear enough to see to write; the sixth day the fog still lasted, but the supply of gas was exhausted. During six months, and during several days in the other months, this country seems to have been made for wild ducks.'

The ideal under this sky is comfort; 'a dry, clean, well-warmed habitation; a solid succulent dinner; a chat with a faithful wife, dressed with care; rosy-cheeked children, well-washed and in clean clothes.' Given these, the average Englishman believes that all the possible wants, bodily and mental, of an intellectual being are provided for:—

'On the contrary, in Provence, in Italy, in southern countries, the ideal is lounging in the shade, on a terrace, in the open air, with a mistress, before a noble landscape, amid the perfume of roses, amid statues and the music of instruments. In order to relish delicately the beauty of the light, the balmy air, the delicious fruits, and the configuration of the landscape, the senses have but to expand themselves; here the climate closes them, and, by dint of repressing, blunts them. Take an example in little: a poor person at Marseilles, or at Milan, buys a pound of grapes for a half-penny, worthy of being placed on the table of gods, and thus he acquires the idea of exquisite sensation. How can you suppose that a like idea can be engendered in the brain of one whose palate knows nothing beyond a morsel of meat and a glass of gin or of ale? Shut out from this path, the man never dreams of fine and sensual enjoyment; he would not understand how to essay it, he is hardened, stiffened, habituated to the exigencies and hardship of his lot.'

In this, as in many other places, M. Taine forgets to draw the essential distinction between classes. The well-to-do Englishman may surely aspire to some higher enjoyment than mere warmth and food, although he may prefer sitting in a comfortable drawing-room with a wife to lounging on a terrace with a mistress. Let us confine ourselves, for the moment, to the comparative condition of the lower class:—

'A poor person is not wretched in the South; he obtains the most beautiful and the best things gratis, the necessities of life for

next to nothing, so many things which are necessities in the North he does not need: abundance of nourishment, artificial light, fire, a well-protected dwelling, warm clothing, frequent changes of linen, and much more. Here is a painful sight. Nothing can be more horrible than the coat, the lodging, the shirt, the form of an English beggar; in Hyde Park, on Sunday, when a poor family sits on the grass it makes a stain. Possess 20,000*l.* in the Funds here, or else cut your throat; such is the idea which constantly haunts me, and the omnibus advertisements suggest it still more in informing me that "Mappin's celebrated razors cost only one shilling."

Eothen, after describing the burial of a pilgrim at Jerusalem, remarks: 'I did not say Alas!—nobody ever does that I know of though the word is so frequently written. I thought the old man had got rather well out of the scrape of being alive and poor.' This reflection was general, and made under a genial Asiatic sky. Is a Southern beggar a less painful sight than a Northern beggar? or does a Neapolitan lazzarone stand higher in the scale of thinking beings than an English peasant or mechanic? A sensual animal life, with the unrestrained indulgence of its instincts and its wants, is more degrading than hunger or cold: the call for exertion and the need of self-restraint are improving not lowering influences; and if to have the minimum of conventional wants, to be able to dispense with a well-protected dwelling and frequent changes of linen; is the *beau-idéal* of existence, we must repair, like 'the Earl and the Doctor,' to the South Sea Islands to look for it. There is no country of Europe where an out-of-door life, with thin clothing and a bunch of grapes or a melon for nutriment, is endurable for more than a limited portion of the year. The working-class in our most populous districts, the centres of manufacturing industry, where coal may be had for the asking, suffer less from the cold than the peasantry, including the peasant proprietors, in many departments of France. The scarcity of fuel at Paris, and the resulting amount of privation, are well known. 'Nor let it be thought that Parisian gaiety is owing entirely to a Parisian climate. They who are now watching the weather-glass in our land of fogs, may like to know what the Parisians themselves have, in the way of weather, something to complain of. Paris has in the year (on an average of twenty years) but one hundred and twenty-six days tolerably fine.* The variability of the English cli-

* Bulwer's (Lord Dalling's) 'France; Social, Literary, Political,' vol. i. page 66, where the statistical details are given. French taste for

mate confounds averages; but it is an admitted fact that there is no country in the world where, from equability of temperature, it is possible to be so much in the open air without suffering from hot, cold, wet, or dry; and the beneficial effects are frankly admitted by M. Taine. He is never more eloquent or poetical than when expatiating on the advantages of humidity:—

‘I have paid many visits, and taken several walks. The things which please me most are the trees. Every day, after leaving the Athenæum, I go and sit for an hour in St. James’s Park; the Lake shines softly beneath its misty covering, while the dense foliage bends over the still waters. The rounded trees, the great green domes, make a kind of architecture far more delicate than the other. The eye reposes itself upon these softened forms, upon these subdued tones. These are beauties, but tender and touching, those of foggy countries, of Holland.’

His enthusiasm rekindles when he takes his stand on the Suspension Bridge on a fine evening to gaze and meditate:—

‘There are tones like these in the landscapes of Rembrandt, in the twilights of van der Neer! the bathed light, the air charged with vapour, the insensible and continuous changes of the vast exhalation which softens, imparts a bluish tint to, and dims, the contours, the whole producing the impression of a great life, vague, diffused, and melancholy—the life of a humid country.’

At Richmond, again, on the very spot where the Duke of Argyll paused to point out the unrivalled landscape to Jeanie Deans, M. Taine breaks out:—

‘A sort of fond quietude emanates from the air, the sky, and all things; Nature welcomes the soul, weary and worn with striving. How one feels that their landscape suits them, and why they love it! Without doubt their climate befits trees, and, besides, they have had no invasion or popular rising to mutilate or cut them down; the national taste has favoured their preservation; olden things have been more respected and better preserved than in France, and among them must be numbered the trees.’

But the Frenchman is yet to be born who can dissociate the sublime and beautiful from the artificial or conventional. When Voltaire was told how well his trees looked, he replied, that, like fine ladies and gentlemen, they had nothing else to do; and M. Taine thinks that the charm of flowers and foliage is enhanced by their resemblance to a clus-

ter of Parisian beauties in all the glitter and glory of diamonds, crinoline, and bare shoulders. ‘Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of *these*’:—

‘They have the tint of a beautiful lady; they, too, are patricians developed, preserved, embellished by all the refinements of art and of luxury; I have had the same impression at a full-dress morning party, before a staircase filled from top to bottom with young laughing ladies in swelling and sweeping dresses of tulle, of silk, the head covered with diamonds, the shoulders bare. This was a unique sensation, that of splendour and brilliancy carried to the highest pitch—all the flowers of civilization and of nature in a single bouquet and in a single perfume.’

A French traveller in Ireland, after trying the whisky, sets down: ‘*Le vin du pays est diablement fort.*’ M. Taine finds the same fault with all English eatables and drinkables alike. ‘All their common wines are very hot, very spirituous, and loaded with brandy. If they were pure, they would consider them insipid; our Bordeaux wines, and even our Burgundies, are too light for them. To please them it is necessary that the beverage should be rough and fiery: their palate must be either scratched or scraped.’ He takes no account of the demand for Gladstone claret, which is light enough in all conscience; and he assumes throughout that the taste for stimulants is peculiar to us children of the fog. Did he never hear of the ‘liquoring-up’ of the United States, the *Schnaps* of Germany, or the absinthe-drinkers of his native land, who belong to the same category as the Turkish or Chinese opium-eaters? He is still more severe on our cookery:—

‘I have purposely dined in twenty taverns, from the lowest to the highest, in London and elsewhere. I got large portions of fat meat and vegetables, without sauce; one is amply and wholesomely fed, but one has no pleasure in eating. In the best Liverpool eating-house they do not know how to dress a fowl. If you would tickle your palate, there is a cruet filled with pickles, peppers, sauces, and Chili vinegar. I once inadvertently put two drops of it into my mouth. I might as well have swallowed a hot cinder. At Greenwich, having already partaken of plain whitebait, I help myself to some out of a second dish; it was devilled, and fitted for skinning the tongue.’

According to him, the English make up for quality by quantity: ‘They consider us sober; yet we ought to consider them voracious. Economists say that, on an average, a Frenchman eats a sheep and a half yearly, and an Englishman four sheep. At the tables of the eating-houses you are served

external nature was well represented by Madame de Staël when she languished for *la belle France* on the banks of the Rhine.

with a small piece of bread along with a very large helping of meat.' He does not say 'raw meat,' as a Frenchman of the old *régime* would have said; for the French have adopted the worst fault they were wont to find in our cookery, that of serving the meat underdone. A Frenchman, dining with an Englishman, let drop, 'I eat a great deal of bread with my meat.' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'and a great deal of meat with your bread.'

The comparative consumption of animal food cannot be decided by the average consumption of sheep in England, any more than by the average consumption of veal in Germany or of *filets de bœuf* in France. Assuming that we do consume a greater amount of animal food of all sorts, this, again, would prove no more than that the bulk of our population are better off. 'Fifty years ago,' says M. Taine, 'meat was a luxury among the peasants; they ate it but once a week; in winter they had salt meat only. Now, they require fresh meat every day; and England, which produces so much of it, is obliged, in addition, to procure it from abroad.' If this were true (which, we are sorry to say, it is not) the four sheep a year might be accounted for without any imputation of coarse feeding or voracity. Lady Morgan, who had an antagonistic theory of French appetites, tells a story of a little Frenchwoman at a German *table d'hôte* exclaiming, '*Mon Dieu, j'ai mangé pour quatre;*' which, adds Lady Morgan, was not far from the truth.

The physiological and psychological effects of diet are a matter of every-day remark. Kean's dinner was regularly adapted to his part: he ate pork when he had to play tyrants; beef, for murderers; boiled mutton, for lovers. Byron seeing Moore sedulously occupied with an underdone beefsteak, inquired, 'Are you not afraid of committing murder after such a meal?' M. Taine, therefore, has high authority in his favour when he traces out our national character to our carnivorous habits. Adopting some passages from Mr. Froude, he calls the English 'a sturdy, high-hearted race, sound in body and fierce in spirit, and furnished with thews and sinews which, under stimulus of those great shins of beef, their common diet, were the wonder of the age:'

'Invariably, by friend and foe alike, the English are described as the fiercest people in all Europe (the English wild beasts, Benvenuto Cellini calls them), and this great physical power they owed to the profuse abundance in which they lived, and the soldiers' training in which every man of them was bred from childhood.'

The Bishop of Peterborough was not afraid to declare from the Episcopal Bench in the House of Lords that, if driven to the alternative, he would rather that the people were free than sober. An Englishman with whom M. Taine conversed at 'the Derby,' disapproved of temperance societies, vowed that the race required stimulants, and maintained that even in India, where he had lived for five years, the entire abandonment of spirituous liquors would be a mistake. 'Our sailors cannot do without their glass of spirits. We are eminently an energetic people; we require strong meat and drink to sustain our frames; without them we should have no animal spirits; it is on account of this *régime* that our mariners are so hardy and so brave. When they board, after discharging their pistols, they fling them at random on the enemy's deck, saying that they are certain to find them again after the victory.' M. Taine more than half agrees with him: 'Certain organizations are prodigal: there are chimneys which draw badly unless the fire be great; besides the climate, the fog, the large expenditure of physical and mental labour, necessitates copious repasts. Mr. Pitt did not find two bottles of port wine too large a quantity to take with his dinner.' Lord Stanhope will be surprised to learn that this habit of Mr. Pitt's, supposed to have been brought on by the weakness of his digestive organs, was nothing but a peculiarity of race. How happens it that in describing the English diet with its effects, M. Taine is silent as to beer; which M. Esquiros, an equally well-informed if less dashing and original observer, terms the national drink:

'Beer has inspired their poets, their artists, their great actors: they remember the tavern near Temple Bar, where Swift, Addison, Garth, and Steele met. An English workman who had been engaged for a long time in a wine-producing country, said to me, after describing all his sufferings and privations, "If John Bull forgot his beer, he would forget his country: but, before he came to that, his tongue would cleave to the roof of his mouth."

'The English attribute to the use of this liquid the iron muscles of their labouring classes, who struggle so valiantly, afloat and ashore, in factories and vessels, for the power of Great Britain: they even attribute their victories to it. "Beer and wine," an orator exclaimed at a meeting where I was present, "met at Waterloo: wine red with fury, boiling over with enthusiasm, and with audacity, rose thrice against that hill on which stood a wall of immovable men, the sons of beer. You have read history: beer gained the day."

He calls 'ale the wife of porter,' and includes both under the generic term, beer:—

'One of the consequences of this double alimentary beverage is their substitution for bread among the northern people: and we shall not feel surprised at such a dietetic result if we reflect that beer contains, in a liquid form, the same substantial principles which the produce of our bakeries contains in a solid form. The Latin races eat bread: the Saxon drink it.'

A Turkish officer who came over to attend the autumn manœuvres complained of headache at Aldershot. An army doctor was called in, and, making no allowance for southern constitutions, gave him four grains of blue pill and a black dose. The consequence was that he was utterly unable to take the field, and remained at his quarters, looking very like a sick monkey: an animal who is no more disposed than a true believer to regard sickness as a kindly dispensation, and always looks very sorry for himself. We suspect that M. Taine was once ill-advised enough to follow a similar prescription, for he says that the medicines here might be compounded for French horses. 'If you ask a chemist for a purge, he hands calomel to you; an Englishman often keeps it by him, and takes a pill of it when his head feels rather heavy.' Let us now reverse the picture. This combined system of meat, drink, and physic produces calmness, presence of mind, solidity, laconic forms of expression. 'An officer relates that an English admiral, after a long fight, forced the enemy's vessel to strike, and received the captain whom he had made prisoner on the poop with the single phrase "Fortune of war."' A friend of the author's writes that his coachman the other day thought fit to rattle down a mews in full speed. He frightened two carriage-horses which were being harnessed to a carriage. The groom advanced, took hold of the bits, and calmed the horses. Not a single word passed between these men. 'Picture to yourself the same scene in France. The taunts of the lackey, proud of his master, the blackguardism of the jealous menial,' &c. One would have thought that this picture was favourable to England. But this is not the opinion of M. Taine's friend, nor it would seem, of M. Taine himself, when quoting the remainder of the letter:—

'That is, my dear friend, what I have seen of most significance in England, and by means of which I figure to myself English liberty. These people have water mixed with their blood, exactly as their cattle are deficient in juice. Compare the gigots of St.-Léonard with those of London. That is why they are allowed to combine together, to brawl, to print what they please. They are primitive animals, cold-blooded, and with a sluggish circulation.'

They will not even allow that our mutton, of which we eat so much, is better than their own! It is its want of juiciness that makes us cold-blooded, and deprives us of the excitability which so advantageously distinguishes the French. Therefore is it that we have adopted a different and lower basis for the moral principle:

'In France it is based on the sentiment of honour; in England on the idea of duty. Now, the former is rather arbitrary; its reach varies in different persons. One piques himself upon being rigid on a certain point, and thinks himself free on all the rest; in the circle of bad actions, he cuts off a segment from which he excludes himself; but this part varies according to his preferences—for example, he will be truthful in speaking, but not in writing or the reverse. My honour consists of that wherein I place my glory, and I can place it in this as well as in that. On the contrary the idea of duty is strict, and does not admit of the slightest compromise.'

This makes us, male and female, matter of fact, unimaginative, uninteresting, commonplace; although it may certainly conduce to sundry prosaic qualities, such as constancy in women, or patient endurance, firmness, and intrepidity in men:—

'A French officer who fought in the Crimea related to me how an English battalion of infantry destroyed two Russian regiments; the Russians fired incessantly, and did not lose a foot of ground, but they were excited and aimed badly; on the contrary the English infantry avoided undue haste, took steady aim, and missed scarcely a single shot. The human being is ten times stronger when his pulse continues calm, and when his judgment remains free.'

In the late war the chasseur was a much superior weapon to the needle-gun; but its longer range became a positive disadvantage through the vivacity of the French, who frequently fired away all their ammunition before they had got near enough to take aim. Mr. Kinglake relates that, before the battle of the Alma had well commenced, swarms of French skirmishers were firing with a briskness and vivacity which warmed the blood of the many thousand hearers then new to war. 'A young officer, kindling at the sound and impatient that the French should be first in action, could not help calling Lord Raglan's attention to it. But the stir of French skirmishers through thick ground was no new music to Lord Fitzroy Somerset: rather perhaps, it recalled him for a moment to old times in Estremadura and Castile, when, at the side of the great Wellesley, he learned the brisk ways of Napoleon's infantry. So, when the young officer said,

"The French, my Lord, are warmly engaged." Lord Raglan answered, "Are they? I cannot catch any return fire." His practised ear had told him what we now know to be the truth. No troops were opposed to the advance of Bosquet's columns in this part of the field.' M. Taine states that 'in the Crimea the French wounded recovered less frequently than the English, because they resigned themselves less rapidly.' A passage in one of Tocqueville's conversations with Senior* throws light upon the question whether honour as understood in France, or duty, as understood in England, is the surest guide, prompter, safeguard, or security.

'A Frenchman is never bold when he is on the defensive. A few hundreds of the lowest street rabble without arms or leader, will attack an established government, raise barricades under fire, and die content if they have enjoyed the excitement of bloodshed and riot. Two hundred thousand men, armed, disciplined, seem paralysed if the law is on their side, and they are required not to attack but to resist. Their cowardice when they are in the right is as marvellous as their courage when they are in the wrong. Perhaps the reason is that, in the former case, they cannot rely on one another; in the latter case they can.'

Like Hercules between virtue and vice, or Mahomet's coffin between heaven and earth, M. Taine, dragged different ways by his taste and his principles, is constantly suspended between the agreeable and the good. This is particularly observable in what he says of our women. Admitting their sterling qualities, he cannot get over their rude health, their robustness, their bad taste in dress, their frankness of manner, or their culpable neglect of those arts of pleasing which come so naturally to a Frenchwoman. 'As evidences of the state of the streets,' he says, 'look at the foot coverings (*chaussure*) and the feet of the ladies. Their boots are as large as those of gentlemen, their feet are those of watermen, and their gait is in keeping.† But see them in Rotten Row :—

'Many of the horsewomen are charming, so simple, and so serious, without a trace of coquetry; they come here not to be seen, but to take the air; their manner is frank without pretension; their shake of the hand quite loy-

al, almost masculine; no frippery in their attire; the small black vest, tightened at the waist, moulds (*montre*) a fine shape and healthy form; to my mind, the first duty of a young lady is to be in good health.'

Then why quarrel with them for adapting the means to the end? With amusing inconsistency M. Taine cites approvingly the sneer of Stendhal (Henri Behl) at the English girls who, 'tired of staying at home, under the plea of necessary exercise, complete their three or four leagues a day. *In this manner they consume the nervous fluid by the legs, and not by the heart.* After which, forsooth, they presume to talk of feminine delicacy, and to despise France and Italy. Nothing, on the contrary, can be more free from occupation than the young Italians; the motion which would deprive them of their sensibility is disagreeable to them. An Italian beauty does not take in a year as much exercise as a young *Miss* in a week.' If feminine delicacy were identical with languid sensibility, and intrigue or gallantry the chief business of life, the Italian beauty would bear away the palm; but her indolent, self-indulgent habits not only unfit her for domestic life or intellectual companionship: they render her incapable of deep passion, or of an absorbing or lasting sentiment even of the illicit or forbidden kind :—

'No—'tis not the region where love's to be found:

They have bosoms that sigh, they have glances that rove;

They have language a Sappho's own lip might resound,

When she warbled her best, but they've nothing like Love.' *

Speaking of an evening party at Lady S—'s, M. Taine says :—

'Two other young girls are beautiful and pleasing; but too rosy, and upon this rosieness are too many adornments of staring green which vex the eye. But as compensation, how simple and affable are they! Twice out of three times when one converses here with a woman, one feels rested, affected, almost happy; their greeting is kindly, friendly; and such a smile of gentle and quiet goodness! No afterthought; the intention, the expression, everything is open, natural, cordial. One is much more at ease than with a Frenchwoman. . . .

The conversation is neither a duel, nor a competition; one may express a thought as it is without embellishment; one has the right to be what one is, commonplace. One may even, without wearying her or having a pedantic air, speak to her about serious matters, obtain from her correct information, reason with her as with a man.'

* Correspondence and Conversations of Alexis de Tocqueville with William Nassau Senior. Edited by M. C. M. Simson. A book replete with knowledge and thought.

† We cannot compliment Mr. Rae on his translation of this passage, which runs thus :—'Comme documents, voyez la chaussure et les pieds des dames: bottines qui sont des bottes, forts pieds d'échassiers et démarche assortie.'—P. 22.

* Moore, 'Rhymes on the Road'; Florence.

He is prodigal of types. Here is another to illustrate what he calls the chief point, the absence of coquetry:—

'This winter in a Paris drawing-room where I was, a stout, red-faced, bald man, related to a rather great English personage, entered leading his daughter of sixteen; pretty gentle face, but what ignorance of dress! She had dark brown gloves, hair in curls, not glossy, a sort of badly fitting white casaque, and her waist resembled a log in a sack. All the evening she remained silent, like a Cinderella amidst the splendours and supreme elegances of the dresses and beauties surrounding her. Here, in St. James's Park, at the Exhibition, in the picture galleries, many young ladies, pretty, well dressed, wore spectacles. I put aside many other traits; but it is clear to me that they possess in a much lesser degree than Frenchwomen the sentiment which ordains that at every moment, and before every person, a woman stands with shouldered arms, and feels herself on parade.'

The absurdity of requiring that a woman shall be studied and unstudied, natural and artificial, thinking of herself and not thinking of herself at the same time, never once occurs to him. But as our fair countrywomen think a great deal about their dress, and spend a great deal of money on it, their taste is a fair object of comment; and it is a French remark of long standing, that an Englishwoman resembles the list at a tournament in which hostile colours encounter and give battle. 'I remarked to a lady' (says M. Taine), 'that female dress was more showy in England than in France. "But our gowns come from Paris!" I took care not to reply: "It is you choose them!"' M. Taine should know that French dressmakers of note, considering their own reputation at stake, leave their English customers little choice in the matter. In his chapter on 'Marriage and Married Women,' he institutes a fair enough comparison between the wedded life of England and that of France; nor is its fairness affected by the leaning he betrays towards a certain degree of laxity:—

'When the young' man has made up his mind, it is to the young girl that he addresses himself first, asking the consent of the parents in the second place; this is the opposite of the French custom, where the man would consider it indelicate to utter a single clear or vague phrase to the young girl before having spoken to her parents. In this matter the English find fault with us, ridicule our marriages summarily settled before a lawyer. Yet C——, who is English, and knows France well, allows that their love-matches end more than once in discord, and our marriages of arrangement in concord.'

A love-match is, of course more likely to end in disappointment than a marriage based

on the fitness of things, on compatibility of rank, fortune, connexion, temper, age. It has been ingeniously contended that English marriages between persons of distinction would turn out better, if settled, after argument by counsel, by the Lord Chancellor. Mrs. Malaprop's theory, that it is best to begin with a little aversion, is not devoid of plausibility. But, on the other hand, a marriage of reason or convenience partakes too much of the nature of a mere form, and the ceremony sounds like a mockery when the solemn promise to love, honour, and obey, is uttered like a lesson learned by rote, instead of being spoken earnestly and from the heart. The conversation at the Château Tocqueville happening to turn on French marriages, it was stated that, on the female side, they are generally early; a girl unmarried at twenty-one or twenty-two gets alarmed. The *curés* are the principal marriage-makers. They alone know everybody. A man of eight or nine and twenty may wish for a wife, but is too busy or too awkward to set about getting one for himself. He applies to the *curé*, tells him, perhaps, that he has twenty or twenty-five thousand francs a year. 'Well,' answers the *curé*, 'I think that I have three or four charming *demoiselles* at that price.' So the introduction is managed, and the affair is concluded in a few weeks. 'The life of an unmarried girl,' added Madame de Tocqueville, 'is very *triste*. She never quits her mother's side except perhaps to dance, and then does not exchange a word with her partner. She takes no part in conversation; she effaces herself, in short, as much as possible. Were she to do otherwise, she would ruin her chances of marriage.'

To the French girl, therefore, marriage is escape from restraint; it is practically her *début* in society, her introduction to the world, in which she is now free to talk and act, to choose her own dresses and companions, to indulge her caprices, to enter into rivalry with the women, and lend a delighted ear to the flatteries of the men. It would be passing strange if, thus occupied and surrounded for the first time, her thoughts should be fixed exclusively on her husband and her home. The English girl of corresponding rank seldom marries till after her third or fourth season; she has run the round of gaiety, and haply begun to tire of it; she has undergone the ordeal of male attention; she has had her passing illusion or more serious interest: *l'amour a passé par là*; and her change of condition not unfrequently implies a considerable amount of self-denial or self-sacrifice, instead of being the 'open sesame' to untried realms of fashion and frivolity.

• 'Very often a lady, daughter of a marquis or baronet, having a dowry of 3000*l.* or 3250*l.*, marries a simple gentleman, and descends of her own free will from a state of fortune, of comfort, of society, into a lower or much inferior grade. She accustoms herself to this. The reverse of the medal is the fishery for husbands. Worldly and vulgar characters do not fail in this respect; certain young girls use and abuse their freedom in order to settle themselves well. A young man rich and noble, is much run after. Being too well received, flattered, tempted, provoked, he becomes suspicious and remains on his guard. This is not the case in France; the young girls are too closely watched to make the first advance; there the game never becomes the sportsman.

'Why did you cut me at the morning party at Strawberry Hill?' asked a younger son of a young lady on her preferment. 'The *sun* was in my eyes, and I did not see you.' 'Yes, the eldest *son*.' This peculiar description of sunstroke will occasionally affect the vision of the fair, and their liability to it is one of the inevitable inconveniences of our system. But, by way of set-off, M. Taine tells us that, in order to marry, it is generally deemed necessary that they should feel a passion; and that 'many do not marry in consequence of a thwarted inclination.' As to the men:—

'Every Englishman has a bit of romance in his heart with regard to marriage; he pictures a home with the wife of his choice, domestic talk, children; there his little universe is enclosed, all his own; so long as he does not have it, he is dissatisfied, being in this matter the reverse of a Frenchman, to whom marriage is generally an end, a makeshift.'

M. Taine was assured that, when an Englishman is in love, he is capable of anything: That Thackeray's Major Dobbin, who waits fifteen years without hope, because for him there is only one woman in the world, was drawn from the life: that there were and are numbers of young men like him:—

'This causes silent rendings of the heart and long inner tragedies. Numbers of young men experience it; and the protracted chastity, the habits of taciturn concentration, a capacity for emotion greater and less scattered than among us, carries their passions to the extreme. Frequently it ends in nothing, because they are not beloved, or because the disparity of rank is too great, or because they have not money enough wherewith to maintain a family—a very costly thing here. Then they become half insane; travel to distract their minds, proceed to the ends of the earth. One who was mentioned to me, very distinguished, was supplanted by a titled rival; during two years apprehensions were felt for his reason. He went to China and to Australia; at present

he occupies a high post, he has been made a baronet, he presides over important business, but he is unmarried; from time to time he steals off, makes a journey on foot, in order to be alone and not to have anyone to converse with.'

So marked a difference in the matrimonial tie at starting must tell materially on the after-life of the parties, and the tie will naturally be deemed most binding in the country where it has been eagerly sought as a blessing instead of being coldly accepted as a makeshift. In England, consequently, 'marriage is encompassed with profound respect, and, as regards this matter, opinion is unbending: it is quite sufficient to read books, newspapers, romances, comic journals; adultery is never excused; even in the latitude of intimate conversations between man and man it is always held up as a crime.' In France, the exact contrary is the fact: marriage is the never-failing subject of jocularly; in the novel, the play, the opera, the vaudeville, the plot invariably turns on matrimonial infidelity, the deceived husband being held up to ridicule, the false wife to envy and imitation; indeed, one does not see how French dramatists or novelists could get on at all if there were no Seventh Commandment to be broken or made light of. It has been the same from Molière downwards; and Frenchmen still quote complacently the grave irony of Montesquieu: '*Que le Français ne parle jamais de sa femme, parce qu'il a peur d'en parler devant les gens qui la connoissent mieux que lui.*' They do themselves great injustice: the national vanity is discernible in the very exaggeration of their faults; the immorality described by their dramatists could not co-exist with the bare decencies of life; and we lend a ready ear to the palliation of M. Taine:

'In the first place, these irregularities are not habitual among us, excepting in the case of fashionable upstarts; they very rarely reach the rich or well-to-do middle-class which possesses family traditions. Besides, in the provinces, life goes on openly, and scandal-mongering, which is greatly feared, performs the part of the police. Finally, the Frenchman flaunts that which a foreigner conceals; he has a horror of hypocrisy, and he prefers to be a braggart of vice.'

Hypocrisy has been defined the homage paid to virtue by vice; and virtue will be found in a wavering unsatisfactory state wherever and whenever that homage is denied. When M. Taine relies on scandal-mongering as the safeguard of female honour, he unconsciously adopts the slippery doctrine of Byron:

'And whether coldness, pride or virtue dignify
A woman, so she's good, what does it signify?'

Besides, so long as what they call the *convenances* are observed, there is no scandal; and the standard of conduct both in town and country will always be more or less modified by the drama and light literature, the tone and spirit of the day. M. Taine's estimate of the analogous state of things in England must also be taken with some grains of allowance:

'Breaches occur, of which I shall speak later, among the class of tradesmen; and in the lower order of the nobility which is fashionable, travels, and copies Continental manners. But, in the mass of the nation, among well brought up persons in the great world, the wives are almost always faithful. C—— tells me that I might remain here for eighteen months, and visit all the drawing-rooms, without meeting an exception, *one only is cited among the highest class*. More such cases occurred fifty years ago, in the time of Byron and Alfieri; since then, opinion has become severe, and the Queen has laboured with all her might in this direction, firstly, by her example, secondly by her influence; she excludes ladies of doubtful reputation from her Court; the extreme urgency and pressure of affairs were needed during the Crimean war for her to tolerate under the same roof with her, at Windsor, a statesman known as a profligate.'

The frequent appearance of persons of inferior rank in the Divorce Court has given foreigners an erroneous notion of the commercial classes in England, by whom, as also by the whole of the middle class, the matrimonial tie is held in high respect. When they break loose, it is by coarse profligacy. They are wholly guiltless of gallantry; and a plot turning on the intrigues of shopkeepers with each other's wives, which sounds so natural and probable when the scene is laid in the Rue de la Paix, would be declared incongruous and preposterous if the 'dramatis personæ' were domiciled in Cheapside.

The Queen's married life was a moral lesson and an elevating, improving picture in itself. During the best part of a generation it worked wonders, and its influence extended far beyond the circle which is more or less compelled to follow the lead of the Court. But, of late years, there have been symptoms of a relapse. Temptations and irregular tendencies must always abound amidst the idleness and satiety of a rich, luxurious metropolis; the example of imperial Paris did harm; the vanity of dress was never more baneful than now; and if M. Taine were to spend eighteen months in searching London drawing-rooms for an erring spouse, he would be more successful

than Diogenes when searching Athens for an honest man. The 'fast' girl has been discovered or sprung up; and Byron's 'drapery misses' * have been outdone by drapery dames. There is a scene in 'Les Esclaves de Paris,' in which the famous dressmaker W—— is holding court. A married woman, deep in his books, exclaims in agony, 'Mais mon mari ne payera jamais.' 'Bien, un autre payera pour lui.' We regret to say that this expedient of the *autre* is not confined to Paris.

On being told, in 1814, at Paris, that a lady whom he had formerly known was no longer received in society, Mackintosh remarks, 'I really should like to know what her offence could be.' We really should like to know what the solitary exception cited to M. Taine could have done to merit her painful pre-eminence. To us she is a mythical personage; so is the profligate statesman whom the Queen tolerated at Windsor during the Crimean war; so is the heartbroken baronet who, after vainly trying China and Australia, takes refuge in solitary pedestrianism. The distinction drawn between the lower order of nobility and the higher is fanciful.

'Another guarantee [continues M. Taine] is the dread of publicity and of the newspapers. On this head our free and rakish manners grievously offend them. C—— related to me that, in a Parisian circle, he heard a man of the world observe to another, "Is it true, then, that your wife has got a lover?" This remark he considers monstrous; and he is right. A book like Balzac's "Physiologie du Mariage" would give great offence; perhaps the author would be prosecuted by the Society for the Suppression of Vice.'

Society must be in a curious state where any doubt could be raised as to the taste or propriety of the remark declared monstrous by C——, or where Balzac's 'Physiologie du Mariage' could be deemed permissible reading for women. Its cold, hard, cynical materialism is yet more revolting than its indecency. One of the maxims is, 'Avant de se marier, on doit avoir *au moins* désigné une femme.' But French novels of an extremely objectionable tone and tendency have found their way into English boudoirs; and it is the highest English aristocracy that supplies the crowded and applauding public for 'Madame attend Monsieur' and 'La Grand Duchesse.' The broad general conclusion at which M. Taine arrives, after tossing the subject to and fro, blowing hot and cold on it, and placing it in every variety of light, is thus expressed:—

* See 'Don Juan,' canto xi. 49, st. and note.

'Generally an Englishwoman is more thoroughly beautiful and healthy than a Frenchwoman. The principal cause of this is the hygiene; the children ride on horseback, are much in the open air, do not dine with their parents, do not eat sweetmeats. Moreover, the nerves are less excited, and the temperament is calmer, more enduring, less exacting; what is the most wearing in these days, are incessant and unsatisfied desires.

* * * * *

'On the other hand, the Englishwoman is less agreeable; she does not dress for her husband, she does not know how to make a pretty woman of herself; she has no talent for rendering herself fascinating and enticing at home; she is unacquainted with a number of fine and delicate graces; she considers it unworthy of her to employ minor means for re-awakening love or fondness; more frequently still she is not clever enough to invent them. She puts on handsome new dresses, is most careful about cleanliness, but nothing more; she is not attractive; one soon wearies beside her. Fancy a very beautiful pink peach, slightly juicy, and alongside of it a perfumed strawberry full of flavour.'

But let us look a little closer at the perfumed strawberry: let us see if there is not a small maggots at the core:

'medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus
angat.'

'There is a small piece now [1834] acting at one of the minor theatres called "Pourquoi." It is very popular; everybody goes to see it, and says, "It is so true." What tale lies hid under this mysterious title? There are two married friends living together. The wife of one is charming, always ready to obey and to oblige; her husband's will is her law. Nothing puts her out of humour. This couple live on the best of terms, and the husband is as happy as husband can desire to be.—Now for the other pair! Here is continual wrangling and dispute. The wife will have her own way in the merest trifles as on the gravest matters. . . . In short, nothing can be so disagreeable as this good lady is to her grumbling but submissive helpmate. Happiness and misery were never to all appearances brought more fairly face to face than in these two establishments. "Why" is one wife such a pattern of good nature and submission? "Why" is the other such a detestable shrew? This is the *pourquoi*. The spouse whom you shrink from in such justifiable horror is as faithful as woman can be. The spouse whom you cling to as such a pillow of comfort is an intriguing hussy. Hear, O ye French husbands! you must not expect your wives to have at the same time

chastity and good temper: the qualities are incompatible. . . . This is the farce which is "so popular." This is the picture of manners which people call "so true." * *

It is as true now as it was in 1834, and there is another stockpiece of the French stage from which an equal amount of instruction, with a sounder rule of conduct for both sexes, may be deduced. It is entitled, 'La seconde Année, ou, A qui la faute!' The marriage here is a marriage of affection: the young couple had seen each other, and become mutually attached, whilst the family arrangements were in progress. The first year passes like a prolonged honeymoon, but before the middle of the second, the husband indulges a hankering for his old haunts, steals off to his club, and renews his acquaintance with the actresses and opera dancers *à la mode*. A friend, Edmund, seizes the occasion to amuse Madame la Comtesse, and things are looking bad, when the husband receives a timely warning, and soliloquises somewhat in this fashion: 'It's all my own fault, and luckily, it's not too late to mend. She liked me better than Edmund when we were both suitors, and as *fond*, she likes me better still. Vulgar jealousy would be unworthy of us both. Strong measures are out of the question. *Allons*, I must be *aux petits soins* again.' He sets regularly to work to win her back; no longer lounges into her drawing-room to leave it, after reading his newspaper, with a yawn; lingers round her with marked interest, pays her graceful compliments, and lays the most beautiful bouquets on her dressing-table. This system is crowned with well-merited success: the husband is reinstated in all the privileges of the lover, and M. Edmund, fairly beaten with his own weapons, is bowed out. This piece, unexceptionable as it reads and acts in point of moral, could not be effectively adapted to the English stage, because it is out of keeping with our manners and modes of thinking to trifle with the duties and relations of married life, or to take for granted that infidelity is justified by neglect. Neither would such conjugal tactics have the attraction of novelty or originality for an English audience. Madame — (at Paris) said, 'The English are excellent people: when no one else makes love to their wives, they do it themselves.' 'Yes,' added —, 'I observed Mr. — (an Englishman) the other evening talking to his wife for half an hour together.' †

Strengthened by the authority of his omnipresent and omniscient friend C——, M.

* Bulwer's 'France,' vol. i. p. 94.

† 'Life of Mackintosh.' By his Son.

Taine pronounces an Englishwoman to be incapable of presiding in a drawing-room like a Frenchwoman, to be consequently incapable of forming a *salon* :—

‘The Englishwoman has not sufficient tact, promptitude, suppleness to accommodate herself to persons and things, to vary a greeting, comprehend a hint, insinuate praise, make each guest feel that she thinks his presence of much consequence. She is affable only, she merely possesses kindness and serenity. For myself, I desire nothing more, and I can imagine nothing better. But it is clear that a woman of the world—that is to say a person who wishes to make her house a place of meeting frequented and valued by the most distinguished persons of every species—requires to have a more varied and a more delicate talent.’

The talent in question has been possessed and displayed by many Englishwomen. Lady Palmerston for example, had it in as high a degree of perfection as Madame de Recamier, of whom Tocqueville says, ‘The talent, labour, and skill which she wasted in her *salon* would have gained and governed an empire.’* The *salon* jars with our habits; we cling too much to the privacy of the domestic circle, and we have no sympathy with the Frenchman exclaiming, ‘*Où passerai-je mes soirées ?*’ which it had become a second nature to him to pass out of his own house. But it is customary for women of the higher class to receive visits from three to six on Sundays; these afternoon receptions closely resemble the *salon*; and in the height of the London season M. Taine’s friend C—— might have taken him to more than one in which he would have found an Englishwoman doing the honours with Parisian grace to a succession of distinguished visitors, putting each of them at their ease, leading the conversation to the appropriate topics, and rendering to all what was socially or intellectually their due. Such an introduction would have had the additional advantage of showing M. Taine how the dull monotony of an English Sunday may be relieved.

The narrowness of the family circle in England is no less remarkable than its exclusiveness. It is commonly confined to a

single branch. Rarely do we see in England, what is common in Germany and France, several branches living together under the same roof; at one time two or three married brothers, at another the parents with their sons-in-law and their daughters, and so on. ‘We (says M. Taine) coalesce, we hold everything in common; as for them (the English), even when living together, they maintain distinctions, they draw lines of demarcation. Self is more powerful; each of them preserves a portion of his individuality, his own special and personal nook, enclosed, respected by every one. Thus a father or mother is more imperfectly informed than among us as to the sentiments of their daughter, as to the business and the pleasures of their son.’ Thus Madame de Sévigné writes to her daughter what her son has told her about his mistresses; and M. Taine says that many young Frenchmen of the present day make similar avowals to their mothers, who, instead of being scandalised, are pleased at being made confidants. ‘B—— is of opinion that this is impossible in England: the son would not dare to do it; the mother would be shocked and indignant.’

Prince Pückler-Muskau, who travelled through England in 1826, after complaining of the stiffness of the English aristocracy, remarks :—

‘Far more loveable, because far more loving, do the English appear in their domestic and most intimate relations; though even here some “baroque” customs prevail: for instance, the sons in the highest ranks, as soon as they are fledged, leave the paternal roof and live alone; nay, actually do not present themselves at their father’s dinner-table without a formal invitation. I lately read a curious instance of conjugal affection in the newspaper. The Marquis of Hastings died in Malta: shortly before his death, he ordered that his right hand should be cut off immediately after his death, and sent to his wife. A gentleman of my acquaintance, *out of real tenderness* [was not the Marquis actuated by real tenderness?], and with her previously obtained permission, cut off his mother’s head, that he might keep the skull as long as he lived; while other Englishmen, I really believe, would rather endure eternal torments than permit the scalpel to come near their bodies. The law enjoins the most unscrupulous fulfilment of such dispositions of a deceased; however extravagant they may be, they must be executed. I am told there is a country-house in England where a corpse, fully dressed, has been standing at a window for the last half-century, and still overlooks its former property.”

* ‘Correspondence and Conversations,’ vol. ii. p. 209. The rest of the passage is curious: ‘She was virtuous, if it be virtuous to persuade every one of a dozen men that you wish to favour him, though some circumstance always occurs to prevent your doing so. Every friend thought himself preferred. She governed us by little distinctions, by letting one man come five minutes before the others, or stay five minutes after; just as Louis XIV. raised one courtier to the seventh heaven by giving him the *bourgeoise*, and another by leaning on his arm, or taking the shirt from him.’

These caprices are not confined to a country or a class. The corpse of the cosmopo-

litan Jeremy Bentham may still be seen seated in the philosopher's chair in his ordinary costume. The Prince complained that 'Politics are here a main ingredient of social intercourse; as they begin to be in Paris, and will in time become in our sleepy Germany: for the whole world has now that tendency. The lighter and more frivolous pleasures suffer by this change, and the art of conversation, as it once flourished in France, will, perhaps, soon be entirely lost. In this country (England) I should rather think it never existed, unless, perhaps, in Charles the Second's time.' M. Taine leans to this opinion. 'So far as I can judge, the English do not know how to amuse themselves by means of conversation. A Frenchman accounts the happiest moment of his life the period after supper, in the society of well-educated and intelligent men. All the treasures of the human intellect are there handled, not in heavy ingots, or in large sacks, but in pretty portable golden coins. It seems to me that these coins are rare in England, and that, in addition, they are not current. They are regarded as too thin.' The exact opposite would be nearer to the fact. The fault of English conversation at present is its frivolity, its want of depth or earnestness, the habit of skipping hastily from topic to topic, the fear which seems to haunt everybody of being voted bores if they venture beyond a fresh bit of gossip, a short anecdote, or a *bon mot*. Lord Grenville used to say that he was always glad to meet lawyers at a dinner-party, because he then felt sure that some good subject would be rationally discussed. Lawyers have degenerated since his time, but not more than other classes or professions in this respect; for (except in a few small and select circles) whether lawyers, authors, doctors, bishops, peers, or members of Parliament, make up the party, there is a decided want of what Dr. Johnson emphatically termed 'good talk.'

'I cannot understand,' said Tocqueville, 'how your great people, after having passed six months of representation in London, like to erect a little London for themselves in the country. We never think of filling our country houses with crowds of acquaintances. Our parties are mere family parties, and all our arrangements are meant for ease and comfort. There is no luxury or display in our furniture, no ostentation in our dinners.' Senior replies that 'in London, where one has to go three or four miles to see one's friends, where few busy men can spare more than one or two evenings in a week, one scarcely sees the persons that one likes best a dozen times in a season, and

then perhaps it is at a large dinner, or a crowded one. One can really enjoy their society in the country.' The same difference is remarked by M. Taine, who, in addition to the explanation given by Senior, says that the Englishman is hospitable, not only from generosity and kindness, but from *ennui*, from the need of conversation and new ideas. This excites the indignation of his translator, who protests that 'neither the word nor the thing is known in this country.' Yet we read in Byron:—

'For *ennui* is a growth of English root,
Though nameless in our language: we retort
The fact for words, and let the French translate
That awful yawn which sleep cannot abate.'

Ennui is a growth of every clime; and Mr. Rae might as well contend that no one is ever bored out of England, because the word is English and untranslatable. At the same time we see no necessity for any nice analysis of motives to explain why a nobleman or gentleman, with a spacious country house, including fine pictures and a library, and surrounded by well-stocked preserves, should receive a succession of visitors during a portion of the year, and be especially anxious to entertain foreigners of note.

Speaking of the England of her youth, Miss Berry says, 'No man intending to stand for his county, or desirous of being popular in it, would have permitted his table at his country house to be served with three-pronged forks or his ale to be presented but in a tankard to which every mouth was successively to be applied. Sofas conveyed ideas of impropriety; and baths, and every extra attention to cleanliness and purity of person, were habits by no means supposed to refer to superior purity of mind or manners.* Contrast this with M. Taine's account of the superabundant luxury of country house life now: 'In my bedroom is a table of rosewood; upon this table a slab of marble, on the marble a round straw mat: all this to bear an ornamented water-bottle, covered with a tumbler. There are two dressing-tables, each having six drawers: the first is provided with a swing looking-glass, the second with one large jug, one small one, a medium one for hot water, two porcelain basins, two soap-dishes, &c. Napkins are under all the vessels and utensils: to provide for such a service, when the house is occupied, it is necessary that washing should be always going on.' That inconvenience may certainly arise, as the Englishman said to the Frenchman who, on

* 'England and France,' second edition, vol. ii. p. 41.

being recommended to put his feet in hot water for a cold, objected that this was tantamount to washing them.

'Several of these mansions are historical; they must be seen in order to understand what inheritance in a large family can bring together in the form of treasures. One was mentioned to me where, by a clause in the conditions, the possessor is bound to invest every year several thousand sterling in silver plate; after having crowded the sideboards, in the end, a staircase was made of massive silver. We had the opportunity of seeing in the retrospective exhibition an entire collection of precious curiosities and works of art sent by Lord Hertford. In 1848, he said to one of his French friends, greatly disquieted and a little put out, "I have a mansion in Wales which I have never seen, but which I am told is very fine. Every day dinner for twelve is served there, and the carriage drawn up at the door in case I should arrive. The butler eats the dinner. Go thither, make yourself at home; you see that it will not cost you a farthing."

Both these stories have been told of Spanish grandees. Neither is true of any English nobleman. The late Lord Hertford was by no means given to princely hospitality; but the Duc d'Ossuna, whilst resident Ambassador at St. Petersburg, kept up an establishment at Madrid, at which a dinner of twenty-four covers were regularly served, and horses and carriages were always at the disposal of his friends.

In M. Taine's animated description of the magnificent domain of Blenheim he mentions 'a large stream of water, crossed by an ornamental bridge.' This bridge was constructed by the first Duke, and the smallness of the stream suggested the epigram:—

'The lofty arch his high ambition shows,
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows.'

M. Taine's mistakes are almost all upon the surface. He seldom fails to penetrate to the truth when he is investigating the sources of our permanent well-being and prosperity. He has the imaginative as well as the intellectual grasp, and can take in all the bearings of a time-honoured institution, with its elevating and refining influences, as well as its assigned object or direct practical utility:—

'I have no park, and yet my eyes are satisfied with beholding one—only it must be accessible and well-kept. It is the same with the lives of the great; they perform the functions of parks among the garden plots and tilled fields. The one furnishes venerable trees, velvet greenswards, the delicious fairy-land of accumulated flowers and poetic avenues; the other maintains certain elegancies of manners and certain shades of sentiments,

renders possible a cosmopolite education, supplies a hotbed for statesmen."

One of the first manufacturers in England, a radical and supporter of Mr. Bright, said to M. Taine, 'We do not wish to overthrow the aristocracy; we consent to their keeping the Government and the high offices to members of the middle class; we believe that specially trained men are required for the conduct of affairs; trained from father to son for this end, occupying an independent and commanding station. But we absolutely require that they should fill all their places with competent persons. Nothing for mediocrities; no nepotism. Let them govern, provided, however, they have talent.' M. Taine thinks that these conditions have been tolerably well performed on both sides since 1832. One of his friends knew Vincent, the itinerant orator, and was told by him, 'I can utter all that comes into my head, attack it matters not whom or what, except the Queen and Christianity. If I spoke against them, my hearers would throw stones at me.' From a similar appreciation of the popular instincts, Cobbett set up his first shop under the sign of 'The Bible and the Crown.' Although M. Taine's speculations on the Established Church partake somewhat of the spirit of Pope's Universal Prayer, they are marked by feeling and good sense:—

'The more I read the "Book of Common Prayer," the more beautiful and appropriate to its purpose do I find it. Whatever be the religion of a country, church is the place to which men come, after six days of mechanical toil, to freshen in themselves the sentiment of the ideal. Such was the Grecian temple under Cymon; such the Gothic cathedral under St. Louis. In accordance with the differences of sentiment, the ceremony and the edifice differ; but the important point is, that the sentiment should be revived and fortified. Now, in my opinion that occurs here; a day labourer, a mason, a seamstress who leave this service carry with them noble impressions, suited to the instincts of their race, a vague notion of an august I know not what, of a superior order, of invisible justice.'

Then what becomes of Stendhal's notion, that, in England religion spoils one day in seven, destroys the seventh part of possible happiness? Surely the sentiment of the ideal, thus freshened and revived, adds to it. 'On the fundamental point, which is the moral emotion, all are agreed, and, in consequence, all reunite to surround with assiduous respect, visible and unanimous, the Church and the pastor.' M. Taine thinks that this respect is materially enhanced by the social position of the working clergy; by their being gentlemen, which (in the con-

ventional sense) can rarely be said of the working clergy in France. 'When you come to our château (said Tocqueville), you will find the *curé* dining frequently with me, and once a year Madame de Tocqueville and I dine with him. A brother of the predecessor of the present *curé* was my servant : the *curé* has dined with me while his brother waited, and neither of them perceived in this the least *inconvenience*.'

The complex and irregular construction of our society is a puzzle to M. Taine, as it has been immemorially a puzzle to all foreigners, and (to own the truth) is still a puzzle to ourselves. 'How is it (writes Tocqueville in 1853) that the word *gentleman*, which in our language denotes a mere superiority of blood, with you is now used to express a certain social position, and amount of education, independent of birth; so that in two countries the same word, though the sound remains the same, has entirely changed its meaning? When did this revolution take place? How, and through what transitions? If I had the honour of a personal acquaintance with Mr. Macaulay, I should venture to write to ask him these questions. In the excellent history which he is now publishing he alludes to this fact, but he does not try to explain it.' These questions were put to Lord Macaulay, and he was unable to answer them. M. Taine has devoted some pages to the attempt with indifferent success, although he has not failed to perceive that the word has no fixed and well-defined meaning, being indiscriminately used to express position, education, tone of mind, conduct, bearing, manners, and birth, in conjunction or apart. Thus B—— was merely referring to conduct or character when, speaking to M. Taine of 'a great lord, a diplomatist,' he said, 'He is no gentleman.' But Dr. Arnold was using it to imply the rarest assemblage of qualities when writing from France, he spoke of the total absence of gentlemen, and added, with less than his usual liberality, 'A real English Christian gentleman, of manly heart, enlightened mind, is more, I think, than Guizot or Sismondi could be able to comprehend: no other country could, I think, furnish so fine a specimen of human nature.' It is a well-known Irish boast that a finished Irish gentleman would be the most perfect gentleman in the world, *if you could but meet with him*.

'Most modern legislators resemble the children who, after having stuck a frail branch into the ground, pull it up every morning to see if it has taken root.' This is one of the published 'Thoughts' of a statesman who has had the good fortune to a constitution, which he largely aided in

planting, take root.* The same thought occurred to M. Taine when an eminent French publicist talked of transplanting the English or American form of government to France, adding, 'It is the locomotive; it is enough to bring it across the water, and instantly it will replace the diligence.' No, we reply with M. Taine, a constitution, a system of government, has no analogy to a locomotive: it is not a mere mechanical contrivance; to copy it is one thing, to acclimatise or assimilate it is another. You may as well talk of transplanting an historic mansion with its hereditary associations and its oaks.

'We admire the stability of the English Government; this is due to its being the extremity and natural unfolding of an infinity of living fibres rooted in the soil over all the surface of the country. Suppose a riot like that of Lord Gordon's, but better conducted and fortified by socialistic proclamations; add to this, what is contrary to all probability, a gunpowder plot, the total and sudden destruction of the two Houses and of the Royal Family. Only the peak of the Government would be carried off, the rest would remain intact.'

Charles Lamb was wont to say that there were two historical events which he wished had turned out differently. He regretted that Charles I. did not hang Milton, and that Guy Fawkes did not succeed in blowing up the two Houses of Parliament. As regards the two Houses, he had possibly in view the solution of the problem started by M. Taine—what the nation would do in such a contingency. We agree with him, that 'in each parish, in each county, there would be families around which the others would group themselves; important personages, gentlemen and noblemen, who would take the control and make a beginning; that the exploded peers and members would be speedily replaced, and that much the same course would be taken which was taken when James II. fled the kingdom, after throwing the Great Seal into the Thames.

'Thus their Government is stable, because they possess natural representatives. It is necessary to reflect in order to feel all the weight of this last word, so simple. . . . Thus all our establishments, Republic, Empire, Monarchy, are provisional, resembling the great drop-scenes which in turn fill an empty stage, disappearing or reappearing on occasion. We see them descend, reascend, with a sort of indifference. We are inconvenienced on account of the noise, of the dust, of the disagree-

* 'Pensées diverses de M. Sylvain van de Weyer.' published in the first volume of the 'Opuscules,' edited by M. Delepière.

able countenances of the hired applauders, but we resign ourselves; for what can we do in the matter?'

M. Taine devotes some pages to aristocratic ascendancy, having discovered unerring signs of it on every side; like the inscription on tins of biscuits and pots of pomade, 'Adopted by the nobility and gentry.' B—— came to France during the Exhibition and was surprised at the familiarities of the soldiers. 'When a captain of the Guides was looking at a picture in a shop window, two soldiers, standing behind him, bent forward and looked over his shoulder. B—— said to me, such conduct would not be tolerated with us; we have distinctions of ranks.' It was the want of such distinctions that produced the fatal insubordination of the French army during the late war; and both advocates and opponents of the Purchase System were agreed as to the advantage of having an army officered by a class to which the privates could look up. A medical man was mentioned who had declined a peerage. The Englishman who told M. Taine this added, 'He was right: no man who has held out his hand for guineas could take his place among peers of the realm.' Mr. Rae, the translator, cites this as an instance in which M. Taine has been led into 'notable error' by inexcusably ignorant persons. 'His informant must have been strangely unacquainted with the fact known to everybody, that barristers not only take guineas, but accept them willingly, and that the more guineas they receive, owing to the increase of their practice, the better are their prospects of a seat on the woolsack and elevation to the peerage. Moreover, at least one member of the House of Lords entered it not many years ago solely because, as a banker, he had handled the money of his customers so judiciously as to have accumulated an enormous fortune.'

It is Mr. Rae who errs from not perceiving the point of the remark. The barrister and the banker do not hold out their hands for guineas. The barrister's fee is paid by the attorney to his clerk, and the banker does not personally receive the money of his customers. The merchant and the shop-keeper both make money by trade, but it is the manner of making it which creates the recognised social difference between the two.

After eighty years of political experiment, involving an incalculable waste of life and property, the French, beginning to despair of liberty, are proud of having attained equality—at least that kind of it under which every man claims to be the equal of his

superior and the superior of his equal. After nearly two hundred years of settled government, the English have obtained a reasonable share of liberty, but are content to put up with some social anomalies, the shreds and patches of the past; and M. Taine, forgetting all he has said of the softening, elevating, refining influences of an hereditary aristocracy, sneers at us for not placing an artist or man of letters, merely because he is an artist or a man of letters, on a level with the noble and the millionaire. It is not enough that he takes his station by their side when he has won his spurs, or that 'a few authors, on account of the moral or political nature of their writings, are considered and esteemed':—

'According to what my friends tell me, the position of the others is lower than with us. The able journalists who write masterly leading articles three or four times monthly do not sign their articles, and are unknown to the public. Properly speaking, they are literary hacks. Their article is read at breakfast, as one swallows the bread and butter which is eaten with tea. One no more asks who wrote the article than one asks who made the butter. If next month the article and the butter are of inferior quality, one changes one's newspaper and buttermilk. No journalist becomes Member of Parliament or rises to be a Minister of State, as in France after 1880.'

We are unable to see the injustice of not doing honour to the unknown. It is far from clear to our minds that France has gained at any period by making journalism a stepping-stone to power; and we challenge M. Taine to name a man who has obtained honourable distinction in any walk who is not received on a footing of equality in the most refined circles, provided his habits and tone of mind fit him for blending easily and naturally with them. The fact is, M. Taine has placed too much reliance on the authority of one whose finest veins of thought and observation were alloyed by an unaccountable weakness on this subject. We say 'unaccountable,' because, besides being a man of genius of the kindest and most generous nature, he was a gentleman by education and by birth. 'I had a conversation with Thackeray, whose name I mention because he is dead, and because his ideas and his conversations are to be found in his books. He confirmed orally all that he had written about the snobbish spirit. He said that he admired our equality greatly, and that great people are so habituated to see people on their knees before them that they are shocked when they meet a man of independent demeanour. I myself,' he added, 'am now regarded as a suspicious

character.' This is preposterous. 'Great people' are shocked when they meet a man who is deficient in self-respect, who exhibits an uneasy consciousness of social inequality of which they themselves are unconscious till they are reminded of it by his constrained manner, his air of mock deference, or his sneer. He is not regarded as a suspicious character, but as a jarring or uncomfortable one. He ruffles their self-complacency, is voted ill-bred or vulgar, and let drop. Plutocracy just now is more in the ascendant than aristocracy; but, in the social arena, celebrity and agreeability combined beat both.

In a chapter headed 'De l'Esprit anglais,' M. Taine maintains that 'the interior of an English head may not unaptly be likened to one of Murray's Handbooks, which contains many facts and few ideas.' But any passing indignation that may be roused by this comparison will abate on finding what sort of ideas he prefers to facts. After finding fault with John Sterling's letter (published by Carlyle) on the West Indies, describing a hurricane, for being a pure statement of facts, he says that the impression produced is the same if we consider in turn the journals, the reviews, and the oratory of the two nations. 'The special correspondent of an English journal is a sort of photographer that forwards proofs taken on the spot, and these are published unaltered.' A French editor would deem himself bound to lighten them, to fling in some clever touches, 'to sum up the whole in a clear idea, embodied in a telling phrase.' There is a French translation of 'Eothen' in which M. Taine's theory is carried out. The translator, thinking his author deficient in enterprise or 'slow,' has interwoven an affair of gallantry of his own invention, as if it formed part of the original work. This is what M. Taine would call supplying the deficiency of ideas. This deficiency (he says) is particularly remarkable in our English writers on classical antiquity. They are thoroughly versed in Greek, and they have made Greek verses from the time of leaving school:—

'But they are devoid of ideas, they know the dry bones (*matériel*) of antiquity, but are unable to feel its spirit; they do not picture to themselves its civilisation as a whole, the special characteristic of a southern and polytheistic spirit, the sentiments of an athlete, of a dialectician, of an artist. Look, for example, at Mr. Gladstone's extraordinary commentaries on Homer. Nor has Mr. Grote, in his great "History of Greece," done anything more than write the history of constitutions and political debates.'

These are singularly ill-chosen illustrations. Mr. Gladstone abounds in ideas: he revels in myths and theories: he is of speculation all compact. One of the finest and most distinctive features of Mr. Grote's 'History' is his appreciation of the spirit of antiquity,* and the strictly historical portion is surely not confined to constitutions and political debates. Can M. Taine have read either Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Grote! We strongly suspect that this is one of several instances (his criticism on English Painting is another) in which he has framed his conclusions by the *a priori* mode of reasoning, or by the rule of conditions and dependencies. But we part from him in perfect good humour, and (what is more) on the best possible terms with ourselves. We English are the least sensitive and consequently the most provoking nation upon earth. *Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo.* Although an exasperated public, in both hemispheres, may be crying shame on us for our selfish indifference when thrones and presidential chairs are rocking and toppling, or half a continent is laid waste, we point complacently to our accumulated wealth, our boundless resources, our unshaken credit, our laws, our liberty, our flag on which the sun never sets, our time-honoured monarchy, fenced round with time-honoured institutions, like the proud keep of Windsor girt with its double belt of kindred and coeval towers. We listen with equal equanimity to reflections on our social habits or personal qualities, especially when the estimate is favourable upon the whole. So long as courage, firmness, energy, industry, fidelity, constancy, elevation of mind and warmth of heart are conceded to us, M. Taine may expatiate as he thinks fit on the dullness of our Sundays, the humidity of our climate, our unidea'd fondness for facts, our unsentimental regard for duty, the clumsy boots of our women, or the portentous consumption of mutton and strong drinks by our men.

ART. VIII.—1. *Thoughts upon Government.* By Arthur Helps. London, 1872.

2. *Papers relating to the Reorganization of the Civil Service.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. London, 1855.

* We refer M. Taine to (amongst others) ch. xvi. 'Grecian Myths,' ch. xvii. 'The Grecian Mythical compared with that of Modern Europe,' ch. lxvii. 'The Drama, Rhetoric, and Dialectics: the Sophists,' ch. lxviii. 'Socrates.'

3. *Reports of Her Majesty's Civil Service Commissioners, together with Appendices. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty.* London, 1856-1871.
4. *A Letter, respectfully addressed to the Honourable the Members of the House of Commons, by the Temporary Clerks and Writers in Her Majesty's Civil Service, upon their Present Position, consequent upon the Queen's Order in Council, dated at Balmoral, 19th August, 1871.* London, 1872.

THERE is no characteristic of modern English politics more marked than the prevalence, the ever-growing and widening prevalence, of that which for want of an English word we call *doctrinairism*. In proportion as we have democratized our institutions, we have made way for the *doctrinaire* among our politicians. The democracy is given to a belief in 'principles' or 'ideas' with which the eminently practical genius of a commercial middle-class has as little sympathy as the conservative caution of an aristocratic government. It is easily moved to enthusiasm for a principle, or a phrase which it mistakes for such, and it lacks the instincts and the experience which might deter it from putting implicit faith in abstract reasonings. Hence, as soon as democracy gained a powerful footing in the constitution, *doctrinairism* began to influence our polity. The statesmen trained in the old aristocratic school steadily distrusted the *doctrinaires*; but when Lord Palmerston died and Lord Russell gave way, that school was practically extinct, and England has now for the first time a Ministry whose official course is actually governed by certain dogmatic formulas, and which appeals to the popular imagination by a series of striking phrases, miscalled political principles. Such phrases are now-a-days a real power in politics; a power against which practical reasonings, accumulations of facts, arguments drawn from historical experience, are absolutely useless. 'Payment by results' revolutionized the teaching of our elementary schools; 'religious equality' destroyed the constitution and confiscated the property of the Protestant Church in Ireland; 'promotion by merit' has forced through Parliament a costly military reorganization in which Parliament did not half believe, and to which it was very much averse. No argument would have availed, no evidence would have been sufficient, to inspire even a distrust of these so-called principles; to suggest even a misgiving that payment by results meant discouragement of all education but

such as could be made to exhibit results that would be paid for; that the 'religious equality' demanded by an Ultramontane hierarchy must be equality of a very peculiar kind indeed; and that 'promotion by merit,' in the absence of any defined standard of merit, might chance to mean promotion by favouritism. The 'principle' was clearly a just one; to assail it directly was to court defeat and disgrace; and to endeavour to discriminate between the embodying phrase and the embodied idea, the abstract doctrine and the actual application, was a function far too subtle for the rudeness of platform debate and election controversy. The *doctrinaires* prevailed; and their doctrines have taken their place among recognised political truths. The recollection of the past is not encouraging, when we address ourselves to resist the establishment of another doctrine of the school—one which, in many minds, is we believe accepted as a necessary and obvious corollary of promotion by merit—we mean Competitive Examination for all first appointments in the public service. Fortunately, this principle has not gained popularity abroad as it has gained practical acceptance within; it has not, like its predecessors, usurped a name that at once begs the question of its propriety; and we shall therefore venture, if not in the most hopeful spirit, to point out a few of the considerations which lead us to regard it as logically unsound and practically mischievous.

It is due, however, to the able and eminent men, *doctrinaires* though they be, who are primarily answerable for the introduction of competitive examination into the Civil Service of this country, to say in starting that the desire of excluding dunces seems to have been that which weighed most strongly with them, and that though, for obvious reasons, they might prefer to dwell upon their higher and more chimerical aspirations—on the hope of rendering the public patronage a mighty instrument for the encouragement and reform of public education, and at the same time attracting to the immediate service of the Crown the very intellectual flower of each rising generation—they were more deeply impressed with the importance of at least securing that that service should not be a refuge for indolence or mediocrity. There had been gross abuses, no doubt, though these had been much exaggerated, and there was a tendency in the conditions of the service to accumulate incapacity in a degree which would hardly have been possible elsewhere. Civil Service appointments had acquired by custom something of that freehold character which legally belongs to many clerical and other offices, so

that dismissal for mere stupidity was hardly thought of. Still in the higher posts the sense of responsibility and the personal interest of the political chief was on the whole, as it is now, a sufficient guarantee for the competence of his nominees. But in the lower ranks the salaries were small and the duties at first mechanical: able men, with a career open to them, did not care to engage themselves to copy letters for five or ten years at 100*l.* a year, and dull men seemed competent to such functions. They could do little harm, and the harm they did would not tell upon the credit of the office or the convenience of its chief. Once admitted, they had an almost indefeasible claim to rise by seniority; and hence had arisen in some of the offices a state of things described in strong terms by Sir J. Stephen, and which certainly called for redress. But it must be observed that before 1854 correction had already begun: the nominees of the Minister were subject to examination and rejection by the permanent heads of departments, and this check—in the nature of things a very effective one as against any but the personal connections and *protégés* of the political chiefs (a very small class of candidates)—had been honestly and effectively applied. Still, appointments in the Civil Service were given by political favour, on the application of Parliamentary supporters, and often with no knowledge on the Minister's part of his nominee, and no reason to believe him possessed of more than the average of capacity; and, for the reasons above given, the service was more attractive to the slow and dull than to the clever and self-reliant. Sir C. Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote sought a remedy for this evil in the universal application of competitive examination to first appointments in the regular service of the Crown, excepting, of course, those which are habitually filled by the introduction of men of middle age from Parliament and from the professions. Recognising, however, that the offer of 100*l.* a year, and the prospect of copying-clerks' work till thirty, would not attract the first-class men of Oxford or the Wranglers of Cambridge, they also proposed to divide the clerical force of the different departments into two branches, according to the character of their duties, mechanical or intellectual. The copying and book-keeping and other analogous work was to be the task of writers taken from a lower class and paid at a lower rate, as well as qualified by very inferior attainments; the higher duties of the office, involving anything like responsibility, however subordinate, or exercise of judgment, however strictly limited, were to be entrusted to a secretariate, to be recruited

by competition from among the finest intellects of the rising generation.

The Report embodying these principal recommendations was submitted to the Treasury in 1854, and by the Treasury printed and circulated among the heads of departments in the Civil Service on the one hand, and the authorities of all the great schools, colleges, and universities on the other—all being invited to express their opinions upon the recommendations therein contained. Considering that the very appointment under which Sir C. Trevelyan and Sir S. Northcote had acted, and the circulation of their Report by the Treasury, confirmed the general impression that the highest authorities looked favourably upon the proposed reform, the result of the invitation is not a little curious. The several replies were collected in the volume which we have placed second at the head of this article. With scarcely an exception the men of theory were in favour of the scheme; with scarcely an exception the men of experience were against it. The teachers had no doubt that their best pupils would make the best Civil servants; the examiners were justly confident of their power to examine a thousand or ten thousand candidates, and place them in order, according to the technical rules of the game; the head-masters were charmed at the prospect of some hundreds of prizes yearly available to reward scholastic diligence and proficiency. The permanent chiefs of the Civil Service, almost to a man, deprecated the proposal in terms as decided as were ever used by a body of gentlemen remarkable for the caution and moderation of their criticisms on any scheme supposed to enjoy the favour of their superiors, and accustomed by the necessity of their position to accept in submissive silence the crudities of each new politician who has to learn the rudiments of his business at their expense. The energy and unanimity of their condemnation—scarcely one man whose character and experience gave authority to his judgment approving the suggestions of the Report—would have sobered any but enthusiasts, and staggered any but *doctrinaires*. The reporters persevered in their recommendations; but the Government of the day could not altogether disregard the unanimous remonstrances of all the ablest and most trusted servants of the Crown, and they ventured only on a tentative and partial application of the new principles.

The first step taken was to institute, as proposed by the Report, a Civil Service Commission, to supervise the admission of candidates for employment, and to conduct such examinations as might from time to

time be thought expedient. The next step was the introduction of a pass or qualifying examination, extended gradually from one department to another—the subjects and general idea of the examination being prescribed by the permanent chiefs of the department, the standard being necessarily dependent on the judgment of the examiners. Thirdly, by cautious and hesitating steps, the so-called ‘limited competition’ was introduced. The Minister in whose hands the patronage lay appointed two or more candidates for each vacancy, and the Civil Service commissioners selected the one who obtained the greatest number of marks in examination. Also, by degrees, a division on the principle suggested by the reporters was made between writers and clerks: the former, on whom have devolved almost exclusively the lower and mechanical duties of the office, being paid at a rate proportioned to the remuneration of similar services out-of-doors, and shut out from the prospect of promotion; the latter no longer commencing their service with these mechanical functions, but entering at once upon more important duties and a somewhat higher rate of pay than heretofore.

So far the change had proceeded before the accession of Mr. Gladstone’s Ministry to office; and the experiences acquired under the transition system were interesting and valuable. The general effect of the qualifying examination was confessedly good: it excluded simpletons, and protected the service against the intrusion of that class of ‘hard bargains,’ for which it had had such powerful and peculiar attractions. It is also confessed by those who are least favourable to the system that, admitting the principle, the examiners did their work, on the whole, very well. There were numerous complaints from the rejected or their friends, and many sharp sarcasms were levelled at the pedantry and exacting spirit supposed to be shown by certain of the questions asked. But it did not appear that in any one case a candidate had been rejected merely for his ignorance of abstruse points of science or of elegant scholarship. In overwhelming majority the failures were due to rudimentary ignorance: men were ‘plucked,’ not in astronomy, or geology, or Greek, but in spelling, in English grammar, or in the simpler rules of arithmetic. In more than one case chiefs of departments complained to the Commissioners of the rejection of men whom they knew to be clever men and most efficient clerks, and whom they had therefore desired to promote from subordinate or temporary service to a place on the regular establishment. But we believe that in every instance the

complaint was silenced by an inspection of the candidate’s papers: the remonstrant, while maintaining that the man was fully competent, was compelled to allow that no examiner could possibly pass him. And this admission the Commissioners and their friends appear to think a complete vindication of the principle as well as of the practice. But, in truth, the more complete the justification of the one, the more conclusive the condemnation of the other. Had it proved that the examiners had been too exacting, or the examination misdirected, it might be possible to contend that a good system of examination would be a safe criterion of merit. But when it is shown that an examination with which no fault can be found constantly rejects very good men and admits very inferior men, you have a conclusive evidence that examination is a very defective test—that a man may be able, efficient, qualified for the duties of the post, who yet cannot stand an examination, by question and answer, in the very kinds of knowledge considered by his superiors the most cognate to its functions; for, as above said, the character of the examinations was determined by the chiefs of departments. *A fortiori*, the man best qualified for practical duties may be the man who will be beaten most egregiously in a *competitive* examination.

After all, examination is recommended only as a means of testing probable merit in the absence of proved merit: it is surely absurd to apply it where the merit has already been proved in practical service—to rectify the results of a certain test by applying the doubtful one. We have heard some curious instances of the signal miscarriages of justice resulting from this piece of *doctrinaire* pedantry. There have been and are men holding temporary, supernumerary, or subordinate positions in different offices—probably cases could be found in half the departments of the service—whom their chiefs know to be competent for higher duties, who deserve higher remuneration, who have simply *earned* promotion, and whom their superiors, one and all, wish to promote, but who cannot pass an examination, and who must, therefore, be deprived of their deserved reward, while young and untried men, who may or may not be fit for the duty, are appointed to the places for which the former are notoriously and specially qualified. Is not this *doctrinairism* run mad—theory actually preferred to practice, probability to certainty, the presumption of capacity afforded by scholarship to the proved capacity ascertained in service? It is obvious that under a system of open com-

petition this class of cases will be multiplied tenfold, inasmuch as the supernumerary of proved official fitness will *almost invariably* be beaten by the lad fresh from school or college. One would think that the absurdity and injustice of a rule which leads to such results were obvious enough to induce the veriest theorist—to say nothing of experienced statesmen—to provide for exceptions; to enact, for example, that a certificate of competence, or at any rate a certificate of special fitness, signed by the chief of a department or by a responsible Minister of the Crown, should dispense the holder from examination, competitive or otherwise. But the tendency is to apply the rule of competition more and more generally, more and more stringently, till we have come to this—that under the regulations of 1870 and 1871 first appointments to Civil Service clerkships are thrown open to general competition, without restriction or reserve; that already, in a majority of departments, and soon no doubt in all, every vacancy is to be awarded, like an open scholarship at Oxford or Cambridge, to the candidate who obtains the highest number of marks in an examination at which every subject of the Queen, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four has an equal right to present himself—is, in short, to become a prize for general proficiency, to be contested by the foremost pupils of every school and college in the empire.

The new system is briefly this: The Civil Service—by which term we mean to exclude the holders of what are called staff appointments, which lie outside the routine of regular promotion, and to include all other permanent servants of the Crown—is divided into three classes, separated by an impassable line. The lowest class consists of writers hired at so much per week, or per hour, or by the piece; men who are mere mechanics employed for the nonce, and discharged when not wanted, like bricklayers or carpenters. They are forbidden to dream of promotion; they cannot even hope to earn, by long and meritorious service, an increase of salary. And yet, as it is impossible to draw a hard and fast line between mechanical and intellectual functions, not a little work belonging to the higher order must practically fall into the hands of these ill-paid, hopeless, untrusting men. Next come what we will call the clerks proper, selected by competitive examination in 'the various branches of a sound English education' from among the pupil-teachers of our elementary schools, or any other class of clever lads whose parents can just manage to obtain for them that kind of schooling which implies no true education, no home training, none of that mental and

moral development, that improving social intercourse of which a University career is the stamp and sign, and for which alone a pass degree is valuable. Thirdly, there is the class destined for what we may call secretarial functions; a select body of higher clerks, who win their places by competition in Latin and Greek, mathematics and science, French and German, history and literature—in short, by proof of proficiency in any and all departments of academic study. There is to be no promotion from the one class to the other, no matter what merit may be developed in the lower, or what demerit, not worthy of dismissal, in the higher. The *status* of the Civil servant, for all his life, is to depend not on what he proves himself in office work at thirty or forty, but on what he showed himself in scholarship at twenty.* The rate of salaries, in general, remains unchanged, but we may fairly believe that ere long a higher initial salary will be offered to the class which it is desired to recruit with Cambridge wranglers and Oxford double-firsts.

At last, then, Sir C. Trevelyan has triumphed absolutely. The recommendations of his report are to be carried out almost to the letter: the bright dreams of the professors and head-masters who applauded them are to be realised or disappointed; the system against which the heads of the Civil Service with one voice remonstrated is to be enforced in all its strictness. Here, then, for the first time, the arguments of the two parties are fairly put to the test: hitherto the provisional compromise that has prevailed has been as far from fulfilling the hopes of theorists as from realising the alarms with which men of experience regarded the original scheme; but now the scheme to which those hopes and fears applied is a practical reality, is even enforced, as we shall presently note, on a wider field than was at first proposed, and it becomes a grave and practical question how far this system of open competition—this plan of making every

* This involves a peculiar injustice to men comparatively poor. They are necessarily at a disadvantage in youth, because they cannot afford an expensive schooling; but, with fair play and extra diligence, they would in the end reach that place in active life to which their real capacity entitled them. The effect of the new system is to fix their position *for life* according to the results of that schooling in which they are placed at special disadvantage, and to deprive them of the opportunity of retrieving that disadvantage by efficiency in practical duties. And many of those thus wronged, in the Civil Service, will be socially the equals of their favoured superiors—their equals in birth, and breeding, and all except wealth: often, it may be, the sons of meritorious Civil Servants.

opening in life the reward of success at school—is likely to benefit the schools or to injure the Civil Service as much as those respectively interested in each anticipated in 1855.

The academic authorities were then generally enthusiastic in favour of a scheme which promised to distribute every year a number of prizes of the highest value for academic proficiency. Their mode of regarding the question was natural enough: indeed, from their standpoint, no other view was to be expected. What could be more agreeable to their feelings than that the places hitherto distributed among the *protégés* of a Minister should henceforth be given to their own favourite pupils; that the passport to official employment should henceforth be in their gift, rather than in the gift of political partisans? To those who were engaged in a constant struggle with idleness, it was a satisfaction that henceforth one of the great resources of the idle should be cut off; that the refuge hitherto open to the incorrigible Nobooks should for the future be filled with industrious bookworms; that scholarship, instead of being limited to such rewards as the Universities had to bestow, and being apparently useless in practical life, should henceforth be the sole key to unlock the entrance to one of the most honourable of practical careers? Accustomed to look chiefly, if not solely, to academic proficiency as the one form of intellectual superiority with which they were concerned, and to appraise men, by competitive examination in academic studies, it was inevitable that they should unconsciously overrate both the value of academic proficiency as a proof of general capacity, and the efficiency of examination as a test of comparative attainments. They naturally left the Civil Service to take care of itself. They thought and said, justly enough, that they could undertake to supply, through the medium of competitive examinations, any required number of young men of more than average ability. They thought, very naturally, that in the prospect of a great mass of secure and honourable appointments held out to youths of eighteen or twenty-one as the rewards of scholarship, according to relative qualifications—clerkships and private secretaryships for the first-class University man; secondary places, writerships, bookkeeperships, and the like for head boys of commercial schools; tide-waiterships and gaugerships for the successful aspirant from the national school—a great stimulus would be given to study; that parents, seeing that their sons might really turn their schooling to direct account,

would be the more willing to send them to school and keep them there; that boys, seeing that their future might be made or marred by their conduct at school, would be encouraged to earnest and persevering exertion. They thought of the influence which a Board, with all the patronage of Government at its disposal, for the reward of scholastic merit, might exercise on all the schools of the country, from the dame-school of a Welsh parish to Harrow or Eton; of the pressure that would be put upon bad schools to improve, upon schools persisting in antiquated methods to make progress, of the encouragement of new studies and a higher style of instruction, when it should depend upon a boy's schooling whether or not he should at the age of twenty-one be provided for, honourably and comfortably, for the rest of his life. We ought hardly to wonder that they failed to consider how much mischief such an influence might do; for at that time the evil of stagnation and neglect was the one apparent evil, and the dangers of a misdirected movement were not of a kind to force themselves into effective comparison therewith.

Nevertheless, some uneasiness was expressed even then as to the consequences of the immense power over the educational system of an entire empire which it was proposed to place, and which is now being placed, in the hands of a single body. For though you may change the examiners from time to time, as the elements of a human body are changed, the identity of the corporate existence remains; the ideas, the traditions, the system are the same; and to the hands of those who happen to stamp the impress of their views upon that system, you commit a control over the standard, the style, the subject matter of education in every school in the United Kingdom, as great as would be exercised over Rugby and Harrow by Oxford or Cambridge, if Oxford or Cambridge were the only University in the kingdom. Such-and-such a study will not *tell* at the grand central examination; it is therefore neglected. Such-and-such knowledge will *pay*; it is therefore abnormally stimulated. The Board manifests the Oxford taste for elegance of expression, or the Cambridge preference for the technical minutiae of grammar (we name these simply as illustrations, without affirming that our phrases accurately describe the distinction of which all are conscious), and the teaching of every school from John o' Groats to the Land's End is affected thereby. Moreover, the very fact that a large proportion of the *best* scholars in any school are looking to a particular competi-

tive examination as the goal of their studies, cannot but tend to lower the tone of teaching therein, and approximate it to cramming. The object is not to instruct them thoroughly, but to give them knowledge that will *tell*—that will show. Even the system of competitive examination in vogue at the Universities has relation only to a fixed course of study, and encourages proficiency in that alone. It tests industry within the limits of the regular *curriculum*; it tests ability as shown in the prescribed direction. But not only does it not afford any test of ability, or any encouragement to industry outside of the set limits of the course, but it proscribes and discourages them.

We believe that a man who should read hard at Oxford or Cambridge, but with a determination not to take honours, would at the end of his time be a better read, better educated man, a more truly accomplished scholar than one who had given the same amount of work to the beaten track, with the usual object in view. We do not on that account deprecate examinations, or deny their necessity in the Universities; we only desire to point out the heavy drawbacks which accompany their usefulness. But what must be the consequence when over every school of every class hangs the shadow of one gigantic examination, at which every prize is a lifelong provision, and in which all the sharpest intellects of a thousand schools will be measured against each other? In the first place, you put into the hands of a single body a power which no single body ought to possess. Every one will admit that it would be a great misfortune if England had but a single University, or if either of its two great Universities had had a decided and permanent preponderance; that much as England owes to Oxford and to Cambridge severally, she owes more to their separation; to the fact that from the revival of learning the final training of the youth of the higher classes, the completion of the higher education, the distribution of the great academic prizes, and the immense power over the general education of the country which these confer, have not been centered in one University, but divided between two of equal authority, of equal rank, with tolerably equal wealth, and with distinct tendencies and different preferences, one of which has given ascendancy to letters, and one to science, and which have encouraged different views of even classical education, distinct styles of scholarship and modes of training. Had Oxford or Cambridge stood alone, every superior school throughout the kingdom must have been moulded upon a single

type; as it is, the conflicting influences of the two Universities have secured to every school a certain independence; and as one has shown a preference for Oxford and one for Cambridge, different models have prevailed in different schools, and within the same school an equal chance has been afforded to youths of somewhat differing talents and tastes.

But the influence of an examining government is in many ways more dangerous than that of a single University. It is a much narrower body. Within each University are several colleges, each exercising an independent influence on the examining authority of the University itself. The Government Examiners are not only a single University, but a single college. The prizes of the Universities—except those distinctly academic or ecclesiastical—are not tenable for life; and their full power is therefore exerted only on those who are destined for a learned life, and may be supposed to love study for its own sake: the very minds which can best resist the cramping and degrading influence of examination on study. On the other hand, the prizes awarded by Government are held for life, and are meant to attract men who will look to their studies only as the means of giving them a permanent provision and a practical career, and who, therefore, will have no motive to hold out against the all-pervading influence of the examination: will learn just what the examiners require, just in the way that suits their purpose. The success of the pupils of any given school at the government examinations will measure the credit of that school with the public: boys will be sent where they will have the best chance of winning the greatest prizes offered to study; and no head-master will be able to stand out against the tyrannical influence, or to persevere in a course of teaching too good for the Civil Service examination. Finally, the influence of that examination will be far wider, as well as far stronger, than the influence of the Universities; it will reach, through its lower prizes, schools beneath the reach of the Tripos or of Moderations, beneath even the reach of the local examinations; will govern the tone of instruction, and fix the course and the standard of elementary and commercial schools, as well as of Eton, Harrow, and Rugby. It may be, indeed, as we shall presently see, that it will affect the lower class of schools more than the higher; but if the latter escape its influence, it will only be because their foremost pupils decline its prizes, and let them fall to the foremost of a lower grade; about the most deteriorating result, so far as the character of

the service is concerned, that could possibly occur.

We must refer here, in connection with the special character and general influence of the Civil Service Examination, to the tendency of competitive examinations to engender cramming. When you have only to arrange men in classes according as they reach or fall short of a certain standard, you may easily so conduct your examination that cramming shall not raise a man from one class to another. But if you attempt to place them in order, the crammed man must, *ceteris paribus*, get more marks than the uncrammed; and when the difference of one mark in two hundred may make the difference between success and failure—a life-provision, and a defeat which wastes the labour and disappoints the hopes of years—no dislike of cramming, no love of genuine study, will prevent a man from taking that course which gives the best chance of success. It is certain that in proportion to the number of subjects admitted and the wide range of an examination does it encourage cramming. Boys cannot learn many subjects thoroughly; and in 'going up' for such examinations the rule, we believe, is to break off their thorough study of the usual school *curriculum* a year or two before the fatal day, and 'cram' the multitude of 'extras' under the guidance of a professional master of that degrading art. Now it is inevitable that in an examination open to all the world, on the results of which all the prizes in the gift of a government are to depend, a great variety of subjects should be included. Even if the necessity of the case did not require it, the outcry of one set of complainants against the absurdity of preferring a knowledge of Latin and Greek to a knowledge of French and German, ancient to modern history, algebra to geography, and so forth, and the clamour of another for the encouragement of the practical branches of knowledge, would be such as no Government could resist. It is inevitable, then, that you should include a vast range of subjects; and this involves, first, the minor evil of unreality and arbitrariness in the result, as different candidates, proficient in different subjects, can be placed in order only on arbitrary and artificial principles—marks for Greek, for mathematics, and for geography, being really incommensurable quantities; secondly, the major evil of encouraging 'cram,' inasmuch as no man ventures to rely solely on that which he really knows; and the classical scholar spends months in getting up a factitious knowledge of arithmetic and modern geography, the mathematician in learning by heart a quantity of

dates and extracts which may enable him to figure in English literature, and so forth. By limiting the number of subjects in which any one candidate may be examined, you limit the evil, but certainly do not eradicate it. The plan adopted in the Indian examination of striking off all marks below a certain minimum obliges a man to concentrate and prolong his cramming; but the proof that it does not prevent cramming is to be found in the numerous advertisements of those who undertake to 'prepare' candidates for that struggle, and the general resort to their help. Indeed, we might rest our case against competitive examination, outside mere academic contests, on the single point of the employment of professional crammers. Whenever it becomes customary to 'prepare' specially for a competitive examination, the pre-examination is, for the purpose either of testing real capacity or of promoting real knowledge, already worse than useless. How many youths will venture to 'go up' for the Indian, or the new Civil Service or Military Competition, straight from the ordinary studies of Eton or Harrow, Rugby or Cheltenham, without an intermediate course of laborious cramming at school or elsewhere? The official competitors have created a new and lucrative profession, not of teachers but of 'preparers,' whose trade it is to defeat the purpose of competition, to secure the prize to adroit and ingenious cramming, as against true general education and genuine ability. The resort to them proves their success; and their success is the failure of the competitive system.

If such are the probable effects upon the personal education of the candidates, and the general education of the country, of turning the vacancies in the public service into prizes for scholastic proficiency, how will the service itself be effected? On this point the chiefs of that service were unanimous, or nearly so, in 1854; we believe that they are generally of one mind now. With one voice they condemned the principle then; now, as we are informed, their successors are equally averse to the practical shape it has assumed; despite the fact that those political superiors on whom they depend, and to whom they are accustomed to defer, are resolute in its favour. Their objections rest, of course, on none of those inherent defects in the working of competitive examination of which we could say much if space allowed, but which do not fall within the scope of their experience. Their argument is that if competition will give you the sharpest, cleverest, best read youths of from nineteen to twenty-two to be

found in the kingdom, it will have given you the wrong men for the work; and that in fettering the discretion and taking away the whole of the patronage hitherto exercised by the Ministers of the Crown, it cannot but interfere seriously with the efficiency of the Civil Service. Of course no amount of experience, no arguments so mean and narrow as those of practical convenience and probable operation will weigh for a moment with the true *doctrinaire* against the irrefragable justice and self-evident wisdom of one of his axiomatic dogmas; or we should be inclined to wonder how it was possible for the present Ministry, with the representations of 1855 before them, and knowing that those representations were confirmed by a great preponderance of authority at this day, to enforce without misgiving the whole and perfect theory of open competition.

In the first place, the chiefs of the Civil Service then argued, competition will give you the wrong men. Patronage, it is true, except in special instances, has no tendency to give you the right men; but it gives to all classes of intellects a pretty equal chance; taking men at random, it will give you at least as large a proportion of the kind of men you require as is to be found generally in the classes of society from which the nominees are taken. But competition actually ensures that you shall get none but clever, smart, ambitious young fellows, with minds early developed to their full growth; and those who have advocated competition have always silently assumed that these are the men you want. The men of experience affirm the contrary. The duties of the Civil Service, except in its highest ranks, hardly call for brilliant abilities; the conditions of the service will neither content nor remunerate them. The pay of the service is low. Originally it was, for many years after the first appointment, a miserable pittance, and even if the recommendations of Sir S. Northcote and Sir C. Trevelyan should be carried out to the full extent, and a good initial salary be given, it is still certain that a man who is receiving 500*l.* a year at thirty, 800*l.* at forty, and 1500*l.* at fifty, may be considered as an example of brilliant success in the service of the Crown. Had such a man entered at the bar, or in a merchant's office, or gone to India or the Colonies, the abilities necessary to bring him to the point he has actually attained, would have sufficed to make him independent at thirty, and a rich man at fifty. A system which would attract the flower of our schools and colleges into the Civil Service—which would make wranglers and first-class men into Treasury Clerks and

India Office Clerks, and leave the *optimus* and second-class men for the professions and business, would result in this—that the former, by the time they had reached middle life, would find themselves poor, just able to maintain their station as gentlemen, but unable to save or make provision for a family, while those who are *ex hypothesi* their inferiors in ability would in right of that very inferiority be receiving far larger incomes, and enjoying an indefinitely better prospect for their children. Is it not clear that bitter disgust and discontent must be the result? It may be said, and with truth, that money is not the sole measure of remuneration, nor the sole inducement to enter or remain in a profession. Honour, opportunities of distinction, social rank, congenial work, political power—professions which offer these may satisfy their members and attract the highest class of aspirants, however low the rate of pecuniary remuneration. But then the Civil Service does not offer any of these things. The work of its members is done in silence and obscurity; in hardly any case do they get the credit of it, save with their immediate colleagues, and with those chiefs who take the credit before the public. Opportunities of distinction are probably rarer in the service of the State than in any other walk of life. Nor does a clerkship, even in the Treasury or the Foreign Office, convey any passport to society, any stamp of social status; rather those offices receive the kind of *éclat* they enjoy from the social rank of the majority of those who have hitherto entered them. The work is for the most part dull and laborious, and is to be done, moreover, in strict obedience to orders of which the worker may probably disapprove, but against which he must not murmur; and from political life he is peremptorily excluded. The character of the Service is well painted, in a few sentences, by one of its most eminent members:—

‘1st. The prizes to be won are not worthy of the pursuit of such young men as I am constantly observing among the foremost of the competitors for academical honour. A Bachelor of Arts is seldom much less than twenty-two years of age. He would be seldom less than twenty-three, before a successful contest had placed him as the junior clerk, and at the bottom of the list, in the office of one of the Secretaries of State. During the next twenty-seven years his official income would not average more than 250*l.* per annum. He would be in his fiftieth year before it rose to 550*l.*, and a sexagenarian by the time he came into the annual receipt of 1000*l.* Such, at least, is the result of my experience on the actual rates of salary, and the actual frequency of promotions. Now, during all this

slow advance to competency and independence, the supposed graduate must have been living in London, and maintaining the appearance of a gentleman. Why expect to attract, by such inducements as these, any men of eminent ability to whom any other path of life is open? For

'2nd. The money to be earned is the solitary attraction. A clerk in a Public Office may not even dream of fame to be acquired in that capacity. He labours in an obscurity as profound as it is unavoidable. His official character is absorbed in that of his superior. He must devote all his talents, and all his learning, to measures, some of which he will assuredly disapprove, without having the slightest power to prevent them; and to some of which he will most essentially contribute, without having any share whatever in the credit of them. He must listen silently to praises bestowed on others, which his pen has earned for them; and if any accident should make him notorious enough to become the suspected author of any unpopular act, he must silently submit to the reproach, even though it be totally unmerited by him. These are, indeed, the indispensable disadvantages of the position of a clerk in a public office, and no man of sense and temper will complain of them. But neither will any man of real mental power, to whom the truth is known beforehand, subject himself to an arduous examination in order to win a post, so ill paid, so obscure, and so subordinate. Or would he win it, no such man would long retain it. Of the six clerks in the Colonial Office in my time, whom I should select as the most able of the whole body, three quitted it altogether, after a sufficient, though comparatively short, experience of it; two (by an otherwise unexampled good fortune) were able by serving in Canada, to obtain distinction, and consequent advancement, to a higher rank in the Public Service at home; and one has found in his literary reputation a more than ample atonement for the obscurity of his official life and labours.'—*Papers on the Reorganization of the Civil Service*, 1855, Sir J. Stephen, pp. 75-76.

It may be said that the Civil Service offers an earlier and a surer, though a smaller maintenance than is to be found in other walks of life. And this may be granted, and has a great influence on a certain class of minds—but not on the class who prevail in competitive examinations. Such men, at the age of twenty, are not apt to be dubious about the future. They have abilities which if intelligently and honestly used ought to ensure them a competence, and give them a fair prospect of success, in any suitable career; they are disposed to be over-confident rather than despondent; they would not deliberately barter all chance of wealth and fame for a sure income rising from 150*l.* to 800*l.* with a chance of 1800*l.*; and if they find that they have done so, they

will be displeased and dissatisfied. In short, such men will never be content in the service, because it neither pays them what they are worth in money, nor gratifies their aspiration after those higher rewards which they value more than money. Sir James Stephen testifies, in the passage just quoted, to the frequency of the instances in which the abler class of Civil Servants have thrown up their situations, to seek for more precarious, but also more promising employment elsewhere—employment in which utter failure was a possible contingency, but which, at least, offered something more than bread to an able and a fortunate labourer. For one who thus emancipates himself, it may fairly be assumed that two remain in discontent and sullenness, conscious of their mistake in life, but restrained by caution, by marriage, or by the remonstrances of friends, from attempting to repair it. The youths who will prevail in competitive examinations will belong to the more adventurous, the more independent, the more self-confident class; to them the security of the Civil Service is of little value, while its poverty, its obscurity, the necessity of strict and silent obedience which attaches to it, are to them especially hateful. You get, then, by competition a class of men who are too good for your work, and whom you will not remunerate. You exclude the men who could do your work well, and would be content with your pay; the slow-maturing, quiet, diffident men of sober sense and sound judgment, though devoid of brilliant talent, who will in time make even better clerks than the former class, and to whom the restraints of the service are not irksome, while its advantages are sensibly appreciated. In particular, you exclude the men who, as we have just said, mature slowly; those who as boys are rather silent and stolid, who as youths are undistinguished, who never would succeed in an examination, but who, about thirty, begin to show what sort of stuff is in them, and some of whom at forty approve themselves among the soundest judgments and most powerful intellects of their generation. You give places to the calculating boys; you shut out the Wellingtons and the Cromwells, the born rulers, deep thinkers, and practical statesmen, whose brains are too powerful to reach their full development early in life.

There is a possibility that you might, through open competition, get a class of men smart and clever enough, but yet well content with the pittance and the position offered them. It might be that the Wranglers and first-class men would, after a while, recognize that the prizes were not worth their acceptance; and that their places

would be filled, not by the second-class University-men—who would suit your purpose admirably—but by the first-class men of a lower social order and an inferior style of education, the forward pupils of second-rate grammar schools and of commercial academies. These have all the qualities you can test by competitive examination, and if that test were a satisfactory one, we ought to be well content to fill our Government Offices with them, or even gradually to recruit a bureaucracy from the Mechanics' Institute and the Training-School. More than one thoughtful servant of the Crown noted this in 1855, as a possible result; but no one, we venture to think, who has either felt or reflected how much England has gained in being governed by gentlemen, would willingly exchange the present class of public servants for men more able perhaps and not less honest, but who had not the hereditary culture, the domestic traditions, the social training, all that insensible education in courtesy, in loyalty, in honour, which forms that subtle, indefinable, unmistakable character whereby the veriest democrat cannot but recognize the gentleman. The risk may be somewhat shadowy; the evil may not, to modern Liberals, late converts to the extremist doctrines of democracy, seem very serious, even were it realized; but statesman who have worked with the actual servants of the Crown will hardly, we venture to hint, contemplate with satisfaction such a result of their new principles as this.

Two writers of the highest authority, and of eminently thoughtful and practical temper, speak with equal emphasis of the tendency of the system, both in England and in France, to introduce the wrong men into the Civil Service, and to deteriorate its character.

Mr. Helps's estimate of the system is very unfavourable:—

'How ineffective this mode of procedure is likely to be, may be inferred from the following statement. You wish to ascertain that a man will be zealous, faithful, true, reticent, cautious, and capable of dealing rapidly with current business; and also as he advances in office, of taking a certain amount of responsibility upon himself. You think that you have accomplished this end by ascertaining that he can construe Latin, and has been crammed with a certain knowledge of the facts of history, which facts, having been devoured rather than digested, stand very little chance of being well used by him for the future, and will probably be entirely forgotten.

'As a humorous person, I know, is wont to say, "If you were to try the candidates in whist, there might be a chance of discerning whether they would be capable of dealing with the real business of the world."

'There is one very important point to be considered in reference to this question; and that is, not only is the talent for acquiring knowledge not a talent of imperative necessity, as regards the conduct of the business of the world, but it is absolutely injurious in some respects. Young people very often manifest a readiness to acquire knowledge merely from a certain docility of mind, which makes few enquiries, is easily satisfied with what the teacher tells it, and never cares to take an original and independent view of what is taught. These qualifications are exactly opposed to those which are wanted in the conduct of business. Putting aside, however, for the moment, any conjectures about the matter, I venture to assert that much of the greatest and the best work in the world has been done by those who were anything but docile in their youth. This bold statement applies, I believe, not only to the greatest men in Science, Literature, and Art, but to the greatest men in official life, in diplomacy, and in the general business of the world. If I were asked to point out the men who, in my experience of public affairs, have shown the most remarkable competency for the conduct of business, they would, in several instances, prove to be men of very limited education. One of the principal qualifications for the conduct of business is decisiveness; and surely no one will contend that decisiveness is, of necessity, promoted by the acquisition of much knowledge in youth.'—*Thoughts upon Government*, pp. 63–65.

Mr. Senior reports M. de Tocqueville's observations as follows:—

'In the evening we discussed the new scheme of throwing open the service of India and of the Government offices to public competition. "We have followed," said Tocqueville, "that system to a great extent for many years. Our object was twofold. One was to depress the aristocracy of wealth, birth, and connexions. In this we have succeeded. The École Polytechnique, and the other schools in which the vacancies are given to those who pass the best examinations, are filled by youths belonging to the middle classes, who, undistracted by society, or amusement, or by any literary or scientific pursuits, except those immediately bearing on their examinations, beat their better-born competitors, who will not degrade themselves into the mere slaves of success in the *concours*. Our other object was to obtain the best public servants. In that we have failed. We have brought knowledge and ability to an average; diminished the number of incompetent *employés* and reduced, almost to nothing, the number of distinguished ones. Continued application to a small number of subjects, and those always the same, not selected by the student, but imposed on him by the inflexible rule of the establishment, without reference to his tastes or to his powers, is as bad for the mind as the constant exercise of one set of muscles would be for the body.

' "We have a name for those who have been

thus educated. They are called 'polytechnisés.' If you follow our example, you will increase your second-rates, and extinguish your first-rates; and what is perhaps a more important result, whether you consider it a good or an evil, you will make a large stride in the direction in which you have lately made so many—the removing the government and the administration of England from the hands of the higher classes into those of the middle and lower ones."—*Correspondence and Conversations of Alexis de Tocqueville with Nassau William Senior*, vol. ii. p. 85.*

Again, the men who are admitted by competitive examination will hold their places, so to speak, by right of conquest. They will be there because they have won, in open contest with all their compeers, the right to be there; to rank as the very foremost of their generation. We have heard something of official insolence already; what are we to expect when the Jack-in-Office sits there in virtue of his proven superiority to the common folk who wait his pleasure outside the barrier? May it not be expected that something of this consciousness of right and might will find its way even into his intercourse with his superiors in place; and that not only he, but the public, will look upon him as having earned not merely a preferential right to a trial in the public service, but a sort of freehold in his office—a title, only to be divested by grave misconduct, to a lifelong employment and remuneration? There has, at times, been something too much of this even with men who owed their places to personal or political favour: with men who have won them in competitive tourney, and as the prizes of merit, the idea of right may easily become so strong as to create a privileged order, and hamper the power of the Crown and the authority of its Parliamentary representatives. At any rate, we can conceive of no system better calculated to foster inordinate self-conceit and self-importance than one under which a bureaucracy is recruited by universal examination—continually supplied with a fresh stream of youths invited and entitled, by the very mode of their appointment, to regard themselves as the ascertained and certified Protagonists of their time, appointed in virtue of their proven intellectual superiority to any and all Her Majesty's subjects of their age; nor would it be easy to fix on qualities less compatible with the position and duties of

civilians, or more fatal to the efficiency of the service, than self-conceit and self-importance so fostered.

The remaining objections of the chiefs of departments applied less to the rule than to the absence of exceptions; were directed not so much against the general practice of selection by examination, as against the exclusion of all other modes of selection. It is said, with irrefragable truth, that examination at best affords a presumption of capacity, which may be very useful in the absence of any surer test; but that it is simply absurd to allow it to overrule and set aside all other and surer tests. The majority of vacancies, under the old system of patronage, were filled by the nominees of parliamentary supporters of the Government, on the recommendation of constituents and local magnates. In such cases there was no security for capacity of any kind; and competition may or may not be an advantageous substitute for sheer hap-hazard like this. But appointments made directly and really on the responsibility of the Minister—the selection of a personal acquaintance for this or that post on the ground of personal fitness—ought not to be hampered or restrained by the pedantry of examination; nor ought a man whose merit has been established by actual probation to be sent back to the inferior and practically superseded test. It should be in the power of every Minister, on his own responsibility, to appoint any man he may think fit to any office, formally dispensing with the certificate of the Civil Service Commissioners. There could be no serious apprehension that, under Parliamentary supervision, this power would be abused; and its existence is essentially necessary, first, to enable a Minister to select for a post requiring special qualifications a man who possesses those, without regard to the irrelevant qualifications shown in examination; secondly, to enable him to promote a supernumerary whose capacity has been proved by actual probation. Yet such is the pedantry of the present Government that they have done their best to close all such avenues to public employment even more absolutely than before. The Foreign-Office, we believe, still insists on the right to choose its own instruments; to appoint to a post in Bulgaria or Japan the only available man who can speak the language, whether he can answer questions in conic sections and Greek Grammar or not. But in most other offices the clearest proofs of special qualification are of no avail against the sacred right of competition; the man who can work the hardest problems and write the best Greek shall be entitled to the

* We have already in the preceding article in this number made some extracts from these interesting and instructive volumes, and only regret that space prevents us from giving a separate notice of them. They deserve and will repay a careful perusal.

place where neither Greek nor problems will help him one whit; and the man who in all England is confessedly the fittest for the duties of the post shall be sent about his business. Could China or Laputa outdo this?

Another exception for which a strong case is made, both in the Home and Indian service, is the appointment of the sons of meritorious public servants. Such, in this country, rarely have much opportunity of providing for their families. In India, they are not unfrequently called upon to sacrifice their lives, and with their lives the future of their children, to their public duty. In India or at home, their health may be broken by hard service. The Government of England before 1855, the East India Company before the Mutiny, felt it a duty and a pleasure to reward fidelity and length of service, or special merit, by giving appointments in the public employment to the sons of those who had deserved well of the State. There can be no juster claim preferred on the part of an untried man; no fitter exercise of patronage. But the inflexible rule of 'open competition' sweeps all this away. Henceforward there is no family connection between the people of India and the descendants of Indian statesmen. Henceforward the ill-paid Civil Servant who has worked himself out in arduous and obscure duties leaves his family to penury—his claim on the State is no longer acknowledged, and if it were, his superiors are bankrupt; they have no patronage wherewith to satisfy it; every place in their gift belongs, by rigid rule, to those who have got the most marks at the last open competition. Could anything be better calculated to discourage and disgust the elder and more valuable servants of the Crown? Could anything be in itself more heartless or more unreasonable, or tend more thoroughly to destroy that interest of the chiefs in their subordinates which is so essential to the improvement of the latter, and the harmonious working of the office?

If we were to contend that competitive examination is altogether objectionable as a means—as one means among many, or as the principal and most usual means—of selecting recruits for the Civil Service, we should have something to say for our doctrine; but we should be fairly met by the rejoinder that the only practical alternative is patronage; and that patronage is open to objections quite as strong as can be urged against open competition. We might or might not admit this allegation; but the argument would certainly be tenable, and able and impartial judges might come to different conclusions upon such an issue. We do not

mean, therefore, to insist upon this view. We will allow that—considering merely the interests of the Civil Service, and putting aside on the one hand the alleged evils of political corruption wrought by the exercise of Ministerial patronage, and on the other the educational influences, good or evil, of competition—the latter may be the better method of filling that very large class of places which, under the former system, were and always must be given by the Minister to men of whom he knew nothing, on the recommendation of political supporters who knew only that the nominee was the son, or brother, or *protégé* of an influential constituent. But what we do maintain is that personal responsibility is an infinitely better guarantee of the goodness of an appointment than examination can be; that actual and individual selection by a Minister, on his own knowledge of the man, is infinitely preferable to mechanical selection by a Board of Examiners upon answers to literary, scholastic, or scientific questions; and that the inferior mode ought not to be allowed to supercede and exclude the superior.

As regards what are called the Staff Appointments—those which are filled as a rule by the introduction of outsiders, and not by routine promotion, this is admitted. Not even Mr. Lowe, not even Sir C. Trevelyan, proposes to select a Commissioner of Customs or an Under-Secretary of State by competitive examination. In regard to these, the highest and most critical class of appointments, it is acknowledged that the mechanical choice by examination would be preposterous, and that personal selection can alone be trusted. It is thus confessed that, where personal selection is a reality, it is infinitely superior to competition. Why then introduce competition except in default of personal selection? Is it not plain that you should rejoice at every opportunity of bringing the latter to bear: that wherever a minister is able to say 'I know A. B., and I warrant him fit for the place, and on my responsibility appoint him to it,' you have the best possible mode of appointment, and that competition is tolerable only where, and because, such personal knowledge and consequent responsibility cannot be had? Yet from the Indian Service such personal selection is excluded: and in the new system enforced upon the Home Service, though a formal reservation is made, it is so fettered by conditions, so jealously guarded and narrowly defined, that in the opinion of the best and most experienced judges it will have no practical effect. Everywhere, in short, the principle of personal selection by proved or known merit is practically excluded in

favour of mechanical selection upon the mere presumption of merit afforded by academical examination. Surely the true course would be the very reverse; to encourage and accept personal selection wherever practicable, under the single guarantee of sincerity afforded by a distinct, personal, producible declaration on the part of the official patron that he knows the nominee to be thoroughly qualified for his post. Room would thus be made for men who have earned their promotion by good service as supernumeraries, of whose grievance we have already spoken; and room ought thus, or in some similar way, to be made for the sons of meritorious public servants, whose parentage is surely as good a *presumption* that they will make good public servants in their turn, and a far better *claim* to the favour of the State, than can be founded on mere academic proficiency. For, after all, academic proficiency—even if true proficiency always prevailed in competitive examinations—is at best only a presumptive evidence of general ability; to treat it as if it were a proof indispensable, entitled to override all others, or even as if it were the only, or the best presumption, is to take that silently for granted which, as a matter of fact, is notoriously and flagrantly untrue.

The special form which the present Government has chosen to give to its competitive scheme is worse by many degrees than the competition itself. It is not confined, like that, to the application of a dubious test, a mischievous barrier, at the entrance of the public offices: it penetrates the interior of the department, the official life of the successful aspirant, and it does its best to ruin the discipline of the one and the character of the other. Hope and fear are the instruments of discipline; and the new system limits narrowly the influence of both. As regards the lowest class, indeed, it destroys that influence altogether: for the worst that can happen to them is to be dismissed from a service where they get rather less than the market rate of pay, and they have no prospect of reward, however faithful, diligent, or capable they may approve themselves. No idleness can seriously injure their position; no merit can improve it. Under the former system the men who held a corresponding place and performed similar duties had, in the first place, the prospect, as the reward of especial merit, of an increase of salary from 30s. to 40s., or even 60s. Next they had the hope of promotion. There are at this day men holding very high office, and receiving salaries of 1200*l.* or more *per annum*, who entered the department in a rank even lower than that of the modern 'writers.'

But a writer is for ever shut out from promotion, no matter what his merits; and even his salary cannot be raised.*

* We are anxious to call attention to the gross injustice done to these meritorious servants by the recent Order in Council. Their case is fairly stated in a pamphlet, the title of which we have placed at the head of the present article; and which we strongly recommend our readers to obtain. The claims therein made have, we know, received the approval of many heads of departments, who consider that these Clerks have been cruelly treated by the Treasury. We have, however, little hope of any amelioration in their lot, except by the action of the House of Commons. We subjoin some extracts from this pamphlet, that our readers may judge for themselves:—

'Prior to the Order in Council of the 4th June, 1870, a large number of intelligent men had been for many years employed in the Civil Service, at a low rate of pay; in the Admiralty, War Office, Customs, Inland Revenue, Board of Trade, Education Department, and other Offices; *presumably* to carry out the less intellectual portion of the official duties.

'The minimum rate of pay ranged in different offices from 5*s.* to 6*s.* 6*d.* per diem, with an increment, in most cases, after every year of service. A fortnight's leave of absence, without deduction, was granted at the end of each year, while in certain offices the Writers were allowed half-pay during sickness, and in some other respects enjoyed the privileges of the Established Clerks.

'By the Order in Council of 4th June, 1870, which threw the Civil Service open to public competition, the regulations under which Writers were thenceforward to be appointed were made extremely stringent and one-sided. Many Writers, who had already served in Government offices for periods varying from three to eighteen years, were compelled to present themselves as candidates for examination, and to pay the fees, and consequent expenses, varying from 15*s.* to 20*s.*, or give up their employment. Having passed the required tests, they were then reappointed to their respective offices at the old rates of pay, but were allowed neither sick leave nor holidays, excepting the few official ones (Christmas Day, Good Friday, &c.), while for any portion of time they were absent, even to the fraction of an hour, no matter how unavoidable the case might be, their pay was stopped. They were also most particularly informed that no service, however lengthened, would entitle them to superannuation or compensation allowance.

'Under such stringent regulations, and at such low rates of pay, these unfortunate individuals presumed that matters were at the worst, and hoped that better terms would in course of time be secured for them; but by a subsequent Order in Council, dated 19th August, 1871, immediately after the prorogation of Parliament, the interests of all Temporary Clerks and Writers were still more seriously affected.

'All absences, even to the fraction of an hour, were to be deducted; no holidays were to be allowed; no provision for sickness was made, and they were liable to dismissal at an hour's notice. Further, they might be called upon to proceed to any part of the United Kingdom, at their own

Then as regards the two higher classes. Here, again, promotion from one to the other is forbidden. The indolent man in the first class need not fear that the clever, active, second-class clerk will get ahead of him; he and his fellows have a monopoly of the higher promotion. The competition by which he won his place was sharp enough; that within the department is so limited by the new rules that it can scarcely be said to exist. What is to keep him up to his work—to make him do more than is needful to escape censure or penalties? What is to stimulate the able man in the second rank? His superior at twenty remains his superior all his life, in right of that one examination, although every year the severer and more trying examination of practical work should reverse that decision. And what becomes of the office? A time of hard work comes, as it comes to every department once and again, when it must make the most of every hand it has, and give the work to those who can do it best. Seymour and Fortescue in

the first class are careless and listless on 500*l.* a year: Smith and Brown in the second class are diligent and able on 250*l.* The work should be done by the first-class clerk; but it cannot be left to him or it will not get itself done; so Smith and Brown must do the higher work, and take the real responsibilities, while Seymour and Fortescue draw the higher salaries and hold the nominal rank in the office. What department can work under such conditions! What but official anarchy and chaos can come of them? And yet such are the conditions which the present Government, without consideration for special circumstances, and, we believe, without reference to the judgment of the permanent chiefs, have forced upon a large majority of the officers of the Service, and intend to impose upon the remainder. As if a Procrustean system of this kind could ever be equally adapted to a score of utterly different departments, with utterly different work: as if *this* system could be adapted to any department whatever that had any real work to do!

expense, to fulfil an engagement for either a long or a short period.

'Against these cruel reductions, and the harsh and summary manner in which they were enforced, the Writers made many appeals, but were, for sole reply, offered the option of accepting these terms or leaving the service. In some departments, that of "Education" for instance, the Writers, on presenting themselves for their pay, 30th September, 1871, were informed, without previous notice, that henceforth they would be paid 10*d.* per hour, or 30*s.* a week (the official day consisting of six hours) instead of 36*s.*, the amount they had hitherto received, and that they would be paid only for the time they were actually in the office.

'Some of these men had been employed under the Committee of Council on Education, at Whitehall and South Kensington, for periods varying from three to eighteen years; but because they happened to be employed at the date in question (4th June) at South Kensington, and had been transferred to Whitehall shortly afterwards, the Treasury refused to consider this as continuous service in the same office, and reduced their pay equally with that of those whose appointments were of a few months' duration only.

'The flagrant injustice of a wholesale reduction of pay, and withdrawal of privileges was thus supplemented by a code of regulations which not only fixed the remuneration of the Writers at an utterly inadequate rate of pay, but gave them no incentive to faithful and diligent service, and no prospect of an improved position. And, to render this anomaly more glaring, while the examination was somewhat reduced in stringency, the work upon which the majority of the Writers were and are employed, instead of being mere perfunctory and copying work, is of a class that demands a high degree of intelligence and business experience. All claims however for special rates, for special kinds of work, have been systematically refused by the Treasury.'

Whatever may be said of competition in the Home Civil Service, there are yet stronger special objections to its application to India. Even suppose its operation confined to Englishmen, it not only does not tend to give you the best men for your purpose, but it tends to place them at a special disadvantage. The prize is great enough to attract the keenest competition among the most formidable competitors. A man who 'goes in' for the Indian Civil Service expects to encounter the best trained of his contemporaries, and knows that they will have made this examination the goal and end of their studies for years past. He must do as they. Consequently the competition tends to become constantly more severe and more special. Men must work hard and harder, and begin to work hard at an earlier age. They must keep the special end of their work ever in view; they must think not what is really worth studying, or what is congenial to them, but what will tell on the great occasion. Their school life is one long preparation—that is, more and more, one protracted cramming—for the Indian examination. What, then, are the sort of men that prevail? The men with special aptitude for book-learning, with specially receptive minds and retentive memories; who have no strong love of field sports or athletic exercise to divert them from their studies; who can, and will, sit over their books nine or ten hours a day from fifteen to nineteen or twenty. Inasmuch as men of special gifts in one direction are generally somewhat defective in other endowments, it is probable

that most of these bookworms are originally deficient in observation, in quickness of insight, in the perceptive faculties generally; deficient in bodily vigour and activity; and the habits necessary to their success, formed at a critical age, have aggravated their defects. You get born and bred students, not born and bred statesmen and rulers of men. You want nothing less than bookworms. A lad who has diligently cultivated his mind in classical and mathematical studies, who is—as students generally are—a little shy, undecided, and perhaps absent, is almost as unfit for your purpose as the veriest dunce. India wants men who are at home in the saddle and the cricket field; who have the quickness of decision, the vigour, freshness, and promptness of mind and body, the aptitude in dealing with men and things, which English schoolboys learn in the playground, not in the classroom. And we venture to say that to take the Elevens of Eton, Rugby, and Harrow, and the Cambridge and Oxford Eights, and then throw out the nine or ten who wrote the worst abstract of a chapter of history, would give you forty far better embryo rulers of India than you will ever get in the forty candidates who obtain the largest number of marks in an examination, let that examination be ever so searching, subtle, and well-ordered. The very habits and qualities which won them their marks unfit them for their new task; they are worse men for the purpose than you would get by sheer hap-hazard. Moreover, the examination itself, even as an examination, falls inevitably into the vice inseparable from these public competitions for great prizes. It is far too wide, too exacting, too technical; and success is obtained less and less by *bonâ fide* study, more and more by cramming *ad hoc*: cramming knowledge which the candidate never would have sought save for the marks it will bring, and which, when the marks are won, he casts off as soon as he can.

When you go beyond the Imperial race, and admit the subject peoples to the competition, the absurdity of the results is apparent. Fitness to govern India has been tested by a shrewder and more efficient examination than the ablest academician can devise; and the decided superiority of the Mussulman to the Hindoo, the fact that the English is the master race of all, and the Bengalee of all others the feeblest and most incapable of sovereignty, has been pronounced by an arbitrator whose award is final. But Competitive Examination threatens to reverse the order of nature, to quash the verdict of experience. In rapid acquisition, in the faculty of collecting, in various de-

partments of knowledge, a mass of available information, and making the most of it on an intellectual parade, in the art of cram and the tact of answering examination-papers, even in the somewhat higher power of writing plausible prize-essays, the Hindoo is out-and-out the superior of the Mussulman, and may prove a formidable rival to the Englishman. The weak-kneed, effeminate, effete Bengalee, with a fair start and a good crammer, may not improbably prove as far the first of all Indian races in the examination-room, as he has proved himself the last in all the qualities of physical and intellectual manhood. Could there be a more conclusive proof of the utter futility of academic competition as a mode of selecting fit apprentices to the art of government? Or are we to rejoice in the hope that the balance established by the sword may be redressed by the pen; that races subject by nature may be restored to supremacy by the artificial tests of literary examination?*

* As this article is passing through the press, we have received an Essay on 'Competition and the Indian Civil Service, read before the East India Association on Tuesday May 31, by George C. M. Birdwood, M.D.' There are many points in this able paper to which we should have called attention if it had come into our hands earlier, but at present we must content ourselves with making two or three extracts from it:—

'A competitive examination plucks the very candidates who, under a scientific system, would have passed—the very men wanted in India—and passes those who ought to be plucked. I say, advisedly, that it is the present competitive system which too often plucks the best men for the Indian Civil Service and passes the worst, and not the examiners, who have simply to examine faithfully to the system, the tripping-up system—to set puzzling and even more puzzling questions, not to test culture, which a single examination cannot test, and can be tested only by the continuous trial examination involved in the continuous following out of a prescribed course of discipline. Mr. Matthew Arnold writes, "I once bore part in the examination for the Indian Civil Service, and I can truly say that the candidates to whom I gave the highest marks were, almost without exception, the candidates whom I would not have appointed. They were crammed men, not formed men; the formed men were the public school men, but they were ignorant on the special matter of examination, English literature." Another distinguished examiner for the Indian Civil Service himself pointed out to me one of the successful candidates of the year in which he examined, and who stood almost at the head of the list, as the very type of an uneducated man. It is the fact that several of the successful candidates at the last competitive examination for the Indian Civil Service owe their places on the list to the accident of their crammer having on the very morning of the examination, in natural sciences, run them over the anatomy of the lobster, which was one of the subjects also of the examination on that day.

This is bad enough; but this is not the worst. To have selected the intellectual blades of finest razor-edge to chop the blocks of the Home Office and notch the tallies of the Exchequer; to stake the fate of India

They probably knew as much about it the day before, or the week after, as of the anatomy of the Chimæra."

The writer points out, as we have already done in the course of this article, that the whole system of Competitive Examination encourages the mere cramming of knowledge. 'The crammers,' he remarks, 'impress, crimp, sharp, quick boys for the service, warranting their passing on your pledging them a heavy premium. You must be quick and rich, or you have no chance. If a boy is not superficially clever, or cannot hazard their charges—the stake—they reject him off-hand. Competition, in short, instead of opening up, as was hoped, chances for poor men to rise in life, yearly makes it more and more difficult for any but the rich to attempt the public service. The risks run are too great, and failure irreparable. The costly training required is absolutely injurious, and is good only for the competitive examination, and worthless for all else beyond as well as below it; and to fail in the examination is bankruptcy in purse, in mind, and soul. Competition for the Indian Civil Services has failed utterly to benefit the poor. It opposes an insurmountable bar to poverty as to culture. Owing to the omnipotent crammers, the Indian Civil Services are as effectually closed against able but poor men, as the House of Commons, and it would be more straightforward and frank to sell the appointments at a yearly auction outright to the highest bidder. The money would go to the British taxpayer or Indian ryot then that now goes to swell the fortunes of these crammers. I know a Cambridge Wrangler who was told by one of these gambling crammers, "You have no chance unless you come to me for three months." . . . Our examinations for the public service not being pass, but competitive, tend also and necessarily to cram-subjects—"paying subjects," in the crammer's slang—"English literature" and the "physical sciences," falsely so called, and away from disciplinary, the dead languages, mathematics, grammar, logic, and the method of science, which draw out and give edge and polish to the intellect as the sword of the spirit, and on which—their geometry and admirable dialects—the keen, bright mind of Greece was whetted; and the tendency of the present competitive system, therefore, is, and its result at the last must be, to revolutionise the teaching of the English schools, which, with all their old-fashioned and readily corrected faults, afford the best of all moral and intellectual training for men, as Prussia and France are both beginning to acknowledge, and as Englishmen have proved, not once or twice, in the story of this island, from Elizabeth to Victoria. It must, if obstinately persisted in, subvert our old schools and fix the national intellect in the cataleptic immobility of China and Japan. In short, competition, as at present conducted, is an unqualified curse—in the case of the Indian Civil Service, potential, it may be, rather than actual—to the public services, to its victims, whether successful or unsuccessful, and to national education and the national character, intellectual and moral.'

upon the governing capacities of triumphant scholars, and entrust the maintenance of the grandest empire ever built up by men of action to the men of books; this might have seemed enough for one generation—a sufficiently large experiment of a questionable principle, a concession adequate to the extremest desires of the most confident *doctrinaire*. But the competition fever had not reached its acme; its delirium was to run higher and higher yet, and to invade a region which, of all others, we had thought safe from the pestilence. It was possible to understand, if we could not accept, the theory which assumed that those who had been most successful in one kind of intellectual labour would be fittest for another; that those who had been most faithful in their school studies were best to be trusted with the graver duties of official life. But the theory itself, if carried to its fullest extent, applied only within the sphere of purely intellectual labour. Where depth of thought, extent of knowledge, subtlety of intellect, are comparatively useless; where quickness of observation, promptitude of decision, presence of mind, are of infinitely greater value; where the activity of body and the strength of nerve which severe study tends to impair are of more importance than any theoretical learning or capacity of abstract thought; in a profession which makes demands on the higher faculties of the mind only in its more exalted posts, and even in those on comparatively few occasions, while in every rank and at every moment it calls for the gifts which no study can bestow or improve—for physical strength, for the power of endurance, for personal daring, for moral courage, for the quick eye, the ready wit, the fertility of resource which are never learnt in the closet, and which distinguish rather the sportsman than the student—in such a profession it would seem that the most ardent and unhesitating of *doctrinaires* would admit that Competitive Examination has no place, and the school prizeman no advantage. If Greek and Conic Sections have no special relation to the duties of a Foreign Office clerk, yet it may be said that the intellectual faculties and the industry which enable a youth to prevail over his rivals in the one will fit him for the other. But this presumption, such as it is, is wholly wanting when you pass outside of the sedentary professions; when you come to choose men not to write but to act; not to sit all day at a desk, but to spend days and nights in the saddle; not to word a despatch neatly, or to keep accounts correctly, or to maintain sound political and financial principles, but to discern at a glance

the character of an unknown country, the signs of an ambuscade, the symptoms of a critical moment in the fortunes of battle; to inspire confidence in soldiers; to be undisturbed and cool amid the din of artillery and the whirr of bullets; to lead a desperate charge, or defend to the utmost an indefensible post.

There may be good reason to believe that a good cricketer, a good foot-ball player, a popular captain of the school, will make a first-rate officer; there is no reason to believe in the soldier-like capacity of a successful Grecian. All you know of him, for this purpose, is that he is not a dunce; and that you might ascertain just as well by a pass examination. You don't want fools in the army; that is granted. But, fools apart, is there any reason to fancy that the first-rate scholar will make a better officer than the second-rate? Is there any reason to prefer the lad of eighteen, who is near the head of the Sixth, to his cousin of the same age in the Fifth? Both will be easily able to master the theory and the book-work of their profession; in the field, which is likely to do best, the boy whose heart has been in the class-room, or the boy whose heart has been in the cricket-field? Competitive Examination not only does not tend to pick out the men you want, but it has a strong tendency to pick out the men you don't want—the men whose heads are a little too powerful for their bodies, whose brains have been cultivated a little too much for the good of their nerves and muscles, who are quick at catching the meaning of an author rather than the features of a country—and to shut out the best class of officers, the men who do not love books, and do love the boat-club and the partridge-stubble; who, without being fools, are still further from being students, and whose minds often will not reach their real maturity for ten or twelve years to come, during which time nerve and muscle will be trained and hardened into physical perfection. If the army were so attractive as to bring about a severe competition for every commission, it would in ten years be simply paralyzed; for, inasmuch, as with equal gifts, the book-worm must, in book competition, beat the man of action, your army would within that time be officered by bookworms, who could just pass the doctor, and who in the field would be simply useless.* We shall escape this, in all proba-

bility, because the prospect offered by a commission in the army will not attract a sufficient number of first-rate scholars from our public schools and universities to make it intolerably severe. But in escaping Scylla we fall into Charybdis; the cause which saves the army from being officered by senior wranglers and double firsts, will expose it to be officered by pupil-teachers. These, who would have no chance in examination against the real scholar, would generally beat out of the field the present class of officers. Nothing could be more deplorable. These men are not men of action or of first-rate *physique*, still less of the athletic out-door habits of English gentlemen; and they will not make good officers. They will not be gentlemen; and not being gentlemen, they will lower the tone and character of the army, and impair its discipline. We shall not argue these points: we leave them fearlessly to the judgment of those who alone are fit to judge; of those who know in the first place enough of Competitive Examination to see how it will work, when it fails to attract an adequate number of candidates of the Sixth-Form and University-honours' class; enough in the second place of English soldiers, and of Englishmen in general, to understand how readily and willingly they follow a gentleman who is no scholar; how contemptuous will be their feelings towards a scholar who is no gentleman. That any one should dream of officering the British army with men whose sole qualification consists in the number of marks achieved at a miscellaneous examination, will to such judges, as to us, appear the *ne plus ultra* and sheer insanity of *doctrinairism*: competition gone stark staring mad.

If the system of Competitive Examination is to be continued, the Civil Service Commission must be reformed in both its constitution and its practice. In its place we should prefer to see a carefully selected and jealously watched board or boards of examiners, whose duty should be to give certificates of competency to young men from whom the *heads of departments might select*, just as the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons give certificates to medical men, from whom the Government or the public may select. But if the heads of departments, who have after all the greatest interest in the efficiency of their staff, are not to be al-

* There are, happily, other avenues of admission to the Army still left open. But the same influences which have introduced competition tend to extend it at the expense of all other modes of admission: if the first fifty have a right to preference over the second fifty competitors,

the latter have clearly the same right as against those who have not ventured to compete at all; and it is only on grounds which justify resistance to the principle *in toto* that we can hope to prevent its gradual extension to the exclusion of all other avenues to the Service.

lowed to select their own officers, they ought, in every case, to be associated with the examiners in testing the qualifications of the candidates who are to serve under them. No greater or more signal proof of want of confidence in a public servant can be devised than refusing him all voice in the choice of his subordinates; and we should rejoice to see the heads of departments claiming this privilege, which we are convinced would contribute more to the efficiency of the Civil Service than any system of Competitive Examination.

In any case the Civil Service Commission cannot continue on its present footing. The idea of one board selecting qualified persons for every appointment in the Civil Service is preposterous. Let us take a case to test the proceedings of the Commissioners. The principal Librarian of the British Museum or the Director of Kew Gardens wants a man possessing special knowledge on some particular subject. After many inquiries he finds one who satisfies his requirements in every respect; the candidate has made this subject the study of his life, and perhaps knows more about it than any one in the kingdom; but neither the authorities of the British Museum nor those of Kew Gardens can give him the appointment without his passing the ordeal of the Civil Service Examination. He may be a foreigner, and cannot spell English correctly; or, having devoted his time and energies to scientific researches, he may be sadly deficient in history, and naïvely supposes George III. to be the son of George II. What can it matter, the intelligent reader may ask? The Civil Service Commissioners, however, take a different view. What! they say, appoint a man who cannot spell, and who is ignorant of the most elementary facts in the history of our country? Straightway he is rejected. In vain do the authorities of the Museum or Kew Gardens assure the Commissioners that the candidate is the very man whom they want, and that his deficiencies in spelling and history will not in the least interfere with the efficient discharge of the duties of the office. To all such representations the Commissioners turn a deaf ear. They appoint a man whose spelling is unexceptionable, and who can repeat by rote the names of all the sons and grandsons of Edward III., and lucidly explain the origin of the War of the Roses, but who is inferior in the special knowledge required to the candidate whom they have rejected. Is it surprising that the heads of departments should feel indignant when they see the interests of the public service sacrificed to such pedantry, and should

loudly call for a reform in the constitution of the Civil Service Commission?

The Commissioners have, indeed, power, under Clause VII. of the Civil Service Regulations, to dispense altogether with examinations in certain cases;* but instead of availing themselves of this power, as we should have thought they would gladly have done, they actually court employment in examining for scientific appointments, though there is not a scientific man amongst the Commissioners—though the public has no confidence in their power of selecting good examiners in science—and, strangest of all though they are themselves utterly ignorant of the means of apportioning the marks given to the candidates! This is by far the greatest blot in the whole system. What should we say to a body of gentlemen ignorant of medicine calling together a council of physicians, to pronounce on the illness of a patient; taking the opinion of each on a separate organ of the patient's body, and then proceeding themselves to apply physic to the poor patient, according to the sums and differences of the physicians' opinions all in a heap; and this not under any medical control whatever, but by

* We subjoin a copy of this Regulation:—

'VII. In case the chief of a department to which a situation belongs and the Lords of the Treasury shall consider that the qualifications in respect of knowledge and ability deemed requisite for such situation are wholly or in part professional, or otherwise peculiar, and not ordinarily to be acquired in the Civil Service, and the said chief of the department shall propose to appoint thereto a person who has acquired such qualifications in other pursuits, or in case the said chief of the department and the Lords of the Treasury shall consider that, either for the purpose of facilitating transfers from the Redundant List or for other reason, it would be for the public interest that examination should be wholly or partially dispensed with, the *Civil Service Commissioners may dispense with examination*, wholly or partially, and may grant their certificate of qualification upon evidence satisfactory to them that the said person possesses the requisite knowledge and ability, and is duly qualified in respect of age, health, and character.'

It would, therefore, appear that even when the chief of a department and the Lords of the Treasury think that it would be for the public interest that examination should be dispensed with, they have no power to do so without the sanction of the Civil Service Commissioners! Why should the Commissioners have this veto upon every public appointment, especially when they have made up their minds, as it appears, that it is never for the public interest to dispense with an examination? Why should not the chief of a department and the Lords of the Treasury be trusted with the selection of officers under Clause VII. without the intervention of a body which prefers examination to proved capacity?

the light of their own ignorance? This is literally what has been done in the case of an appointment for which scientific qualifications were requisite, and which has come under our own knowledge: the Commissioners summoned scientific and non-scientific examiners, assigned to each a certain number of marks, and then, without any consultation, or any means of knowing by what standard each examiner measured the allotment of marks, themselves decided on the candidate's merit by the sum total of these marks; thus making the whole process little better than a lottery.

As we write, we hear rumours of worse things yet—of promotion, for example, by Competitive Examination from rank to rank in the army, from grade to grade in the Civil Service. But in despite of our past experience of impossible follies realised, we refuse to believe in the possibility of such folly as this. The certainty that it would at once and completely, to the extreme annoyance and discomfiture of the authors of the change, demoralise every regiment and every office to which it should be applied—every man forthwith neglecting the *duties* which would not help him to promotion for the *studies* which would—must restrain even Mr. Lowe from carrying the competitive-craze to this climax of consistent absurdity. Consistent—for if the principle be good at all, it is good so far; if competition be a better test than experience for first appointments, it is so for promotion; if a chief may not appoint an outsider to a clerkship on his own knowledge of the man's fitness, there is no reason why he should be allowed on his own knowledge of the man's fitness to promote the clerk to a higher post. Absurdity—nearly all will allow. And such a *reductio ad absurdum* of the system, were it not too much to hope for, would be about the best thing we could desire; it would bring to an end, speedily, finally, amid general ridicule, a practice and doctrine which otherwise may linger long, and do an infinity of mischief before any political party has the courage boldly to denounce them as unsound and pestilent. Already, however, we discern some faint signs of a reaction in the political and official world; and beyond that world, happily, the theory has not spread far or taken deep root. The present Ministry has pushed on too fast and too far; its successors—if they choose to assert the rights inseparable from responsibility, and decline to be bound by any mechanical selection of the instruments with which they must work;—if they frankly deny the supposed divine right of the smartest, and insist that good

breeding and social education are more valuable qualifications for an official than trigonometry or Greek; that it is better for the British army to be officered by unlearned gentlemen than by underbred *litterates*—may yet have the opportunity of retracing the worst of the recent steps. There is nothing essentially popular in the competitive system; fair play for talent is one thing, a monopoly of life's prizes for a special class of talents another, and a far less attractive one; and on the whole we believe that Englishmen would quite as readily accept the assumption that the high places of the national service, civil and military, are best filled by members of an aristocracy of birth, wealth, and breeding, open to the children of any man who can make his mark on the world around him (with fair play and full opportunity to able men of a lower class to rise by practical services), as the doctrine that these places are the perquisites of successful scholars and fortunate pupil-teachers. Of all oligarchies, of all monopolies, a recognised oligarchy of precocious talent, monopolizing the good things of life by sheer right of academic superiority, is one of the most offensive and irritating; and we see no reason to believe that, if the competitive system were swept away to-morrow, any considerable class of the community would bestir itself, even by petition or public meeting, to vindicate the vested right of scholastic proficiency to command the British army and administer the British empire.

ART. IX.—1. *Debate on the Second Reading of the Ballot Bill in the House of Lords.* June 11, 1872.

2. *Judgment delivered by Mr. Justice Keogh at the Court House, Galway, May 27, 1872.*

It seems to be a prevalent impression that the political current in this country, as well as over the great portion of the civilised world, has set in so definitively and so strongly in the direction of democracy, that it is futile to withstand it and idle to lament it. It may be so; but men who take their stand upon a principle ought never, even in the darkest days, to despair of its ultimate triumph; and all to whom politics is a science, not a taste, would do well to remember that the current of popular opinion, like all currents, and more than most, has its ebbs and flows, its periods of slack water as of flood tide, and that the checks and dams

and diversions that were powerless against it in its early violence, may suffice to control it, or even sometimes to turn it back, when its first impetuosity is spent. Be this as it may, and whether or not it be possible to stay or moderate the current on the bosom of which we are drifting, we should at least watch our course, note the disappearing landmarks as we pass, be prompt to take advantage of every pause and eddy as we drive along, and resolutely refuse to shut our eyes because we do not like the look of the ocean to which we are hastening.

Now, there is one point of view from which our representative system, in the form which it has at length reached, has scarcely yet been at all regarded; and yet it is probably the most momentous and significant of all. For forty years we have been busily at work transforming it,—a few of us wilfully and insidiously, most of us fatalistically and half maliciously; not pausing long enough in our plastic task or getting far enough from it to consider it with an artist's eye, and see how it looked; not giving ourselves time to reflect (if, indeed, we had been a reflecting people—which we are not) what we were doing and whither we were going. At last the transformation is complete. Mr. Disraeli, with his Household Suffrage in 1867, and Mr. Forster with his Secret Voting in 1872, have finished the work which Lord John Russell began with his great Reform Bill in 1832. Our practice has been brought into conformity with our theory and our profession; and the *Representation of the People*—that is, of the numerical majority—*has been made a reality at last*. This is the phrase and the fact on which we wish to fix attention. We were told in 1831 that England was *not* governed by representative institutions, though she professed to be so; that the different classes and constituents of the community were not actually reproduced in Parliament; that her so-called popular representation was a mockery and a sham; and—with the Members for one hundred boroughs nominated by Ministers and Peers, with Walls and Mounds returning two senators apiece, with scores of the great cities which created the wealth and contained the vigour of the nation, such as Manchester and Birmingham, wholly ignored in the House of Commons—it was impossible to deny the allegation. The monstrosities were rectified, some thought with too lavish and too bold a hand; and popular representation, it was thought, was made a reality. But after a period of pause and satisfaction, the arguments of the Radicals pointed out that the supposed reality was still a sham; that the largest class of the

community, the true source of our industrial greatness, the bone and sinew of the country, as they were termed—the working men, in short—were still deprived of the suffrage, and that it must be forthwith conferred upon them, in order that theory and practice might be brought into harmony indeed. The exigencies of Party gave strength and auxiliaries to the Radical demands, and Mr. Disraeli, with the aid of Mr. Gladstone, gave an equal franchise to every householder and to many lodgers, rich or poor, ignorant or educated, without distinction; and a virtual revolution was thus silently effected, though its operation was not fully realised or indeed consummated at once. Almost immediately, however, re-rose the cry—a natural corollary of the recent step—that it was useless and indeed deceptive to give the franchise to these poor and dependent electors, unless you made them independent by enabling them to vote in secret, and thus protected them from all undue or external influence; that till this was done, the vice of 'sham' and unreality still hung over the system; and that, in fact, the representation of the People would not be complete and genuine till every man had a vote, till every man's vote was equal, and till no man could know how any other man voted. The cogency of the logic was admitted, and the job was done. Popular (and virtually universal) Representation has become a reality at last.

Now, what we have to notice—and not only to notice, but fully to realise and closely to consider—is, that this is precisely *what it has never been before*, at any period of our history. Previous to 1832,—in those old times when England was so great and paramount a nation, when we were so proud of our institutions, when we were so exceptionally free,—Representation was not a reality in the sense in which we have made it so now. Classes were represented; Property was represented; Education was represented; Guilds, *i.e.* Industries were represented; but individuals, numbers, the masses of the people were not. The House of Commons pictured and reproduced the nation in a sort of general and often faithful fashion,—that is, it shared and reflected the opinion of the important, motive, influential classes of the community; but popular Representation, in the sense in which it is now understood and carried out,—in which Rousseau and Sièyes understood it; in which France and America understand it,—did not exist. It was prevented from existing by four things:—By the limited suffrage, which gave votes only to proprietors, leaseholders, burghers, freemen, and graduates; by close and rotten boroughs, which gave members to extinct

towns, and refused them to thriving cities; by the influence of Peers and landed proprietors, which practically placed the votes of the tenants at the disposal of their landlords; and by Party management, which largely overrode individual preferences. That representative system, which we were so proud of, which answered so well in the past (illogical and bristling with anomalies as it was), which surrounding nations admired and envied and fancied they were going to imitate, has been swept away. What we have installed now, under the same name, is something wholly different, something quite new, something as yet untried and problematic. It is no more the same thing, than Mr. John Smith the manufacturer is of the same family as Mr. Algernon Sydney, the extinct feudal gentleman, because he has purchased his estate and lives in his ancestral manor-house; nor can it be any more expected to act in the same way. In fine, we hitherto have lived under Representative Institutions *nominally* only,—that is, under such restraints, modifications, inconsistencies, almost denials, as made them yield most of their good and little of their evil operation. Other nations have lived under them *really*, in their bald and naked truthfulness, and we are now about to do the same. The ‘sham’—to speak broadly—did succeed to us on the whole wonderfully. Will the actuality succeed as well? We cannot tell, and have no desire to vaticinate; as yet we have only foreign analogies, always imperfect, to guide our conjecture. Certainly, unrestricted suffrage, thoroughly popular representation, cannot be said to have succeeded—indeed may be said to have deplorably failed—in France and the United States. During the Restoration, from 1815 to 1847, Parliamentary Government worked fairly in France; so it did in America up to about forty or fifty years ago; so it did in Switzerland till a generation since; so it does in Italy at present. But in all these cases, and up to these dates, they had kept clear of anything like Universal Suffrage. In France, under Louis XVIII. and Louis Philippe, the electors scarcely exceeded 250,000, and there were nearly 600,000 Government appointments to divide among them. In Italy, the franchise qualification is not high, but the entire constituent body scarcely reaches a quarter of a million. In Prussia, all men have votes, or nearly so; but there the thoroughly anti-democratic system of double election is in practice.

‘Representative Institutions are on their trial,’ said the Prince Consort, on a memorable occasion. We may say so too, though

in a different sense. We are now about to *try* them—to try them, not in the sense of judgment, but of experiment—for the first time. Household suffrage now virtually gives votes, and equal votes, to every man, and the Ballot has been devised for the purpose of enabling every man to vote as he pleases. Now, as the working or wage-receiving classes are far the most numerous, and as three-fourths of them may be said to be practically without anything that can fairly be called education, Household Suffrage and the Ballot combined will be found to have handed over electoral supremacy and political preponderance, whenever they choose to exercise them, to the uninstructed masses;—that is to say, these classes can, if they like, return nearly the whole House of Commons, and each man can choose his candidate according to his own ideas or prepossessions, uncontrolled by any influence from without or from above. The Continental theory of representation has been carried out, and the English practice of representation has been dethroned; and we have thus been landed in something altogether new and untried. Till now, the higher, wealthier, more educated classes had political power, or at least political preponderance in their own hands: now they have handed over *power* to the lower classes, and have retained only *influence*; and moreover have just limited and conditioned the exercise of that influence by the sternest barriers. And they have completed this transfer of governing supremacy precisely at an epoch when the old political questions which divided the strata of society *vertically* are nearly done with, and when new questions which divide them *horizontally* have come into the foreground. The higher ranks have given over their arms, their castles, and their artillery to the lower ranks just at the moment when the apparent severance between the interests of the two ranks has got paramount hold of the popular imagination, and when the poor are beginning to aspire most eagerly to the privileges and possessions of the rich. The capitalist who employs five hundred artisans, has given each of those artisans an electoral influence of equal potency with his own, and has, therefore, enabled them to outvote him in the ratio of five hundred to one; and he has done this exactly when the eternal struggle between capital and labour for the management of industrial enterprise and the division of industrial gains has reached a magnitude and vivacity never before approached, and when economical knowledge is too scantily diffused to make it probable

that either equity or wisdom will be umpire in the strife. Does it not seem as if we had been doing that very thing which President Lincoln said no sensible nation would do—'changing horses in the middle of the river'? We are arrived at that stage and crisis of our social progress, when all the deepest, subtlest, knottiest, most exciting social questions are urgent for discussion and settlement,—those which at once demand the coolest treatment, yet stir the fiercest passions; those which only the most tried sagacity, combined with the fairest temper, can deal with serviceably or safely;—and we have selected precisely this very crisis for handing over the choice of the representatives who will have to solve these problems to those sections of the community which, with all their acknowledged merits, are *the least* experienced, *the least* instructed, and *the least* dispassionate of all.

After the fashion of our tribe, when the steed was stolen, we thought of shutting the stable-door. Naturally as soon as the mischief was irretrievable, those who had pressed on its consummation got a little startled at their work, and began to cast about for mitigations and counteractions. No wonder, then, that Mr. Lowe's sagacious, but somewhat tardy and quite impracticable advice, to 'educate our masters,' found an echo throughout the nation. No wonder that Mr. Forster busied himself so resolutely and dexterously to provide something like instruction for the ignorant millions whom he had first helped to endow with supreme power at the polling-booths, and then done what he could to secure against all superior guidance and control in the exercise of it. But unhappily this 'education of our masters,' wise and hopeful as it sounds, loses nearly all its promise when it comes to be analysed and examined more closely. For, even supposing 'the religious difficulty' got over in some way or other under the pressure of urgent danger; supposing our miserable sectarian dissensions merged or silenced in the face of imperative national concern, and a decent system of primary education established throughout the country,—what will be the true state of the case? what the actual balance and residual outcome of our doings and our undoings? We have given the masses power *suddenly*: we are giving them education only *by slow degrees*. We have given them *much* power: we can give them only *little* education. Nay: we give them *supreme* power, with at best a most *superficial* and probably *transient* education. Finally, we give the power to the *existing* generation; we propose to educate the *next*. We give the votes on which we are to turn,

and may at any crisis turn, the destinies of the country, to the untrained adults between 21 and 75 years of age; we *intend to train* in the capacity to know how to vote the children between six and fourteen. And we plume ourselves upon being a just and sagacious, and above all a 'practical,' nation!

But this is not all. Can we 'educate our masters'? What sort and amount of that education which alone could fit them to understand political questions, to decide in political difficulties, to choose between political candidates and guides, can we bestow upon them? The great mass of them must go forth to earn their own living at the age of thirteen or fourteen, and toil hard ever after. The mere rudiments of knowledge are, therefore, all that can be drilled into them at any school. The larger number will have learned to read and write imperfectly, and will soon lose even that imperfect acquisition. A certain percentage will learn to write well, to read with fluency and ease, to take pleasure in what they have acquired, and will probably retain much of it, and take what opportunities fall in their way afterwards of adding to it. But is that an education which will render them competent to exercise the electoral franchise with discretion; to distinguish the demagogue from the statesman; to detect the nonsense of the popular fallacy, and the insincerity or ignorance of the fluent tribune; to turn away from the plausible socialistic delusion, and pounce upon and hold fast the dry economic truth? In short, is it possible—by any kind or degree of school training which is within reach or can be brought within reach of those who, from the age of fourteen onward, must be striving toilsomely for their daily bread—to make them as competent to choose good representatives, to support wise rulers, and to insist upon sound measures of legislation and administration, as those from whom you have taken the prepotent voice in these matters?

But we have not only handed over the selection of representatives and rulers, and by consequence the determination of the policy of the nation to the least qualified portion of the community; we have just consummated our work and crowned our perversity by taking the greatest pains that these electors shall perform their high and solemn functions according to their own individual caprice, fancy, prejudice, and passion, in carefully guarded secrecy, without guidance or direction from their superiors, without the control of public opinion. In our anxiety to protect from illicit influences, we have as effectually as possible shielded them from all influences whatever. The

House of Commons, indeed, shrank at last from punishing with the same penalty as larceny and treating as a shameful crime in 1872 what was a necessity and an enforced duty in 1871, but it still left secret voting a positive and universal obligation. It refused, though reluctantly, to carry out its decrees to their logical and uttermost issue, by disfranchising every man who could not fill up or sign his own voting-paper, when perhaps this restriction might have operated as a counteracting influence for good. But substantially it insisted upon every elector keeping his vote to himself, as far as it could do so. Now, it is possible enough—we incline to think it is very probable—that all our legislative contrivances for this end may prove failures; that the habits and instincts of Englishmen may be too strong for enactments which only a small minority in the constituencies desire or need, which even the Liberal party in Parliament as a rule dislike, and which it is notorious would never have been passed had vote by secret ballot been the practice in the House of Commons; that in spite of law, by colours or banners, or meetings, or shoutings, zealous electors will find some way of proclaiming their preferences and their votes; that bribed or bullied electors will not be able always to conceal their opinions, always to maintain the necessary silence, always to tell the incumbent lie,—nay, that, having promised under intimidation or corruption, they will, as a rule, keep their promise, and so baffle the intention of the Legislature. It is even conceivable—such are the curiously perverse forms which virtue sometimes takes—that promises to vote may be all the more faithfully kept, because it is impossible to test the performance, just as debts of honour are considered more obligatory than others, precisely because they cannot be legally enforced. In a word the Ballot may practically be found impotent to insure that independence, purity, and secrecy of voting which it aims at—may be futile, may be evaded, may fall into desuetude. But it is safer and more to our present purpose to presume that it will attain its end, and that at last voting at the polling-booth will become as really secret as voting at a club is now. What then will be the reflex operation of this new contrivance? Oddly enough, the advocates of the Ballot have looked only at its primary intention, and have altogether ignored its secondary consequences; yet these deserve especial study, and may prove the most momentous and mischievous, as well as the most unexpected of all.

First of all, it is more than possible that elections will come to be regarded as nui-

sances, and that voting may cease to be habitual. Even now, except in times of great local excitement or great national interest, going to the polling-booth is felt to be a bore. Stripped of all factitious and stimulating accessories, no processions, no banners, no cries, no crowds, hustings-speeches, or fascinating rows, and above all no public-houses—reduced to the simple and dull-coloured dimensions of a public function to be gone through in secret and in gravity, for a purpose little understood and a candidate little known—it will become in ordinary times to the workman nothing but the loss of a day's wages (which no one will be suffered to replace) without the amusement of a day's holiday. To the man of business it will be just the annoying interruption it has always been, without the artificial interest which conflict has hitherto produced. The quiet and refined citizen, who hates formalities and functions, and who partly from laziness, partly from fastidiousness, partly from languid political preferences, frequently shirks the duty of recording his vote now—why, he will shirk it more than ever. Let any man of competent experience reflect how difficult it is to get masses of electors up to the poll even at present; how they have to be watched, urged, cajoled, carried—not to make them vote this way or that, but to make them vote at all; how few go without being asked; how entirely, in short, an election is, in nine cases out of ten, a case of 'whip;'—and then ask himself how languid and exceptional voting will become when all factitious excitement is withdrawn (as under the Ballot Bill it will be), when there are no organized influences to drive men to the polling-booth, *when the conveyance of electors to the poll in carriages is forbidden, or refused as a blindfold proceeding*, when there is nothing but an elector's sense of public duty to make him vote, and when no one is to know how he votes, and few will know whether he voted at all. We are little aware how very faint, in reality, and how far from spontaneous, is the ostensible interest taken in a contested election as it is—how few care personally for the candidate, how fewer still for the principle or the cause, though every means fair and unfair is put in action to arouse partisanship and enthusiasm. None of us can as yet adequately conceive how far fainter, more sluggish and more difficult to awaken this interest will be when the streets are as quiet as on Sundays, and the polling-places as dull and silent as a Quaker's meeting; when there is no music and no flags, nobody to pelt and nobody to cheer; and above all, *no hourly publication of the state of the*

Poll; and lastly, when both men and causes grow smaller year by year, and anything approaching to a principle more difficult to discover or define. We look upon it as nearly certain that, election after election, a smaller and smaller proportion of the electoral body will take the trouble to record their votes; the soberer, the more industrious, the less excitable,—that is, the better sort—will be found to have abstained in the greatest numbers; and we shall be driven in the end to fresh contrivances in order to secure that the results of an appeal to the people shall in some degree represent the real sentiments and views of the great body of the people. We may have to require that the successful candidate shall obtain an absolute majority of the electors on the register, as is already done in some countries; or we may have to adopt the plan long since suggested with the object of obtaining the votes of the more indolent and retiring class among the constituents, and send round voting-papers from house to house, to be afterwards re-collected by appointed officers, and thus almost compel every man to vote as regularly as he pays his rates. It fact, voting made easy—perhaps even made compulsory—will be found to be the necessary complement of voting made secret.

Sincere Liberals, in their eagerness to secure to every man equal rights and the free expression of his opinions, have been accustomed entirely to ignore the fact that, on most political questions, especially the broader and more general ones, the great body of toiling and struggling citizens have usually no opinions of their own at all; they have not thought about them; they do not understand them; they feel no particular concern about them; they have no desire to express convictions which indeed they do not entertain. Nearly the same may be said in reference to candidates: the working men, the numerical bulk of the constituencies, often scarcely know one from another, and have no marked preferences among them. In giving such men votes, therefore, you give them a privilege and power which either they will not care to exercise at all, or will and must exercise at the persuasion or dictation of others. The majority may or may not vote; but if they do vote, they will vote as the minority tell them. It may be the many who elect the candidate or give triumph to the cause—it will always be, as it now is, the few who decide for them what candidate to choose or what cause or watchword to fight for. *They never do the thinking for themselves.* By giving them the suffrage, therefore, you have only done half your work,

and probably just the half the better-minded among you did not wish to do. In order to arouse your newly-made citizens to exercise the suffrage which you have conferred upon them, you must do one or other of two very evil things—you must organize and manipulate them by a band of electioneers, or you must excite them by a sensational policy. You must run upon one or other of the two rocks which have gone so far to shipwreck and discredit representative institutions in America and in France. Or you may run upon both. It is hard to say which is most to be deprecated. If you go in for the last, you must often adopt an unwise and pernicious line of action, because it is startling and adapted to strike and fascinate the imagination of the masses. You must stimulate them by awakening hopes which you cannot realise, promising benefits you cannot confer, dazzling them by *El Dorados* to which you can never lead them. Or you must follow a practice perhaps in the long-run still more demoralising; you must make mountains out of mole-hills, and magnify geese into swans; you must inflate little issues into vast ones, lash up a storm in a teapot, get up vehement emotions and flatulent enthusiasms about interests and ideas and differences infinitely small. *Causes*, political doctrines, classes of opinions, will have far less potency than heretofore to stir up the constituencies and drive them in large numbers to the poll; sectional *interests* and fierce *fanaticisms* will have as much or more; mere local celebrities, and not the most reputable celebrities, will have a better chance. The new and enormously swollen electoral body will move rarely and sluggishly from its own spontaneous wishes and sentiments; it will require pressure from without even more than at present to stir it into action; it will be more the prey of those who can *excite* it or *work* it; more especially now that nearly all great political and national questions and conflicts, such as naturally stimulated men's minds and ranged them in opposite camps, are disposed of—with the exception, indeed, of such as concern the distribution of property, perhaps the most disturbing and dangerous of all. But there are still two sets of agencies which will be able to act upon the constituencies, and which it will pay to do so—powerful and wealthy interests, such as Railway Directors and Licensed Victuallers—and small but vehement fanaticisms, such as that which has lately operated with such disreputable and disastrous success in assisting the spread of Contagious Diseases. The first will manipulate the electors as a matter of business; the latter will inflame their passions and ap-

peal to their ignorance as an affair of religion. Both operators have motives strong enough to make them do their work well, and (what is particularly to be noted) no one will have any motives of at all equal potency to oppose and counteract them. As long as contested elections were matters of politics, there were party leaders on one side just as energetic as party leaders on the other; but who will concern themselves to fight the Publicans and Brewers except those very few who have the true interests, not the coarse desires, of the working-classes disinterestedly at heart? And who, except sincere patriots and statesmen, will care to expose themselves to odium and to the unscrupulous calumnies and misrepresentations of female tongues merely in order to mitigate the severity of an insidious disease which probably will never reach themselves? And statesmanship with us is always so shortsighted, and usually so timid; and patriotism and philanthropy so lukewarm and inactive in any rational and sober cause.

In our anxiety to shield the elector against dangerous and oppressive influences we have emancipated him from good influences as well. Publicity has kept many men straight as well as exposed many to go wrong. We occasionally meet with instances where an indifferent or corrupt politician has been paid for his vote, or a timid and dependent one has been coerced into voting against his conscience; and of course these were evils to be checked, if they could be checked without too great expense or risk of alternative mischief. But we forget the, perhaps, as numerous instances where public opinion has withheld a weak and poor man from accepting the bribe he hankered after, because his backsliding was certain to be known; or has prevented a spiteful and vindictive man from voting against his party and his convictions in order to avenge some fancied affront to his vanity, or some unintentional encroachment on his petty interests. Moreover, the old undue influences which the ballot seeks to neutralise, though sometimes harshly exercised and sometimes shamefully abused, had usually something legitimate lying at their root—they were the influences of men of superior station and capacity, often of benefactors and sincere well-wishers. These influences (supposing the ballot to be tolerably effective) we have disarmed; but in doing so we have left the field of coercion open without counteraction to other influences far more pernicious and oppressive, and against which the best mode of secret voting we can contrive is utterly futile as a protection. We have guarded the dependent elector against his

employer and his landlord, but we can afford him no protection against the coercion incomparably more mischievous and more indefensible of the Priest and the Trade Union. No influence is so inescapable; none so mercilessly used. There can be no secrecy as against the Priest; and his bribes are incalculably higher, and his threats incalculably more intimidating, than those of his rival the landlord. The Unionist leader has his eyes (or deputy-eyes) open everywhere and always; he has no decency or scruple to prevent him from *insisting* upon knowing the workman's vote; he will make him show it if he can; he will make him swear it if he cannot; he will assume it, and nearly always assume it correctly, if he has any suspicion of its hostile nature; and workmen live too much among workmen for their opinions and feelings to be unknown. Trade Unions are so much of secret societies themselves that the semi-secrecy of the polling-booth will be nothing but the most transparent veil for them. You simply cannot protect the Catholic voter or the industrial voter against the two most sinister and relentless influences that can be brought to bear upon him. And you make these omnipotent by the neutralisation of all *counter-acting* ones.

In conclusion, let us sum up, in a single paragraph, the aggregate operations, so far as they can be foreseen with tolerable clearness, of the latest perfecting touches we have put to our transmogrified representative system. What used to be a representation of classes, we have made a representation of mere numbers. We have definitively handed over to that section of the community which not only is, but must always remain, the least instructed, the least reflective, the most impulsive, and the most misleadable, the preponderating electoral and therefore governing power—a preponderance scarcely felt as yet, but nearly certain to become absolute as the people become conscious of it, and are taught to organize it, and have their attention directed to class objects in furtherance of which they can use it with irresistible effect. We have removed these electors, so far as in us lay, from all the direct and indirect influences of property and superior intelligence, leaving the more sinister ones of class oppression and of priestly promises and terrors to operate all the more powerfully from the silencing of counteracting agencies. We have secured that sluggish inertia shall be the normal condition of this vast electoral mass,—a torpor only broken at times by organized and powerful interests, by artificial excitements, by sensational politics, or by small

narrow and noxious fanaticisms. Electoral and Parliamentary struggles will be less political than heretofore, and more class and social—as elsewhere and the only occasions on which a really national vote or decision can be looked for, will be when the whole country is wild with rage, or fear, or religious bigotry—just the epochs when the nation is least likely to express itself wisely, or for good. In a word, by Household Suffrage and Secret Voting, by the abolition of hustings, nominations, colours, banners, conveyance of voters, declarations of the state of the poll, and the like enactments, we shall effectually, and of set purpose, *have assimilated the representative institutions of England, where alone they had succeeded, to those of Continental and transatlantic nations, where they have uniformly failed.*

As far as the Ballot is concerned, we have never been able to understand the considerations which ultimately determined the present Ministry to bring it forward and make it a prominent Cabinet measure. The popular demand for it, once eager and resolute among a large portion of the liberal party, had very distinctly died away; the majority of the Ministers were recent converts to it; the grievance which it was designed to remedy—the undue influence of rank, landed property, and capital—was assuredly on the decline, and practically applied to a very small portion of the electoral body, indeed chiefly to a certain number of individuals in peculiar positions; and year by year a variety of circumstances was operating to diminish and remove the evil. Yet just to *hasten* the extinction of a dying mischief, our rulers have embarked us on an unknown sea, against (it is well understood) the private judgment and wishes of most of their supporters, in deference, not to a genuine popular demand, but to a fading popular tradition, and amid the gravest misgivings and uneasiness on the part of all who are calm enough or isolated enough from the noise and hurry of party strife to be able to weigh consequences or to investigate any issues but those which lie exactly on the surface. As far as we can perceive, the only set-off to the gloomy and uncertain prospect is to be found in the hope that the new and yet incalculable power which has been given to the working classes, will ensure a degree of prompt and practical attention to their real needs, interests, and just requirements, which, it must be confessed, has not hitherto been as a rule conceded. Having finished the alteration of our tools, we shall perhaps at last set heartily to work to use them.

One or two of the reflections we have suggested, have received a notable illustration and commentary from the incidents of the Galway election, and the startling judicial statements of Judge Keogh in reference thereto. We have no intention of discussing or defending the somewhat too passionate and Irish language in which that remarkable judgment was couched; but as to the substantial correctness of the allegations it contained, there is, we apprehend, no controversy whatever. Taken in connection with some other recent occurrences of a similar character in the same country, the circumstances of the Galway election teach us two or three lessons of singular significance, and we must not suffer the louder and more salient of these to monopolize our attention, or hide the others and perhaps the more important from our sight. It is clear that anything like freedom of election is simply impossible in a country where passions run so high, and where the great body of the people are so ignorant and uncivilized as in the West and South of Ireland. It is plain that the Ballot will afford no protection whatever to the voter against the two forms of intimidation which are incomparably the most pernicious and the most to be dreaded among them all,—intimidation by a brutal and excited populace, and intimidation by an organized and ultramontane priesthood. The educated classes, the gentry, and such of their tenants as were anxious to adhere to them, were driven away from the poll, and hunted through the fields by hostile mobs; secret voting would have been no help to them; it is known how people wish to vote, and are likely to vote: and those who are expected to give an unpopular vote are simply not suffered to vote at all. Landlords and employers, at the worst, threaten only a few individuals, and evict or dismiss them only if they have actually supported their opponents at the poll. The masses, the popular factions, threaten and terrify their antagonists and victims by the hundred and the thousand, and punish the intention as ruthlessly as the completed deed. But the operation of sacerdotal influence at Irish elections is still more suggestive of undeniable conclusions. Father Cohen appears to have declared boldly, that, if need were, he would use the secret confessional to neutralise and violate the secrecy of the ballot-box. But this extreme would be quite unnecessary. Priestly intimidation has one peculiarity which effectually distinguishes it from landlord intimidation, and indeed from any other sort of undue influence,—*it is self-acting.* The priest need only say to the Catholic voter,—‘Pat

O'Shaughnessy, the interests of the Church require that you should vote for Captain Nolan: the welfare of your soul requires that you should support the interests of the Church, of which I am to you the judge and the authorised exponent. I, as consecrated priest, have the keys of heaven and hell; and according as you vote right or wrong, I pronounce your passport to one or to the other.' After this there is no need for him to ask Pat how he has voted. The doom pronounced is a contingent one, and in the simple belief of the poor ignorant elector will execute itself. If he be a sincere Catholic—and nearly all the Irish peasants are as sincere as they are ignorant—he believes that his priest has really the authority which he arrogates to himself, and can declare and decide his fate in the unseen world; and of course he does not dream of disobeying an order issued under such tremendous penalties. Unless, therefore, the landlord can exercise on his side a corresponding controlling menace, and unless the fear of being turned out of his holding (being certain and immediate) should prove more efficacious than the fear of penal or purgatorial flames (which are remote, and possibly conjurable by after penance and repentance), *the vote conferred upon the Irish Catholic is virtually and simply a vote given to the priest (ballot or no ballot) and exercisable only according to his direction*, or with his connivance. Let us lay this conclusion well to heart; for unless some flaw can be exposed in the reasoning, the consequential inference is serious indeed. In any matter in which the priest chooses to say that the interests of his Church, that is, the interests of religion, are involved, the elector, *if he be really a believer*, has no option but obedience. And in what Irish elections are not the interests of the Catholic Church directly or indirectly involved? What question, among those that most agitate Ireland at the present day, is not more or less a question between Church and State? Indeed, we might almost ask, What question, in a Protestant nation with a large population of Roman Catholics, does not, for these last and their spiritual guides, become, almost *ipso facto*, a question between Church and State?—a question involving Catholic interests, and therefore a question as to which a sincere Catholic is bound to take the opinion and follow the dictation of his priest.

But this is not all. The priest if he be an honest Catholic, just as much as his flock if they be sincere believers, must believe in his own powers to bind and to loose; in his own right and duty, in all such social and

political matters as affect the welfare of his Church, or the souls and instruction and guidance of his congregation—(and in a country like Ireland, what political or social controversies do not come under this description, or will not honestly be thought to do so by a zealous member of the sacerdotal order!)—to judge for them, and tell them how they ought to act, and by what course of action, especially by what vote, they can best promote the interests of the Church which they so blindly and fanatically love. If he be a believer, he must believe in himself; or it may be in his solemn obligation to follow the directions of his superiors in the Hierarchy. He cannot but think that the interests of his religion and his order are concerned most critically in nearly every question and every election that turns up. He must feel that he ought most actively and directly to interfere in every election; to interfere, as an intelligent man always fancies he has a right to interfere, with an ignorant one; to interfere by advice, by argument, by dictation, by remonstrance; to interfere in whatever fashion he can interfere most effectually. In his eyes, the right of the unenlightened peasant to decide for himself, to keep in his own hands the vote the Legislature has conferred upon him, to consult his landlord, or to seek to please his landlord in the matter, will weigh as nothing in the balance when pitted against the interests of THE CHURCH. To forbid him, therefore, to interfere in elections; to use undue influence, *i. e.* every influence short of physical coercion that he can; to intimidate—*i. e.* to make the most of those terrors of purgatory and hell which it is his legitimate and acknowledged privilege to wield: still more to punish him for doing these things, is to threaten and chastise him for doing that which he would violate his conscience and imperil his salvation if he did not do. In a word, and in fine, turn and re-turn the matter how you will, in a land situated politically as Ireland is, with a Catholic population forming part of the citizens of a free and heretical country;—and, given the two facts at the basis of our argument, which facts no one disputes, (*viz.*, that both flocks and pastors are sincere believers; that the people believe in the power of their priests to reward obedience or punish disobedience to their directions by salvation or damnation; and that the priests believe it to be their duty to use this power for the promotion of their creed and the interests of their Church, and under the guidance of their superiors)—then the conclusion is irrefragable: you must either disfranchise the whole Catholic population as being necessarily, permanently, and *ex vi termini*, under

'undue influence,' and in no sense free and independent electors;—or you must make up your minds to have the whole electoral power of Catholic Ireland wielded by Cardinal Cullen and Pio Nono; and in this case it would save much violence and riot, and many deadly passions, to dispense with contested elections altogether, and allow the members to be nominated by those potentates direct. You cannot forbid an ignorant fanatic, to whom you have given a vote, from exercising that vote under the direction of the adviser he most trusts, or whose power to help or harm him (*elsewhere*) he most believes in. And you cannot practically, scarcely even rightfully, punish that adviser because he assures the said ignorant fanatic—really believing it himself, and therefore feeling it absolutely incumbent upon him to utter the tremendous warning—that if he votes wrong he will incur the withering wrath of those to whom the Almighty has entrusted the keys of Heaven and Hell. We are begin-

ning to perceive now—and we were warned of it, and should have realised it long ago, but for the happy though misleading accident of having had moderate and sagacious men for a long period at the head of the Romish Hierarchy—that you cannot confer votes on Roman Catholics unless these should be so enlightened as to determine to judge and act for themselves in all political questions (and to judge and act in the interests of their country, and not of their Church), i. e., *not to be thorough-going believers, or acquiescent in sacerdotal pretensions*; or unless you intend to submit to the embarrassment and humiliation of seeing these votes guided by and for an alien and hostile Theocracy, against whose influence no ballot and no police can afford even the ghost of protection. It is well we should look the truth in the face, and without the veil of mystifying words, at last,—though it be somewhat late in the day for practical good.

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ART. I.—*Despatches, Correspondence, and Memoranda of F. M. Arthur Duke of Wellington, K.G.* [In continuation of the Former Series.] Edited by his Son, the Duke of Wellington, K.G. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1867–1871.

THE career of the late Duke of Wellington, considered as a statesman, divides itself naturally into two parts. Throughout one of these he is either the Indian administrator, negotiating treaties and ruling conquered provinces; or he is the master-spirit which guides the councils of his own and of the Governments in alliance with it, and carries them, often against their will, to the successful issue of a great European war. Upon this portion of his public life we do not, on the present occasion, intend to touch. It needs no panegyric, it stands far above censure. But the other, as it brings him nearer to a level with ourselves, so it offers a fair subject of discussion and even of criticism. We propose, therefore, in the following pages to speak of the Duke exclusively as an English statesman—first, as a member, and by-and-by, as the head of a not very well assorted English administration; the proceedings of which, when examined in detail, may furnish matter of grave reflection, both because of the light which they throw upon the motives and actions of public men just passed away, and on account of the influence which they have undeniably exercised over our own destinies, and must continue to exercise over the destinies of generations yet unborn.

Of Sir Arthur Wellesley's management of affairs while Chief Secretary for Ireland in

the Portland Administration, it is unnecessary to say much. The times were sadly out of joint; wherefore over the means considered necessary to sustain the influence of the Government and to keep the peace in a province thoroughly disaffected, the sooner the veil of forgetfulness is drawn the better. Sir Arthur, it must be admitted, had some disagreeable work to do, and he did it. It was the common condition of things handed down by one Administration to another, of which nobody was ashamed, because all alike took part in it. And it is fair to add, that, in after life, he never spoke of his two years of official life in Ireland, except as of time mis-spent. But outside this process of barter of place and pension for votes, he found opportunities of doing the State some service, and he embraced them. To Sir Arthur Wellesley Dublin is indebted for the efficient police of which it still boasts. He laboured, by persuasion and appeals to their patriotism, to diminish the evils of absenteeism among Irish landowners. He compelled by legal process many clergymen of the Established Church, who had been accustomed to spend their time in England or abroad, to reside upon their benefices. His views on the subject of national education were in advance of the age in which he lived.* It is evident like-

* 'The great object of our policy in Ireland should be to obliterate, as far as the law will allow us, the distinction between Protestant and Catholic, and avoid anything that can induce either sect to recollect or believe that its interests are separate or distinct from those of the other. I would apply this principle to the education which you intend to propose to the Board.'—Letter to R. S. Tighe, Esq., one of the

wise that of the real state of parties in Ireland, and of the steps to be taken, with a view gradually to soften down its bitterness, he entertained thus early convictions which time only confirmed. He was convinced, for example, that nothing which the Government proposes to do will make the Irish people contented, and therefore loyal. Their passion is to recover from the gentry, whom for the most part they regard as usurpers, the land which their fathers owned, and anything short of the accomplishment of that object will fail to satisfy them. As to the priests, they are disloyal to a man, and were the case otherwise they could not venture, circumstanced as they are, to preach loyalty to their flocks. In the first place, being themselves peasants by birth, they naturally think as other peasants do. In the next, being dependent for subsistence on the voluntary gifts of their people, they must float upon the crest of public opinion or starve. Their own convictions may not always coincide with this opinion, and from time to time they may make an effort to guide it into a new channel; but, right or wrong, they invariably fail, and end in putting themselves at the head of the movement. Observe how completely the Duke's view of the case foreshadows the condition of Ireland at the present moment, and the course into which events are rapidly falling. The priests were opposed to Home Rule when the movement began in Meath. They resisted and were beaten, and now they make no secret of their determination to support for the future only such candidates as shall go to Parliament pledged to bring about the dissolution of the Union. The Duke understood all this by anticipation, and by anticipation suggested a rational mode of dealing with it:—

‘If what Grattan and Ponsonby declare be true, respecting the position of the Roman Catholic bishops in Ireland, and I believe that it is, there can be no objection to giving stipends to the Roman Catholic clergy, excepting the general objection of stirring the question at all during the King's life, and those which might be started and are felt by Perceval and some of the red-hot Protestants, to making any concession whatever, as it only creates fresh demands of greater danger to the State.’

After two years thus spent, Sir Arthur relinquished his office and quitted Ireland, never, we believe, to set foot in it again. He landed in Portugal on the 10th of April, 1809, a young Lieutenant-General and a Commoner. He returned to London in July, 1814, a Field Marshal and a Duke. By

Commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of Education in Ireland.

and-by came the stern interlude of Waterloo, which to his previous glories added the greatest of them all, the overthrow of Napoleon in person. Then was his sword sheathed. He had conquered for Europe a peace, which, so far as England was concerned, suffered no interruption during the remainder of his days, and these stretched themselves out well-nigh to forty years. But not with the cessation of war did the country dispense with his services. Lord Liverpool's feeble administration threw itself for support upon the prestige of his great name; and he became in consequence, contrary to his own wish, a party politician and a leader of parties. There were many among the most devoted of his friends and admirers who regretted at the time his taking that step; there are some who regret it still; but the arrangement was inevitable. His perfect mastery of military subjects, not less than his knowledge, founded on experience, of the tempers and objects of foreign courts, made his presence in the Cabinet invaluable to men, whom his triumphs in war, much more than their own success in statesmanship, had raised to be the arbitrators of the fate of Europe.

And yet, as the event proved, this thorough acquaintance of his with the views and tempers of foreign Governments lay at the root of almost all the difficulties that by-and-by arose in the Liverpool Administration. So long as Lord Londonderry lived, all went smoothly enough. After his melancholy death troubles came. Not that the interval between 1819 and 1822 proved to be, either to the Duke or his colleagues, a season of quiet. It was the era of Manchester massacres, of Luddite conspiracies, of risings in the North of England and in Scotland, and of the Six Acts. A sudden transition from a state of war, with its profuse expenditure, to one of peace, with its large reductions in all the public establishments, threw the social machine out of gear, and only by measures, strong doubtless, but necessary, was revolution averted. Perhaps the Englishman's jealousy of the interference of soldiers with civil affairs was never more curiously illustrated than by the measure of blame which the leaders of the Opposition cast upon the Duke in reference to these transactions. Earl Grey, writing to Lord, then Mr. Brougham, speaks of the ‘influence of the military mind’ in proceedings ‘which can only end in the destruction of liberty, or in a convulsion, which may too probably produce the same result.’ While Brougham, adverting to Earl Fitzwilliam's removal from his Lord Lieutenantcy, says, ‘Milton and I agree in thinking Wellington's hand appears

in it.' Now, no insinuations could be more unjust than these. Be the domestic policy of that era wise or unwise, just or unjust, the Duke had little or nothing to say in determining it. Both then and for some time afterwards he considered himself to be only a learner in the art of constitutional government, and followed, on domestic questions, the lead of men of greater experience. His hand, therefore, if it appeared at all, appeared only through the excellent advice which he gave to officers commanding troops in the disturbed districts. In the management of his own office, on the contrary, he took the greatest interest, remedying defects, correcting abuses, and systematizing details, till the Board of Ordnance became, under his manipulation, the perfect machine which every Committee that afterwards sat to inquire and report upon it pronounced it to be. Our rulers found it expedient, first to dislocate that model Board at the opening of the Crimean War, by placing the Master-General at the head of the expeditionary army, and then, throwing the blame of their own shortcomings on what they were pleased to call the system, abolished it altogether.

There is nothing in the Duke's published correspondence to show how far he was a consenting party to the measures which resulted in what is commonly called the Queen's trial. We find indeed an account of the abortive attempt that was made to escape, through his agency, from the embarrassing dilemma, and it agrees in the main with that given by Lord Brougham, himself the Queen's representative in the negotiation. But, this incident apart, the Duke has thrown no new light upon the subject. Nobody can pretend to regret this. It was a discreditable business from first to last, and it ended in a fiasco. After carrying their Bill of pains and penalties in the House of Lords by a bare majority of nine, the Ministers found that they could not venture to go farther. In the House of Commons certain defeat awaited them, in order to avoid which, the Parliament was prorogued and the Bill abandoned.

We are inclined to believe that the Tory party—we are satisfied that the Liverpool administration—never recovered the loss of prestige which followed these unhappy proceedings. It was damaging enough to have embarked in an affair, which, be the facts of the case what they might, the people of England could never be brought to regard except as cruel and iniquitous. It was still worse to fail. Nor did the mischief end there. Mr. Canning, unwilling to push matters to an extremity, resigned. The

King, furious at the issues, declared his intention of dismissing the rest of his Ministers. Against this resolution, the Duke sent in a respectful and statesmanlike remonstrance, and the King changed his mind. But Lord Liverpool never regained his Majesty's confidence, and his Majesty permitted no opportunity to escape him of showing that such was the case.

Lord Liverpool was one of those statesmen to whom Nature seems to have denied the qualities that belong to leaders of men. Not wanting in ability, by no means deficient in prudence, he arrived at decisions rather on the advice of others than by following the dictates of his own judgment. There were two members of the administration whom he consulted on all occasions, the Duke and Mr. Canning. The Duke's devoted loyalty to himself gratified him; the Duke's straightforward honesty of purpose commanded his respect. Mr. Canning threw a spell over him of a different kind; his wit, his eloquence, the prestige that attached to him as the favourite pupil of Pitt, took captive the imagination of a not very imaginative person. Lord Liverpool's reason did not always approve Mr. Canning's suggestions, as it did those of the Duke, yet he was moved to action just as frequently by the one as by the other. If these two happened to agree on any one point, opposition from other quarters was useless. If they differed, he might waver for a time, but the end invariably was some attempt at a compromise. The loss of Mr. Canning to a Government so circumstanced was a serious misfortune, and the King refusing to take him back, the Prime Minister announced to the Duke his intention of resigning. The following letter in reply to this communication puts in a curious light the acts and motives of princes in the Georgian era:—

'The question arises, ought you to make it (a threat of staking the existence of the administration on the return of Mr. Canning to office) without being determined to carry it through? Your continued opinion, mine, that of several others of your colleagues, and of many of your friends, that it is highly desirable that Mr. Canning should be in the Government, and the claim preferred in the last letter of the 29th of June to bring his name again under the King's view, show that you ought to propose him to the King; not only under present circumstances, but whenever an opportunity may offer; his own conduct and opinions in relation to the Government being the same as they are at present. I would recommend you to propose him to the King, then, not in the spirit of hostility, not as an alternative to be taken between Mr. Canning and us, or anything else the King can find as a Government, but as you did at first, as an

arrangement calculated for the strength of the Government, the benefit of the country, and the honour of the King himself. . . .

'In respect to Lord Conyngham, your line is quite clear ; you have nothing to propose, but you desire to remonstrate if the King should propose to appoint him Lord Chamberlain. This, you may rely upon it, he will not be allowed to do. If he does, I think the appointment of Lord Conyngham, unaccompanied by a satisfactory arrangement of the question of Mr. Canning or of the Government, would give you a good ground for quarrel. But why should we look for a quarrel ? Is it not rather our duty to endeavour to settle this petty question, which, after all, is a mere trifle, and can affect us, and never was considered as affecting us, except as a point of honour ? I don't mean to depreciate the importance of a point of honour to the Government ; but, I would observe, that the prevention of this particular appointment became a point of honour and importance to the Government, after the rejection of Canning in June, the questions of the Irish peerages and of the green ribbons, and all the follies of the coronation. . . . As I told you at Walmer, the King has never forgiven your opposition to his wishes in the case of Mr. Sumner. This feeling has influenced every action of his life in relation to his Government from that moment ; and I believe to more than one of us he avowed that his objection to Mr. Canning was, that his accession to the Government was peculiarly desirable to you. Nothing can be more unjust or more unfair than this feeling, and as there is not one of your colleagues who did not highly approve of what you did respecting Mr. Sumner, so there is not one of them who would not suffer with you all the consequences of that act.'

The Mr. Sumner referred to here was tutor to Lord Conyngham's son. He had laid the family under a serious obligation, and Lady Conyngham pressed the King to promote him in the Church. Lord Liverpool could not recognise his merits, and declined to recommend him ; but Mr. Canning, when, through Lady Conyngham's influence, he obtained by-and-by the object of a life's ambition, proved more compliant, and Mr. Sumner became, and long continued to be, the pious and highly respected Bishop of Winchester.

Convinced by this reasoning, Lord Liverpool kept his place, and the machine of the State worked on a little longer without Mr. Canning's assistance. But just as Canning was on the eve of embarking for India, the death of Lord Londonderry was announced, and the necessity of strengthening his administration by reconnecting with it his old colleague, presented itself with renewed intensity to Lord Liverpool's mind. There were, however, great difficulties to be surmounted. Not the King only, but his

brothers also, the Dukes of York and Cumberland, were averse to the arrangement, and in the Cabinet itself a strong feeling prevailed that Canning was not to be trusted. Lord Eldon took this view of the matter, so did Lord Westmorland, so did others : their opposition must therefore be overcome ; and who would undertake to grapple with it ? Once more the Duke was appealed to. Now, it would be not only absurd, but untrue, to assert that the Duke's confidence in Mr. Canning was greater than that of his colleagues. He knew that Mr. Canning's talents were of the highest order ; he knew also that his energies were irrepressible. In or out of office, he seemed always to have some end in view, which could be attained, or which he fancied could be attained, only by finesse. At the time of Mr. Perceval's assassination, he had taken an active part in the endeavour to set up a new Government ; but though acting with Lord Wellesley, he never intended that Lord Wellesley, or Lord Grey, or Lord Hastings should be Prime Minister : that office he meant for himself. When associated with Lord Castlereagh in the same Cabinet, he took advantage of the failure of the Walcheren expedition to intrigue for the transfer of the business of the War Department from the Colonial to the Foreign Office. Singularly handsome in his personal appearance, and endowed with manners the most attractive, he laid himself out for popularity, and achieved it. Finally, he courted the press. Himself a graceful and indeed a brilliant writer, he delighted in the society of men of letters, and took care to comprehend under that category the editors of influential newspapers. A statesman with these associations and tastes was not the sort of person in whom the Duke could repose unbounded trust. Yet, when appealed to by Lord Liverpool to be the medium of communication with the King, he at once consented. Was there any inconsistency in this ? We think not. The Duke had before him a choice of difficulties. He might refuse to co-operate with Lord Liverpool, in which case Lord Liverpool would resign and the Government would break up ;—he might co-operate with Lord Liverpool, and, carrying his point, bring into the Government a Minister, in dealing with whom it would be necessary to be much on his guard. But the breaking up of the existing administration would be tantamount in his eyes to the overthrow of all government ; because, in his own party, there were none outside the Cabinet possessed of talent and experience enough to conduct the business of the country ; and of the Whigs, he believed that they were in-

capable of carrying on the government at all except by conceding so much to their allies the Radicals, as to endanger, perhaps to overthrow, the Constitution. How far events have or have not justified this vaticination, our readers must judge for themselves.

Thus reasoning, the Duke set himself to overcome the King's scruples, and succeeded. He prevailed also in winning for Mr. Canning the place of all others, short of that not then vacant, which Mr. Canning coveted. The following are his reasons for acting thus. They were written out in order to reconcile Lady Londonderry to an arrangement which could not be other than painful to her feelings:—

'When the misfortune occurred, it was necessary for the Government to consider what measures should be adopted for its reorganization. We could look to two persons to take the lead in the House of Commons, and to two modes of arranging the offices of the Government. If we looked to Mr. Peel we had only one individual who could pretend to take a great line in Parliament; and giving him every credit for talents, we could not believe that he would prove himself more capable than him whom we had lost to carry on such a concern alone and unsupported. His health is not very good, and he had more than once complained in the last Session that he was not equal even to the moderate share of the labour which had devolved upon him; and we could not expect that alone he would be equal to the whole. Then we knew, and were informed, that a large number of the supporters of the Government—some even in office—had, during the last Session, lamented that a person of Mr. Canning's parliamentary talents should have been allowed to go away; and it was found that many individuals, some in office, declared, that they could not support, if, under existing circumstances, an attempt was not made to detain Mr. Canning in the country. These individuals were principally those who favour the Roman Catholic cause, and what I call the *Liberals* among the supporters of the Government; and I entertain no doubt that if we had determined to carry on the Government without making an offer to Mr. Canning, we should have lost the support of all these and of Mr. Canning's particular party; and we should, moreover, have left ourselves, in respect of parliamentary talents, in a situation far inferior to that in which we had been for many years. It was determined to recommend the King to recall Mr. Canning to his councils. When this was determined, the question was—to what situation he should be called.

'Upon this point, common sense, strengthened by former experience, could leave no doubt. Nothing can be so erroneous as to place any individual of great activity and talent in a situation in which there is no scope for his activity, and in which he must feel that his talents are thrown away. His views must always be directed to disturb rather than preserve the existing order of things, in order

that, out of a new arrangement, he may find himself in a situation better suited to him. He must be the leader in the House of Commons, and as such he must be either Chancellor of the Exchequer or Secretary of State in one of the three departments. I believe it would be impossible to place two leading men in the Treasury; there remained, then, only the offices of the Secretary of State. Mr. Peel cannot talk French, and is totally unaccustomed to the Foreign Office; and Lord Bathurst's office in time of peace is certainly less important than either of the others. It was, therefore, deemed advisable to place Mr. Canning in the Foreign Office, on the principle above laid down (which is undeniable), of placing him in the situation in which there will be ample room for his activity and talents.'

Mr. Canning resumed the seals of office at a very critical period. Abroad there was a general upheaving of society; peoples complaining of breach of faith by their rulers, rulers striving to keep down with a strong hand what they called the revolutionary spirit of the age. Greece had gone into open revolt against Turkey. Brazil and Portugal were at variance. The South American colonies, with the exception of Cuba, were breaking loose from Spain, and Spain herself had constrained her King to accept a democratic constitution. We cannot enter into details explanatory of the part played by England in these transactions. She had never been a member of the Holy Alliance—she made common cause with absolutism nowhere throughout the world. Her policy, inaugurated by Lord Castlereagh, had been one of honourable adherence to treaties, with a fixed determination not to interfere in the internal affairs of other countries, and an anxious desire to dissuade her allies from acting on an opposite principle. These are facts, better understood now than they were fifty years ago, and every day brings them more prominently to light. But it did not suit the purposes of the new Foreign Secretary to represent matters thus to the world. He managed, on the contrary, so to play his cards, that he should get the credit for whatever was or appeared to be liberal in the dealings of England with foreign States. Let us not be misunderstood. We by no means intend to charge Mr. Canning with wilfully falsifying the policy or the character of his predecessor; that is out of the question. But he permitted no opportunity to escape him of speaking contemptuously and even indignantly of men and measures with which his predecessors had of necessity been a good deal mixed up. Now a line of conduct such as this was particularly disagreeable to the Duke, as were the terms of intimacy on which Mr. Canning was understood to live and even to correspond with the leaders of

the Opposition. Nor, in truth, can it be said that there was much unanimity of sentiment between the two men on almost any of the great questions which then agitated the public mind. Canning was eager to receive Greece, with a widely extended frontier, into the comity of nations. The Duke dreaded the growth of Russian influence in Europe, and desired to sustain Turkey in force enough to operate as a barrier against her Westward march. Canning, whether approving of the revolution in Spain or being indifferent to it, would have dragged England into war rather than see the Spanish constitution thrust aside by French bayonets. The Duke, protesting against the invasion, declined to go further, and gave his reasons:—

‘If the Spanish people,’ he said, ‘be unanimous in their determination to maintain the existing order of things, past experience proves that they will maintain it in spite of all that France can do. If they be divided, no interference on our part will stop the French or save the constitution.’

Again, Canning, bent upon establishing the independence of the Spanish Colonies, urged his colleagues in 1824 to announce this policy in the King’s Speech. The Duke stopped the arrangement at that time by a letter, which we cannot resist the temptation of inserting at length. It is addressed to Lord Liverpool, whom the Foreign Secretary had won over to his own views:—

‘MY DEAR LORD—I have read with attention the paper in the box, and I sincerely wish that I could agree with your opinion on the subject to which it relates. I have likewise read with attention the papers on the subject of the Spanish Colonies, now on the Cabinet table, and although I admit that we must, at some time or other, establish some relations with those countries which shall tend to recognize their existence as independent States, I am convinced that in view of our internal situation, to our relations with foreign Powers, to our fair fame, and to our existing relations with Spain—considering the mode in which the contests with these States has been carried on,—and to our own honour and good name, the longer the establishment of such relation is deferred the better. I am further convinced that the reasons for the decision of July last (they were adverse to recognition) exist at present in a still stronger degree than they did at that time. Nay more, I believe that if the Cabinet had then known the real situation of what is called the State of Buenos Ayres, that the limited measure then determined upon was to be left to the discretion of Mr. Parish, and that that discretion would be exercised in signing a Treaty of Commerce with the city of Buenos Ayres alone, even that measure would not have been adopted.

‘I will not now enter into a discussion of

the question. But before you decide that you will pledge your Government in the King’s speech to Parliament to a substantial recognition of these States, the existence of each of which is here acknowledged even by these reporters to depend upon the result of a pending contest, I earnestly entreat you to ascertain the real opinion of your colleagues and that of the public. Excepting one, I believe the former are either disinclined to stir further in the question, or are indifferent about it. All that they wish for is that the peace should be uninterrupted.

‘As far as the opinion of the public can be judged of in society, I should say, it is decidedly in favour of continued peace, and particularly that no steps should be taken in this question which can lead to discussion with other States. The opinion of many intelligent men is—that the moment you will formally recognize the independent existence of these States, your influence over their conduct will be at an end. But has it never occurred to you, that we lost the best fruits of the late war, by our connivance at the private wars of the King’s subjects in those countries, and that the state in which we find ourselves in Europe at present is to be attributed in a great degree to our conduct in this question?

‘Is it quite clear that we do not by further measures expose ourselves to the risk of war, and that the worst of all wars for us—one with a power whose only strength is its nakedness; to which, putting the Havannah out of the question, we can do no mischief, after we shall have established these independent States. Will such a war not be followed by other contests?

‘But there is another opinion which it is desirable you should reconcile to your measure before you go further with it, and that is that of the King. Such measures are inconsistent with all his opinions, and with everything which he feels a pride in having done, since the establishment of the Regency; and you will find it most difficult to obtain his consent to pledge his Government in his speech to Parliament to any measures for finally separating these States from the mother country.

‘As for my part, I came into the Government to support yourself and the principles upon which you had been acting, and for which we had struggled in the field for such a length of time. I should wish to go on as I have done, and nothing makes me so unhappy as to differ in opinion with you. But as you know, I am not inclined to carry these differences farther than is necessary. I have advised, and shall invariably advise his Majesty to follow the advice of his Cabinet. But I can easily conceive that it must be equally irksome to you to have a colleague, whose opinion on many subjects is so decidedly different from yours; and I am ready, whenever you wish it, to ask the King’s leave to retire from his service.’

The concluding sentences in this letter give a pretty clear insight into what was already the condition of the Cabinet. Within

two years of Mr. Canning's return to office it had split up into hostile camps. Nor can there be any doubt as to the immediate cause of this division. Mr. Canning, by his merits in other respects what they might, could not serve. He must be chief of all, or, failing that, he would make himself the head of a party. He did so on the present occasion to such good purpose, that his party comprehended, ere long, not only many members of Lord Liverpool's Administration, but a considerable following from both Houses of Parliament, as well of the professed supporters of the Government as of those who sat upon the Opposition benches. It is curious to observe likewise how soon his correspondence with the Duke begins to grow cold. For a brief space the Duke is or appears to be his Mentor. To him he submits all his despatches before they pass into other hands, and asks advice. But the Duke's advice proves to be sometimes distasteful, and Canning, in thanking him for it, is little careful to conceal his own chagrin and mortification. On the other hand, it was one of the Duke's peculiarities that by whomsoever his advice might be asked he expected it to be followed. A querulous reply led accordingly to a stiff rejoinder, and the two men soon stood apart. Is this difficult to account for? We think not. Both were fond of power; both were tenacious of their own opinions; both were proud, and to a proud man there is nothing more intolerable than the sense of some heavy obligation, which he can never hope to repay. Mr. Canning knew that but for the Duke's interference, he must have abandoned his career in Parliament and gone to India. We would not willingly do him wrong; but it appears to us that the Duke's action in this matter stirred Mr. Canning's jealousy, more than it awakened his gratitude.

How this alienation operated on occasions when the Duke represented the British Government at foreign Courts and Congresses, the plan of the present article precludes us from showing. An opportunity of remedying the defect may occur hereafter; but in the meanwhile it must suffice to state, that amid many jars and difficulties, the Liverpool Administration held together for three years more, and that it originated in that interval some excellent measures, for which the Administrations that came after it took care that it should not obtain the credit. From two great questions, however, more important perhaps than all the rest, the Liverpool Administration turned studiously aside. The Government opposed, as a Government, every motion that was

made to introduce any change, however slight, into the electoral system of the empire. The Government shrank, as a Government, from dealing with the Catholic question. Fatal errors both; and the more to be regretted that, whatever their views might be in regard to the former point, we now know that on the latter the Duke and Mr. Canning thought alike. But the King was become by this time as averse as his father had ever been to break in upon the Constitution of 1688; and though there was no such compact with him, as Minister after Minister had entered into with George III., the First Lord of the Treasury approved his sentiments, and was besides too timid to move in opposition to them, however judicious or even necessary he might have felt such movement to be.

A good deal may be said in extenuation, if not in actual justification, of the Government policy in regard to Parliamentary Reform. The question had undoubtedly ceased in a great degree to occupy public attention. Lord John Russell, its consistent and persevering advocate, found himself session after session less supported in the House of Commons, and out of doors a thriving people seemed indifferent to the subject. That this appearance of content with the abuses of the borough system was fallacious we now know. We know likewise that opportunities were unwisely neglected of transferring to the great seats of industry electoral privileges, which by their own venality the lesser constituencies had forfeited. But, after all, the machine worked well, and *quieta non movere* is an accepted and not unreasonable maxim with politicians. The same thing cannot be said of what was by this time called Catholic Emancipation. Year by year the intelligence of the empire, so far as this was represented in either House of Parliament, expressed itself dissatisfied with the laws as they stood; and motions for their repeal, carried in the House of Commons, were thrown out in the Lords by continually decreasing majorities. Meanwhile the state of Ireland had become all but intolerable. There was little crime anywhere—using that term in its ordinary sense—for even agrarian outrages were rare; but from sea to sea the whole country was organized and the people brought under the absolute control of the Catholic Association. We recommend such of our readers as desire to refresh their memories on this subject, to read a paper which they will find at page 592 in the second volume of the Duke's recently-published 'Despatches.' The paper to which we refer was drawn up as early as 1825—whether with a view to bring the question before the Cabinet, or only as

the custom of the writer was to deliver his own mind, there is nothing to show. But it is a curious and very valuable document, not alone because of the grasp which it takes of the actual state of affairs, but because it foreshadows the course which the Duke himself followed when the means of guiding the policy of the Government were put into his hands.

After passing in review the state of public opinion on the subject, and adverting to the Concordat then recently entered into between George IV., as King of Hanover, and the Pope, the Duke describes Ireland as divided into two parties—

‘one consisting of the Protestant proprietors of land, the clergy, and the mass of the Protestant population; the other of the Roman Catholic bishops, clergy, and gentry, and the populace reckoned at six millions. Of the former party a few among the gentry may think well of the Roman Catholics, a few more desire concession as the only mode of tranquillizing the country, but the great bulk are political partisans, and all alike live in daily dread of a rising against themselves. On the other hand some of the Roman Catholic proprietors, and of the higher order of the clergy, and some even of the priests, occasionally exert themselves in the cause of order. But these are exceptions to the general rule, which has converted the Roman Catholic clergy, nobility, lawyers, and gentlemen having property into a sort of theocracy which is supreme over the populace, and by means of the Rent and through the agency of the Association, has acquired a knowledge of the means of organizing the masses which it never before possessed.

‘This,’ continues the document, ‘in my opinion is the great distinction between this and other religious parties in this and any other state. The Dissenters of different descriptions in England, however troublesome and factious, and the Greeks in Hungary are domestic parties, and have no connection with Foreign Powers. Nor have the Greeks even in the Turkish dominions, except by virtue of treaties between the Porte and the Emperor of Russia. But the Roman Catholic party in Ireland is, and acts in every respect as, and its existence has all the effects upon the prosperity and greatness of the empire, of a party connected with and protected by a Foreign Power.’

The inevitable hostility of this party to the Church of England, to the connection between England and Ireland, and to the Protestant proprietary of the soil, is next pointed out:—

‘Only the strength of England keeps it down, particularly in war. William III. fully understood this, and to obviate the danger arising from these causes, his laws were enacted. But his laws dealt almost exclusively with the clergy; they banished the higher order of the hierarchy, as well as the regular clergy of the Roman Church. They obliged the parish

priests to register their places of abode. They prohibited intermarriages between Roman Catholics and Protestants, and made attempts at conversion from Protestantism to Romanism penal. William, indeed, appears to have considered the Roman Catholics in Ireland as a beaten army, the heads of which were to be sent out of the country, and the lower ranks disarmed; and it does not appear that he thought of applying civil disabilities to keep in order a party, whose means consist principally in their numerical strength. Indeed the only disabilities found in his Irish laws, are those against solicitors, which can easily be understood from the previous forfeitures and renewed grants of the forfeited estates. It was not till the following reign that the war of civil disabilities in Ireland commenced, which having been extended in the three reigns following that of William, the system was at last relaxed in that of George III.; first by the Act of 1772, to enable all descriptions of his Majesty’s subjects to testify their allegiance to him, in which a new oath was enacted; and afterwards by the repeal of many of the disqualifying statutes in 1782–1792 and 1793.’

From these premises the Duke draws the conclusion that neither legislative harshness on the one hand, nor concession on the other, had produced the smallest effect for good; that the Roman Catholic party was the same in 1825 that it had been in the reign of William; that, in point of fact, it was become more formidable because the higher classes of its members were richer, and that the absence of all restraint upon the theocracy, co-operating with the liberal spirit of the times, had made it, especially of late, bolder and less scrupulous in approaching a breach of the law.

Glancing next at the various proposals made for getting rid of the disqualifying laws, and recognizing the enormous difficulty of the question, the Duke shows how the power of Rome is controlled in Continental States by special treaties, and how well, upon the whole, these treaties work:—

‘But,’ he continues, ‘as referable to Ireland, there are three parties to these questions—the King, the Pope, and the Roman Catholics in Ireland. Of these the last named are incomparably the most difficult to treat with; they will not hear of the interference of the Crown, to put an end to Papal encroachment and its consequences, and it is obvious that their object is to prevent the exercise of any inspection or control by the Crown, in order that the country may remain under the government of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. As long as the Roman Catholic religion exists, in this or any other country, out of the control of the Crown, it remains a system of secrecy and concealment, and therefore of danger. It has not been suffered thus to exist in any country in Europe, whether governed by a Roman Catholic or a Protestant sovereign; and we see

from antecedent transactions in Ireland, from the existing state of society in that country, and from what has come out in evidence before the Committee of the Lords, that of all the countries in Europe, Ireland is *the* one, in which such a system should not be suffered to exist.'

Enormous as the difficulty might be of settling this question, the Duke is of opinion that the time was come for attempting a settlement, and that the Ministers then in office were the persons by whom that attempt should be made. He believes that their Protestant friends, however angry they might be at the outset, would not act so suicidal a part as to go over to the enemy. Nor could success, supposing the attempt to succeed, be regarded as a party triumph in the Cabinet; because though heretofore it had been agreed among the ministers that the question should not be taken up as a Government question, still each individual minister was free to deal with it as he thought best; and if a careful review of the whole case should induce a majority to arrive at a fresh conclusion, why should not the minority, in the interests of the country and for the King's service, frankly give way? As to motives,—

'Surely,' he continues, 'it is more manly and consistent with our duty to our sovereign and to the public, so to conduct ourselves, as to be able to render most service in the particular crisis of the times, than to be looking about to see what imputations can be brought against us of supposed attachment to office, founded upon our continuing to hold our offices, after a question has been carried, or is about to be carried, contrary to our opinions, by our own friends in Parliament, and by the influence of those acting in the Cabinet with us.'

We refrain, for obvious reasons, from making further reference to this most interesting paper. The limits at our disposal forbid the proceeding, and if the contrary were the case the quotation would serve little purpose, because the plan laid down in 1825 underwent considerable modification in 1828, and in 1829 was entirely emasculated.

Between 1824 and 1827 various changes occurred in the composition of the Government. They were all calculated to strengthen Mr. Canning's hands, and proved in consequence highly distasteful to the Eldon party. Another effect produced by them was to draw closer the connection which had already begun to be formed between the so-called Liberal Tories and the Whigs in Parliament. The Whigs approved the commercial policy of their rivals, which they attributed entirely to Mr. Huskisson. They approved, also, the foreign policy of the Government, of which

they gave all the credit to Mr. Canning. The Whigs were mistaken on both points. So far as the commercial policy of the country was concerned, it had, up to a certain point, no steadier supporter than the Duke. A disciple of Adam Smith, he advocated free trade, so long as the matter was not pushed beyond the limits assigned to it by his master. He objected, indeed, to repeal the navigation laws, because, like Adam Smith, he believed them to be the great prop of England's maritime superiority. He was averse to tamper seriously with the corn laws, which he regarded as necessary for the maintenance of the influence of the territorial gentry. His disinclination to throw open the trade with China rested more upon political than fiscal reasons. He anticipated from the measure endless complications with that country, and it cannot be said that the result has falsified his views of the case. But these considerations apart, he was prepared equally with Mr. Huskisson, or anybody else, to sell in the dearest market and purchase in the cheapest. In like manner his views of what ought to be the foreign policy of the country may be gathered from his published correspondence. Revolutionary they certainly were not, but if it be true liberalism to leave foreign States as much as possible to settle their internal affairs for themselves, not to meddle and muddle with threats and remonstrances when these cannot be followed by more active measures, to maintain the faith of treaties, to be forbearing and moderate, to sacrifice much (provided the sacrifice involve no dishonour) rather than go to war,—then was the Duke of Wellington as liberal a minister as ever gave advice to the English Crown. The truth is, as we have elsewhere stated, that the Duke understood better than any statesman of his day both the tempers and designs of Continental Powers, and was wise enough (which is more than can be said always of others), in trying to settle differences with them or among them, rather to appeal to motives which they were capable of appreciating than to gain a little empty popularity by lecturing them on the abstract rights of man.

It is well known that in 1826 the Roman Catholic controversy reached its climax. The Duke of York made in London his not very judicious declaration, and Mr. O'Connell replied to it by a furious manifesto in Dublin. Parliament was dissolved, and England and Scotland sent to the new House of Commons a majority of representatives hostile to further concession, while the Irish members were, almost to a man, in favour of it. The result was that when the

division came to be taken the Commons rejected, by a majority of six, the same Bill which their predecessors had passed. Meanwhile in the Cabinet proposals had been made to modify the existing corn laws, and Mr. Huskisson, when addressing his constituents at Liverpool, spoke as if the laws in question were doomed. This offended the Duke as much as it embarrassed Lord Liverpool, whose life between the Liberals among his subordinates on the one hand, and the old Tories on the other, was becoming, day by day, more of a burden to him. Again he meditated a resignation, and went so far as to see the King upon the subject. This fact is curiously brought out in a portion of the Duke's correspondence, not yet, we believe, given to the public, which has reference to his own severance from the Cabinet in 1827. A letter from the late Lord Londonderry to the Duke describes an interview with the King, and puts the following words into his Majesty's mouth. The King appears to have been speaking confidentially to Lord Londonderry about Canning and his doings since 1822:—

'Liverpool announced to me, that they could not get on without Canning, and it ended, chiefly at the instigation of the Duke of Wellington, in my consenting to that measure of his introduction into the Cabinet, which was of all others the most disagreeable to me. I must, however, here do Mr. Canning the justice to say, that since he has served me, I have found him considerate, and behaving well to me in every respect. So things proceeded until the calamity of Liverpool, and what I formerly thought would have been a desirable event, has certainly turned out for me, one of the most unfortunate. It is true, however, that Liverpool would not have stayed in beyond the present session, and he declared to me, if he did not carry the Corn Bill, he would not remain Minister. *But had he gone out, he would have arranged matters, so as not to have placed me in the dilemma in which I now stand.*'

The elections were over, but Parliament had not yet met, when the Duke of York, whose health had long been failing, died. There could not be two opinions as to his successor at the Horse Guards. The King, indeed, attempted to become Commander-in-Chief of his own army, which he proposed to manage, as was done long ago, through a Board of General Officers and the Secretary-at-War. But the objections to the arrangement were too serious to be overcome, and his Majesty gave way. It followed, as a matter of course, that the command of the army was offered to the Duke of Wellington, and was by him accepted. Under ordinary circumstances the presence in the Cabinet of the Commander-in-Chief would

have been objected to as unconstitutional. But the Duke could not be spared, and, in order to maintain his connexion with the Government, it was arranged that, with the chief command of the army, he should continue to hold the Master-Generalship of the Ordnance, receiving pay, however, for only one of the two offices.

The Duke of York died on the 9th December, 1826. On the 17th February, 1827, Lord Liverpool was seized with that paralytic affection from which he never recovered. At once the question arose by whom should he be succeeded? The Duke in his correspondence appears to assert, and Lord Londonderry's conversation with the King gives great force to the statement, that for some time back an understanding had been arrived at in the Cabinet, and even with his Majesty, that whenever Lord Liverpool should resign—an event anticipated at this time from one day to another—a nobleman should take his place, entertaining the same views on the Catholic question which he had entertained, and that under him the ministers then in office would, if the King approved the arrangement, continue to manage the business of the country. Whether this understanding amounted to a positive agreement is not so certain, but that it was recognized in the Cabinet, and acted upon in spirit, admits of little doubt, because the business of the Government went on for awhile just as if Lord Liverpool had been in full vigour both of body and mind. No one openly moved to suggest a successor to him, but all, as it seemed, waited till circumstances should determine for them on whom his mantle was to fall. It has been said of late in more than one quarter,—it was said at the time, and at the time openly contradicted,—that the Duke intrigued to win the vacant place. No one pretends to deny now—few doubted, forty years ago—that such intrigue was pushed forward, but from another quarter. Mr. Canning had become by this time the intimate friend of his ancient enemies. The King, and the King's household, delighted in his society. He had obtained for Lord Conyngham the much-coveted Chamberlainship; he had taken Lord Conyngham's son as Under-Secretary into the Foreign Office; it was known that if the power rested with him, he would promote in the Church the clergyman whom Lord and Lady Conyngham patronized. The press clamoured for him as the only statesman in whom the country could repose confidence. How all this ended we need not stop to describe. The correspondence between him and the Duke is now a matter of history. Mr. Canning

became Prime Minister, and the Duke, Mr. Peel, Lord Eldon, Lord Westmorland, Lord Melville, and others, quitted the Government.

To his dying day the Duke maintained that he took the proper course on this occasion. His correspondence abounds with statements in justification of the act. In frequent conversations with individuals he adverted to it, and always in the same strain:—

‘Mr. Canning,’ he says in a memorandum on quitting office, which the reader will find at page 686 of vol. iii., ‘had, in a conversation which I had with him on the 2nd of April, explained to me, that in case his Majesty should consider of a scheme for the reconstruction of the Government, one of his designs was to propose that Mr. Robinson should be removed to the House of Lords and be made First Lord of the Treasury; and if the answer to my letter of the 10th had been, that this was the plan which he still intended to follow, it would then have been suggested by me, that he should think of an arrangement which might have been better calculated to keep the Government together.’

But the Duke, as is well known, went further. He resigned at the same time his command of the army; which, as the office was not a political one, there was no political reason that he should have done.* This was a se-

* *Memorandum of conversation between the Duke of Wellington and the Knight of Kerry, the latter a member of Mr. Canning's Government.*

‘The Duke entered fully into the circumstances of his abdication of the command of the army. He had acted from no feeling of enmity to Mr. Canning or any one else. Whilst discussions were carried on in private, differences were open to free and friendly explanation; but when charges on one side or another became public, then a man was bound by self-respect to sustain himself in the opinion of the world. When Mr. Canning introduced the King's name it made the case serious; and, considering his own position, it became necessary that his conduct should not be open to misconception or compromise. In writing to ask Mr. Canning who was to be the head of the Government he meant no slight or offence. The inquiry grew out of the very nature of their previous conversation, in which Mr. Canning had discussed, and with reference to various arrangements, without the supposition of himself being Prime Minister. The Duke was now convinced that at the time Mr. Canning wrote that letter he was not actually the Minister. As soon as he found that Mr. Canning put a construction of an offensive nature on his letter he wrote to disavow it; but Mr. Canning's letter to him, which he thought uncalled-for, and which was quite unlike his usual style of writing, remained at the present moment unexplained. He disliked politics, they did not suit him. He could have continued in command of the army, and Mr. Canning might have governed the country in Downing-street without any difference or objections; but with the correspondence unexplained, he did not know to what ebullitions of

temper he might be exposed, or how things could go on. He was perfectly ready to take the command of the army, whatever Mr. Canning's opinions on politics might be; but when he was asked to form part of a Cabinet, it was necessary that he should inquire before consenting who was to be the head of the Ministers. Otherwise they might all agree in the dark to form a Government which they might find at length without a head. His object and principle was to keep the old members of the Government together. The only advice he had given the King (and he saw him but once, viz. the day after his return from Brighton), was, “Sir, I advise you to make your arrangements complete, and take such a course as will keep together the members of the late Government.” His efforts had always been directed to preserve harmony. He had over and over again composed differences which arose between individuals. Many a time some hasty decision, or letter, which was probably repented of the moment it was written, had led to broils which he had to remedy. In fact he was always called in on such occasions. Mr. Canning's temper was very unhappy, as we would soon find out. He had originally recommended to the King to take Mr. Canning into his service at a time when, from particular circumstances, he had very great influence with the King, and he had done his best at all times to keep things right. He could not, therefore, be supposed to bear any enmity of feeling towards him, and he had none. All these considerations forced on him the answer he sent to the King's letter; and when Mr. Canning dictated that letter, he knew that his former conduct had placed him in a position which left him no alternative. That letter was most affectionate and friendly, and in the tone in which the King was used to write to him; but they clearly saw that no other arrangement could be made for the army. There really was no person to put into the situation; but if that bar had not existed, he could have carried on the command of the army without meddling in politics, which would be a great relief to him. He expressed again the *disgust* he felt for politics. He might differ in opinion on particular points with the members of the Government, but that could not affect him in his military position. He spoke a great deal more in detail.

About a month or more after his resignation, the Duke, at Sir Herbert Taylor's request, sent to him a copy of the correspondence which had passed between himself and Mr. Canning, subsequently to the explanation which he offered to the House of

temper he might be exposed, or how things could go on. He was perfectly ready to take the command of the army, whatever Mr. Canning's opinions on politics might be; but when he was asked to form part of a Cabinet, it was necessary that he should inquire before consenting who was to be the head of the Ministers. Otherwise they might all agree in the dark to form a Government which they might find at length without a head. His object and principle was to keep the old members of the Government together. The only advice he had given the King (and he saw him but once, viz. the day after his return from Brighton), was, “Sir, I advise you to make your arrangements complete, and take such a course as will keep together the members of the late Government.” His efforts had always been directed to preserve harmony. He had over and over again composed differences which arose between individuals. Many a time some hasty decision, or letter, which was probably repented of the moment it was written, had led to broils which he had to remedy. In fact he was always called in on such occasions. Mr. Canning's temper was very unhappy, as we would soon find out. He had originally recommended to the King to take Mr. Canning into his service at a time when, from particular circumstances, he had very great influence with the King, and he had done his best at all times to keep things right. He could not, therefore, be supposed to bear any enmity of feeling towards him, and he had none. All these considerations forced on him the answer he sent to the King's letter; and when Mr. Canning dictated that letter, he knew that his former conduct had placed him in a position which left him no alternative. That letter was most affectionate and friendly, and in the tone in which the King was used to write to him; but they clearly saw that no other arrangement could be made for the army. There really was no person to put into the situation; but if that bar had not existed, he could have carried on the command of the army without meddling in politics, which would be a great relief to him. He expressed again the *disgust* he felt for politics. He might differ in opinion on particular points with the members of the Government, but that could not affect him in his military position. He spoke a great deal more in detail.

N.B.—It appeared to me that whether or not this disinclination to politics existed originally in the Duke's mind, he has now brought his opinions to that point.’

Lords, of the causes which induced him to retire from the command of the army. Sir Herbert was struck with the tone of the Duke's letters, and ventured in reply to 'express an earnest and anxious hope and solicitude, that the door was left open to further communication and explanation, and that they may lead to the result which the country and the army had equally at heart.' Here is the Duke's answer:—

'London, 21st May, 1827.

'MY DEAR GENERAL,—I have received your letter of yesterday. I stated in Parliament, as well as on every occasion elsewhere, that I considered that there was nothing of a political nature which ought to prevent me from taking the command at the Horse Guards equally as of an army in the field. I resigned the command, because I had received a rebuke for which I had given no provocation, and in which the authority of the King's name was very unnecessarily introduced. I believe there is no difference of opinion between us on this subject, any more than there is—that this rebuke was such a signal mark of want of confidence, as that I could not continue to hold my office with advantage to his Majesty. Considering this rebuke as proceeding from the highest authority, I have never thought this affair a private matter, requiring what is called reconciliation. Those in authority will decide whether I was mistaken in the view which I took of these communications (which they have never yet said), and whether confidence exists, and under what circumstances, and in what manner, and at what time such decisions will be made. It will then remain for his Majesty and his servants to decide, whether it suits his Majesty's service and his purposes, that I should resume the command. But it appears to me quite clear, that till they will have made up their minds upon the first point, it is needless to think of the last.'

To the above there is a note appended in the Duke's handwriting, which runs thus:—

'This is a letter I wrote to Sir Herbert Taylor, which Mr. Canning saw in the morning of the day on which he advised the King to write to me, viz. the 21st of May.'

Concerning the objects of the above letter there cannot be two opinions. It was a frank avowal of the Duke's readiness to resume the command of the army, provided he were assured that Mr. Canning's letter of the 11th April did not convey, and was not meant to convey a rebuke to the Duke from the King. And had the King seen the letter, there can be as little reason to doubt, that he would have at once detected this meaning and removed all the Duke's scruples. Mr. Canning, however, by whatever motives guided, did not think fit to submit the Duke's letter to the King, but contented himself with making a communication,

which drew from his Majesty the following letter to the Duke:—

St. James's Palace, 21st May, 1827.

'MY DEAR FRIEND,—I learn from my Government, as well as from other quarters, that you have obligingly expressed your readiness to afford your advice if required, upon any matter of military importance or detail that might occur. These circumstances renew in me, those feelings towards you, which God knows as you must know I have so long and so sincerely felt, and I hope on all occasions proved, at least it was always my intention to do so. I cannot refrain, therefore, from acquainting you that the command of the army is still open, and if you choose to recall that resignation which it grieved me so much to receive, you have my *sincere* permission to do so.

'Ever your sincere Friend,
'G. R.'

Permission to recall his resignation was not that at which the Duke had hinted. He desired to receive a distinct declaration such as should satisfy his keen sense of honour, that there had been no intention on his Majesty's part to rebuke or withdraw his confidence from him; and such declaration the King would have undoubtedly required his Minister to make, had he seen the Duke's letter. But Mr. Canning, having for his own purposes withheld the letter, and himself avoiding the subject, the Duke believed that he had no alternative except in a dignified and respectful manner to decline withdrawing the resignation:—

'I earnestly hope that your Majesty,' he wrote in reply, 'will have the goodness to refer to the reasons which I stated to your Majesty on the 12th April, and more fully to your Majesty on the 6th May, as having imposed upon me the painful necessity of offering to your Majesty my resignation of the command of your Majesty's forces. I humbly entreat your Majesty to bear in mind, that those reasons still continue in force, and that were I under such circumstances to recall my resignation, I should by that act admit that I had not been justified in retiring.'

Thus far we have dealt only with that particular act of the Duke, which it suited the purposes of party to represent as gratuitously vindictive. Looked at from his own stand-point, the defence of this proceeding appears to us to be complete. But another and a graver question arises—Was it worthy of the Duke,—did it consist with that high sense of duty which on all other occasions seemed to guide him—of duty to his King and to the country, both sorely beset at the moment,—and never more in need of the support which he could render them—to quit the Government for no other reason, than because Mr. Canning had been selected

by the Sovereign to be his Prime Minister ? With all possible reverence for the memory of the Great Duke, we think that it was not. Undoubtedly Mr. Canning's conduct throughout the transaction admits of no justification. From first to last it was untrue towards his colleagues ; pregnant with mischief to the party of which he professed to be one of the leaders ; and ungenerous to the Sovereign. And the means employed by him to bring about the end which he had in view, the abuse of an influence in itself illegitimate, cannot be too severely censured. But there were points to be considered by a man in the Duke's high situation, of far greater importance than these. To leave the Crown in Mr. Canning's hands, was to break up the Tory party, and to break up the Tory party was tantamount, according to his view of the case, to the overthrow of Constitutional Government. No doubt the Duke's temper was sorely tried. The King appears to have been a good deal alienated from him of late. The Cabinet was mystified, and he naturally, and as the event proved justly, attributed these evils to Mr. Canning's underhand proceedings ; and to serve *with*, much more *under* a man whose notions of public morality stood so far apart from his own, could not be thought of except with horror. Still, when the option lay between enduring this personal torture and handing over the Government of the country to persons of whom he was convinced that they would abuse it, we confess that the Duke in resigning his seat in the Cabinet, appears to us to have made a wrong choice. For our further conviction is, that had he submitted to this painful necessity, every one of the Ministers who resigned with him, would have submitted likewise. In this case Mr. Canning, whatever his sinister intentions might be, would have found himself powerless to carry them into effect, because the voice of a Prime Minister if he be in a minority in his own Cabinet, is not more potential than that of one of his colleagues. But it was not so to be. The Duke allowed personal feeling for once to obscure his judgment, and the Liverpool Administration fell to pieces.

It may be urged, perhaps, that had the Duke consented to serve on carrying his friends with him, Mr. Canning would have found ways and means to trip them up, in the event of their assuming an attitude of extreme watchfulness towards himself. A Prime Minister may not be able to dictate a policy to a Cabinet, but if he have private access to the Sovereign, and is not over-scrupulous in using it, he can always manage to create antipathies in that quarter

towards individuals, and thus get rid, one by one, of such of his colleagues as turn rusty. To a certain extent we admit the fact, which was undoubtedly present to the Duke's mind, for he refers to it in more than one of the many letters which give the reasons for his own resignation. Still the stakes at issue were of such enormous importance, that even this consideration, weighty as it was, ought not, in our opinion, to have hindered the experiment from being tried. The Liverpool Administration, with Mr. Canning at its head, might have broken up in a year, but the effect of such catastrophe by whatever causes produced could not have been more disastrous to the party, and therefore to the country, than the voluntary surrender of power by the Tory statesmen, who refused to serve under Canning at all.

Mr. Canning, as is well known, enjoyed but a brief tenure of power. Defeated in the House of Lords, and ill-supported in the Commons, his administration and his life came to an end together, within a few months after he had achieved the object of his ambition. His fate is, indeed, one of the saddest in the history of party and of party men. Genius, industry, eloquence, knowledge, all were his in no common degree. His views, on many subjects, were most enlightened, his objects noble, perhaps grand ; yet he failed to carry the country and the Legislature with him, because he was not always true either to others or to himself. His jealousy of the Duke had become latterly morbid, and it was shared with him by all the more intimate of his followers. They seemed to live in constant fear lest the King should become reconciled to the Duke, and they kept the place of Commander-in-Chief open, in the hope that the Duke might lower himself in public opinion by accepting, perhaps applying for it, on their own terms. But the Duke was not to be caught by such a bait. Having resigned, he kept himself studiously at a distance from the Court, and once only, when informed of the King's mortification at such marked coldness, went over from Strathfield-saye to pay his respects at Windsor on his Majesty's birthday. The consequence of this solitary visit was, that immediately the tidings of Mr. Canning's death got abroad, the Duke was by public opinion marked out as his inevitable successor. For that issue, however, neither time nor circumstances were as yet ripe. Lord Goderich took Mr. Canning's place, and for a few more months the vessel of the State staggered on under his feeble guidance.

We have nothing to do with the difficul-

ties which attended the formation of Lord Goderich's Government. To the creation or prolongation of these, the Duke was no party. But Mr. Canning's death removed the only obstacle that stood in the way of his resuming, without loss of self-respect, the command of the army. Lord Palmerston, in his Autobiography, describes Lord Anglesey as being terribly put out by this arrangement. He had been employed by the Cabinet to convey their invitation to the Duke, and returning with his reply, exclaimed, 'I have brought you the Duke's acceptance as Commander-in-Chief, and by God, mark my words,—as sure as you are alive, he will trip up all our heels before six months are over our heads.'—'Before six months were over,' says Lord Palmerston, 'the Duke was in, and our heels were up.'

It is not for us to affirm or deny the accuracy of the above statement of facts; but for the inference drawn from it there is not the shadow of a justification. The Duke had no more to do with the break-up of the Goderich Administration than with the untoward battle of Navarino, which was the proximate cause of the catastrophe. Lord Goderich's Administration expired of pure imbecility, after having done, in the course of a brief existence, incalculable mischief to British interests. And now at last that to which his friends had long looked forward came to pass. The Duke was summoned to Windsor. Lord Lyndhurst, then Chancellor, went with him, and he thus describes the interview:—

'London, 9th Jan. 1828.

'MY DEAR PEEL,—I enclose a letter which I received from Lord Lyndhurst this morning, in consequence of which, having received him shortly after 8 o'clock, he told me that the Government being dissolved, the King wished to speak to me along with him. I went to Windsor with him immediately, and his Majesty told me to form a Government for him, of which I should be the head. I told his Majesty that I was so situated professionally that I could not say that I would form a Government of which I should be the head without consulting others; that I would not say that I could form a Government at all without such previous consultation, but that if he would give me a little time, and leave to go to town to consult with others, I would inquire and see what could be done, and report to him the results.

'I then inquired what he desired, whether he had any wishes for particular persons or objections to any? He said that he thought the Government must be composed of persons of both opinions in respect to the Catholic question, that he approved all his late and former servants; and that he had no objection to anybody except Lord Grey. He afterwards expressed a wish to retain the Duke of Devon-

shire and Lord Carlisle in his service; but upon the whole he left me *carte blanche*, with the single exception above mentioned, and he repeatedly desired that I would form for him a strong Government. The Chancellor was present. Now my dear Peel, I entreat you to come to town, in order that I may consult with you, and have the benefit of your co-operation in the execution of this interesting commission. You will see that the whole case is before you for discussion. I have declined to make myself the head of the Government, unless upon discussion with my friends it should appear desirable; and excepting Lord Lyndhurst, who it must be understood is in office, everything else is open to all mankind except to one person. I have sent for nobody else, nor shall I see anybody till you come, which I hope you will do early in the morning. I send to your house to desire that a room may be prepared for you, in case you should come this night.

'The King said that it was to be understood that the Roman Catholic question was not to be made a Cabinet question; that there was to be a Protestant Lord Chancellor, a Protestant Lord-Lieutenant, and a Protestant Lord Chancellor of Ireland.'

We have given this letter *in extenso* because it gets rid for ever of the idle rumour set afloat at the time, and subsequently repeated, that the Duke intrigued for office. Of intrigue, in the sense usually applied to that term, the Duke was incapable. He neither stood in the way of a summons to Lord Wellesley, as has somewhere been asserted, nor did he, directly or indirectly, make the slightest attempt to fix the King's eye upon himself. On the contrary, he would have infinitely preferred to serve as Master-General of the Ordnance, under one of his old friends, if to another, and not to him, the King had entrusted the task of forming an administration. But neither the King nor the Tory party appears to have had any confidence in any one except himself. This was made clear to him by the letters and conversations of those whom he consulted; and he took upon him, in consequence, a burden which galled him from the first and to which he appears never to have become cordially reconciled.

That we have fairly stated the case as between the Duke and his political detractors, a thousand expressions in his speeches, in his memoranda, and in his letters, now for the first time published, make clear. His memorable defence of himself in Parliament, when first accused of intriguing for power, was perfectly honest:—

'Does any man believe that I could give up such gratification' (the command of the army, and the opportunity of benefiting and holding familiar intercourse with his old comrades) 'in order to be appointed to a station, to the du-

ties of which I was unaccustomed, in which I was not wished, and for which I was not qualified?'—'He detested politics,' says the Knight of Kerry, quoting the Duke's own words: 'they did not suit him.'—'You will have heard,' he wrote to Lord Hill on the 1st of February, soon after his administration was formed, 'that in consequence of my being employed in the Government, I have been under the painful necessity of resigning my office of Commander-in-Chief. I certainly did not contemplate this necessity as being permanent, when I undertook for his Majesty the service of forming his Government. But even if I had, I don't think I could have declined endeavouring to perform the service.'

Again, on the 5th April he writes to the Prince of Orange:—

'I have been under the necessity of undertaking to perform the duties of a most arduous situation, under circumstances of great difficulty and in most critical times; a situation for the performance of the duties of which I am not qualified, and they are very disagreeable to me.'

But the most convincing proof of all that such were his real sentiments, that with him personal aggrandisement weighed as a feather in the scale against public duty, is afforded by the course which he judged it expedient to take on two subsequent occasions. In 1835, William IV. gave him *carte blanche*. Single-handed he kept the Government open for Sir Robert Peel, and, with all the offices connected with it, handed it over to him on his return from Rome. Again, in 1846, when Peel for the second time lost the confidence of his supporters, the Duke, though averse to the policy which had produced this effect, stood by him. Had he taken the other line, had he seceded from Peel's Administration, and pronounced for maintaining the Corn Laws, does anybody doubt that he would have been lifted into power, and supported there by the same majority which Peel threw over? Compare his conduct in these respects with that of Mr. Canning, of Lord Palmerston, and—may we not add?—of certain leading statesmen of the present day. Canning preferred office to old ties of political association, and to his own avowed opinions, on one important subject. He broke up a Government with which he had long served, in order to secure the premiership, and made a compact with the King, never, as Prime Minister, to plead for Catholic emancipation. Lord Palmerston, when entrusted by the late Lord Derby with a delicate commission, delivered himself of it to Mr. Gladstone and the late Lord Herbert in such a way as effectually to defeat its object. He became, in consequence, First

Lord of the Treasury himself. As to Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Disraeli, their best friends will scarcely deny that principles often enunciated and ably defended, became thin air when they stood between them and the great object of their ambition. What was the Duke's answer to the many appeals that were made to him during the momentous crisis in 1846?—'I think that it is of more importance to the country that Sir Robert Peel should continue Prime Minister, than that the Corn Laws should be maintained, or any other laws.' He who thought and wrote thus, might be deficient in some of the qualities that are necessary to make a successful English Minister; but surely it cannot be said of him that he was a slave to personal ambition, much less that he was wanting in that highest order of statesmanship which can detect the quarter whence real danger to the State will come, and is ready to guard against it, even at the cost of outraged personal prejudice.

What the King's intentions were in placing the Duke at the head of his Government, there can be no doubt. His Majesty had stipulated with Mr. Canning, the consistent advocate of Emancipation, that so long as he held office the weight of his authority should not be thrown into the scale of Repeal. He contented himself with reminding the Duke that Repeal was not to be made a Cabinet question, and that certain great functionaries of the State were to be what his Majesty called Protestant. The Duke found a Lord Chancellor in office, whom, whether Catholic or Protestant, the King desired him to retain, and he retained him. He found a Lord-Lieutenant who was not a Protestant, but with whom also the King expressed himself satisfied, and the Duke took no steps to remove him. Other offices he set himself to fill, after consultation with Lord Lyndhurst and Mr. Peel, so as to meet, as far as circumstances would allow, the exigencies of the times. These the Duke, in his letter to the Prince of Orange, describes as critical, and they were so. Turkey, her fleet destroyed, lay at the mercy of Russia. Portugal was passing through a crisis. Of France, the internal condition was little satisfactory, and Spain and Italy were both ripe for fresh revolts. But still more difficult to deal with was the state of things and parties at home. In the feeble hands which had recently wielded them, the functions of government had become paralysed. Ireland was at the absolute disposal of the Central Association, and in England and Scotland a desire of change had begun again to show itself, as invariably happens when States have ceased to respect

their rulers. The Duke's first care was to apply a remedy, if such could be found, to the latter evil. Was this to be done by reinstating the old Tory administration, and trying to conduct the affairs of the empire on a principle of evasions and mutual concessions? The Duke had seen too much of this state of things to desire a renewal of it. Toryism, as it existed in Lord Liverpool's day, was dead. Neither could he look exclusively to the Whigs, believing, as he did, that they must shape their policy so as to secure the support of the Radicals, without whom they were powerless. But to him and his advisers it appeared possible to construct out of the two a third party, which, acting solely for the public good, might command the support of moderate men of all shades of opinion, and ultimately set the nation on its legs. It was a delicate operation to undertake, but they set about it with an honesty of purpose which deserved more success than actually attended it. The death of Mr. Canning, and Lord Ripon's collapse, had advanced Mr. Huskisson to the leadership of the Canning party. With him the Duke immediately communicated, writing, however, at the same time, and separately, to Lord Dudley and Ward, to Lord Palmerston, and to Mr. Charles Grant. There was some delay in getting an answer, and the answer, when it came, read ominously:—

Somerset Place, 17th January, 1828.

'MY DEAR DUKE,—Having now received the opinions of Lord Dudley, Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Grant, that under all the circumstances of the case with which they are acquainted, there is nothing which should preclude me from accepting office with Mr. Herries in a new government, consistently with a proper regard to my personal honour and public character, I lose not a moment in informing you that I mean to abide by their decision. I do so on the following understanding:—that it is not your intention to continue Mr. Herries in the situation of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that there is to be a Finance Committee; that Lord Althorpe shall be proposed as a member of that Committee. Upon this last point Mr. Herries and I were from the first entirely agreed, the difference arose respecting the chair.'

It could hardly be agreeable to the Duke to find that among those with whom he was about to act, a cabal had already been formed, and that the head of the cabal showed a disposition to begin their official connexion by dictating terms. If such feeling arose he suppressed it, and wrote to Mr. Huskisson frankly acceding to all his wishes. The case was different, when, a little later in the season, Mr. Huskisson went out of his way to explain to his constituents that he

had consented to serve under the Duke only on the clear understanding that both the foreign and commercial policy of the country should be the same of which he had heretofore approved. The Duke having entered into no such agreement, took the earliest opportunity of saying so in the House of Lords, and Mr. Huskisson was obliged to get out of the difficulty as best he could. Again, Mr. Herries having, through inadvertence or otherwise, allowed the editors of certain newspapers to divulge ministerial arrangements, as yet incomplete, the Duke did not hesitate to express his displeasure:—

'It is absolutely impossible,' he writes, 'to transact public business in this country without secrecy. By secrecy I don't mean mystery, but I mean that a member of the Cabinet should understand it, and make it a rule of his conduct, never to mention or make known to any person whatever, much less to a person likely to publish it in a newspaper, anything of which he has obtained a knowledge in his situation as a member of the Cabinet Council.'

The Duke's attempts to conciliate the Whigs failed. They do not appear to have been very strenuously made, or to have taken a wide range; but Lord Carlisle, the Duke of Devonshire, and one or two more, whom he offered to retain, declined to serve. His Government therefore, when formed, consisted of himself, Lord Lyndhurst, Mr. Peel, Lord Bathurst, Lord Melville, Lord Ellenborough, Mr. Herries, and Mr. Goulburn—with Mr. Huskisson, Lord Dudley, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Grant and Mr. Wynne, representing the Canning party.

If we may accept as true Lord Palmerston's account of the matter, the Cabinet thus put together worked inharmoniously from the outset. Mr. Huskisson pressed at once for the same change in the Corn Laws which the Duke, when in opposition, had prevented. The Duke naturally resisted the proposal, and was with difficulty prevailed upon by Mr. Peel and Lord Lyndhurst to consent to a compromise. Questions, likewise, arose in the department of foreign affairs, on which the Duke and Lord Dudley disagreed; and the Duke was exceedingly annoyed at reading one day in the 'Quarterly Review,' an accurate and able *résumé*, not alone of the points most in dispute, but of the arguments used on both sides, as well by correspondence as in the Cabinet. These, with other incidents which we need not stop to particularise, soon destroyed whatever hope had been entertained of living down differences which were supposed to have their source rather in personal feeling than in diversities of principle. Meanwhile, outside the Cabinet parties which had nothing

in common aided one another in trying to bring the Government into disrepute. The old Tories went about denouncing as an act of unparalleled treachery the coalition between the Duke and the Canningites. The Whigs, indignant with the Canningites for joining the Duke and throwing them over, foretold all manner of evil to the State. As to the Radicals, they spoke according to their wont, of liberty threatened, and their just rights withheld from the people. It was a bad beginning, which foreshadowed no triumphant or successful end.

The first decided reverse that befell the Government overtook them on Lord John Russell's motion for the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. Ministers opposed the measure, Mr. Huskisson and Lord Palmerston taking prominent parts in the debate; but finding that the sense of the House was against them, they withdrew in a body, before the division was taken. Subsequently the Ministers adopted the measure as their own, introduced into it some trifling changes, passed it, and gained no strength from the proceeding. By-and-by came on the troublesome question of Penryn and East Retford, the details of which are too well known to require explanation here. The general results were these:—Mr. Huskisson, after reluctantly consenting in Cabinet to follow a particular course, voted, when the division was taken, against his leader, and in breach of this agreement. That proceeding he followed up by writing, ere he went to bed, a letter to the Duke, in which this sentence occurs, 'I owe it to you as the head of the Administration, and to Mr. Peel as the leader of the House of Commons, to lose no time in affording you an opportunity of placing my office in other hands.' All that arose out of this communication is a matter of history. Mr. Huskisson's quarrel was taken up by the members of his party. Lord Palmerston and Lord Dudley both saw the Duke, and argued that their leader had no intention whatever of resigning; that he meant no more than to leave to the Duke to determine whether he ought to retire from the Administration or not; and therefore that it was the Duke's part to say that retirement was unnecessary. Lord Francis Leveson-Gower, afterwards Earl of Ellesmere, took a somewhat different line. He proposed either that the Duke should state explicitly what he required Mr. Huskisson to do, or else that the quarrel between them should be referred to the King. The Duke was immovable. He had said enough to indicate indirectly that Mr. Huskisson might, if disposed, withdraw his first letter. Further he declined to go. Having explained to

Lord Francis that anything like an appearance of collusion between the parties would damage both, he adds 'But I will say this, that the mode suggested by you—I say nothing of the details—would be most objectionable; first, as it would involve His Majesty in the affair; secondly, because it would be a verbal arrangement of an affair of which the details had been conducted in writing.'

His memorandum on the interview with Lord Palmerston is worth perusal, were it only because of the contrast which it presents to the elaborate account of the same matter given in Lord Palmerston's diary: and we regret that our limits will not permit us to give it at length. It bears date 28th May, 1828, and will not escape the attention of any who study these remarkable papers.

In speaking of the Duke's refusal to join Mr. Canning's Administration, we expressed some doubt as to whether either his personal honour or the best interests of the country imposed that obligation upon him. A calm review of the difference between him and Mr. Huskisson and his party, must, we should imagine, satisfy all reasonable persons that he had no alternative except to act as he did. Mr. Huskisson, Lord Dudley, Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Grant, were, doubtless, men of mark, as well as influential in Parliament. But the Duke felt, and in our judgment he was right, that the loss of their services to the Government was a misfortune, serious indeed, yet infinitely less so than would have been incurred had he stooped to solicit a reconciliation on the terms suggested by them. Lord Palmerston's biographer more than insinuates that the Duke seized the first occasion that presented itself of severing his connexion with the Canningites. We find no proof of this in the Duke's correspondence. But so much is made manifest that the occasion offered was one which he could not overlook; that he did not overlook it, or affect to do so; yet that for six whole days he left a door of reconciliation open, which either the Canningites could not see, or, seeing, did not care to take advantage of.

Reference has been made to the effect, upon both the Whigs and the old Tories, of the unnatural coalition, as they called it, between the Duke and the Canningite party. The resignations which came in towards the end of May, 1828, produced a marvellous change of opinion on both sides. The Tories became reconciled with apparent cordiality to the Duke. The Whigs condoned the baseness of the Canningites and drew them towards themselves. But the Duke's difficulties were not thereby remov-

ed. A cry arose that the Canningites had left him, because his policy was becoming retrograde and arbitrary. One by one the Liberals in minor office threw up their places, and several noblemen and gentlemen, to whom the Duke made advances, excused themselves from serving under him. Surprised, perhaps mortified, the Duke was not thereby cast down. He called to his counsels old friends in civil life and old companions in arms. Lord Aberdeen took Lord Dudley's place at the Foreign Office; Sir Henry Hardinge succeeded Lord Palmerston at the War Office; Sir George Murray became Colonial Secretary, in Mr. Huskisson's room; and Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, afterwards Lord Fitzgerald and Vesey, went to the Board of Trade, *vice* Mr. Charles Grant. From among the ultra-Tories Lord Westmorland alone was solicited to take office, and he did so. But in the constitution of the Irish executive the only change that took place was the appointment of Lord Francis Leveson-Gower to be Chief Secretary in place of Mr. Charles Lamb. Lord Anglesey, though by profession a follower of Canning, made no proposal to resign, and the Duke willingly retained him.

In every Cabinet, as in every Board of Directors, there is, we presume, what the Americans call a 'caucus' in other words, a select few who take intimate counsel together, and on important points determine what the policy of the ruling body shall be before proposing it to their colleagues. The state of Ireland, and how to deal with it, seems to have been to the select few in the Wellington Administration a subject of frequent and anxious discussion. The Duke, Lord Lyndhurst, and Mr. Peel were all convinced that to go on much longer as they had heretofore done was impossible. Every day brought in fresh evidence that, unless decided measures were adopted to take the government of the country out of the hands of the Catholic Association, there could be no security in Ireland to life or property, nor any force in law. But on what principle these measures should be based, and how framed so as best to secure the desired object, these were points on which, as the event shows, no agreement was reached. Nor is this surprising. Though the Government had undeniably been formed with a view to bring about, sooner or later, a settlement of this difficult question, the various sections of which it was composed never so far forgot their minor differences as to justify the head of the Administration in opening his mind to them on the subject. With the King avowedly hostile to concession, and a Cabinet which met only to

wrangle, it was manifestly hopeless to attempt, on a question so momentous, a decided move in one direction or another. For if he were to propose measures of severity, though the King might agree, his colleagues would reject them; if of concession, no matter with what conditions weighted, the King would offer a determined resistance. And could it be supposed that the recalcitrant section in the Cabinet would fail to take advantage of his Majesty's humour to get rid of a chief whom they both feared and hated? Hence his delay in occupying ground, which, had it been seized a little earlier, might have been held, but which not even his great influence with a reconstructed Cabinet enabled him to keep, after the Government had been forced into a capitulation on the Test and Corporation Acts.

We have seen how much and from what an early date the Catholic question filled the Duke's mind. His memorandum, drawn up in 1825, shows that by that time his ideas had matured themselves into a plan. But in 1827, during his memorable tour in the Northern counties, he made the acquaintance of one who, even more than himself, was master of the subject, and with whom he entered immediately into confidential and close correspondence. Dr. Phillpotts, then Rector of Great Stanhope, afterwards Dean of Chester, and subsequently Bishop of Exeter, was a man of extraordinary talents and great learning. Had he lived in earlier times, and been a Churchman, nothing could have stood between him and the management of empires. Had he chosen the Bar as a profession in his own day, he must have reached and adorned the Woolsack. As it was, he appeared before society as the ablest and keenest controversialist of his day. The world credited him with uncompromising hostility to Romanism as a form of Christianity, and to the admission of Roman Catholics to an equality of civil rights with their Protestant fellow-subjects under the British Crown. The world was so far in the right that Romanism, as a gross corruption of Christianity, he held in marked disesteem; but to the removal from Roman Catholics of the civil disabilities under which they laboured he was only so far opposed as that he was unable to discover in the terms of accommodation proposed by them any sufficient guarantee for the maintenance of the Protestant Constitution in Church and State. This difficulty was the Duke's also, and the two men soon understood one another. The Duke invited the Rector of Stanhope to set forth his views, not hiding

from him the truth that he was himself anxious to discover a safe road to concession; and in a series of letters, all of which either are or soon will be accessible to the public, Dr. Phillpotts delivered his mind. No reader who compares these letters with the Duke's memorandum of 1825, can fail to be struck with the similarity of thought, and even of reasoning, which pervades them. In certain conclusions at which they arrive they differ; but the differences are slight, and the Duke, like a wise man, readily yielded his own judgment on such points to those of one who satisfied him that he had reason on his side.

Dr. Phillpotts' scheme is in substance as follows:—

'He is prepared to admit the Roman Catholic laity to a full participation in the privileges of the English Constitution; he is not prepared to do so on terms arranged, either by concordat or otherwise, between the English Crown and the Court of Rome. He is willing that the Irish Roman Catholic bishops and priests shall be paid by the State, but the payment is not to take the shape of an endowment. The bishops must be accepted as persons to whom the full powers of the episcopal order belong, but they are not to be recognized as vested with jurisdiction each in his own diocese, or See. His reasons are, that the recognition of a Romish diocesan episcopate, and the assignment to each See of a specific endowment, would be not only to acknowledge, but absolutely to establish a co-ordinate episcopacy, hostile to the episcopacy of the Established Church, and not less inconsistent with its just and essential rights than the acknowledgment of another King of Great Britain would be incompatible with the rights of the sovereign. The question of interference in the choice of persons to be Roman Catholic bishops he treats very summarily. Let there be no attempt of the kind. Leave the Irish Roman Catholic clergy free to elect whom they will, and to get the Pope's confirmation as best they may; but provide by Act of Parliament that the persons so chosen and approved shall not execute any episcopal function, except under control of the State. But this must be done both delicately and effectually. Might it not be best to avoid altogether meddling with or recognizing their elections or nominations, nay, even to avoid the mention of Roman Catholics in particular, and to make a simple and general engagement, that no person not being a bishop of the Established Church shall exercise any episcopal functions, or pretended episcopal functions, without first obtaining a licence from the Crown, through the Secretary of State for the Home Department in England, or the Secretary for Ireland—in cases arising in that country—or the ———— [blank, so left in MS.] in Scotland, in which last country the Protestant bishops will be subject to the same restraint; a matter perfectly reasonable and proper in a country where the Presbyteri

Church Government is established by law, and likely to make the matter more palatable to all parties by being equal in its operations.'

These recommendations the writer founds on arguments drawn, some from Roman decretals, others from the acts of foreign Governments, especially that of Russia. He is equally clear in his views as to the securities to be required of the Roman Catholic laity, that they shall not abuse, to the detriment of Church or State, the power put into their hands. He advises that the declarations against transubstantiation and the Mass be abolished; that instead of the array of oaths then in force, members of Parliament, without distinction of creed or nationality, shall be required to swear that they will maintain and support the Bishops and Clergy of the Protestant Church of England and Ireland, by law established, in all such rights, privileges, and possessions as do or shall belong to them, and not exercise any political power or privilege to weaken or destroy the Protestant religion, by law established in the realm:—

'An oath like this,' he continues, 'would be a great constitutional recognition of the essential union of the Protestant Church and State. It would carry with it a more direct benefit to the Church; it would bind all who have seats in Parliament, whether Roman Catholics or Protestants, to abstain from all acts hostile to it. At present, none who sit there are so bound, the only security there sought or given is in the declaration against Popery. The Protestant enemies of the Church, whether in the number of its nominal members, or avowedly dissenters from its whole scheme of doctrine and discipline, may at present prosecute their plans of hostile legislation without any check whatever, except that which is presented by the King's Coronation Oath, and which it is obvious could only be brought into action by a most unpleasant, if not perilous, conflict of the Crown with the Parliament.'

The paper from which we have just quoted was in the Duke's hands before he became Prime Minister. It so far commended itself to his mature judgment, that when the time came for acting in the case, he founded his own scheme upon the conclusions to which it led up. Now, if he had only found his Cabinet, as first constructed, more amenable than it was to reason, it is quite within the range of probability that Lord John Russell's move for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts would have been anticipated, and that by one wise and comprehensive measure all the grievances of which both Roman Catholics and Dissenters complained might have been removed, not only without weakening the connexion between Church and State, but by giving to it

additional stability. *Non Deus sic voluit* The Dissenters carried their point by submitting to take an oath which still marked them as with a brand. The Roman Catholics, when their turn came, did the like. But men do not care to be distinguished from their fellow-men by engagements which curtail for them that freedom of action which others enjoy. Roman Catholics and Dissenters equally kicked against their special oaths, and where are the oaths now?

Time passed, and the state of Ireland became, week by week and day by day, more alarming. Whatever else of good the Government succeeded in achieving—the great reduction of expenditure at home, the maintenance of peace abroad, was rendered nugatory by the presence of one fearful shadow, the constant dread of an outburst in that unhappy country. The difficulties, too, of dealing with the evil appeared to grow continually more formidable. The Duke, of course, kept his own counsel. To none, except to Mr. Peel and to Lord Lyndhurst, was his mind opened, and even with them he appears to have discussed general conclusions only. But his subordinates—some because the wish was father to the thought, others because the secret oozed partially out—soon began to speak and act as if the game were drawing to a close, and that the Catholics were to win it. Lord Anglesey, in particular, committed indiscretions which were quite unwarrantable. His sons attended meetings of the Catholic Association. He himself, carrying the Irish Lord Chancellor with him, became the guest of Lord Cloncurry, a leader in that body. He threw, in short, the whole weight of his office into the scale of sedition. Nor did Lord Francis Leveson-Gower, though less indiscreet than his chief, exhibit either the firmness or loyalty to the Government that might have been expected of him. Add to this the result of the Clare election, the misconduct of Dr. Curtis in making public the Duke's confidential communication to himself, the uprising of Brunswick Clubs, Mr. Dawson's ill-timed speech at Derry—and some idea will be formed of the chaos into which Ireland was falling, and of the reasons for it. Till this state of things should be put an end to, and the law's authority at least partially re-established, the Duke felt that measures of conciliation, however wise in themselves, would be misunderstood. He set himself, therefore, in the first instance to allay the ferment by remonstrating with some, and dealing more rigorously with others, of those to whose lack of judgment he mainly attri-

buted the mischief. Here is a specimen of the style in which he expressed himself on those occasions:—

‘Cheltenham, 26th August, 1828.

‘MY DEAR PEEL,—I return Dawson's letter. A Mr. Pleman, who is here, has just sent me a letter from him of the 22nd, containing the same sentiments and opinions as he has given you. Dawson should recollect that he is the servant of the Government; that he is supposed as the Secretary of the Treasury to be in my confidence; and as your brother-in-law to be in yours. He should be a little more cautious. I likewise return Lord Anglesey's letter. He is conducting himself in a very extraordinary manner. I understand that his whole conversation and every answer he gives to an address contain some insinuation or invective against the Government. He has been repeatedly heard to say that his hands were tied up by the Ministers, otherwise he would do every thing that was wished. He declared openly that he would not have accepted office, and would afterwards have resigned, if Lord Holland and Sir John Newport had not advised him first to accept and then to stay. I think that you had better inquire whether it is true that he intends to disarm any of the yeomanry; otherwise the order might be given and even partially carried into execution, or resisted, previous to our knowing anything about the matter.’

Mr. Dawson, as our readers may recollect, resigned his office. With Lord Anglesey a graver tone was taken,* which failing to effect its purpose, he was in due time recalled.

Thus ill-served by his representatives in Ireland, the Duke had to encounter at home—the King's prejudices, the hostility of the old Tories, the growing alarm of the Protestants of both kingdoms, and the timidity of his own colleagues. His intention had been to keep the details of his measures secret up to the last moment; to get order restored in Ireland, not by entering into compromise, but by asserting the supremacy of law, and then, and not till then, to lay before the King a well-digested scheme of Catholic emancipation. Lord Anglesey's indiscretion, the sharp-sighted jealousy of Lord Eldon and his friends, and the King's acuteness, disconcerted that plan. The Duke found himself under the necessity of opening his mind to the Sovereign before the times were ripe. Having in some degree prepared the way for the proceeding by drawing his Majesty's attention to the alarming nature of the despatches from Dublin, he addressed a letter to the Sovereign on the 16th of November, enclosing a scheme

* The Duke's letter to Lord Anglesey, dated November 11, 1828, well deserves perusal.

which appears to have been prepared as early as the 7th of August preceding. The scheme in question has been given almost verbatim in the popular edition of Mr. Gleig's '*Life of the Duke of Wellington.*' We content ourselves, therefore, with stating here only the principal heads of it.

The Duke proposed to repeal the 9th clause of the 33rd George III., which disabled Roman Catholics from holding certain offices; to suspend for one year so much of the Act of Union as required members of Parliament to take the oath of supremacy and subscribe the declaration against transubstantiation; so far to alter the freehold qualification as that the franchise should be exercised in Ireland only by persons paying annually five pounds to the county cess; to throw open the doors of both Houses to Roman Catholic laymen, on the easy condition of taking the oaths of 1774 and 1793, and to render them eligible to every place under the Crown, except only those of First Lord of the Treasury, Secretary of State for the Home Department, Lord High Chancellor of England, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Chancellor of any of the Universities and Heads of Houses, Provosts, Fellows, and Masters of Colleges and of Schools of Royal Foundation. His plan left it for future consideration whether a limit should be set to the numbers of Roman Catholics in either House—an arrangement, however, to which he expressed himself individually averse, because 'the best chance of restoring the influence of Protestant property over the elections in Parliament will be to afford no foundation for the assertion that the Roman Catholics are placed on different grounds in respect to their claims for constitutional privileges from other sects, and to prevent entirely or to regulate the exercise of the elective franchise by forty-shilling freeholders.' As to the clergy, his proposal was, that whether bishops or priests, they should be left free to manage the internal affairs of their Church as they saw best, but should officiate within the realm only under licence from the Government, and all alike be salaried out of a fund, which he estimated at three hundred thousand a year. They were not, however, to assume outside their places of worship the titles of dignity which belonged to the clergy of the Established Church, nor to set up or maintain ecclesiastical establishments, except by licence from the Crown:—

'It must be observed,' the memorandum says, 'that the whole system proposed will be created by the English law, and carried into execution by virtue of its enactments. Popery

is of foreign growth, and it would be more consistent with the dignity of his Majesty's crown that his Majesty should licence the dependants of the See of Rome to exercise their ecclesiastical functions within his dominions, than that he should accept from the Pope any pretended authority to nominate these dependants, or any check upon such nomination by the Pope himself.'

The Duke, it will be observed, was not forgetful of the caution given to him by the King at the interview which terminated in his receiving a command to form an administration. He felt himself restrained by it from making Repeal a Cabinet question till he should have obtained his Majesty's formal consent so to do. More than once, indeed, he had urged the King to withdraw the restriction from his Government so far as to allow them to take into consideration the whole state of Ireland. He now did more, and in a letter, which we regret that our limits will not permit us to extract at length, he implored his Majesty well to consider his plan, and assigned the reasons for pressing it on his Majesty's attention. Unfortunately, he added,

'Before your Majesty shall decide that you will not take these questions into consideration, and that you will not adopt this plan, I entreat you to allow me to lay it before the heads of the Church; I mean the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London, Durham, Winchester, Lincoln, Chester, and Oxford.'

Here is the King's reply:—

'Royal Lodge, 17th November, 1828.

'MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am unable to use the pen myself; I can therefore only dictate. I have no objection to your sending the paper to the Bishops; but then let it be under your own authority, and not from my recommendation, as the only means of avoiding all comments in respect to myself. I also think that Mr. Peel should see the paper as well as your letter to me; but all this must proceed from yourself. I consider your paper very able; but on the point in question I need not tell you what my feelings are.'

The permission thus afforded was acted upon. Copies of the proposed scheme were sent to the several prelates for their consideration, and Mr. Peel was invited to study and criticize it, and then in earnest the Duke's difficulties began.

It appears to us that no competent judge of such matters will accuse the Duke of legislating, or endeavouring to legislate, on this great question in a hurry. Throughout a long course of years his mind had disciplined itself to consider the subject in all its bearings, and when the time arrived for

merging thought in action, even then he held back till his own views should be tested by the opinion of the ablest constitutional divines in the Church of England. His main error lay, perhaps—if under the circumstances we may so express ourselves—in not taking up the question and carrying it to an issue as soon as his ministry was formed. Undoubtedly, too, the passing, as a separate measure, of the Test and Corporation Abolition Act, told against him for reasons explained elsewhere; and it is not less certain that he made a mistake when he admitted the heads of the Church into his confidence before receiving the cordial support of the whole of the Cabinet. But all these proceedings are characteristic rather of one in whom prudence was carried to a fault, than of a headstrong and precipitate statesman. The results were fatal to his scheme. The bishops, taking an exclusively religious view of the subject, shrank from giving the countenance of the State to error in any form. Mr. Peel took exception to some details, and assented coldly to others. He objected to making the suspension of a clause in the Union Act a temporary and tentative measure. Individually he had no objection to pay the Irish priests, but he could not see how this was to be effected, except by setting up two rival Church establishments in Ireland. Strange to say, he was in favour of fixing a limit to the numbers of Roman Catholics to be admitted into Parliament. He forgot that the precedents to which he appealed gave no support to his opinion, because, whatever arrangements were made at the Union of England with Scotland, and of England with Ireland, were made by agreement between independent legislatures. Whereas an act of limitation, such as he proposed in 1828 or 1829, as it would have been directed against the professors of a particular creed, so it would have undoubtedly encroached both upon the prerogatives of the Crown and the constitutional rights of the subject. At once, therefore, dissension arose in the Cabinet; nor was this all. The prelates to whom the scheme was submitted communicated with other prelates. These took the opinions of their clergy. The King opened his mind to the friends with whom, apart from his ministers, he was in the habit of conversing freely, and the whole Realm became moved. We find among the Duke's papers, as yet unpublished, a memorandum bearing date November 30th, 1828, which gives in few words an interesting account of the state into which affairs had by this time fallen:—

* In consequence of the state of affairs in Ire-

land at the close of the last Session of Parliament, of the election for the county of Clare, and other events, I drew up the annexed paper, No. 2, and sent it with the letter marked No. 1, to the King on the 2nd of August.* Shortly afterwards accounts were received in England of the speech made by Mr. Dawson at a meeting at Londonderry. This speech proceeding from such a person excited the greatest suspicions of the King's ministers. Brunswick Clubs were established in Ireland; Lord Kenyon and the Duke of Newcastle published their letters in England, and there was every appearance that the public mind was not in a state to receive and consider with calmness any proposition for the settlement of Ireland. What was passing did not fail to have its effect upon the King's mind; and this circumstance, and his Majesty's indisposition, induced me to postpone the communication to his Majesty of anything further upon the subject.

I attended the King at Windsor early in October; when his Majesty expressed himself as being strongly affected respecting the state of affairs. He was anxious to dissolve his Parliament; to encourage the formation of Brunswick Clubs throughout the country; and to take advantage of the feelings which occasioned the formation of those Clubs to go to a general election. The King's state of health prevented me from having much conversation at that time with his Majesty. I therefore wrote him a letter of which No. 3 is the extract.† At length, on November 16th, finding that his Majesty was better in health, I sent his Majesty the letter and paper marked No. 4 and 5 [of which we have just given the substance].

Up to the receipt of the Duke's letter of November 16th, with its enclosure, the King had affected to believe that his minister was as much averse to concession as himself. It was under this pretended conviction, indeed, that he offered to dissolve Parliament, and proposed to the Duke that Lord Eldon should be appointed to the office of President of the Council then vacant. The Duke respectfully, but firmly, resisted both proposals. Now the terms on which the King lived with Lord Eldon were as intimate as those on which Lord Eldon lived with the Duke of Cumberland. While, therefore, the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Kenyon appealed to the Protestants of the empire through the press, and Lord Winchelsea and Sir Edward Knatchbull held their monster meeting on Penenden Heath, the Duke of Cumberland, who happened to be abroad, suddenly announced to the Prime Minister, in a letter full of expressions of confidence, his intention of returning home. Against

* The paper and letter in question will be found at page 564, vol. iv. of the 'New Series.'

† This letter will be found *in extenso* at page 133 of a volume now in the press, but not yet published.

that move the Duke remonstrated with the King, but to no purpose. Meanwhile Ireland was stirred to its inmost heart by the recall of Lord Anglesey. Considerable difficulty was experienced in finding for him a successor. One nobleman after another declined the proffered honour, and the correspondence with the Dukes of Rutland and Beaufort, with the Earl of Westmorland and many other Tory leaders, ceased to be that hearty interchange of thought that it once was. In the midst of this ferment the Duke of Cumberland arrived. The following letter to the King on that occasion is both interesting and characteristic :—

‘London, 28th July, 1829.

‘I enclose to your Majesty a letter which I have received this day from his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland; his Royal Highness afterwards did me the honour of calling upon me. But as the letter above mentioned did not afford any ground for hope that anything I could say would have the effect of inducing his Royal Highness to go abroad, I did not mention the subject to him. Reports have since reached me of his Royal Highness having communicated with members of Parliament in your Majesty’s name, but without proof of their truth. Considering the state in which political parties are placed at this moment, and the active part which his Royal Highness will undoubtedly take, it cannot be believed that his Royal Highness will not be accused of making such communications, and that proof of them will not be anxiously looked for in order to injure his Royal Highness if I should be obliged to notice them, or me if I should refrain from noticing any of them. I am, therefore, anxious at once to put an end to all this mischief by addressing to the Lords of your Majesty’s household the letter of which I enclose a draft, which is written in the terms which I stated to your Majesty yesterday.’

Enclosure 1.

From the Duke of Cumberland to Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington.

‘St. James’s Palace, 1 P.M.

‘MY DEAR DUKE,—I am but this moment arrived in town, and therefore after the time appointed to be with you. A doubt has risen in my mind while driving up to town, which I wish to express to you before I call, as to the propriety of my doing so. What I mean by this is, that it is utterly impossible either that I should call on you or you on me, without its being known; and in the present state of things I should feel considerable difficulty in not explaining to some of my friends what passed at such a meeting, for I must do nothing that can give umbrage to any of them, and my character must stand clear before them all, that they may say that I have acted honourably. Therefore if you have no objection to my communicating to Lord Eldon and some few friends

what passes at such a meeting, I shall call at any hour you may now appoint.

‘Believe me,’ &c.

Enclosure 2.

‘London, 28th July, 1829,
Half-past 2 P.M.

‘SIR,—I have just had the honour of receiving your Royal Highness’s letter of one P.M.

‘I assure your Royal Highness that I have nothing to talk to your Royal Highness upon, respecting which I care whether it is stated to the whole world. I have no business to transact except his Majesty’s, and I do not care who knows what I say or do in the transaction of that business. I am now going out, but shall be at home in less than an hour.’

The letter to the Lords of his Majesty’s household required them in the usual terms, to be present in the House of Lords, and there give their support to his Majesty’s ministers.

Their Royal Highnesses, the King’s brothers, appear to have been thorns in the side of the King’s minister. On first taking office, the Duke found the Duke of Clarence at the head of the Navy, in which capacity as Lord High Admiral his Royal Highness’s proceedings were as eccentric as they were costly. After repeated remonstrances, and a voluminous correspondence, all of which is now published, the Duke found himself under the necessity of advising his Royal Highness to resign. The resignation was sent in, and it is but fair to add that, neither as Duke of Clarence nor subsequently as William IV., did the ex-High Admiral retain an angry recollection of the pressure which had been put upon him. But the Duke of Cumberland, as he was an abler man, so he proved during the great struggle of parties a much more formidable antagonist. He was constantly at the King’s elbow, or else by letters and messages encouraging his Majesty to throw over both the measure and its authors. ‘Between the King and his brothers,’ wrote the Duke on one occasion, ‘it is next to impossible to govern this country.’ But the die was cast. The King tried to recall it and failed, and, on the meeting of Parliament, that famous speech was read which broke up what remained of the Tory party, never again under the same name to be reunited.

We must hurry over, and we do so with great regret, what yet remains to be told of this most important and critical portion of English history. The King, encouraged by his brother and the great party which followed his lead, wavered to the last. Even after the Bill was passed for putting down the Catholic Association, even after the Catholic Relief Bill itself was drawn and

about to be brought forward, he did his best to find a way of escape out of the policy to which he was pledged. In this course nobles, prelates, clergymen, and commoners, supported him, ceasing to address their petitions to Parliament and appealing direct to the Throne. At last, however, on the 5th of March, 1829, Mr. Peel made his famous statement, and laid his Bill on the table of the House of Commons. It is not too much to say that the measure, shorn of its statesmanlike provisions, disappointed everybody except the extreme abolitionists. Lord Salisbury, who had promised to move its acceptance in the Lords because of the control which (as originally concocted) it promised to give to the Government over the Irish priesthood, wrote to the Duke, and said that he 'could not support the measure as one affording support to the Protestant establishment,' though it remained for him to consider how after considerations might induce him to accept or reject it as one of unqualified concession to the Catholics. Burgess, Bishop of Salisbury, after denouncing the measure as violating all the laws of God and man, went on to say, 'But the Bill has not yet passed either House of Parliament; and, whatever be the issue of the present struggle for and against the Constitution, the Protestants and lovers of the Bible are never without hope.' But the most extraordinary proceeding of all was the publication, at his own desire in the 'Standard,' of a letter from Lord Winchelsea to Mr. Henry Nelson Coleridge, in which he announced his intention of withdrawing his name from the list of subscribers to a fund for the endowment of King's College, London.

The letter ran thus:—

'I was one of those who at first thought the proposed plan might be practicable, and prove an antidote to the principles of the London University. I was not, however, very sanguine in my expectations, seeing many difficulties likely to arise in the execution of the suggested arrangement, and I confess that I felt rather doubtful of the sincerity of the motives of some of the prime movers in this undertaking, when I considered that the noble Duke at the head of his Majesty's Government had been induced on this occasion to assume a new character, and to step forward as the public advocate of religion and morality. Late political events have convinced me that the whole transaction was intended as a blind to the Protestant and High Church party; that the noble Duke who had for some time previous to the period determined upon breaking in upon the Constitution of 1688, might the more effectually under the cloak of some outward show of zeal for the Protestant religion, carry on his insidious designs for the infringement of our

liberties, and the introduction of Popery in every department of the State.'

The Duke had borne with extraordinary patience the waywardness of the King, the intrigues of the King's friends, the abuse of Tory newspapers and magazines, the lectures of Bishops, and the desertion of old friends. He had submitted to the mutilation of his own scheme, and consented, though with reluctance, to take up in place of it the bald measure which ultimately became the law of the land. But an attack of this sort seemed to him to present an opportunity from which, as a politician, it would be unwise to turn aside, and he immediately addressed to Lord Winchelsea the following letter:—

'London, 16th March, 1829.

'MY LORD,—I have just perused in the "Standard" newspaper of this day, a letter addressed to Henry Nelson Coleridge, Esq., dated Eastwell Park, March 14th, 1829, signed *Winchelsea and Nottingham*; and I shall be very much obliged to your Lordship if you will let me know whether that letter was written by you and published by your authority.

'I have the honour to be.'

No answer having arrived on the 18th of this communication, the Duke wrote again, enclosing a copy of his original letter; and on the 19th he received Lord Winchelsea's reply:—

'Eastwell Park, Ashford,

18th March, 1829.

'MY LORD,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your Grace's letter of the 16th inst., and I beg to inform you that the letter addressed to H. N. Coleridge, Esq., was inserted in the "Standard" by my authority. As I had publicly given my approbation and sanction to the establishment of King's College, London, last year, by becoming a subscriber to it, I thought it incumbent upon me in withdrawing my name, also publicly to state my reasons for so doing.

'I have the honour to be,' &c.

A short note, enclosing the above, explained that the Duke's two letters had reached the writer together, and that he intended to be at 7, Suffolk Street, London, on the morrow, between four and five in the afternoon.

Busy as he was, the Duke did not allow a moment to pass without answering this note:—

'London, 19th March, 1829.

'MY LORD,—I have had the honour of receiving your Lordship's letter of the 18th instant. Your Lordship is certainly the best judge of the mode to be adopted in withdrawing your name from the list of the subscribers to King's College. In doing so, however, it does not appear necessary to impute to me, in no measured terms, disgraceful and criminal

motives for my conduct in the part which I took in the establishment of the college. No man has a right, whether in public or private, by speech, in writing, or in print, to insult another by attributing to him motives for his conduct, public or private, which disgrace or criminate him. If a gentleman commits such an act indiscreetly in the heat of debate, or in a moment of party violence, he is always ready to make reparation to him whom he may thus have injured. I am convinced your Lordship will, upon reflection, be anxious to relieve yourself from the pain of having thus insulted a man who never injured or offended you.

‘I have the honour to be.’

Lord Winchelsea not embracing the opportunity thus calmly and with great dignity offered him of retracting a calumny and apologizing for it, the Duke requested Sir Henry Hardinge to wait upon him. The results of this interview appear in a memorandum by the Duke, which we transcribe:—

‘London, 20th March, 1829,

In the morning.

‘Sir Henry Hardinge has read me a memorandum written by Lord Winchelsea, and delivered to him by Lord Falmouth, from which it appears that his Lordship is anxious that I should justify myself from the charges made against me contained in his Lordship’s address to Mr. Coleridge, published in the “Standard” newspaper.

‘I may lament that a nobleman for whom I feel the highest respect should entertain a bad opinion of me. But I don’t complain as long as that opinion is not brought before me. I cannot admit that any man has a right to call me before him, to justify myself from the charges which his fancy may suggest. That of which I complain is that the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham should have published an opinion that I was actuated by disgraceful and criminal motives in a certain transaction which took place nearly a year ago.

‘His Lordship, unprovoked, has insulted me by stating in writing, and authorizing the publication of this opinion. For this insult I believed, and am not willing to part with the belief, that his Lordship will be anxious to give me reparation.

‘WELLINGTON.’

This memorandum was carried by Sir Henry Hardinge to Lord Falmouth, who submitted it to Lord Winchelsea. It drew forth a rejoinder from Lord Winchelsea, which, however, contained neither explanation nor apology. A further correspondence ensued between Sir Henry Hardinge and Lord Falmouth, wherein the latter, acting for Lord Winchelsea, formally declined either to withdraw the published letter or to express regret for its contents, and then came:—

‘*Sir Henry Hardinge to the Earl of Falmouth.*

‘11, Whitehall Place,
20 March, 1829.

‘MY LORD,—I send your Lordship a letter from the Duke of Wellington to Lord Winchelsea, on my communicating to his Grace your note of 3 P.M., declining, on Lord Winchelsea’s part, to make any reparation, or give any explanation, &c., of his Lordship’s conduct towards the Duke of Wellington; and in order to avoid the possibility of any mistake, I repeat what has already been arranged verbally between us, that the Duke of Wellington will be at the place appointed at 8 o’clock to-morrow morning.’

‘*The Duke to the Earl of Winchelsea.*

‘London, 20 March, 1829, 6½ P.M.

‘MY LORD,—Sir Henry Hardinge has communicated to me a memorandum signed by your Lordship, dated 1 P.M., and a note from Lord Falmouth dated 3 P.M.

‘Since the insult, unprovoked on my part, and not denied by your Lordship, I have done everything in my power to induce your Lordship to make me reparation;—but in vain. Instead of apologizing for your own conduct, your Lordship has called upon me to explain mine. The question for me now to decide is this. Is a gentleman who happens to be the King’s minister to submit to be insulted by any gentleman who thinks proper to attribute to him disgraceful or criminal motives as an individual? I cannot doubt of the decision which I ought to make on this question. Your Lordship is alone responsible for the consequences.

‘I now call upon your Lordship to give me that satisfaction for your conduct which a gentleman has a right to require, and which a gentleman never refuses to give.

‘I have the honour,’ &c.

Of the memorable duel which followed, Dr. Hume, who, at the desire of Sir Henry Hardinge, attended on the ground, wrote out on the morning after the occurrence a detailed and interesting account, and copies of it in MS. were given to many of his friends. It is now printed and will in due time appear among the Duke’s papers. It gives a very vivid picture of the whole scene—of the calm self-possession of the Duke, of the nervous excitability of Lord Falmouth, of the astonishment of the writer when he discovered on whom as principal in an affair of this kind he had been called upon to attend, of Lord Winchelsea’s modest courage, and of the manly and dignified bearing of Sir Henry Hardinge.

The place of meeting was Battersea Park, then known as Battersea Fields, and Lord Winchelsea, having received the Duke’s fire, raised his pistol and discharged it in the air. A conference ensued between the seconds,

which led to the production by Lord Falmouth of a paper stating that—

'Lord Winchelsea did not hesitate of his own accord to declare that he regretted having unadvisedly published an opinion which had given offence to the Duke of Wellington, and offered to cause the expression of regret to be published in the "Standard" newspaper, as the same channel through which his former letter had been given to the public.

'The Duke who had come nearer and was listening attentively, said in a low voice—"This won't do, it is no apology." On which Sir Henry took the paper to the Duke, and walked two or three paces on one side with him—but immediately came back, saying, "I cannot accept of this paper unless the word apology be inserted." He then took a paper from his pocket, and was proceeding to read it, saying, "This is what we expect;" when Lord Falmouth, interrupting him, said, "I assure you what I have written was meant as an apology;" and he entered into a discussion, asserting that the admissions contained in his paper were the same as those, or were quoted from those, in the Duke of Wellington's own Memorandum. Sir Henry Hardinge said, "My Lord Falmouth, it is needless to prolong this discussion; unless the word apology be inserted, we must resume our ground." And, turning to Lord Winchelsea, whom Lord Falmouth had taken aside to converse with, he said, "My Lord Winchelsea, this is an affair of the seconds;" on which Lord Winchelsea returned.'

The word 'apology' was then inserted, and so the matter came to an end.

Mr. Gleig, in his biography of the great Duke, makes a curious statement in reference to this affair :—

'It is a curious feature in this somewhat unfortunate occurrence, that when the moment for action arrived, it was found that the Duke did not possess a pair of duelling pistols. Considering the length of time he had spent in the army, and the habits of military society towards the close of the last century, that fact bore incontestable evidence to the conciliatory temper and great discretion of the Duke. Sir Henry Hardinge, therefore, who acted as the Duke's friend, was forced to look for pistols elsewhere, and borrowed them at last from Dr. Hume, he himself being as unprovided as his principal.'

The same writer details a conversation which he had with the Duke two or three years subsequently to the meeting. Replying, as it would seem, to some expression of regret, that one holding the Duke's high position should have been involved in an affair of the kind, the Duke said :—

'You speak as a moralist, and I assure you that I am no advocate for duelling under any circumstances; but my difference with Lord Winchelsea, considering the cause in which it originated, and the critical position of affairs at

the moment, can scarcely be regarded as a private quarrel. His attack upon me was part of a plan to render the conduct of public affairs impossible to the King's servants.'

The same original view of the case is taken and set forth in greater detail, in a letter to the Duke of Buckingham, dated 21st April, 1829 :—

'London, 21st April, 1829.

'MY DEAR DUKE,—I am very much obliged to you for your letter of the 6th, which I received this morning. The truth is that the duel with Lord Winchelsea was as much part of the Roman Catholic question, and it was as necessary to undertake it and carry it to the extremity to which I did carry it, as it was to do everything else which I did do to attain the object which I had in view. I was living for some time in an atmosphere of calumny. I could do nothing that was not misrepresented as having some base purpose in view. If my physician called upon me, it was for treasonable purposes. If I said a word, whether in Parliament or elsewhere, it was misrepresented for the purpose of fixing upon me some gross delusion or falsehood. Even my conversations with the King were repeated, misrepresented, and commented upon; and all for the purpose of shaking the credit which the public were inclined to give to what I said. The courts of justice were shut, and not to open till May. I knew that the Bill must pass or be lost before the 15th of April. In this state of things Lord Winchelsea published his furious letter. I immediately perceived the advantage it gave me; and I determined to act upon it in such a tone as would certainly put me in the right. Not only was I successful in the execution of my project, but the project itself produced the effect which I looked for and intended that it should produce. The atmosphere of calumny in which I had been for some time living cleared away. The system of calumny was discontinued. Men were ashamed of repeating what had been told to them; and I have reason to believe, moreover, that intentions not short of criminal were given up in consequence of remonstrances from some of the most prudent of the party, who came forward in consequence of the duel. I am afraid that the event itself shocked many good men. But I am certain that the public interests at the moment required that I should do what I did. Everything is now quiet; and in Ireland we have full reason to be satisfied. We must, however, lose no time in doing everything else that is possible to promote the prosperity of that country.'

Here we must stop for the present. The scandal of the duel died out; the Duke carried his measure—maimed as it was, and sorely damaged in its progress towards Parliament. But for that there was no help. Any measure of relief, looking to the general state of the country, was better than an attempt which must have certainly failed, to keep things as Lord Liverpool left them. Indeed, we will go further. Had the King

been true to his Minister after the Bill was passed, and the Tories been wise enough to accommodate themselves to circumstances, the Catholic Relief Act, imperfect as it was, might have worked well. But the King was not true to his Minister. The Tories, instead of taking counsel with reason, followed the bent of passion. The Duke certainly contributed to bring matters to this pass, and so far failed to show himself a successful English Minister. But only a great statesman would have ventured to face the difficulty at all, and a statesman's work would have been done, and well done, had not the timidity of some and the perverseness of others interposed to prevent it. Such is the price which we pay for living under a constitutional government.

ART. II.—1. *Parentalia ; or Memoirs of the Family of the Wrens.* London, 1750. Folio.

2. *Sir Christopher Wren and his Times.* By James Elmes. London, 1852

3. *Fund for the Completion of St. Paul's. Appeal presented at the Public Meeting held at the Mansion House, on Wednesday, the 13th of July, 1870.*

4. *Annals of St. Paul's Cathedral.* By Henry Hart Milman, D.D., late Dean of St. Paul's. London, 1868.

5. *Completion of St. Paul's. A Letter to the 'Times.'* By Wyatt Papworth, F.R.I.B.A. June 8, 1872.

THOUGH man is born unto trouble, rejoicing and thanksgiving are happily not uncommon in the world. These strong emotions are often quiet and subdued, but among all peoples there is an impulse to express them by some fit sacrifice and national display whenever a great public benefit has been secured. Thus travellers used to tell that in the Islands of the Southern Sea some fated families supplied the human victims who became the chief thank-offering to the gods, and the supreme enjoyment of the people at their sacred meal. These devoted persons passed their lives in commonplace obscurity, but when the fatal designation had been made, the future sacrifice became the object of much popular solicitude and friendly care. Chiefs and princes paid him visits. Priests and people praised him, he was flattered, cooked, and gastronomically finished, and the repast was memorable as the sagacious combination of a pious offering to the protecting deity with suitable enjoyment for devout and otherwise successful men. Tastes vary with circumstances,

and so with us the sacrifice is different though the mode is much the same. We are not precisely cannibals. Our taste is rather for the 'remains of our ancestors' than for contemporary flesh, and a supply of venerable and devoted buildings is always at command. These, too, are usually treated with neglect or empty praise, but, on occasion they are one by one selected for 'completion.' We have had in our time many such memorial sacrifices, and the restoration and defacement of some hundreds of our ancient buildings are the sad testimony of the joyful acknowledgment of our benefits received, or of our thankful memory of departed worth.

Of course, in the selection of our sacrifice a due proportion and significance must be maintained; and now, on the recovery from alarming illness of the Heir Apparent to the British Throne, a most important victim is required, and thus we all are called to take a part in some mysterious undiscovered work that, we are told, will give the proper church-like splendour and completion to St. Paul's.

As our grand old friend is therefore in a dangerous state, and the great change may possibly be near at hand, we now propose to note the genesis and character of the one English Protestant Cathedral, and to show what are its merits that impress the world, and how some defects that seem unfairly to discredit its great designer may without costly or incongruous change be screened or modified. And then, referring to the possible 'completion,' we desire to give our readers some foretaste of the special treat that connoisseurs and clergy are preparing for their pious admiration and æsthetic joy.

Few Londoners know anything about St. Paul's. People have been accustomed all their lives to that amazing mass of nigritude with the big round dome, huge and o'ershadowing without, and dingy, dull, and cavernous within; but of the artistic value and constructive merits of the great building they have no thought nor any valid comprehension. In order therefore fairly to appreciate the work, our minds ought to be cleared of all deluding prejudice, and then by careful study thoroughly informed. This, then, is our object, and probably we shall utter nothing new; but as simply as the subject will allow, and with regard for un-instructed rather than for *dilettanti* readers, we shall endeavour to supply a detailed critical description of St. Paul's.

There need be no artistic superstition about Wren. He often failed, and between Walbrook and Temple Bar he certainly exhibits many grades of merit and demerit.

It will not do to hold objectors cheap or to make criticism sacrilege. We are invited to 'complete' his church, and not to worship him; and, ere accepting any scheme to 'finish' the chief work of our great master of the picturesque, the public should be well instructed; and there should, at least among our educated men, besides an ample knowledge, be a cultivated and discriminating taste.

St. Paul's is in direct descent from Roman ancestry. The simple Doric temples of the Greeks, and the columnar temples and basilicas of Rome, are only distantly related to our subject. Its near connexions are the Coliseum, the Pantheon, the Triumphal Arches, and the Maxentian Basilica, in which the pier and arch are the constructive features and the 'Order,' of column, entablature, and cornice,* is a mere frontispiece or overlay. This massive arcuated method of construction was continued into mediæval work, but there, instead of slavish repetition of the classic Orders, there was either an avoidance of such forms or else the details were designed with picturesque variety and freedom. The churches of St. Sophia at Byzantium and St. Mark at Venice, St. Vitale at Ravenna and the Minster at Speier, are varied and emphatic illustrations of the romantic outgrowth of this ancient Roman style. But at the classical 'revival' these spontaneous poetic works were speedily condemned as barbarous and rude, and Michael Angelo and others made the details of St. Peter's strictly regular. Wren at St. Paul's used the more recent fashion. Sir Christopher was not a real architect or 'master-builder;' he had attained no mastery of detail, nor any of that workman's fancy that gives life to every stone. He was a very able and accomplished man, with quick appreciation of geometric rules, a taste for symmetry, and an exceeding sensibility for grace of outline. These, and his great good sense, his perfect temper, and a little study of 'the styles,' supported by the generous liberality of those who made the laws, and voted ample means that others should supply, enabled him to build the noble church that now we hear has yet to be 'completed.'

To our travelled readers the mere mention of St. Paul's calls up the memory of the great Basilica at Rome. The two churches have so much resemblance in their form and style, and yet so much of contrast, that when their architecture is discussed, comparison becomes inevitable. Of course Wren knew

St. Peter's by report and drawings; and it evidently influenced his own design. And since, by critical comparison of the two buildings, each will be better understood, we may include St. Peter's in our scope and discuss together the two chief classic shrines of Protestant and Papal Christianity. For our further aid some illustrations from Mr. Fergusson's elaborate 'History of Modern Architecture' are placed at our disposal, and will doubtless give an interest to the subject that otherwise it hardly would attain.

The first impression that each building makes is one of size. This was of course intended, but though St. Peter's front is greatly bigger than St. Paul's—much more than twice as large—the columns and the Order are so huge that the apparent size is greatly diminished. In Wren's first model for St. Paul's a similar arrangement of the Order was designed, and, notwithstanding all we read of Wren's vexation at the failure of his plan, it is quite clear that these larger columns and the concave curvature of the four aisle walls made the design less picturesque, and for the most part far inferior to the present building. Here the two-storied Orders of a moderate height give proper scale, and render possible a western front that has no rival in the world. Objections have been made to this two-storied portico, and to the coupled columns, but the former may have been required in expectation of future Papal ceremonials, and the coupled columns are a very common-sense and practical arrangement. Where intercolumniations are, as in the side range of a Doric temple, uninfluenced by special accidents of plan, they should of course be equal, but even in the very formal building we have named, the angle intercolumns are all made narrower than the rest. The columns at the Propylæa at Athens are also placed at various distances with reference to the openings in the wall behind. And at St. Paul's the columns of the portico are coupled and arranged to give due space and light for doors and windows. The two front lantern towers are well composed, and free from vulgarity or commonplace or foolish trifling; and though evidently mere picturesque and fanciful excrescences, they still, by their frank truthfulness, maintain the dignity of the whole building and assert their own. Their merely ornamental use is clearly both intentional and undisguised. But the side walls are a sad contrast; half being built-up sham, and the whole coarse, graceless, and undignified.

The Dome is perfect. Critics do complain that the surrounding columns are too large, and should have been proportionately

* The Entablature comprises the Architrave, or chief beam immediately over the columns; and the Frieze, the plain or carved face above the architrave, and below the cornice, the crowning and protecting moulding.

smaller than the Orders used below ; but this irregularity we easily excuse, for while the graceful outline of the dome engages our attention we can scarcely see the lower columns or compare their size. The beauty of the dome is very greatly due to the proportions of the lantern, which though built of stone, is with the gilt ball and cross full one-half higher than the great metal-covered dome itself. This, the most charming and effective feature of the church, we owe to Wren's constructive adaptation of a cone of brickwork underneath the dome, which gives a firm and durable support to all the upper masonry and woodwork, and is a good example of the simple means by which in building, as in other things, the greatest excellence can be attained. It is to be observed, however, that as the upper half of the side walls is a mere screen to hide the walling of the nave clerestory, so the outer dome is not concentric with the dome within, but stands nearly its whole height above it.

St. Peter's dome externally is scarcely visible above the front, and is of value only as a picturesque and noted landmark in the distant view. So far St. Paul's is manifestly the superior work. The east end certainly is very poor, and wants a second transept or some slight extension north and south ; unless indeed the apse could be removed, and the whole width of choir and aisles combined in one broad front. But the entire building suffers grievously from the neglect and grime of centuries. Perhaps, except the *Liebfrauen-Kirche* at Dresden, no such vast display of dirt connected with religion can be seen. And then, lest any, without due authority, should dare to touch the building, it is so palisaded round by a stockade of hideous iron balusters and piers, that the clear footing of the building on the ground is never visible. The church has consequently no direct association with the people as they pass. Not one beholder in ten thousand knows what the first twenty feet above the ground is like. All glance up to the dome, and mentally regard the church as a mysterious and unclean mass, that no one cares for, but that very much obstructs the way.

We go back to St. Peter's, and with no sense of pleasure from the view of its great cumbersome front, we enter by the smaller door. The first view is merely of an aisle, not reaching to the dome ; and yet the length would reach beyond the dome were it St. Paul's. The sudden termination of the view is very fortunate, though clearly accidental. The eye has just sufficient time to get itself accustomed to the tone of light, and to the style and details of the building ; and so, when by a few sidelong steps we reach the nave,

the full effect, not of its size, but of its proportions and enrichment, is at once appreciated. And among works of similar construction in the classic style, nothing can rival this interior in graceful amplitude and decorative splendour—qualities, it is true, of a secondary order, but which it is satisfactory to find for once so well displayed.

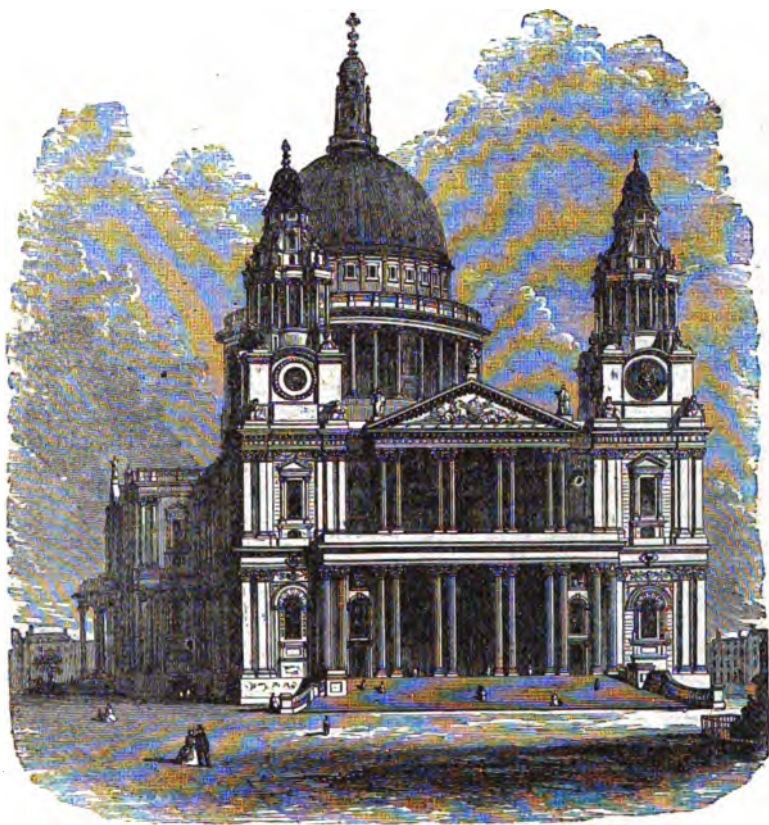
As size, particularly in interiors, is a very important element of architectural impressiveness, we shall, as we proceed, give approximately the leading dimensions of the two churches. It is only by studying these figures that the buildings can be thoroughly comprehended. The interior of St. Peter's is 590 feet long, St. Paul's nearly a quarter less, 460 feet. At the transepts, St. Peter's is 416 feet wide, St. Paul's 240 feet, or rather more than half. St. Peter's nave is longer than the nave and the dome area of St. Paul's, and the nave and dome of St. Peter's would at St. Paul's reach to the apse or tribune in the eastern wall ; St. Peter's dome alone covering a larger area than St. Paul's choir and aisles. At St. Paul's the nave and aisles are only half as wide as at St. Peter's. The heights of the two crosses are 440 feet and 350 feet respectively, and in cubical measurement St. Peter's is three times the dimensions of St. Paul's. Thus, in comparing the two churches, we have to consider not merely the effect produced, but the great disproportion of the means provided, and we may further state that St. Paul's was five-and-thirty years in building, and the cost was principally raised by taxes in one town. St. Peter's took three times as long in building, and put all Europe under tribute to complete the work.

Though such dimensions as we now have given are those most generally quoted, they are in fact often misleading. Few of them are at once perceptible on looking at the building, and it is only where the entire distance can at one glance be seen that measurement is of value in comparisons. So for the future we shall consider chiefly visible dimensions. And now, standing at the east* door of St. Peter's, let us compare the naves of the two churches. We first observe that, though the windows of St. Peter's are but small, yet there is ample light, with a slight increase as we reach the dome. But in St. Paul's the light is always dim and dirty-looking, and though the windows may be glaringly obtrusive, yet they seem only to make a murky darkness visible. At Rome there is clear air and brilliant sky, but in London the interior of the church becomes almost invisible from smoky atmosphere and cloud and

* St. Peter's faces the east.



View of St. Peter's, from the south-east. (See page 184.)



View of St. Paul's. (See page 184.)

fog. St. Peter's is all cheerfulness, and bright with light reflected from the clean white stone and polished marbles, but St. Paul's seems abjectly to cower in its sad disreputable dirt.

The classical Corinthian Order is employed to decorate St. Peter's nave. It rises from the floor to the full height of the main piers, and the arched ceiling springs from a few feet above the cornice, which reaches to a hundred feet above the pavement. The simplicity of architectural arrangement, the grace of outline, and the impression of solidity and strength, combined with sufficient lightness and expanse, all gained apparently with much facility and ease, is very charming. The proportions of the work are beautiful, and if at first sight there is a failure to appreciate the magnificent dimensions of the building, the standard explanation is that these proportions are so good and delicately accurate that the eye is at first unable to take measurement of size. This passes for criticism, and is the accepted explanation of a chief defect in the most celebrated church in Christendom. Such reasoning would prove that we habitually fail to estimate the size of any well-grown tree, and that Antinous or Apollo would look smaller than a Satyr or a Faun. The failure is in fact due not to an excellence, but to an excess. The building is brought down by the Order, and so one-third at least of the expense of making it so big is practically thrown away. The mediævalists, who worked with clear unprejudiced intelligence and a progressive art, found that the classic forms were totally unable to produce the infinite variety of architectural expression and artistic detail that their inventive faculty required, and so they arranged their columns, arches, piers, and domes with careful reference to special size and picturesque effect, and not to classical authority. But with the 'revival,' pedantry and rule soon took the place of fancy and judicious thought, and so the 'Orders' must be strictly used at any cost of injury to the church. If then there is at first a common failure to perceive the grandeur of the work, the defect is due not to refinement of proportions, but to the gigantic details. In an exterior view, a monumental building may depend upon the smallness of its neighbours, to secure a prompt impression of its size, but when we enter this criterion of scale is wanting, and the more obtrusive well-known building-forms impose their customary measure as a scale for their surroundings. At St. Peter's the Corinthian Order is of excessive size. This the incautious captivated eye does not at once perceive, and so without consideration uses the

pilasters as a scale for the whole building, and only when the tendency to gaze upwards has begun to cease, and the small moving figures on the floor come frequently within the sphere of vision, do the really gigantesque dimensions of the church become apparent, and with due effect impress the wondering beholder. So, when we see the rising moon or setting sun look twice as large as they appear when at the zenith, there is no real difference in their measurement, but only an illusion due to the influence of known terrestrial objects in comparison with the adjacent disc.

This is the explanation of the fact merely, and not at all its justification. There is here an evident and blameful want of art, when art was at the time supposed to be supremely manifest. But it must always be remembered that these works were done by architectural composers, not by artists. These men planned nobly, and could build with great magnificence, but they had no power of expression or of artist-like design in detail. And we may here remark, that both St. Peter's and St. Paul's are actually triplex designs. There are the inner and constructive core, and the external and internal architectural façades; and when we all admire these two great churches, it is really to the hidden core that our chief thanks are due. Both Wren and Buonarroti were, in classical details, mere imitative men, using the scholarly and dead, but falsely called 'revival' fashion for the time. Their power is not shown in detail. There is no prompt and artist-like expression in their work, but mere blank copying, just as if they themselves had worn a 'classic' masquerade of Roman tailoring.

The associations of the revival were at that time absolute in art, nor have those associations yet ceased to have an influence on the public mind. It would even now take much persuasion to convince a sensible admirer of St. Peter's or St. Paul's, that if the Orders were entirely removed the churches would be relieved of a damaging encumbrance, and not denuded of an appropriated decoration.

In spite of this great error of detail, St. Peter's nave will still command much admiration. But at St. Paul's the architecture of the nave is awkward, and the space narrow and confined. Unfortunately the present entrance to the church tends to increase these bad impressions. We enter almost underneath the dome, and with the immediate influence of its vast size look right and left along dark burrow-looking passages, of which the largest is no bigger than the cross aisles at St. Peter's, and which can hardly, without care, be distinguished as the main avenue and the religious climax of the church.

This change in the respective architectural worthiness of the two churches is very sudden, a complete inversion from their relative exterior value. That so great a failure in his noblest work should thus occur to the designer of the dome and west front of St. Paul's, and of the interiors at Walbrook and St. James's, Westminster, must be due to some extraneous influence. We shall endeavour to detect the fundamental error in the plan, and having ascertained its cause, will trace its ill effect throughout the church.

The dome at St. Peter's is 136 feet wide, and the openings to the main annexes are all 80 feet in width. At St. Paul's the corresponding dimensions are 107 feet and 40 feet. These are mere comparisons of size, but we call particular attention to the proportions that the main arches bear to the domes in the two churches. At St. Peter's they are just three-fifths of the diameter of the dome, but at St. Paul's little above one-third—a lamentable diminution, hardly appreciable in words or figures, but including the entire difference between amplitude and meanness.

At St. Peter's the four chief piers are solid, independent, full of power, in noble-looking contrast with the curve of the four great widespread arches and the lofty spacious hollow of the dome. The effect is thoroughly artistic; a simple plan and a magnificent result. The dome at St. Paul's rests on eight narrow arches. The piers are all weak-looking and confused, and in a complicated way are joined in pairs across the intervening arches, as if the whole affair were yet in embryo, and still undecided whether to be pier or arch, and being immature, and suddenly arrested in development, the piers, all needing help and lateral support, seem cautiously to cling to the external wall. The 'composition' of the intermediate arches with the piers, the intrusion of the subordinate segmental curve, and all the details of arrangement, are so faulty, that the spectator naturally seeks the cause of such egregious blundering; and, on referring to the plans, it will be seen that while, as we have said, St. Peter's aisles are not continuous along the church but terminate against the central piers, those at St. Paul's are complete vistas through the church each way across the dome. This was not the case in Wren's first plan. 'This design was a Greek cross. Wren, it is said, preferred it as a model for a Protestant cathedral.' 'The Byzantine cross, it is said, did not please the clergy in the Commission, as not sufficiently of a cathedral form,' and so the new plan was produced as 'the Gothic rectified to a better manner of architecture,' 'that is, the plan was that of the older cathe-

drals, the architecture in the later classical style.*

We do not much regret this former plan. It was not well designed, and might have been inferior to the present building. But the combination of two inconsistencies which the clergy in the Commission forced on Wren, made failure certain. To ensure success there must be simplicity of aim, whatever may be the variety of means, and when the incongruity is attempted of a cross-aisled church penetrating a circular dome, one or the other must give way, and thus, as we have seen, deformity results. Wren probably had Ely Cathedral in his mind when he arranged his plan. There, however, the octagon is an insertion, beautiful in itself, but destructive of the supremacy of the choir, and so far architecturally an error. Wren's present plan has thus been manifestly spoiled: the continuous aisles have first compelled wide intermediate arches; these contract the large main arches underneath the dome, which thus become narrow and mean, and so the church is damaged and degraded by the bad influence of its own clergy. This, unfortunately, is not all the injury. The evil is developed and extended throughout all the church, and to show how this occurs we give some further measurements. At St. Peter's the nave is 80 feet wide and 148 feet high; at St. Paul's the dimensions are 40 feet wide—one-half of St. Peter's—and 84 feet high, so that the opening of St. Peter's nave is nearly four times as large as that of St. Paul's, and if we stand in the centre of St. Paul's and imagine an opening three-quarters of the width of the dome, with the piers rising at the centre of the choir aisles to a cornice level with the whispering gallery, 100 feet high, and the arch curving upwards to the top of the windows underneath the dome, 148 feet from the floor, we shall have a direct comparison of the nave arches of the two buildings. The proportion between the height of the cornice and the width of the nave is in both the same; the cornice at St. Paul's being 50 feet above the floor, just half the height of that at St. Peter's. But the arch at St. Paul's is 84 feet high, and the springing is 64 feet, or 14 feet above the cornice. Here the disproportion becomes manifest and the result offensive. Of course Wren used an Order for the interior decoration of the church, but had he used it simply, for the entire elevation of the piers, as at St. Peter's, its size would have been excessive and quite disproportioned to the contracted opening of the nave. Wren, therefore, regulated the proportions of the Order

* Milman's 'Annals of St. Paul's.'

by the width of the nave, as at St. Peter's, and made out the necessary height by what is called an 'attic,' which is a plain or moulded wall built up above the cornice. This poor contrivance is legitimate, as Orders go, but very far from good when thus applied. The recognized idea associated with such walls is rather that of lightness than of strength, and its effect throughout the church is one of grievous instability. Thus the nave and choir have neither airy spaciousness nor impressive force, but a weak, narrow-shouldered, dislocated look, that makes dignity impossible. This is not all, however, for the fatal error still pursues us with injurious effects. The Order being low to suit the narrow nave, it became difficult to introduce the side nave arches under the entablature; so, to obtain sufficient height, the architraves, except above the main pilasters, are entirely cut away. This in itself is satisfactory, and the immediate result is good. No part of the church is more to be approved than the plain spandrels round the arches in the nave, but the remaining fragments of the architraves, with the most uselessly 'engaged' pilasters, and the broken cornices and mouldings, are such pedantic blundering as nothing can excuse. There really is no reason for any Order at all. It is a mere false artistic refuge for the destitute, an easy way to satisfy ill-educated connoisseurs, and by their patronage secure the silly admiration of the public.

Wren and the revivalists were not true artists, who make decoration the delight of workmanship—a natural and spontaneous growth. Here the 'Order' is a thing laid on, a 'cover-misery' at second-hand, and as it would not fit the members of the building it was cut and patched, eked out and distorted, so that grace of form and of association are entirely lost, and instead of a faithful reminiscence of the building work of ancient Rome, we have a ragged and disreputable masquerade that injures the effect of Wren's great church and altogether violates its dignity. The thing is but a foolish temporary fashion, and no more a necessary part of Wren's design than his long flowing wig, laced coat, and high-heeled shoes were natural or essential decorations for the little deputy-surveyor. Pilasters are perhaps excusable to carry on the rhythm of columnar 'compositions,' but when used as the chief ornament of interiors they have a power of absurdity that only cultivated dullness can fail to appreciate. These pilasters have the effect of painted shadows, without the necessary originating substance.

That all this 'classical' detail should be removed is probably a hopeless thought. That it exists and has cost money, and at

present no one knows what else to substitute, is a sufficient reason for the '*status quo*.' But we would warn our readers not to waste their admiration on such work, but in the way of healthy critical diversion let them think what would be gained if the great Arc de l'Etoile were invested in an Order, and then compare it as it still remains with the coarse pilasters and segmental pediments of the old gallery of the Louvre, and, with these fixed in the memory, extend their meditation to St. Paul's.

While standing in the centre of St. Paul's, let us again compare dimensions in the two churches. At St. Paul's the inner dome is 220 feet high, but at St. Peter's it is 333 feet from the paving. Our readers may have noticed at St. Paul's, in the far distant height that sometimes becomes visible above the inner dome, some small mysterious-looking windows. At their level then, far above the summit of St. Paul's interior dome, and in fact level with the base of the lantern above the outer dome, the upward curvature of St. Peter's inner dome begins, and its open internal lantern would enclose the gilt cross of St. Paul's, and leave a space of thirty feet beyond.

As we proceed towards St. Peter's dome, the whole church seems to open to the view. There is no darkness or confusion, nor such perplexing incongruities of form as vex us in St. Paul's. The central thought and object of the church is spaciousness; and to gain this the openings around the dome are wide and the recesses shallow; the tribune and the transepts not exceeding in their depth the measurement across the dome. Thus they seem to form part of the dome area, and give a charming sense of amplitude and light, in complete contrast with the long and narrow choir that makes St. Paul's look miserable. The open cubical content of the interior view from underneath St. Peter's dome is thrice as great as the space similarly calculated of the interior of St. Paul's.

St. Peter's dome is, then, the climax of the building. There the great services are held, and no indefinite extension leads the eye unsatisfied beyond. Thus in all respects, in plan and section, at St. Peter's we have found a building full of merit; an unsophisticated noble monument, bold in conception, and, in its form and outline, almost perfect. St. Paul's interior is a very different affair. The dome is well designed, and though but two-thirds the height of the St. Peter's dome, and also less in width, it looks as spacious for its size. From this one excellence the remainder of the church most sadly falls away. Still Wren may have deserved but little blame. We have already seen how the

requirement to build a 'Christian church' of clerical design spread disproportion throughout all the plan, and in Wren's time the nave and transepts of cathedrals were not, like St. Peter's dome, reserved and used as sanctuaries, but were, in fact, mere public promenades. The church was shut up in the choir, and all outside was of the world. St. Paul's was in effect two buildings with a continuous roof, and separated by the screen; and, while this screen retained its place, there was a sense of severance that allowed the mind to rest in observation at the dominating dome, without a wish or tendency to look beyond. Now that the screen is gone, the dome-space is a mere passage; bulbous above, hollow and widened out below, and leading nowhere, unless it be straight to the transept door, which is more promptly recognized than the long narrow choir, the lamentable anti-climax to the dome.

The choir is but a repetition of the mean and contracted outline and the 'execrable details' of the nave. At the east end is a small ill-proportioned apse, made uglier still by the uncouth pilasters and the coarse rib-moulding of the ceiling. The height and width are, with artistic cleverness, considerably diminished. If our readers will, on visiting the church, contrive to screen this apse while looking at the choir, they will observe that this at once appears full one-half larger. The walls are in appearance not an enclosure, but great masses of obstructive masonry. And for dull accumulation of material, entire deficiency of thought—except for injury and evil—great waste and barren ugliness, nothing excels the eastern termination of St. Paul's.

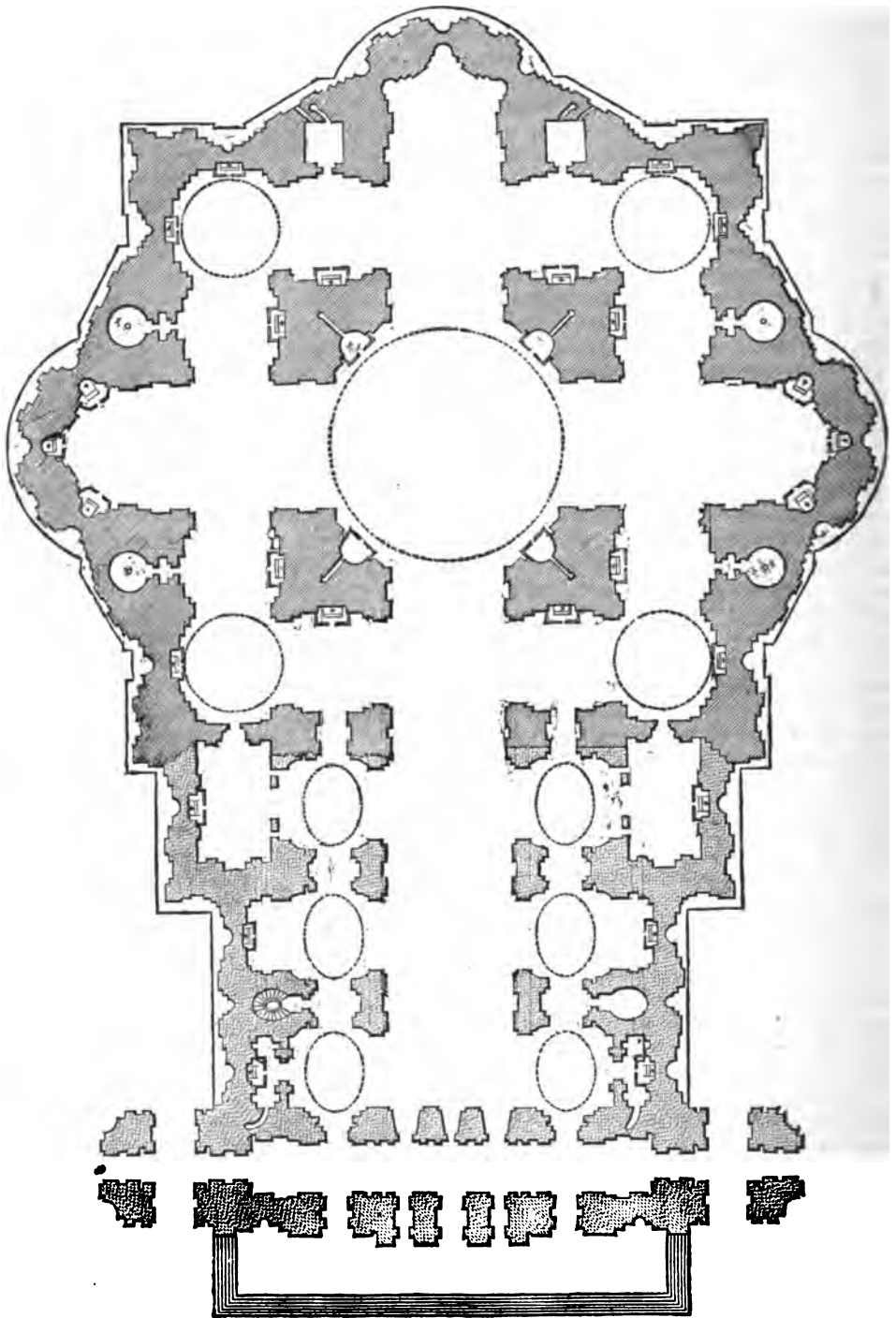
The whole interior is disappointing in its architectural arrangement and effect; and when to this we add imperfect lighting, dinginess of colour, want of tone from furniture and wood-work, and the total absence of the workman's fancy and imagination in the details of the masonry, it must be owned that the interior of St. Paul's is not a charming or ennobling spectacle.

Having thus 'plentifully declared the thing as it is,' we willingly would leave it; but, as the public expectation is aroused, and all admit that something must be done, we venture to suggest that, before any thought is given to a scheme of decoration for the church, it must be first restored to 'sweetness and light.' When Wren built the church, the London atmosphere was tolerably pure; the window space was ample and the work was clean. Now that the light is dirty and the air foul, more window opening seems to be required. The heavy iron bars and the old glazing should be first

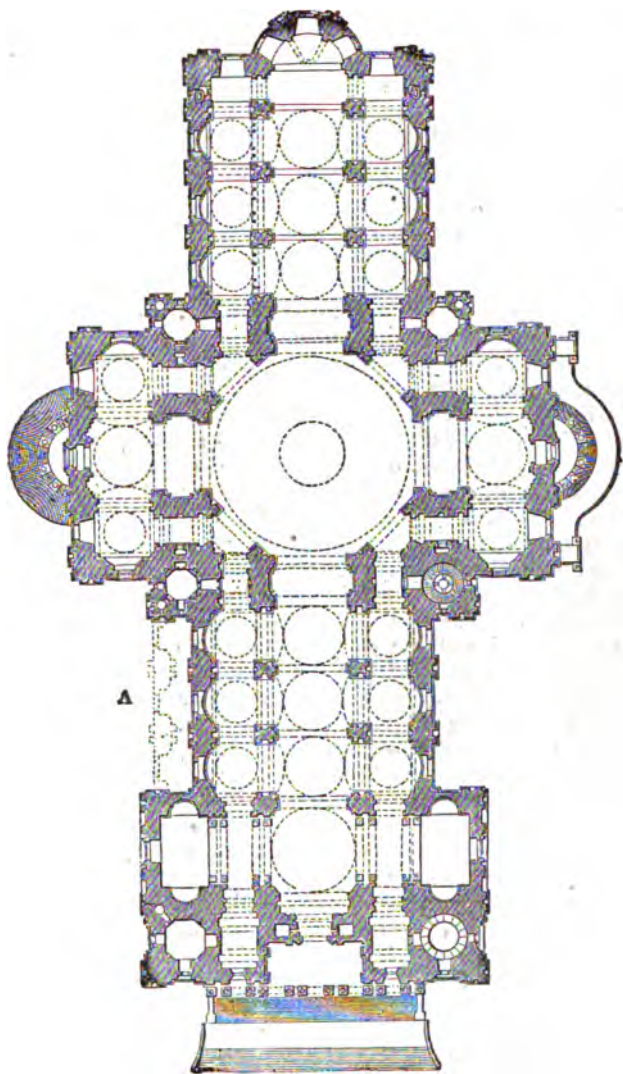
removed, and, for the present, new white glass with slender framing fixed throughout the church; and then the whole interior should be cleaned. When this is done, the wants and failings of the church will be more clearly understood. The light will probably be still deficient, and the spandrels on each side of the end windows of the nave and transepts might be opened out and glazed; and even at the nave and choir clerestory windows a similar enlargement might be made. Mr. Penrose, the accomplished surveyor of the cathedral, has himself proposed these openings. The range of windows in the upright wall below the dome is more than half obscured by the external colonnade and its entablature. If the roof of the external passage underneath these windows were removed, and they were lengthened a few feet to the level of the top base mouldings of the intermediate pilasters, the light into the dome area would be nearly doubled, without any risk or injury to the building. Then, as the lighting of the church is artificially obscured, reason suggests that it be artificially increased. Reflectors placed outside the windows of the clerestory and dome would make the ceilings bright and decorations visible, and be themselves unseen. Some cleansing of the interior is now in progress. Why the exterior was not first attacked is hard to understand. And were these works all put in hand, another year might possibly enable us at length to see the inside of the church.

St. Paul's is by inheritance and consecration a Cathedral, but in construction and in prospect of the future it is evidently a congregational church. It is, therefore, useless to propose to separate the choir and dome. For all practical and religious objects they are permanently united; and, if a screen is found essential, it must be placed west of the dome. In fact, the use and meaning of the separated choir is quickly vanishing. The dome is becoming sacred instead of secular, a place of worship instead of a mere covered area for processional displays. The clergy, then, should not be coy, but make a frank and sensible communion with their lay fellow-worshippers.

The entrance to the church is now, and generally has been, by the north transept; perhaps the worst point in the building for a proper architectural impression of the interior. One might as well begin to read a play at the fifth act. If it is worth while to undertake an elaborate completion of St. Paul's, it surely is advisable to use the building in a reasonable and artistic way. By entering at the transept, the great cavity of dome becomes the critical scale, and not the impres-



Plan of St. Peter's.—Scale: One Hundred Feet to an Inch.



Plan of St. Paul's.—Scale: One Hundred Feet to an Inch.

sive climax of the church; and as we pass the nave and choir, they seem but dull, dark passages, a howling wilderness of dismal stone. The transept doors might still be used occasionally as exits, but the west doors should be the only entrances. It was well argued lately that the entrances to the national galleries of art should not be ready and immediate, but that some length of corridor should intervene, and separate the building from the bustle of the street. And any one who goes to afternoon or morning prayers will find how much a similar retirement is wanted at St. Paul's.

The choir, as we have said, is painfully narrow, and now that it is an adjunct to the dome it seems so inconveniently and absurdly long; that the clergy at the altar might well take to speaking-trumpets to become audible beneath the dome. But it is further contracted and oppressed by the obtrusive heaviness of the carved woodwork of the galleries and boxes, which obscure and darken all the stalls. The choir, in fact, requires a total re-arrangement, and a proper and complete connexion with the dome. The two obstructive organs which contract the narrow choir should be removed and placed on columns at their present height, one in each of the two eastern intermediate arches of the dome. Their cases might be so continued upwards as to screen or efficiently divert the eye from some of the objectionable details that we have described. Thus two great failures would be neutralized, and the choir arch would look wider and more dignified by its contrasted isolation; and those to whom the vista of the aisles is pleasing might still be gratified by looking horizontally beneath the organ. The choir stalls then should be extended very slightly underneath the dome, and, with a decent pulpit to supplant the present 'tank,' should be arranged and architecturally composed with reference to the organ cases; and thus spreading out trumpet-fashion into the dome area, the choir would properly assert its due position and importance in the church, and become evident and recognised. A screen of suitable design, copied, if necessary, from some of Wren's own work, should then be built across the choir at half its length, or even one arch further westward, with height enough to hide the east end from the dome, but not to interrupt the vista from the western door. The choir would then be fairly well proportioned in connexion with the dome, the altar would be within the range of an attentive audience, and a retro-choir would be provided for occasional and sacramental services. To give still more importance and a cheerful aspect to the choir, the first or second flat 'brick cupola' or ceil-

ing dome from the west end, over the altar and the screen, might be raised up into the roof, and lighted from above.

The transept doors should be effectually screened, and for this purpose some of the surplus stall-work might be fixed across the transepts on the inner side of the cross aisles and outside of the piers. This would not at all diminish the effect of spaciousness beneath the dome. The area is too large, and the height too great, to suffer from such small obstructions, and as the entrance would be always from the west, the measurement of space would mentally be made by glancing eastward to the altar-screen. These stalls would give a warm and furnished look to what is now cold and repulsive. They might be the official seats of national or civic dignitaries, and the clergy would then have the choir all to themselves. The aisles beyond would become ample vestibules, and form side passages to the retro-choir.

All that we have thus proposed is practical, and could be easily and quickly done. It is essentially a mere re-adjustment of the windows and the choir furniture to the now altered use and circumstances of the church. If the amount of daylight Wren had calculated on is now diminished, it would be indifferent respect to him or to his work to leave it so dimly lighted. And when the congregation has outgrown the choir, and what he most efficiently made separate is now as thoroughly connected with the dome, some new arrangement of the furniture and details of the choir becomes imperative; and when this is done, judicious counsel will suggest that known and obvious defects in Wren's design, wherever possible, should be neutralized and screened, and due respectful thought be given to preserve and carefully illustrate and display the beauties of his work.

And now, returning to the exterior of the church. Let it at once be cleaned. The work is not difficult. The Mansion House and the Bank, Fishmongers' Hall and St. Bartholomew's Hospital, have all been properly relieved of their foul mask of dirt. Why should our Cathedral be left thus stained with accumulated filth, degraded from decency—a very outcast among buildings? We greatly fear that such examination as a thorough cleansing will alone make possible is urgently required, and it will be found that neglect of cleanliness brings as much injury to buildings as to men. Then, as the internal decorations must be made 'consistent with its character as a Christian church,' would it not be well to be similarly scrupulous for the outside of the Cathedral?

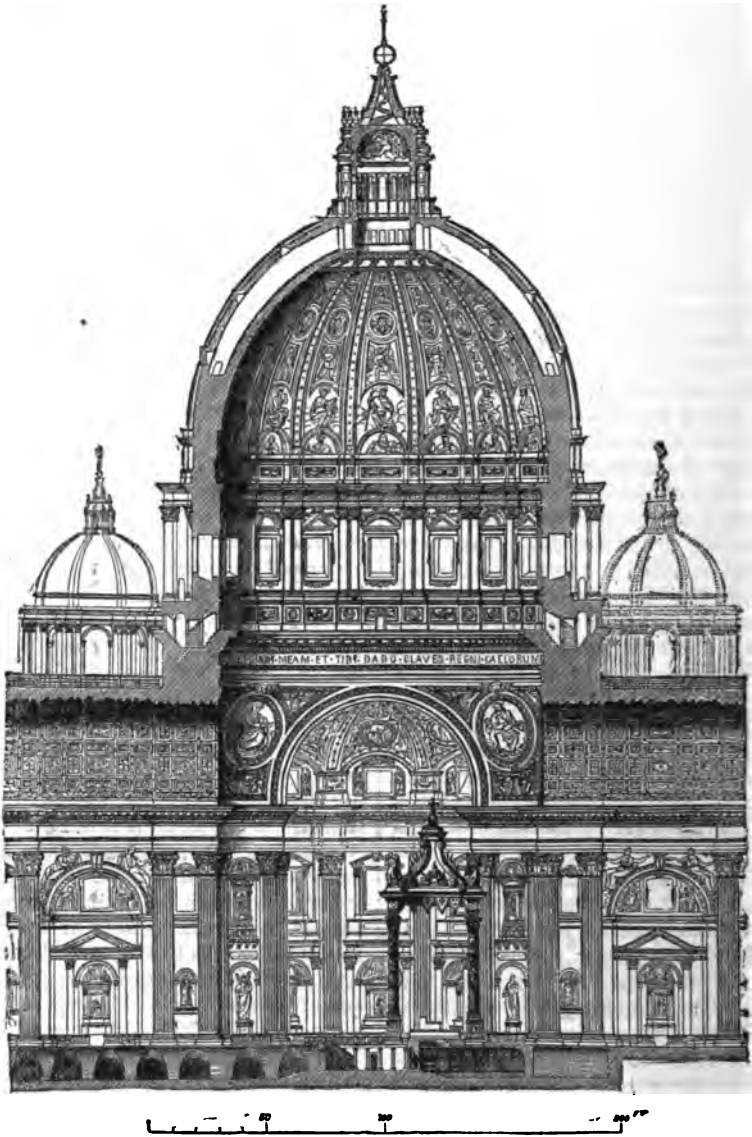
Would any stranger, looking the building in the face, say it was 'Christian'? Rather, he would fear to libel Christianity by such association, and suggest Hottentots or Hindoos as the possible proprietors, and the cross to be a mere fanciful cockade. If the Dean and Chapter wish the public to complete the interior of their church, might they not show an example of reverence for the building by the obvious work of cleanliness and good repair? If, further, they will withdraw their fences, and abolish them altogether, except in a light and unobstructive way around the burial-ground, the public will take an interest in the building that it is evident the cathedral dignitaries have no conception of. In matters of sight people are led by the eye or repelled by it; and at St. Paul's the repulsion is as complete as the greatest enemy of the church could desire. The building, like the institution of which it is an illustrious ornament, must be popular if it is to be influential, and social if it is to be respected and maintained. This is no new question, but one as old as the building itself. 'It involves the full or broken and interrupted view of the great west front of St. Paul's, or rather of the whole cathedral. It was the design of Wren that it should be seen in all its height and breadth. He, therefore, strongly objected to the tall ponderous enclosure which broke, obscured, or concealed the vestibule, the noble flight of steps, the whole of the solid base or platform from which the building arose. But the Commissioners, utterly blind to the architectural effect, proud of their heavy clumsy misplaced fence' (they were evidently 'connoisseurs'), 'which was cast at some works, now out of use, in Sussex, and thought marvels of execution in those days (the elaborate beauty of some of the old iron-work was forgotten), described Sir Christopher's design as mean and weak, boasted that their own met with general approbation, and so left the Cathedral compressed in its gloomy gaol, only to be fully seen, and this too near, by those who were admitted within the gates; usually inexorably closed. Wren's words were, "As for the iron fence, it is so remarkable and fresh in memory by whose influence and importunity it was wrested from me, and the doing it carried in a way that I may venture to say will ever be condemned."' Thus wrote Dean Milman, and we learn that there will be some re-arrangement of the western railings. This is a well-meant proposal, but is not carrying out 'Sir Christopher's intentions,' or prosecuting the Dean's 'endeavour.' The railings must be cleared entirely away. They are an insult to the people, and a disgrace to the church. The approach to God's

house should be open and direct and free, but the front steps and portico are a blank desert, and the front doors are gloomier and more repulsive than the gates of Newgate, and suggest the idea of exclusiveness rather than of 'comprehension.'

The fact is, that St. Paul's has not maintained the ordinary level of respectability, and people, though ready enough to praise its celebrated 'surveyor' more from his celebrity, however, than for any judgment of his work, do not respect the building. It is exclusive, timid, dirty, not quite true, and, vicariously, a sturdy beggar. All this the Dean and Chapter should entirely change; and when the church is brought within the sphere of well-conditioned decency, people will recognize it and feel honoured in its dignified association. We shall then find public appreciation becoming influential with the Board of Works; and it will soon be discovered that the time has come to get a clear view of the great building which so many praise, though none have favourably seen. The hither side of Paternoster Row, Old Change, and Carter, Creed, and Ave Maria Lanes may be removed. The Churchyard, thus made thrice its present size, might be turfed over, lined with trees, and then connected with the embankment at Blackfriars by a broad avenue to be continued eastward by the Broad Street Stations to the Mile End Road.*

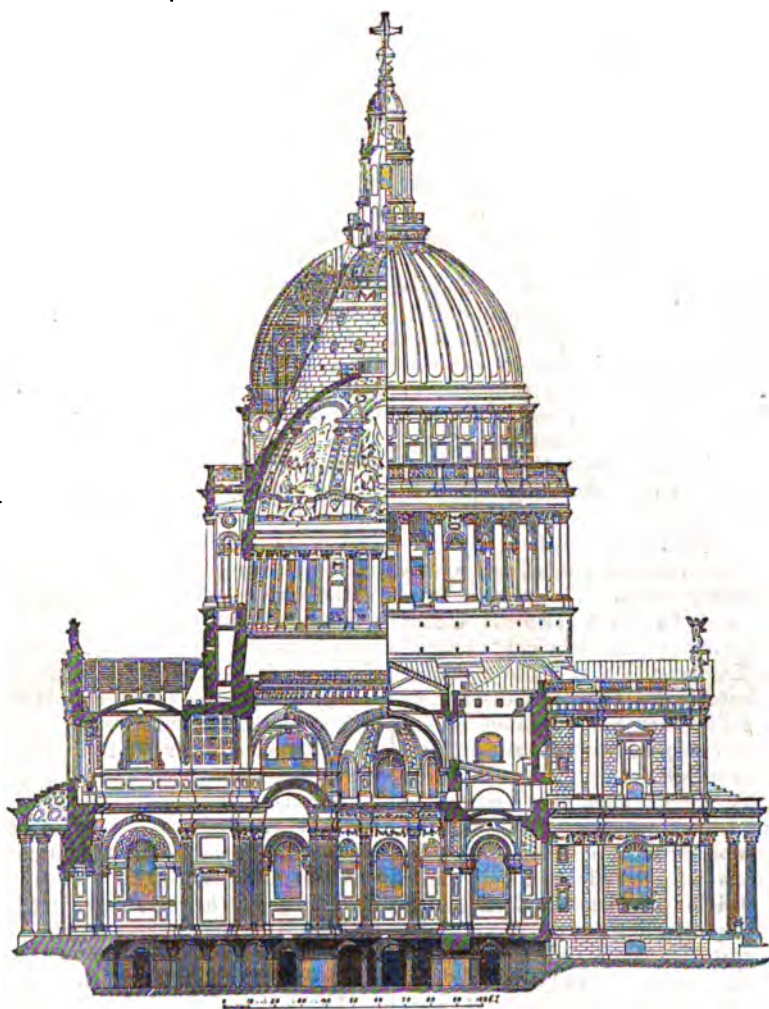
The pamphlet issued by the General Committee for the Completion of St. Paul's informs the public that 'the cost of maintaining the building in a thoroughly good condition would require permanently an additional 2000*l.* per annum, at least, simply for keeping the fabric in repair, without reference to the expense of interior arrangements.' This is a strange announcement, since all London knows that close around the building is a stony wilderness of entirely unproductive unused land which, were it offered to the Board of Works to be all added to the surrounding thoroughfares, would, under the compulsion of the public will, be promptly purchased, and thus funds would be provided for the constant reparation of the church, and the great stream of passengers would be relieved of a long execrated obstacle and nui-

* Might not the Great Eastern Railway be extended under this avenue from Broad Street to Blackfriars? Such an avenue from Battersea to Victoria Park, with the river and bridges, Westminster Palace, St. Paul's and Guildhall on its line, would be the finest in Europe, and the most useful. The view up to the front of the Cathedral from Blackfriars would be worth all the cost of that section of the work. But let us have a real avenue of trees, and not a lane of houses.



Section of St. Peter's.

NOTE.—To bring the section of St. Peter's to the same scale as that of St. Paul's, add one-tenth to the dimensions of the former.



Section of St. Paul's.

Half-section of transept and dome.

• Half-section of nave and half-elevation
of dome and transept.

sance. Had this been done some twenty years ago, public opinion would have quickly followed suit, and we should long ere this have seen the southern side of Paternoster Row removed, a fine broad street laid out connecting Ludgate Hill directly with Cheapside, and the whole north elevation of the church made fairly visible. But while any of this land around the church remains enclosed, an application to the public to complete the building is on the face of it offensive and discreditable. Why should the people be invited to complete a building that so selfishly asserts that it is privileged and private? No wonder, then, that 'ever since Wren's death' St. Paul's has been 'crying aloud for assistance.' 'The present condition of the building,' truly, 'is nothing less than a' caputular, and not a 'national reproach and scandal.'

Among the many letters and appeals respecting the proposed decoration of St. Paul's interior, there are scattered evidences of four chief objects of popular or national desire. There is the leading proposal, to complete Wren's work according to Wren's own ideas or designs. This is the supposed initiating motive, and is made the public cry. Then there is the taste for sumptuousness and display, which looks for marbles, gilding, and stained glass, and, in fact, anything that may have show and colour, and a discoverable money value. The so-called ecclesiastical and Christian element comes next, and, having certain technical 'designs' or schemes for decoration, it would make St. Paul's a churchman's bauble, a display of the mean follies that half-educated clerics and a clique of semi-sanctimonious draughtsmen presume to call religious art. And then come the few 'chosen men,' the 'seekers for truth,' who, from their inexperience and the chaotic state of architectural affairs, are half, or more than half, bewildered, but whose judgment still is clear, because their aim is simple, and their feeling true.

'What were the views of Wren for the completion of his great work?'—is the opening question of Mr. Wyatt Papworth's useful and discriminating letter to the 'Times.' The answer, as he shows, is a very simple one; we have Wren's views in his own words:—'The painting and gilding of the architecture of the east end of the church over the communion-table was intended only to serve the present occasion, till such time as materials could have been provided for a magnificent design of an altar, consisting of four pillars wreathed' (or carved), 'of the richest Greek marbles, supporting a canopy, hemispherical, with proper decorations of architecture and sculpture, for which the re-

spective drawings and a model were prepared.'

Here then there is nothing about colour, unless the 'richest' Greek marbles may refer to tone of colour,—which, as they were to be carved, is improbable,—and this was only for four columns; of the rest, the 'decorations' were to be of 'architecture and sculpture.' These four questionable columns, not in the fabric of the church, but in a piece of furniture, are then all that Wren can be said to have proposed as colour decoration below the level of the ceiling. Wren, it is true, painted the inside of St. Paul's throughout, but his 'design thereby was not only for beautifying, but to preserve and harden the stone; and in order thereto gave particular charge to have it well supplied with oil, which accordingly was done.' Here is no question of colour. The object was merely preservation and the 'beautifying' of a smooth surface—in fact, an architectural cosmetic.

His proposed method for the ceilings and the dome is more interesting. Of the nave and aisle ceilings, which are arranged in circular sunk panels, dome shaped, he thus writes:—'The twenty-four cupolas of St. Paul's are formed of brick with stone wreaths' (carved ribs or bands), 'and, having large planes between the stone ribs, are capable of further ornaments of painting if required.' And again of the great dome—'The judgment of the surveyor was originally, instead of painting in the manner now performed, to have beautified the inside of the cupola with the more durable ornament of mosaic work, as is nobly executed in the cupola of St. Peter's at Rome. For this purpose he had projected to have procured from Italy four of the most eminent artists in that profession; but as this art was a great novelty in England, and not generally apprehended, it did not receive the encouragement it deserved. It was imagined also the expense would prove too great, and the time very long in the execution; but though these and all objections were fully answered, yet this excellent design was no further pursued.'

Here we have given the whole of Wren's views about colour decoration, and they are limited enough. The 'wreathed' columns may easily be introduced into the choir-screen when it is built, and we fortunately lose the unpleasant sight of Wren's painting and gilding of the east end, which was 'intended only to serve the present occasion.'

Wren's 'intentions and mode of treatment,' then, were to paint the whole interior 'for preservation,' to decorate the altar with carved marble columns, to paint the 'twenty-four cupolas,' and to 'beautify' the dome, 'with the more durable ornament of mosaic

work.' Nothing more whatever do we know. Let us now turn to the 'Appeal,' and see what is proposed, in order to carry out—we use the Committee's own words—'Sir Christopher Wren's intentions, his mode of treatment, and, as far as they can be authenticated, his very designs, *which are to be scrupulously kept sacred and followed.* With the structure itself nothing is proposed to be done. The Committee would be guilty of insincerity were they to conceal from those to whom their appeal is addressed that Wren's work, as Wren proposed it, will cost not thousands, nor tens of thousands, but as much perhaps in its final completion as 250,000*l.*' Our readers will perceive that we have reached the 'sumptuous' section. The 'Appeal' proceeds:—'Sir Christopher Wren's marble Ciborium or "Altar-piece," as he calls it,—Wren proposed no 'Ciborium,' nor did he call anything an 'Altar-piece';—and a 'magnificent open Choir Screen which, with its architecture, metal work, and sculpture, should be a very gem of art'—would naturally fall to the part of the Committee; and we venture to say that, when it is made, instead of 'a very gem of art,' this 'magnificent open Choir Screen' will be a vile specimen of art-manufacture.

'The better to illustrate the idea of the magnificence which has been imagined'—by all means illustrate it; but does not the sentence itself 'illustrate the idea?'—'let the entrance be supposed at the west end, about to become'—this was published fifteen months ago—the easiest access to the Cathedral. On passing though bronze doors richly charged with devices—a dangerous passage it would seem—the first most striking effect would be produced by the brilliant roof covered with mosaic patterns and rich with gold. The cupola overhead and the panels of the exquisite side chapels would be pictorially treated in the same material, the walls relieved with marble slabs and marble inlay; the pavement and the windows enriched with colour. All panels to be filled with coloured marbles or sculpture.' Now every word of this about marble in walls and panels, and colour in windows, is inconsistent with the tale of 'Wren's intentions' being 'sacred.'

'In the great dome,' 'the grisaille pictures cannot fail to give place to Sir C. Wren's cherished wish for mosaic pictures.' But Wren says nothing about 'pictures,' a misleading word, since in St. Peter's dome, to which Wren refers, almost the whole mosaic work is architectural in its design, with single figures in the panels; 'and in addition to these, the drum and the eight spandrels (the latter already commenced in mosaic) will af-

ford grand scope for the highest efforts of art and magnificence.' Yes, truly, 'scope' enough. But let us first examine the 'magnificent' results of these 'highest efforts.'

There are already two mosaics in the spandrels of the dome, labelled respectively 'Isaiah' and 'St. Matthew.' Isaiah, as we read his prophecies, appears supremely vigorous in mind, utterance, and imagination. As we see him here, he is no Seer of visions or inspired Prophet, but an aged worn-out copyist or scrivener, a purblind idiotic cripple, with some queer attendants, furnished with wings, which being 'property,' and ill-contrived, cannot unfortunately be made to close. The colouring is quite in harmony with the design—degraded, dull, opaque, and inconsistent; and the drawing suits the colour. St. Matthew is, in some respects, not quite so bad; but here we have a specimen of those 'highest efforts of art' that are to glorify the very 'essence of the building.'

'The roof of the choir should be a splendid and impressive work in mosaic. The windows of the apse will here also be more fully coloured; and the marbles, whether used structurally, as replacing the stonework of the principal pilasters, or in panels and inlaid patterns on the walls and pavement, would be arranged so as to impart a fuller idea of sumptuousness.' So then the 'noble and ennobling work,' that all ranks and classes of English society are called upon to aid, is not to complete Wren's church, but to impart a fuller idea of 'sumptuousness' where he designed simplicity and the dignified effect of true artistic contrast. Wren had no intention to insert 'stained glass,' or 'marble panels' and 'pilasters.' His 'idea of sumptuousness' was not so very 'full,' but kept within the bounds of common-sense and self-restraining manliness. What the Committee now propose is, with elaboration and great expense, to desecrate Wren's building, and to violate his evident intentions. This the public should be warned of, and before they answer the 'Appeal' its statements should be carefully sifted and quite clearly understood. When this is done, its inconsistent declarations will appear, and the Committee, touched by the 'insincerity' of their 'Appeal,' will quietly withdraw it, and inform the public that they have happily recovered, and are now in their right mind.

A few months ago there was some discussion in the newspapers about a reported scheme of iconographic decoration at St. Paul's. The announcement of this scheme was startling. People began to consider when Wren lived, and what his 'sacred' purpose might have been respecting 'icono-

graphy.' The Committee had not mentioned it in their 'Appeal,' nor is it discoverable in the 'Parentalia,' and it was soon found that the thing was, in connexion with St. Paul's, entirely new; that Wren knew nothing of it, and therefore that it could not come within the estimate of 250,000*l.* for the 'completion' of his work. We subsequently heard that the 'scheme' had not been quite adopted, but that the 'architect' who proposed it had been appointed to act with Mr. Penrose because he is said to 'possess' what is called the 'ecclesiastical element,' which 'element' Mr. Penrose was not known to 'possess.' Neither, however, we fear did Wren possess it. Rather it possessed him, and it pursues him still. This ecclesiastical element it was that, as Dean Milman told us, spoiled the plan of the cathedral, and by its clerical intervention caused those crippled and distorted forms and outlines which have made the interior a subject for apology instead of praise. And now we have this element of evil omen manifest again, prompt, ignorant, and conceited, and prepared to add defacing insult to its former injury.

The 'architect' in question is one of those sketching draughtsmen, who, by some cleverness with their pencil and bow-pen, obtain a notoriety among the half-taught people who take drawing to be architecture; and who, because their reading and observation have digressed into some remote regions of ecclesiasticism and professional technicalities that are not often explored by sensible men, are accepted as authorities on ecclesiastical 'properties' and iconographic or other furniture decoration. They generally affect the ritualist party in the Church, and their weak designs and trumpery church furniture and furbelows have gained a temporary popularity among the clergy that tends to mental degradation and religious coarseness. Their success is principally due to the entire want of workman culture. Weak-minded people can take easily to connoisseurship, and of course prefer to patronize some dapper draughtsman rather than risk their superfine gentility by giving personal and sympathetic aid or counsel to a true 'artist' working-man.

The gentleman who is to scheme the saintly decoration for St. Paul's refers us to his work at Worcester College Chapel, of which a reverend member of the College committee has written a careful description. He says, in a letter to the 'Guardian,' that

'Mr. Burges has covered walls, architraves, tympana, roof, niches, floor with exquisite designs, every one with a significant meaning. He found "a room" and he has left "a chapel" full of thought of genius well applied, of symbolism most effective. It is a perfect study

from end to end. It is the only building in England where the walls were designed for the windows, and the windows for the walls. There is no floor like it in England of elaborate mosaics. The massive seats of dark walnut inlaid with box, simply unrivalled. The stall ends each an artistic study in zoology or ornithology. I cannot think of a detail that has not been most carefully thought over in the studio, and artistically elaborated in the chapel itself. I venture to say that on this side the Alps there is no sacred building of the kind, that so impresses one as a building designed as a whole, and in its minutest detail for the glory of God and for the pious and religious uses for which it was intended as Worcester College Chapel. Mr. Burges may with pride and with confidence refer to his success there as the proof that he can handle an Italian building in the spirit of the style *without the introduction of a single Gothic detail.*'

We ventured lately to declare that in the decoration of their churches the clergy are habitually and very greatly subject to imposture. An illustration of this fact would have appeared personal and invidious, so we allowed the statement to appear in naked verity. Providence, however, has been kind, and here we have all the illustration that could be desired. The walls, &c., are indeed 'covered' with paint of many colours laid on in several kinds of pattern; but the colours have no harmony, and the patterns no significance. They are there evidently by accident, and because the 'architect' did not know what else to do. There is endless elaboration, but not the slightest beauty, and the whole is an affair of ill-assorted shreds and patches that might belong to a dozen different buildings, and which have no true combination either of colour or of form. The distinction that the reverend critic finds between a 'chapel' and a 'room' strikes us as strange. It serves to show that consecration is an affair of gilding, oil-colour, and varnish, and that not the dedication but the tattooing of a man reveals the saint. In Jacob's sleeping-place our reverend friend would evidently not have recognized the House of God, and to him the Gate of Heaven could not be manifest were it not properly painted.

On the ceiling of 'Worcester' chapel are some small paintings which, supposing worshippers used looking-glass reflectors, might be found 'full of thought;' but the queer figures that peer down from the lunettes below the ceiling are evidently portraits of Jew haberdashers selling ribbands at a fair. The cinquecento patterns on the walls, and the misuse of colour, show singular ineptitude and ignorance. Below the windows is a long processional display of saints and angels, kings, archbishops, monks, and devotees. This we find

illustrates the 'Te Deum;' yet saints so terribly malformed and destitute of sense could hardly be esteemed a 'glorious company,' and then the angels are so ill-set upon their legs that there becomes an obvious necessity for wings. These figures are just twenty inches high, and distant twenty feet from the ordinary point of view; here, however, they become invisible, for the windows, filled with coarsely drawn and coloured pictures, overcome entirely the small figures painted just below.

On the dark wainscoting against the wall there are little panels some two feet apart, each enclosing three odd Roman letters, which, we may explain for future visitors, are dislocated fragments of the hymn 'Te Deum laudamus.' The stall-ends also have as 'ornaments' the emblems of the Passion of Our Lord. This may be called religiousness in Art, but most reasonable men will say that to make the 'Hymn of Praise' and the sad emblems of the Passion mere tricky ornaments for students' chapel benches, is abominably profane. Were these things expressed as lightly and familiarly in words by laymen there would be a painful sense of scandal and impiety. Here, then, the 'symbolism most effective' is in full display, and this we are assured is 'Christian Art.' Will clerics and their draughtsmen never understand that such free handling of solemn things tends to irreverence, and makes the observing man think sadly and with lessening respect of those whose want of wisdom causes such offence? Besides, there is no kind of artistic value in the work. No doubt it is 'laborious,' as such work must be, and yet is quite mechanical, and was certainly inlaid and put together in a workshop, and not, as our critic has it, 'in the chapel itself.' The mosaic floor is sprinkled with some scripture names, and its light colour and the heavy ceiling are in contrast like a thundercloud above a chalk-made turnpike road. Round about the altar on the floor we find a counterfeit presentment of the 'Sower and the seed,' each being duly labelled. And all this childish nonsense we are told 'impresses one,' and it was thus designed for the 'glory of God,' and that Mr. Burges may 'with pride refer to it.' Strange doctrine for a clergyman. We should have thought that deep humility would best accord with reference to a work so piously designed.

The chapel is a very simple building, a fit place for the religious services, devout or otherwise, of a few dozen students in whose domestic and collegiate surroundings we may assume that luxury and ostentation are not habitual. The 'Quad' is sober, picturesque, and plain. The chapel door

is opened and reveals a perfect contrast. Here is no

'quiet calm retreat
For humble prayer and meditation sweet;'

but an expensive bauble, an obtrusive job of decorator's work—dismal and gaudy, and most inartistic in conception and detail—a complete contrast to the unconscious dignity that, whether simple or sumptuous, should be the ruling characteristic of a college chapel. This work is Mr. Burges's pattern card, the sample of his capability in the cinque-cento style, and a more wretched exhibition has not been submitted to the public.

The church at Cork that Mr. Burges has lately built is also quoted, and judging from a photograph of the west front, the 'taste and talent' of the architect are all inside the building. The front is poor and much beneath mere commonplace, the upper and the lower halves are totally at fault in scale. No true artist would have made so palpable a blunder. Again, if we examine the sketches made by Mr. Burges for the proposed new room at Harrow School, we find that the 'design' is scarcely worth the name. Trade Gothic details and a heavy wall, with no combining fancy, are said to be a Gothic building in the shape 'of a Greek theatre;' and, with similar discrimination, may be called a Grecian building made with Gothic details. By way of critical approval we are told that the architect will use the garden slope for the gradation of the seats. Such power of adaptation may, among these gentlemen, be worthy of remark; and possibly the slope may further serve to give sufficient current for the drains. The interior is fussy and draughtsmanlike, with the most abject poverty of fancy and invention. To screen this the decorator's workman is turned in to do his worst, and he, at any rate, succeeds. The Grecian-Gothic figure-drawing rivals the work at 'Worcester.' We commend these sketches to the subscribers and Committee of St. Paul's, and they can then imagine how 'complete' the church will look when covered 'ecclesiastically' after such a fashion, and when the walls become 'Christianized,' exhibiting, as in a decorator's show-room, rows of 'saints' and groups of 'martyrs' duly labelled.

Such is the style of work that at the present day attracts the connoisseurs, tickles the clergy, and makes the public stare. Its influence is altogether bad and so reacts even upon the draughtsmen. For instance, All Saints' Church, in Margaret Street, shows much able clerkmanship, but its natural sequence is the tawdry panelling at 'Winchester' Chapel and the mechanically copied

merry-andrew choir painting at St. Cross. We are told that this painting is a 'restoration.' Clearly, then, it is not 'art;' and to deface a noble building with such rubbish is the very insolence of bad taste. The latest result is the front of Keble College, where the 'All Saints' fiddle-faddle has been perfectly developed, and the enfeebling influence of draughtsman's work is made thoroughly manifest. Work such as this might be the play-thing of a child, or the light, half considered relaxation of the working builder, but that any 'architect' should be able to sit down and patiently 'design' such imbecilities is a sad revelation. The association of this work with that at Balliol in common censure has been criticised. Still it was true, and yet there is a difference between these works that should be noticed. The one is worse than former buildings by the same 'architect,' the other work is only just as bad as its poor predecessors. At Manchester the clap-trap Law Courts 'composition' might, at a ladies' boarding-school, have gained a prize 'for prettiness,' and the coarse common-place at 'Balliol' is no worse. In character and antecedents the two buildings differ, but in value and position they have reached a pitiful equality.

With such obvious deficiencies in Mr. Burges and his work, there is some interest in the question how it came to pass that he was appointed to prepare a scheme for the complete defacement of St. Paul's. The true explanation seems to be, that owing to the general ignorance and disregard of building work, the Cathedral has again fallen into the clutches of the 'Connoisseurs.' One of Mr. Burges's sponsors, however, is an 'architect of eminence,' who has already 'decorated' and 'completed' another church of Wren's; and thus his taste and judgment can be seen—when the gas is lighted—in the interior of St. Michael's Church, Cornhill. This 'architect's' experiment on Wren's work may be, therefore, taken as a specimen of 'that thoroughly religious, grave, and solemn character' which he presumes to say St. Paul's 'so much needs;' and so we recommend our readers to pay his 'ecclesiastical' kaleidoscope a short visit, when they will find that Wren's windows are blocked up with 'wheels' and other stock 'office' patterns, so that half the light is excluded, and the remainder is, by coarse stained glass, almost entirely obscured, and the church is thus sunk down to the most childish notion of sensationalism. Here, then, we see how, as this 'architect' assures us, 'the true and thorough ecclesiastical element gives the decorative arts that subordination to their architectural position which is essential to their true use, but which

was so entirely neglected in buildings of the period of St. Paul's.' What in the name of common sense is this 'ecclesiastical element'? Has it anything to do with the 'spiritualists' and Mr. Home, for they love darkness? Was Wren quite a fool? Did he make St. Paul's such a dark den that candles were essential at mid-day, a place for bats, or a cathedral for the blind? or so gild and paint the place with tawdry colours that light itself should be unwelcome? Nothing gives a more painful sense of the blank ignorance of the public in affairs of art than the emission of such 'grave and solemn' nonsense. People might be induced to think that this 'ecclesiastical element' had an architectural existence, or that it had, at any rate, some 'element' of meaning. The fact is, however, that it is a mere trade imposture, a windy sounding phrase just such as Bottom might have used. It has no meaning, and is best illustrated by the dull stupid darkness at St. Michael's Church. The public then have had, it would seem, more than enough of 'architects' and their opinions. These gentlemen are very well in their way as names for committees to quote, farmers of clerks, men of business, and generally traders who supply 'art notions' to the clergy and the more ignorant of the laity; but they are not architecturally 'artists,' and nothing is more discouraging in the present prospects of St. Paul's than its ominous surrounding of architectural drawing-masters, the 'ecclesiastical element,' and connoisseurs.

And now, with great relief, we turn to men of sense accustomed to broad daylight; and to these we say, that what we now have written is entirely free from the possibility of personal or party feeling, or spirit of sectionalism in Church affairs. We write by way of warning; and when this is done, the evil must be strongly indicated and described without reserve.

The great desiderata at St. Paul's appear to be: first, that the church should be completed as its architect designed; and that in doing this, the sacred use and dedication of the church shall become manifest. We have already stated all that is known of Wren's 'intentions,' but we did not draw particular attention to the sound and sensible way that he proposed to get the work done well. 'For this purpose'—the dome mosaic work—he had projected to have procured from Italy four of the most eminent artists in that profession.' This is the key of the whole matter. Observe, here is nothing about schemes, or architects, or draughtsmen, or of the work being 'national.' Wren wanted 'artists,' which in his time meant not paint-

ers and drawing-masters, but cultivated and imaginative workmen. He does not ask for one man who would scheme or design the patterns, but for four men—a precise number—who would do the work. This is the true art method. But all the shows of art that we possess at Kensington and its affiliated schools, or at academies or institutes, are very much delusions.

In architecture, owing to the great supply of illustrated works, and the habitual want of original and independent workman's thought, the means of knowledge far surpass the power of analysis in either the 'professional' or the public mind. 'Knowingness' has in fact become a special curse. Architects are, like certain paralytics, always on the watch for some new manifestation that they may at once secure to be a help for their too manifest decrepitude. Every 'new thing' in detail is promptly seized and made available in any practicable way, and then the public are called to admire the great 'knowledge' of the 'architect' and how he has 'authority for every detail.' In the same way connoisseurs are wonderfully well informed about old buildings, but they have no clear discernment of the merits of new men. They wear their eyes in the back of their heads, and are consequently valueless as leaders of the public taste.

Art is often styled the handmaid of religion. The phrase has much unction and a touch of patronage, which, were it not entirely untrue, Art might be thankful for. Art is no handmaid, but a queen in her own right and by the grace of God; and Science and Religion are her sisters. Art and her sisters duly sympathize in their concern for human nature; but, though mutually helpful, they are entirely independent in their spheres and modes of operation. This should be clearly understood; and the distinction between mere conjunctive association and co-operative action should be carefully remembered. Religion purifies the heart of man. Art gives expression and development to the imagination, and Knowledge feeds and nourishes the mind. These processes are not common to the active powers, but only to the subject—Man; and their results are directly reflex. Art does not diverge into the domain of religion, nor does religion, unless tainted with presumption, trench on science. Each should retain its individuality if it would maintain its power. When, therefore, we are told that Art has an 'ecclesiastical element,' we fail to discover what the words can mean. The impression made is one of pure absurdity, and leads to scepticism. Are we to expect, further, the announcement that the Newtonian theory has

an 'element' of apostolical succession; that the path of religious duty can be found in the ecliptic; or that an artistic action is involved in sacramental influence and operation? Art, then, knows nothing of 'ecclesiastical elements,' and has no communion with them; and where they are intruded in the place of Art, the result is art negation, feebleness, and imbecility. Art is not in any possible way 'ecclesiastical,' but entirely and simply human; and is to be influenced for good or evil only through men's minds, and not at all by doctrines, creeds, or formularies of the Church. Ecclesiasticism has, in all ages, been either the obstacle or the ruin of Art. In Egypt the fine, varied fancy of imaginative work was limited in its scope, and oppressed almost to destruction by the priestly order. The Greeks, more than any other nation, set Art free from sacerdotal influence. Their gods and goddesses were the noblest ideals of the human form, and so they best illustrated divine thought and power as then conceived; but they were not 'religious' or 'ecclesiastical.' The Athenians of Pericles and Phidias had not become 'too superstitious,' but had strong belief in human nature, and expressed it well. Religiousness may poetically be imputed to artistic work just as it often is to objects in nature; but this imputation is an evidence that in actual fact religion is not there.

The mediæval paintings and mosaics were the work of little educated men, who illustrated the legendary stories about saints and martyrs in a simple, workmanlike, artistically conventional, and rudely fanciful way. There was no 'ecclesiastical element' in the art, but only legendary subjects for Art to work upon. The art itself was genuine, and if his knowledge of history and anatomy, and his theological views, were limited, and his pictorial statements consequently faulty, the artist in his works used what he did believe frankly, not as a doctrine, but as a popularly recognized and simple fabric, on which he might embroider and display, with his whole power of thought, the rude, or more refined expressions of his fancy.

Hence the impressive dignity in the uncouth frescoes and mosaics of what are called the 'dark' and middle ages: we see true, unsophisticated, manly work; strong, independent, careless of applause, and evidently uninfluenced by mere sacerdotal power. And if our admiration of the artists and their work must be conventional, it is at all events sincere. But when in later times painters became men of renown, had gained position, and, in fact, were of the world, the Church could then degrade them; and they were hired to paint, not what they believed,

or what they felt, but the weak falsehoods that the Church then used to mystify the vulgar. Thus their work fails to command respect. We recognize its cleverness, but we despise both work and workmen, and we thus perceive the decadence of Art. Those who most advanced the art of painting were just those in whom the simple human element is most pronounced. Giotto, Massaccio and Michael Angelo had small regard for the ecclesiastical element. They painted in churches and for the Church, but the Church was very glad to get them to paint their own and not 'ecclesiastical ideas.' There was no attempt or inclination in the Church to overstep the artistic boundary. Builders, and painters, and artificers were the designers, and the judges, among themselves, of their own work. In those days clerics and connoisseurs did not interfere in work beyond their skill, nor yet pretend to judge without due knowledge. Let us retain the idea of interference, and, somewhat changing the characters, suppose, for instance, that Mr. Penrose and the cathedral workmen were to invite Mr. Spurgeon, as a man of genius and vigour, to scheme the cathedral services for the coming century, and we may be led to perceive the present artistic aspect of this enterprise for the completion of St. Paul's. Whenever, then, the Church did intermeddle in Art, and the ecclesiastical element became obtrusive, Art sank into inanity. Weak men became the poor instruments of an aggressive priesthood, and in the churches of the Jesuits throughout the world we have the effect of the ecclesiastical element revealed in the lowest debasement to which Art has ever fallen.

In England we may see a corresponding decadence. We have already had to note the state of architecture; and now, with special reference to St. Paul's, we may add, that church furniture and decoration are in demerit well adapted for the bad character and style of building work with which they are associated; and all the showy brass and iron work that make our cathedrals look like 'metal courts' at an international bazaar, are, as works of art, purely mechanical, just on a par with bright steel fire-irons, or with Armstrong guns. No men of any worth would willingly take part in such mere drudgery. True artists will not work, as such, at second hand. Wren did not this to learn. Gibbons and Tijou did the wood-carving and the wrought-iron screen-work at St. Paul's, and both were like the old masons, 'free,' and so wrought out their individual fancy and design; and their work within the limits of the necessary style is excellent, and full of workman's thought. But almost all the showy

carving that is used to decorate our Gothic buildings is but a knack. The men know how to cut two or three forms of leaf, and these are constantly repeated. Why should they do otherwise? They are the carver's men; the carver is the builder's sub-contractor; the builder has no care except for his certificates; the clerk of works is but a deputy; the 'architect' is absent, and for the most part ignorant, and only glad that so much show can, with no cost of trouble to himself, be placed on his poor, miserable building, and also to his credit: and *he* receives much praise and thanks from the beguiled proprietor, the man of taste, who, far too fine and foolish to associate with any working people, pays money for this trash, and, for his pains, is just a simpleton.

Good artist's work can hardly come of such a system. We can scarcely recollect one piece of modern carving that would make one wish to know the workman. This desire is a good test of work, but varying, of course, in value with the susceptibility and discernment of the beholder. Among the clergy, the desire is not to see the workman, but that others should be pleased to come and see what their 'architect of eminence' has done to beautify their church. The motive here is vanity, not love of art: its object, vain display, and doubly vain applause. Art has no share in it; and, for anything the greater part of all the decorative work is worth, it might as well be printed off and pasted up by paperhangers, so that, the fashion changing, it might be easily removed. We lately heard some clergymen comparing notes about their newly 'decorated' churches, and the wonders that their 'architects' had done—the ladies also learnedly discussing their new wedding dresses 'fresh from the milliner's'—and we observed that, in artistic value of the subject, soundness of taste, and critical acumen, the ladies had by far the best of it: their dresses were, in fact, designed and made by an accomplished artist in her way, with careful study both of figure and complexion. But the church decorations were concocted by the working draughtsmen at a factory—called now a 'studio'—a hundred miles away, and then some labourers put the colours on, with no idea or care that every form and tint should, in its measure, add to the effect. This decoration is in fact a trade, dealing with areas and stock technicalities of colour and of form, and then with ignorant employers; and as it spreads throughout the country as an evidence of weakness and credulity among the clergy, it will eventually cause scandal and well-earned ridicule. Are there no men of sense among them who can discern the difference between

a trader's fashion and true art, between the genuine workman and the spurious 'architect'? Cannot the clergy see that, if their church is national, they best represent it when they pass the middle-men, and seeking those that 'labour and are heavy laden,' show them that work should properly alleviate itself by constant unstrained mental exercise; and, avoiding the delusion that the 'masses' can be 'elevated' merely by reading and amusements in their leisure, make every workman understand that, by a disciplined imagination alone can he be raised, and though this imagination should have higher aims, yet it can best be exercised upon his common daily work? Or are the clergy, instead of being active and judicious benefactors, to remain submissive, wondering dupes, combining with the self-seeking herd of business men in grasping and securing the material results by which a low success is measured, and neglecting those great duties whose supreme reward is beyond human scope or worldly estimate?

Much good has been anticipated from the Schools of Art, where drawing and design are taught; and to those who inspect the schools, and do not look beyond, there seems to be success. Really, however, these schools at present are to working-men of little value. They are an inversion of the proper course of things. A child is not taught to speak or read before it has ideas and observation. It would be useless to teach an idiot to make words on paper which he cannot understand, or to set a boy to copy Homer ere he had learned the language. The method at our schools of art is parallel to these; and drawing is now held to be essential to the making of an artist. We might as well suppose that poetry originates in perfect penmanship. What is required is not the art of drawing, but that imaginative freedom of the workman which will develop art in common work. A mason or a smith requires little drawing; a week's attention would suffice to give him all he wants for present work, and a few hours' application would help him through an occasional difficulty. *What these men want is direct patronage*, and such present guidance in their work as shall lead them to the habitual use of observation, judgment, and imagination, and while 'surveyors' and contractors exist this is impossible.

Some years ago, when Salviati's mosaics were first used at Westminster, we were informed that such mosaic work was found particularly useful, since it was designed, made at a factory, sent to any distance, and applied with facility and promptitude. All true enough, but the result is 'art manufacture' merely, without a touch of real art. On

the other hand, when security was sought against the forgery of bank notes, the most intricate patterns were proposed and infinite cleverness of printing and paper-making was suggested; but after long and careful search and consideration it was discovered that the working man was the true source of safety, and that the work of the best engraver to be found was after all the only security for the acceptance of these tokens of the financial credit of the country. Schemes and patterns were found valueless in comparison with true intelligent handiwork. *Art comes direct from the mind and hand of the designing workman.* Raphael's cartoons are works of artistic value, but the tapestries for which they were designed are articles of sumptuous furniture, not works of art. So again in painting, it is not the copy, in colour or otherwise, but the master's own work that is esteemed. In architecture, a perfect model would be of no value in comparison with the shattered fragment on the Acropolis. And an 'architect's' drawing or sketch may be of some small value, and thus it captivates the 'connoisseur'; but his building will artistically be worthless in comparison. Wren lived in a time of transition, and though 'surveyors' were required to design after the new manner, there was, as we have said, considerable freedom for the working man; indeed the working smith was not entirely subdued until the commencement of the present century, as the good iron-work in our old west-end squares will testify. Wren, as we have seen, proposed to send for four mosaic workers from Italy—a very sensible proposal, following unconsciously the true old English way. The venerable Bede relates how, a thousand years before Wren's time, Wilfrith and Benedict Biscop brought over workmen from Italy to teach our forefathers to build in stone, with the windows glazed 'that the unclean birds'—'decorators' imperfectly developed—'might not fly in.' Again Wren was imitating the example of 'Richard de Ware, elected Abbot of Westminster in 1260, who, going to Rome for consecration, found there Pietro Cavallini manufacturing mosaics. On his return he brought with him rich porphyry and other precious stones for the shrine of Edward the Confessor in his abbey-church; and for the pavement before the high altar. He also brought over fit artists for the work.' 'One Odorick' was the master workman, and the Abbot of Westminster had the care of the work.

We will then suppose that in a similar manner the Dean of St. Paul's, having by great care and study both of work and workmen made himself 'able to judge,' should undertake to choose 'four artists' and to

purchase the materials for the mosaic work. We would advise a visit to Italy for this purpose, and the best workman there should be engaged, with liberty to nominate three others younger than himself. They should be liberally salaried, and should be in direct communication with the Dean for all questions of design and general interest about the work, and with the Cathedral Surveyor for all special building or constructive matters. There should be no hurry to commence the work or to finish it. The workmen should be allowed to test repeatedly the effect of colours before commencing the mosaics, and they should begin, not as our ~~sumptuous~~ friends desire, in the choir, but in the most obscure parts of the building. Wren proposed painting for the twenty-four cupolas, but we would take the liberty, which the 'surveyor' would no doubt gladly have conceded, to substitute mosaic for paint, as 'more durable;' and also as an opportunity for considerable practice and experience before reaching the main dome. The workman will have to become accustomed to the building, to study it hourly, daily, and throughout the year; and with experience and knowledge of the power of colour, in large or small surfaces, at a considerable height; and of light, greatly varying in direction, force, and combination. His attention must be unremitting, and his judgment always ready, lest a single tint should be inharmonious, weak, or exaggerated. The mosaic might even be fairly good in itself, or in part, and yet it might greatly damage the effect of the interior. Thus it would evidently be just as sensible for a painter to order a face or a feature from Italy to insert in his picture, as for any but a resident artist to pretend to complete the decoration of St. Paul's.

These men should not merely do the work, but should make the entire design. An intelligent workman is far more to be trusted than any of our sketchers and schemers. Great works 'of decorative' art can be done without great committees, and even without 'eminent architects,' but absolutely not without great workmen. These must be very much superior to any committee or 'drawing-master' before we can have works of art that would be worthy of the name. If the Dean would listen to the foreman at the Wellington monument, while he reviews the bas-reliefs that are inserted in the east and west walls of the chapel, he will perceive that it is not rank in a false artistic hierarchy that is a test or evidence of merit, or the want of it. This that we have described is the way of art, and there is none other. As to the general design, St. Peter's dome seems to be a satisfactory example, and so Wren considered it. The

architectural effect and character are well maintained. With the restraint of the classical Orders below, it would be incongruous to treat the ceilings and the dome with unrestraint. The object is to complement Wren's own work, to glorify his building, not to discredit it. A few simply drawn and flatly coloured figures might be introduced singly, or generally so, in the large panels—but as few feathers as possible;—and nothing of the ecclesiastical element or what schemers pretend is Christian art. The vulgar invocation or abuse of all sorts of 'Angels,' 'principalities,' and 'powers,' with a company of 'martyrs,' and some 'pious ladies,' is but an 'artistic' form of profane swearing—a mere expletive substitute for fancy and invention, that affects the nerves of young ladies and ecclesiastics, and is consequently supposed to be the utterance of ~~the~~ sanctified imagination.' It ennobles no one, but it degrades the subjects of such low freedom; and all the knowingness about precedence of 'choirs' and 'seraphim,' 'princedoms' and 'dominations,' is just the sort of trash to fill and agitate the brain of a self-constituted master of the ceremonies to the angelic world.

Our working man would rise into no such visionary spheres. He would not first, as the 'Appeal' suggests, begin upon the choir or dome, but in a modest and judicious way would gently and with care make trial of his powers in the obscurest corners of the church, and then correcting and improving daily as he thoughtfully proceeds, would make the choir the climax of the work, and so, when all his years of multiplied experience and intellectual growth had made a master of him, he would finally by a seeming magic power illumine that dark cavity of dome with all the glorious splendours of the empyrean.

Such is the artistic way in which the work should be accomplished, but the 'Appeal' would never lead to any such achievement, and as its claims and its proposals are entirely inconsistent, one or both should be withdrawn. Then the Committee and the Dean and Chapter would be well advised to undertake first those works that would be most obvious and satisfactory to the greatest number and at the same time most beneficial to the building, and if the exterior and interior are made properly approachable, and cleaned, and lighted, much will be gained for further operations. Then, secondly, the interior might be made suitable for the future work of the cathedral; and, thirdly, Wren's suggestions for the decoration of the dome and ceiling should respectfully be followed. The inlaid marble work is no affair of Wren's, it would be entirely inartistic, and worse than a waste of money. Were there no pilasters

or 'Orders,' the plain walling might with propriety be decorated by a veneer of colour, a sort of large patterned mosaic; but in St. Paul's the parti-coloured marble panels and pilasters would be a feeble imitation of the low-bred extravagance displayed by the more disreputable Papal families at Rome. At St. Peter's the marble work and gilding 'impart a fuller idea of sumptuousness' than Wren ever thought of for St. Paul's, and make the interior look like a splendid vestibule for a huge palace. It is not simple but 'imposing,' and addresses itself to the low and worldly rather than to the more lofty and pure-minded portion of mankind. St. Paul's wants light more than colour, and the effect of coloured marbles would be to damage rather than to glorify the church. Some slight panelling of colour might, perhaps, with great care be introduced, but the contrast between the piers and walling, and the rich but—*emphatically*—not heavy ceiling should be well maintained. The floor should be of marble; dark, to give solidity to the building, mixed with verd antique, that the cool colour may by contrast make the walls look warm, and highly polished to reflect the light. A building such as this requires different treatment from the choir at Chichester. The stained glass, home and foreign, at St. Paul's is of various qualities and styles, but all alike abominable, and should be promptly sold to any bidder. We would advise advertisements to speculating builders. This glass is another evidence of the absurdity of entrusting decorative work to distant manufacturers. The workmanship and the material of Munich glass are excellent, but its principle is all erroneous, and its use entirely without appropriateness or artistic sense. We find stained glass used daily throughout England and the Continent, without the least regard for decency or fitness, till our churches have expressive rivals in the class of showily-dressed women, or disreputable-looking and bedizened scullery-maids. St. Paul's wants no stained glass, it has no 'storied windows.' The 'dim religious light' does very well as a poetic phrase, but it is nothing more. Windows were evidently *storied*, that in spite of all the 'richness' the light might *not* be dim. King's College Chapel is light enough, but, we apprehend, not therefore irreligious. Wren did not design St. Paul's for stained glass, and if Wren's intentions are to be regarded, then stained glass is out of the question. The building is entirely unsuited for it, and it for the building. The present light is insufficient, and all that can be gained will not be more than enough. The walls are thick, and the piers large and obstructive, so that the windows are not obvious at a glance, but

are only visible in small groups or one by one. Thus there can be no general effect of colour from the windows in conjunction with ample light, as in a Gothic building like the Chapel at 'King's,' but only a very stupid obscuration, with no religion in it, and some isolated and entirely incongruous patches of colour. Great men are not always wise, and can afford to learn: let the Committee remember St. Michael's, Cornhill. The glass then should be white, as at St. Peter's, or very slightly flecked with colour, to neutralize the dirty tone of atmosphere and light; the glazing delicately fine, with narrow bars, but the panes not large, in order to avoid the drawing-room effect of modern churches of the Italian style. Then all the childishness and fanciful profanity that assumes the name of 'Christian Art' should be quite cleared away, and carefully excluded from the church. We need not spend our time upon 'Te Deum' puzzles, or make playthings of the 'emblems of the Passion,' and then, like the 'Worcester' chapel critic, become 'impressed' by them, or seriously play the fool with all the Calendar. No man of any genius or power would degrade himself by taking any part in any such 'ecclesiastical' imposture, or so deliberately trifle with the childish public. That was not Giotto's way nor Buonarroti's. Their art was certainly not 'ecclesiastical,' but manly, dignified, progressive, original, and true, and also appropriate to the 'Sistine' and 'Arena' chapels; where no stained glass obscures the necessary light, and there are no obtrusive 'Orders,' but the paintings are the decoration of the buildings. When we produce a Giotto or Massaccio, and have sufficient knowledge and artistic sense to find him out, by all means let us seize him, shut him up in the cathedral, cut away all the 'Orders,' Wren notwithstanding, and let him glorify the building in a way not 'ecclesiastical,' but human and divine, a way that Wren himself had no conception of. Such men may be, perhaps, found when they are really wanted, but not certainly until we have considerably got beyond the people who call tenth-rate 'architects' and decorators men of eminence, or who declare that the 'ecclesiastical element' is wanted at St. Paul's. It is remarkable that at this stage of architectural depravity we should be unable to supplement its weakness by any other art. The figure carvings at St. Paul's do not afford us hope; they are, in fact, a group of national 'ex-votos,' with all the hideous deformity and bad taste that are the special characteristics of such 'thankful' and 'memorial' displays; and of the paintings that were shown this year, the most attractive seemed to be those that exhibited the ablest combination of man millinery with

knack and greed; but of the dignity and power of mind that indicate the master, and would be worthy to adorn a Christian church, not the least evidence.

The duty of the Committee is certainly a difficult one. They have to satisfy the public, whose intense ignorance must be beguiled by some name with which they may have that familiarity which is a substitute for confidence, and they have unfortunately taken to voting. Of course there must be two parties, and those who are best informed will perhaps, when judgments differ, be most decided in their views and advocacy, so that the wavering balance of decision remains with the less instructed or determined men. We are stating now the rule without any reference to the actual fact in the present case. But we may ask the several members of the Committee whether they are each of them ready to undertake the responsibility of a decision, or, putting the question less *ad hominem*, whether they are prepared to intrust it to any other member? for after this voting method, St. Paul's may at any time be at the mercy of some gentleman whose opinion on the subject in question may be entirely valueless. In such cases the result is almost always a misfortune, and then all blantly admit that, though there is a public injury, it is done in the most excellent and equitable way, 'and that, after all, is the principal thing.' Trial by jury is the British nostrum, but the true specific is the judge, the learned and life-long practitioner of the law, and he directs the jury; he is not a mere copyist or transcriber of old forms, but has personally practised long, a thorough working man, under the supervision of accomplished ablemen, not 'connoisseurs,' with anxious clients and astute attorneys, not a dull public or spasmodic clergy, looking on. So when the Dean tells us that 'we can judge' on Mr. Burges producing his designs, we must respectfully demur. There may be a decision, as is the manner of committees, anticipating or avoiding judgment; and this is headlong folly. But 'wisdom dwells with prudence to find out knowledge of skilful plans,' and the true method of such wisdom is not difficult to find. Let us listen to 'Socrates,' 'When the assembly meets to elect a physician or a shipwright, or any other craftsman (artist), will the rhetorician (cleric or connoisseur) be taken into counsel? Surely not. For at every election he ought to be chosen who has the greatest skill; and again when walls have to be built or harbours or docks to be constructed, not the rhetorician, but the *master workman* will advise.* The Master of Balliol has not overlooked the

value of the word *ἀρχιτέκτονες*, 'master workmen,'—not 'architects' as we call our drawing-masters, who are not master workmen at all. So here we find that the Greeks, avoiding the rhetoricians (committee-men), went direct to the craftsmen whose work Mr. Burges has actually 'studied at Athens.' Let the St. Paul's committee also go to the 'master workman,' and leave Mr. Burges to resume his studies at Athens.

Then, with reference to the qualifications of those entrusted with great public works, again let us hear 'Socrates':—'Well then, if you and I, Callicles, were engaged in the administration of political affairs, and were advising one another to undertake some public work such as walls, docks, or *temples of the largest size*,—ought we not to examine ourselves, first as to whether we know or do not know the art of building, and who taught us? Would not that be necessary, Callicles? Cal. (and the St. Paul's Committee). 'True.' Soc. 'In the second place we should have to consider whether we have constructed any private house, either of our own or for our friends, and whether this building was a success or not. And if upon consideration we found that we had had good and eminent masters, and had been successful in building, not only with their assistance but without them by our own unaided skill, in that case prudence would not dissuade us from proceeding to the construction of public works. But if we had no master to show, and no building or many which were of no worth, then surely it would be ridiculous in us to attempt public works or to advise one another to undertake them. Is not this true?' Cal. (and the Committee of St. Paul's). 'Certainly.*'

One word more for ourselves: 'And now by the God of friendship I must beg you, Callicles, not to jest or to imagine that I am jesting with you, for you will observe that we are arguing about the way of human life, and what can be more serious than this to a man that has any sense at all?'

ART. III.—*Denkwürdigkeiten aus den Papieren des Freiherrn Christian Friedrich v. Stockmar.* Zusammengestellt von Ernst Freiherr v. Stockmar. Braunschweig, 1872.

If reputation always followed desert, the question, 'Who was Baron Stockmar?' would not be so general as we fear it will be among our readers, on seeing the title of

* Plato: 'Gorgias,' p. 455 B.

* Plato: 'Gorgias,' p. 514 A—D.

this paper. His story is unique of its kind. In every sense a remarkable man,—remarkable in his gifts, in his career, in the extent and importance of his influence upon leading men and great events,—he was in nothing more remarkable than in that stern self-suppression, which was content with the accomplishment of the noble aims to which the whole powers of a long life were devoted, without a thought of the personal fame, which with most men is the chief incentive to high and sustained effort, and which, if it be an infirmity, is at least the infirmity of noble minds. With every quality to have made himself acknowledged throughout Europe, as among the ablest diplomatists and statesmen of his time, he preferred to keep himself in the background, leading what one of his friends called ‘an anonymous and subterranean life,’ and to let others have all the credit of making many a successful move in the great game of politics, which was in fact inspired by himself. Gifted with the intuition of true political genius,—at once acute and comprehensive in his views—he was not more swift to read afar off with the prescience of the philosophic observer the signs of the coming changes, political, social, and religious of the period of transition through which we are now passing, than prompt to grapple them with all the practical sagacity of the man of action. Possessing courage and tact equal to every emergency, and with opportunities to have gone to the front, had such been his ambition, Stockmar was certainly one of ‘the singular few,’ of whom Van Artevelde, in Sir Henry Taylor’s drama, speaks,—

‘Who, gifted with predominating powers,
Bear yet a temperate will, and keep the peace.’

And if in any case the truth is to be admitted of the seeming paradox, to which these lines are the prelude, that ‘the world knows nothing of its greatest men,’ it would surely be in that of Baron Stockmar. For his is not the case of the men of whom this is generally asserted,—men who have made a great impression upon their own circle by some exceptional brilliancy of gifts or energy of character, but who have been shut out from a practical career by early death or other causes. Of these it must always be doubtful, whether they would have answered to the hopes of their admirers, or have turned out little better than ‘the ordinary of Nature’s sale-work,’ as so many promising men constantly do. But of Stockmar it could never be said, as it may be said of these, *Consensu omnium capax imperii, nisi imperasset*. His genius, on the contrary, was never more conspicuous than when

put to the severest test. It was not only pre-eminently practical, but it rose to difficulties with an elasticity which no obstacle could daunt, and a coolness of judgment which no contingency could surprise.

Working as he did through others, the full extent of Europe’s debt to him can never be known, and of not a little that is known it would be premature now to speak. But this much at least is certain, that wherever he had power, it was used to advance the welfare and happiness of nations. The bosom friend and counsellor of the heads of the Royal Houses of Belgium and England, his influence with them was due not to his personal loveableness or social qualities, great as these were, still less to the blandishments of the courtier, which *his* princes equally with himself would have despised, but to the skill and persistency with which he evoked all that was best in their own natures (in which his own nobleness happily found a kindred response), and impressed them with the paramount duty, imposed upon them by their position, of using it not for personal or dynastic purposes, but to make their subjects better, happier, wiser, and nobler in themselves, as well as the founders of a greater future for their successors. Europe is now reaping, in many ways, the fruits of his forethought and strenuous endeavour. It was no more than Stockmar’s due, that a cenotaph should be reared to his memory, as it was, above his grave at Coburg, ‘by his friends in the reigning Houses of Belgium, Coburg, England, and Prussia.’ Never was tribute more thoroughly deserved, nor, we believe, more sincerely and lovingly rendered. But it is not alone by these friends that Stockmar’s name should be held in honoured remembrance. It is one which Belgium, England, and Germany, whose welfare was at once the dream and practical study of his life, should not willingly let die.

Christian Friedrich Stockmar was born at Coburg on the 28th August, 1787. His father, a man of culture and literary tastes, and some independent means, who held a small magisterial office at Rodach, a little town between Coburg and Hildburghausen, died suddenly, when Stockmar was still young. From his mother he seems to have inherited the combination of humour with strong practical sense, which formed a leading feature of his character. Her shrewd judgments on men and things were frequently clothed in language which only wanted the stamp of general use to become proverbial. One of these, ‘The Almighty takes care not to let the cow’s tail grow too long,’ was often in King Leopold’s mouth, in times

of domestic or political perplexity. Her thoughts in conversation ran naturally into quaint shapes; and in this her son resembled her closely. In one of his letters about the Coup d'État of December, 1851, he gives a good illustration of this peculiarity. 'My mother,' he writes, 'would have said, "Just try to cobble out of that a verse that will clink; if you manage to make the rhymes fit, you have my leave to bake yourself a cake of rusty nails and aqua vitæ." A clever, good woman,' he adds, 'with more practical sense in her little finger than Nicholas, Louis Napoleon, Schwarzenberg, and Manteuffel had in their whole heads.' It is recorded of himself as a boy, that he was of an eager, sanguine temperament; quick to observe, fond of fun, with a ready talent for characterizing men and things by apt humorous nicknames, and not indisposed for a mad prank when occasion served. He early showed a love for field sports, and he had turned sixty before he laid aside his gun.

After completing the usual curriculum at the Coburg Gymnasium, he spent the five years between 1805 and 1810 at the Universities of Würzburg, Erlangen, and Jena, in the study of medicine. To his professional training in the study and practice of physic he was indebted for the habit of exact observation, which is never misled into mistaking effects for causes, and which divines what is essential, what merely incidental, as well as for the patient courage which seeks by the removal of disturbing agencies to give full scope to nature, and to restore her normal and healthy action, rather than by active remedies to give apparent relief, at the risk too often of only aggravating the mischief which they profess to cure. It is in this gift of diagnosis that the genius of the great physician lies, and Stockmar appears to have possessed it in a high degree. The habit of mind which his medical studies induced was of infinite value to him in later life, when dealing with social and political phenomena, in the power which it gave him, 'of penetrating,' as his friend Carl Friedrich Meyer has said,* 'at a glance from single expressions and acts, the whole man, or the whole position of things; and, after this diagnosis, of straightway settling his own line of action.' Stockmar felt this strongly himself. Writing in 1853, about the calls made upon his sagacity and judgment by the distinguished personages who had for so many years leant upon his confidential coun-

sels, he says, 'It was a happy hit to have originally studied medicine; without the knowledge, without the psychological and physiological insight thereby obtained, my *savoir faire* must often have gone a-begging.' On Friedrich Rückert, the poet, who made his acquaintance at Würzburg, he left the impression of being 'a grave, industrious, young man, of somewhat retiring and dignified manners.' The strong humorous element in his character appears at that time not to have struck the poet, who in the lifelong friendship which was afterwards formed between them had good reason to know it; but if their college acquaintance was, as it seems to have been, slight, this was no more than natural. The great humorist is ever sensitive and shy. Intensely sympathetic himself, he must be sure of sympathy before he lets out his heart in the fun, steeped in feeling, in which thoughts often the saddest, and emotions the most painful, sometimes find relief.

The time, moreover, was not one to inspire cheerfulness in a man who felt strongly, and who loved his country passionately, as Stockmar did. His student's years fell within the period of Germany's deepest degradation. The petty selfishness of the smaller principalities, the shame of her defeats, the grinding domination of Napoleon in his expressed determination 'to cut the wings of the Prussians so closely as to preclude the possibility of their ever again disturbing the French,'* the pitiful internal divisions which strengthened the invader's hands, were enough to banish smiles from the lips of the most heedless. These things sank deep into Stockmar's heart, and inspired it with that yearning for the unity and greatness of the Fatherland which burned within it to the last. These were the days when the assassination of Napoleon was freely talked of among the hot spirits of the universities as the one specific for their country's wrongs. 'This is the talk of boys: have done with it,' said an old Prussian officer once, when Stockmar was present. 'Whoever knows the world, knows that the French supremacy cannot last: put your trust in the natural course of events.' The words made a deep

* 'These haughty Prussians,' said Napoleon, speaking to a Russian officer, 'low as they are brought, still carry themselves very high. They breathe nothing but vengeance against France, and desire peace only as a means in time of executing it; but,' he added with great emphasis, 'they deceive themselves greatly if they expect to rise again to the height of a great power; for their wings shall now be so closely cut as to preclude all possibility of their ever again disturbing us.'—*Diaries and Letters of Sir George Jackson*, vol. ii. p. 167.

* In an admirable memoir, which appeared in the 'Preussische Jahrbücher,' October, 1863. Herr Meyer, now Counsellor of Legation at Berlin, was for many years the Librarian and Secretary of the late Prince Consort.

impression upon Stockmar. They breathed that confidence in the ultimate justice of Providence; they rested on the conviction that it is to themselves a people must look, if they are to become great and a power among the nations, which were ever afterwards abiding principles with him. The day of emancipation was far off, and much had to be done and undergone before it came. But not alone in this instance, but in reference to many other things, which, though desirable, seemed for a time hopeless, Stockmar never bated in heart and hope. His axiom was,—

‘Wait; my faith is large in time,
And that which shapes it to some perfect end.’

At the end of 1810, Stockmar returned to Coburg and commenced the practice of Physic under the guidance of his uncle, Dr. Sommer. He soon became conspicuous for his skill in diagnosis, and in 1812 he received the official appointment of *Stadt-und Land-Physicus*, in which capacity he had to organize and superintend a military hospital in Coburg. It was rapidly filled, at first with the sick and wounded of the French, and afterwards with Russians. The hospital typhus, following in the wake of the armies, established itself there with such virulence that the other physicians deserted the hospital in alarm, and the sole charge of it devolved upon Stockmar and an old surgeon. Contrary to the practice then universal, but now discarded, of shutting out fresh air from fever patients as much as possible, he flung open the doors and windows of the wards, even in severe weather, and with the best results. But at the end of more than a year of unremitting toil, he was himself struck down by the illness in its worst form. After hovering for three weeks between life and death, he rallied, and that so quickly, that he was able to march, in January, 1814, with the Ducal Saxon Contingent to the Rhine as Chief Physician. On his arrival at Mayence, he was appointed Staff-Physician of the Fifth German Army Corps to the hospitals which had been established under the great Stein's directions in Mayence, Oppenheim, Guntersblum, and Worms. His introduction to Stein was somewhat of the roughest. Having no wounded of his own, Stockmar admitted wounded French prisoners into the hospital. This was no more than his duty. But all at once came an unexpected rush of German wounded. Stein, thinking only of the fact that there was no room for them, broke into a towering rage. An interchange of strong language ensued, in which Stockmar, according to report, proved fully a match for the great Baron.

He at no time wanted courage, and though recognising fully the greatness of his adversary, it was characteristic of the man, that, being in the right, he should, young as he was, maintain his position without flinching.

At the close of the campaign of 1815, Stockmar resumed his official post as physician at Coburg. But here he was not long to remain. He had during the preceding years come under the notice of Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, who had then formed so high an opinion of him that, as soon as his marriage with the Princess Charlotte was definitely arranged, he offered him the appointment of physician to his person (*Leibart*). The marriage was to take place on the 2nd of May, 1816, and on the 29th of March Stockmar landed at Dover, in obedience to the Prince's summons. Halting at Rochester on the 30th, as his diary records, the roads being dangerous from highwaymen after dark (he must have thought of Gadshill and Prince Hal), he reached London on the 31st. ‘The country,’ he adds, ‘the houses, their arrangements, everything—at least in the neighbourhood of London—pleased me extremely; and, in fact, they put me into such spirits, that I often said to myself, “Here you cannot fail to be happy, here it is impossible for you to be ill.”’ The words were prophetic. In England he found the chief happiness of his after life, and its climate agreed well with a constitution never strong, and liable to serious intestinal disturbances. These, even in his student-years, had checked his energies and crippled the elasticity of his nature, clouding its natural gaiety and enthusiasm with the depression of hypochondria. This was aggravated during many years of his life by great weakness of the eyes. How much he suffered may be seen by the following allusion in one of Rückert's poetical epistles addressed to him:—

‘Friend, round whose dim eyes hypochondria's
snakefolds so closely
Coil, that thy spirit is vexed, dreaming of
blindness to be.’

The danger to his eyes passed away, not so the shadows of his besetting malady—a malady not the less poignant that its gloomy presagings are dissipated by the facts, and that despondency and self-distrust are often succeeded, when the pressure on the nervous system is removed, by spirits the most joyous, and by a very exuberance of power. Those who were most in contact with Stockmar in his later years, would often smile at what seemed in him the mere fancies of the *malade imaginaire*, when they contrasted his complaints of weakness with the vigour

and versatility of which he was at that very time a striking example, and when they saw him living on into a good old age amid the gloomiest anticipations of coming death. But that he suffered acutely during these chronic attacks there can be no doubt; and knowing well, as so skilful a pathologist could not fail to do, the organic disease from which they proceeded—a disease demonstrated in his case by a *post mortem* examination—his apprehensions were only too well justified.

For some time after his arrival in England, Stockmar was greatly out of health. His position in Prince Leopold's household in the first months, with little to do in his medical capacity, and mixing little in society, threw him upon his own resources for amusement. 'Surrounded by the tumult of the fashionable world,' he writes (October, 1817), 'I am solitary, often alone for days together,—my books my companions, my friends, my sweethearts.' Not the best condition of things for a man prone to hypochondria, and with faculties of the most various kind crying out for active occupation. It seems, indeed, to have given a shade of asperity to the sketches with which at this time he filled his diary of the Royal and other personages with whom he was brought into contact. Many of these are far from flattering. But there can be no question as to the artistic subtlety of touch which they display. Little, no doubt, did the distinguished objects of some of his sketches dream with what often uncomplimentary accuracy their mental and physical features were being photographed by the luminous brown eyes of the somewhat reserved doctor of the princely household. Here is the Grand Duke Nicholas, the future Czar, then only twenty, as he appeared at Claremont in November, 1816, sketched from the opposite side of the dinner-table, where he sat between the Princess Charlotte and the Duchess of York:—

'He is an extraordinarily handsome winning young fellow; taller than Leopold, without being thin, and straight as a pine. His face as youthful as Leopold's, the features extremely regular, the forehead handsome and open, eyebrows finely arched, nose peculiarly handsome, mouth small and well shaped, and chin finely chiselled. . . . His deportment is animated, free from constraint and stiffness, and yet very dignified. He speaks French fluently and well, accompanying what he says with gestures not unbecoming. If everything he said was not marked by ability, it was at any rate extremely pleasant, and he seems to have a decided talent for saying pretty things to women (*Cour-machen*). When he wants, in the course of conversation, to give special emphasis to any

remark, he shrugs his shoulders and casts up his eyes to heaven in rather an affected way. There is an air of great self-reliance about him, but at the same time a manifest absence of pretension.

'He did not pay special attention to the Princess, who turned to address him oftener than he did to her. He ate very moderately for his age, and drank nothing but water. When the Countess Lieven played the piano after dinner he kissed her hand, which struck the English ladies as extremely odd, but decidedly desirable. Mrs. Campbell could find no end of praise for him: "What an amiable creature! He is devilish handsome! He will be the handsomest man in Europe." Next morning the Russians left the house. I was told that at bedtime a leathern sack, stuffed with hay, was placed in the stable for the Grand Duke by his people, and that he always slept on this. Our Englishmen pronounced this affectation.'

The Mrs. Campbell, whose emphatic admiration of the Grand Duke found expression in a phrase then as common as it would now be startling in a drawing-room, was the Princess Charlotte's Bed-chamber Woman and Privy Purse. She must have been a stirring element in the small household at Claremont, and her portrait, as drawn by Stockmar, is admirable as a piece of character-painting:—

'A little spare woman of five-and-forty, a widow, sharp and angular in every feature and movement, pretentious, because she was once young and pretty, and very intelligent, and yet not insufferably pretentious, just because she is clever. Extremely well-informed and exact, she manages the Princess's correspondence and accounts with the greatest ease, and to perfect satisfaction. In our social circle she sets herself in opposition to everything she sees and hears, and encounters whatever people either say or do with such a consistent resistance, that we are able to calculate with certainty beforehand her answers to our questions. Then, too, this spirit of contradiction so completely masters her, that it is impossible for her to remain true to a side, and consequently she is now of the Court party, now of the Ministerial, now of the Opposition, now of the popular faction, just as she happens or not to have somebody to contradict. As a rule, she is without a grain of mercy, and then her language is cuttingly severe. Nevertheless, even she has her human days at times, on which she is acquiescent, nay, even lays down her arms—when her shaft has struck home and rankles. Some light is thrown upon a character so strange, when we hear that she has had bitter experiences of mankind, and was kept alive on brandy-and-water when ill during a seven months' voyage. This lady is at present the only regular female member of our circle, and we therefore condescend to her, as the representative of her sex, a homage half spontaneous, half enforced.'

The Claremont household was, in other respects, very pleasantly constituted. It consisted, besides Mrs. Campbell, of Baron Hardenbroek, the Prince's Adjutant and Equerry, Colonel Addenbrooke, and Sir Robert Gardiner. Of all these Stockmar speaks in his letters of the time with warm regard, and the last of them continued through life to be one of his most devoted friends. But what, above all, reconciled Stockmar to his position, was his attachment to the Prince and Princess—an attachment which was met by equal confidence and regard on their part—and by the delight with which he watched their happiness, and the steady development of those qualities of heart and head which promised so fair a future for themselves and for England. And, indeed, nothing can be more charming than the glimpses which Stockmar's letters and diary afford of that happy interior, and of the chief actors in it, on which the eyes of England were at that time fixed, with an intensity only to be understood by those who have heard it spoken of by contemporaries. The story of the Princess's ill-treatment by her father, the sympathy with her position in relation to a mother whom she loved but could not respect, her spirited rupture of a betrothal which had been forced upon her with the Prince of Orange, rather than consent to quit the shores of England, had touched every heart. The delight was therefore universal to see her wedded to the Prince of her choice, who, although still only twenty-five, had already distinguished himself both as a soldier and a diplomatist. The unattractive person and rough and ready manners of the Prince of Orange were not forgotten in contrast with the distinguished bearing and presence of one who, as Napoleon said of him at St. Helena, was the handsomest man whom he saw at the Tuileries in 1806-7. Indeed, his manly beauty was of so high an order, that he was selected to impersonate Jupiter at the Court *Tableaux Vivants* of the Olympian Deities at Vienna in 1814. Those who had the best means of observation spoke of him with the warmest praise: 'Always calm, always self-possessed,' writes Baron Hardenbroek, 'he will never be overbearing in prosperity, and never without courage in misfortune. In a word, he is a man of brains and talent, and thoroughly good.' So early as October, 1816, Stockmar writes of him as his 'noble master, *einen menschlichen Fürsten und fürstlichen Menschen*,'—an untranslatable phrase, of especial value in the mouth of a man who had even then known enough of the princes of that epoch, to be aware by how little of the element of human-hearted-

ness they were distinguished. Two months later he writes of him:—

'The Prince's quiet dignity, his consistency and sound sense, create astonishment even in the English, who are, as a rule, by no means prompt to recognise and admire foreigners, and the exclamations, "He is the most amiable man I ever saw! What a complete English gentleman! He will be our hope in these dangerous times!" are to be heard on every suitable occasion.'

There could have been no fitter mate for the brilliant, impulsive, wayward spirit of the Princess Charlotte, unschooled as she was by the discipline and pure example of happy family life in those habits of self-control and consideration for others, which should be the distinction of princes. Clever, well-informed, bright, with warm feelings, and a disposition unspoiled even by persecutions that might well have soured even the most amiable, her sincere, affectionate nature could not fail to be moulded, under the influence of such a husband, into something as engaging and noble in the woman, as in despite, or perhaps even because of some eccentricities of demeanour, it had been interesting in the girl. Stockmar's introduction to her took place at Oatlands three days after her marriage. It is graphically told in a letter the same day:—

'It was in Oatlands that I first saw the Sun. Baron Hardenbroek walked towards the breakfast-room, I following, when all at once he made a signal to me with his hand to stay behind; but she had seen me, and I her. "*Aha! Docteur, entres!*"'

Although he found her more beautiful than he had expected, the first impression was not favourable. This was apparently due to a volubility of speech and restlessness of manner for which he was not prepared; but that evening, he says, he liked her better. 'Dress,' he adds, 'simple and tasteful.' Later on (8th September, 1816), he records that he never saw her in any dress that was not; and he is then writing almost in the very atmosphere of the charm:—

'The Princess in good humour, and then it costs her little trouble to please. Her dress struck me as very beautiful—dark red roses in her hair, light blue short dress, without sleeves, &c.'

He had long before this become a favourite with the Princess, and she marked her partiality openly, even in the presence of guests of the highest distinction. No wonder; when one thinks of the rare union of experience, thoughtfulness, and humour, which he must have thrown into his conversation with her! Nor was she likely to be

the less drawn towards him that her husband was by this time so deeply impressed by his rare qualities as to call him 'the precious physician both of his soul and body.' Stockmar on his side loved her too well not to watch her with a critical eye. 'The Princess,' he writes (25th October, 1816), 'is full of movement and vivacity, amazingly sensitive, and nervously susceptible, and the feeling roused by the impression of the moment often determines both her conclusions and her conduct.' He notes at the same time the amazing progress she has made, under her husband's influence, in repose and self-command, and that every day makes it more and more apparent, how thoroughly good and sound she is at heart. The relations between herself and the Prince were perfect. A few days previously to the letter just quoted, Stockmar writes,—

'In this house reign harmony, peace, love—all the essentials, in short, of domestic happiness. My master is the best husband in the world, and his wife has for him an amount of love, which in vastness can only be likened to the English National Debt.'

And ten months later (26th August, 1817)—

'The married life of this pair is a rare picture of love and fidelity. Nor does this picture ever fail to produce a deep impression on all who see it, and have a morsel of heart left within them!'

When the promise of an heir came to augment this happiness, and to gratify the yearnings of the nation, it was natural that the Prince and Princess should press upon him an appointment as one of her physicians. To most other men the personal honour would have been irresistible. Not so with Stockmar. It was never his way to look only at one side of a question; and, in this instance, his sagacity did not fail him. Though not the Princess's physician, he had occasionally prescribed for her, but from the moment of her pregnancy he declined to take any part in her treatment. His reasons were unquestionably sound. His position must of necessity have been subordinate to that of Dr. Baillie, the Princess's physician, and the appointment of a foreigner would have been most unacceptable, not merely to the medical profession, but to the nation. Had things gone well, the credit would never have been given to him; if, on the other hand, they went amiss, on him the blame would most certainly be cast. Nor would this blame, probably, have rested on him alone. It could scarcely fail to have recoiled on the Prince himself, for having trusted to the aid of a stranger, when the

whole English faculty was at his disposal. But Stockmar was no indifferent observer of the progress of affairs. A lowering system of treatment, then the fashion,* was adopted with the Princess. Satisfied that this was all wrong, Stockmar, after the first three months, spoke out fully to the Prince, and begged him to make the Princess's physicians aware of his views. These remonstrances were apparently without avail. Stockmar could do no more. Had it been otherwise, we cannot but feel that no personal consideration, no fear of violating that professional etiquette to which many a life has been sacrificed, would have held his hands. But although, as he says, he never apprehended the fearful result which ensued, his conviction as to the error in treatment was so deep, that he refused the offer made to him by anticipation, flattering as it was, that he should undertake the medical care of the Princess after her accouchement:—

'When I reflect once more upon the circumstances,' he says, writing two months after the fatal issue of that event, 'I feel only too vividly the greatness of the danger which I escaped. Trust me, all—ay, *all*—would now be rejoicing at my interference, which could not have been of the least avail, and the English doctors, our household companions, friends, acquaintances, the nation, the Prince himself, would find the cause of this seemingly impossible disaster in the bungling of the German doctor. And I should myself, with my hypochondriac tendency, have given credence to the imputations of others, and been driven, by the anguish inflicted from without, from self-torture to despair.†

The authentic story of the sad catastrophe is now made public for the first time from Stockmar's Diary. At 9 p.m. on the 5th of November, 1817, after a protracted labour

* At his very first meeting with Sir Richard Croft, the Queen's accoucheur, Stockmar saw the fatal weakness of his character. 'A tall, spare man,' is the entry in his Diary, 'past the prime of life—hasty, well-meaning; seems to possess more experience than knowledge and judgment.'

† Sir Richard Croft was so driven, and shot himself at a patient's house in February, 1818. 'I never knew anything more horrible than the death of poor Croft,' says Sydney Smith, writing to Lady Mary Bennett at the time. 'What misery the poor fellow must have suffered between the Princess's death and his own!' On the 7th November previous, the day after the Princess's death, Croft had written to Stockmar, whose warnings must then have recurred to him with a terrible pang, 'My mind is just now in a pitiable state. God grant that neither yourself, nor any one that is dear to you, should ever have to suffer what I experience at this moment.' Surely Dr. Baillie was not less to blame than Croft, especially as the error seems to have been one of treatment previous to as well as at the actual accouchement.

of 52 hours, which no artificial means were taken to abridge, the Princess gave birth to a dead male child. The mother seemed so well that the ministers and others who had been summoned left Claremont, believing that all danger was past. But, before they could have reached London, things had assumed a very different aspect:—

'At midnight Croft came to my bedside, took me by the hand, and said, "The Princess is dangerously ill, the Prince alone—would I go to him and make him aware how matters stood?" The Prince had not left his wife one moment for three days, and, after the birth of the child, had retired to rest. I found him composed about the death of the child, and he did not seem to view the Princess's state with any apprehension. A quarter of an hour later, Baillie sent me word that he wished me to see the Princess. I hesitated, but at last went with him. She was suffering from spasms of the chest and difficulty of breathing, in great pain and very restless, and threw herself continually from one side of the bed to the other, speaking now to Baillie, now to Croft. Baillie said to her, "Here comes an old friend of yours!" She held out her left hand to me hastily, and pressed mine warmly twice. I felt the pulse; it was going very fast,—the beats now strong, now feeble, now intermittent. Baillie kept plying her with wine. She said to me, "They have made me tipsy." After this I went in and out of the room twice in about a quarter of an hour, and then the breathing became stertorous. I had just gone out of the room, when she called out vehemently, "Stocky, Stocky!" I returned, she was quieter; the death-rattle continued, she turned several times upon her face, drew up her legs, the hands grew cold, and about 2 A.M. of the 6th November, 1817, some five hours after her delivery, she was no more.'

On Stockmar devolved the task of announcing her death to the Prince:—

'I did it,' he says, 'in not very definite terms. He felt convinced she was still not dead, and on his way to her he fell into a chair. I knelt beside him. He thought it was all a dream; he could not believe it. He sent me again to her to see. I came back, and told him all was over. He now went to the chamber of death. Kneeling down by the bed, he kissed the cold hands, then raising himself up, he pressed me to him and said, "I am now utterly forlorn; promise you will stay with me always!" I gave the promise. Immediately afterwards he asked me again, "Was I fully aware of what I had promised?" I said yes; I would never forsake him, so long as I felt assured he had confidence in me, and loved me, and that I could be useful to him.'

The pledge asked and given in that terrible hour was splendidly redeemed on the one side, while its conditions were most loyally fulfilled on the other. 'I had no hesitation,' writes Stockmar to his sister a

few days afterwards, 'in giving a promise, upon which the Prince may perhaps set a value all his life, or may desire to dispense with the very next year.' All doubt on that point was, however, soon at an end. Little, probably, had the Prince imagined, when calling Stockmar 'the physician of his soul as well as body' some months before, how deep a truth lay in his words. By his own avowal, years afterwards, he would probably have sunk under his bereavement, but for the support of Stockmar's wise sympathy and friendship.* It was in truth a noble friendship on both sides, cemented by the tears which only such men weep for an affliction that, in King Leopold's own words in 1862 ('Reminiscences,' in Appendix to General Grey's 'Early Years of the Prince Consort,' p. 389), 'destroyed at one blow his every hope,' and took from life a sense of happiness which he never recovered. The shock to Stockmar himself was great, but the necessity of thinking for the greater sufferer acted upon him as a tonic both moral and physical. All he saw of the Prince deepened his affection and respect. 'The favour of princes,' he writes some weeks afterwards, 'is, generally speaking, not worth a rush; but he is in every respect an upright, good man, and consequently an incomparable Prince.' Leopold, in the end of November, gives him some of his letters to the Princess before their marriage to read, in which Stockmar finds that the Prince 'figures with singular highmindedness, prudence, and goodness.' Again, on the 21st December, Stockmar writes, 'He is good, every day better; he turns all his misery to good. His calamity has made him shy of hoping much from the future; but that his soul will thrive, of that I can be sworn. It wants a great deal of heart to love him as he deserves.'

More than forty years afterwards, reading over the letter to his sister above quoted, in which he records his promise to the Prince, he comes upon these words—'I seem to exist rather to take thought for others than for myself, and with this destiny I am quite content.' The words struck the old man, and they might well do so, as prophetic of his future. But the comment of a man so independent, and so austere in his estimate of character and conduct, is such a tribute as it has not often been the lot of kings to earn.—'Forty long years could in no way abate

* 'Il a été témoin des jours de mon bonheur; plus tard, quand il a plu à la Providence de m'accabler de malheurs, que je n'avais presque la force de supporter, il a été mon fidèle soutien et ami.'—Letter by the Prince in 1824, introducing Stockmar to an eminent statesman.

the sentiment which the Prince's disaster then led me to express.'

After the Princess Charlotte's death Stockmar ceased to act as the Prince's physician, and became his Private Secretary and the Controller of his household. In this capacity his range of varied practical gifts had a freer scope. He gave early proof of his sagacity by persuading the Prince to remain in England, instead of going to the Continent for change of scene, as he was urged by his relatives and friends to do. The whole country was plunged in grief, and Stockmar rightly urged that good feeling and gratitude for the confidence and sympathy of the nation demanded that the Prince should remain to mourn with it in England. Moreover, although England no longer presented a field for his active ambition, to England the Prince was indebted for both fortune and position; and nowhere else could he either have enjoyed the same consideration or been so well placed for availing himself of any turn of events which might open a worthy career for a man still so young and of abilities so distinguished.

From this time till 1831 Stockmar resided with Prince Leopold in England; a residence only broken by journeys with the Prince to Italy, France, and Germany, and an occasional stay in Coburg. Stockmar married his cousin, Fanny Sommer, there in 1821, and established a home for his wife and children; but he was sometimes unable to visit it for years, and, until his seventieth year, he did so only at irregular intervals. 'No small sacrifice,' says his son, 'for a man of his warm feelings and strong domestic instinct.' The Prince's position in England was by no means an easy one, but he maintained it with unabated popularity to the last. For much of this he seems to have been indebted to Stockmar.

'The prudent, genial liberality with which he kept house,' says Meyer, in the "Memoir" from which we have already quoted, 'the fine tact with which he took up and kept a position outside of party, his well-measured attitude in his twofold character of German Prince and handsomely-endowed widower of the King's daughter, would scarcely have been maintained so well without the counsel and assistance of his new Secretary and Controller of the Household.'

During these years of comparative quiet, Stockmar had the best opportunities for observing all that was passing in Europe, both at home and abroad. Of England and its Constitution he made a special study. As the one Constitutional Monarchy of the world, it had a peculiar interest for a man of his strong liberal opinions. No man under

stood better the character and temper of the people, or foresaw more clearly the critical changes which were impending. For him, too, as well as for Prince Leopold, a special interest had arisen in the future of the country and its rulers, through the marriage of Leopold's sister, the Princess of Leiningen, in May, 1818, with the Duke of Kent, and the birth of the Princess Victoria in the following May. The Duke's death in January, 1820, in circumstances of pecuniary embarrassment, threw upon the Prince the care of the future heiress to the throne. The happiest days of her childhood, Her Majesty has told us ('Early Years,' p. 392), were spent with him at Claremont; and she has recorded, on his monument in St. George's Chapel, that to her he had been as a father through life. Knowing what we now know of the character of the men, we see how natural it was that the Prince and his far-seeing friend should spare no pains to realize, through the Princess so singularly thrown upon their care, such a future for the people and monarchy of England, as before the catastrophe of 1817 they may have dreamed of effecting upon the succession of the Princess Charlotte to the throne. Such a task was especially fitted to the genius of Stockmar, and his passion for working for the good of others. And at a later period we shall see how zealously he seconded the efforts of his Prince towards this noble end.

The resolution of the Great European Powers, in 1829, to create a kingdom of Greece, broke the long period of political and personal inactivity to which Prince Leopold had been condemned, and which could not be otherwise than irksome to a man of his energy and ambition. The prospect of occupying its throne, while appealing not only to his scholarly enthusiasm, but also to a romantic element in his character, which the calm and undemonstrative bearing of the man, as he was known to the outside world, by no means prepared us to expect, seemed to offer such opportunities for making a name in history that the Prince grasped at it with an eagerness of which his wise friend and secretary did not approve. This led him, contrary to Stockmar's advice, to commit the imprudence of accepting the tender of the crown, without having previously settled the terms, both as to territory and finance, which on closer inquiry he found to be indispensable, thoroughly to establish its independence, and to rescue the affairs of the country from internal confusion. The decision ultimately came to by the Prince, to withdraw from his promise when he found these terms could not be obtained, was, as events have proved, a wise one; but it exposed him at the time to much obloquy and misrepresentation, giv-

ing, as it unquestionably did, a semblance of truth to the charges of vacillation and irresolution, which those who had intrigued against his candidature were active in bringing forward. Nor did the charges stop here. His conduct, according to the Russian Ambassador, Matuszewicz, showed so much sinister design, so much bad faith, that he is delighted not to see upon the throne a man who would have betrayed the confidence of the Powers to whom he owed it.

'What say you,' writes von Stein, 'to the behaviour of Prince Leopold?—it is quite in character with the Marquis *Peu-à-peu*, as George IV. called him. Instead of surmounting the difficulties—instead of completing the task he had begun—he withdraws his hand cravenlike from the plough, calculating on the contingencies likely to arise upon the death, which cannot be distant, of King George IV. A man of this flaccid character is wholly unfit to grapple vigorously with life: he has no colour.'

All this, of course, was the mere idle conjecture of those supersubtle diplomatists who think it a libel on their sagacity to accept a simple and straightforward reason for a course of action, so long as a remote and mysterious one can be devised. The absurdity of the supposition, that the decision of the Prince was influenced by hopes of the English Regency is so outrageous that it can now only provoke a smile. The fact is, the Prince would have made almost any sacrifice for such a throne, could he have seen any prospect before him but failure under the conditions attached to its acceptance. For not only did his ultimate resolution cost him intense pain at the time, but long afterwards, when all the difficulties had been overcome which attended the establishment of the Belgian monarchy, and when he was generally looked upon as of all kings the most to be envied, he was haunted by regrets that his dream in connexion with the land of Homer and Sophocles, of Pericles and Plato, had not been realised. Greece to the last had a charm for his imagination, in the face of which the sober tints of Belgian life and of a Belgian sky looked cold and unattractive. Stockmar, with a wiser appreciation, lent no countenance to these wistful yearnings of a spirit, in which the toil and trammels of a monotonous, though busy and successful, life had been unable to quench the fire of romance.

'As for the poesy,' he wrote in reply to some such expression of feeling, 'which Greece would have afforded, I set small store by it. Mortals only see the bad side of what they have, and the good side of what they have not. Herein lies the whole difference between Greece and Belgium;' adding, with characteristic humour, 'although it is not to be denied that

when, after a host of vexations, the first Greek King shall have succumbed, his life may possibly furnish the poet with a splendid subject for an epic poem.'

To think that Stockmar had no sympathy with the poetical side of this or any similar question would be to do him wrong; but his imagination, like that of all thoroughly able men, 'had its seat in reason, and was judicious.' Day-dreams have their value at holiday seasons; but where men and states are in the crisis of formation, the duty of imagination is not to revel in ideal visions, but, looking at facts as they are, to anticipate all possible combinations, and to provide against all possible contingencies. When, therefore, the Belgians, after the revolution of 1830, offered to Prince Leopold the sceptre of the kingdom, which their leaders had determined to establish, he was not likely, with the experience he had gained, and with Stockmar at his side, to fall again into the mistake of a too hasty acceptance. No urgency could induce him to reply to the proposals of the Belgian Congress, until they had ratified the Articles known as the Eighteen Articles, which had been agreed on by the London Conference of the European Powers. It appears that even then he had grave misgivings, fearing that the new Belgian Constitution, from its extremely democratic character, would not work. He referred the matter to Stockmar. The manner in which the Baron dealt with the question is too remarkable not to be told in his own words, as reported by Professor Neumann, of Munich. The conversation during dinner, one day at the Professor's house in 1845, had turned upon Louis Philippe's Government, and the unscrupulous game of his advisers—how they falsified the Constitution, and were likely to hurry on a fresh revolution:—

—'I have confidence in peoples as a mass,' said Stockmar; 'they feel to the very core, if not at once, at least after a time, who deals honourably by them, and who tries to beguile them with mere shams. I hold by our old-fashioned German proverb, "*Ehrlich währt am längsten*," or, as the English say, "Honesty is the best policy." This was the keynote of everything I said when the King desired to have my opinion about anything. I will give you an instance.

'After a careful study of the Belgian Constitution, my master doubted whether, with such laws, a State could be governed, and liberty and order, the two inseparable conditions of a civilized community, could be maintained. "Dear Stockmar," he said, "pray read over the Constitution, and tell me your opinion." I went through the new fundamental law with great attention, compared the different articles one with another, and found that, in point of fact, the power of the Government

is very greatly restricted. But my firm reliance on the people carried me through. "True,"—it was in something like these terms that I addressed my intelligent master—"perfectly true; the power of the King and his Ministers is very greatly limited by this Constitution. Make the experiment whether all this liberty is compatible with order; make the experiment of governing in the spirit of this Constitution, and do this in a thoroughly conscientious spirit. If you then find that with such a basis good government is impossible, send, after a time, a message to the Chambers, frankly stating your experiences, and indicating the defects of the Constitution. If you have really acted up to the best of your knowledge and convictions, the people will assuredly stand by you, and willingly concur in all the changes which are demonstrably necessary."

'King Leopold followed my advice. You know, Herr Professor, that no serious inconveniences have resulted, and that in many respects Belgium stands out as a model among European States.'—P. 165.

Here we see the courage and the faith of a man made to grapple with practical difficulties, who knows when prudence is a mistake, and when it is true wisdom to run even a great risk for a great end. This quality of Stockmar's mind was put to the proof in the critical events and difficult negotiations of the next three years. He accompanied the King to Brussels in July, 1831, where his immediate duty was the organization of the royal establishment. Neither then, however, nor at any future time, did he accept any official appointment in Belgium, but was attached only to the King as a private adviser and friend. Having been a member of Leopold's English establishment, provision very properly was made for him by one of the few pensions of a similar character which continued to be paid out of the provision of 50,000*l.* settled on the Prince upon his marriage. When he became King of the Belgians, Leopold placed this provision at the disposal of the English Government, subject to certain conditions as to the maintenance of Claremont, and the payment of his English debts and pensions, in a letter drafted by Stockmar, which silenced by anticipation the clamours of the Dilkes of the period, who were thus deprived of the opportunity, for which they were lying in wait, to make capital for themselves out of the anomaly of a foreign king receiving an income from the English Exchequer. The arrangement of this transaction, which was full of difficulty, was carried through by Stockmar's tact and firmness with entire success. Reasonable as the King's stipulations were, there were not wanting cavillers, headed by a certain Sir Samuel Whalley, a re-

tired mad-doctor, who tried to get up a Parliamentary inquiry on the subject :—

'The case seems to me as clear as day,' Lord Palmerston wrote to Stockmar in 1834, in reference to Whalley's notice of motion, 'and, without meaning to question the omnipotence of Parliament, which, it is well known, can do anything but turn men into women, or women into men, I must and shall assert that the House of Commons has no more right to inquire into the details of these debts and engagements, which the King of the Belgians considers himself bound to satisfy before he begins to make his payments into the Exchequer, than they have to ask Sir Samuel Whalley how he disposed of the fees which his mad patients used to pay him before he began to practise upon the foolish constituents who have sent him to Parliament. There can be no doubt, whatever, that we must positively resist any such inquiry; and I am very much mistaken in my estimate of the present House of Commons if a large majority do not concur in scouting so untenable a proposition.'

The Whalley of that period no doubt got wind of what he had to expect, and, having some grains of discretion, allowed his motion to drop.

Stockmar's presence in London on this affair, between 1831 and 1834, as the King's confidential agent, enabled him to be of the utmost service in clearing away the numerous difficulties which had to be overcome before the guarantee of the independence of Belgium by the five great Powers was finally secured.* The position was one of extreme difficulty. On the one hand, Belgium, although it had been signally defeated in the field by Holland, and driven to shelter itself behind the bayonets of the French, clung obstinately to certain conditions, which, on the other hand, Holland, backed by the intrigues of Talleyrand, and availing itself of the jealousies of France entertained by England and the northern Powers, was equally pertinacious in resisting. To overcome the mutual distrust of the Five Powers, and the obstinacy of the two chief parties, was a problem which tasked all the ability of the distinguished men in whose hands the official negotiations on the side of Belgium rested. Stockmar's unofficial intervention, through his personal relations with the representatives of the different governments, was carried on, not only without wounding the susceptibilities of General Goblet and M. Van de Weyer, but with their entire concurrence. They knew too well his value in council and in negotiation, not to avail themselves gladly of his assistance; and their relations with him were, we believe, those of the most complete

* See on this subject, Lord Dalling's 'Life of Lord Palmerston,' vol. ii. p. 23, note.

confidence and the warmest mutual esteem. It was his special business, moreover, to strengthen the courage of the King under the discouragements and difficulties which tried the firmness and patience of Leopold to the uttermost. Thus, on the 10th September, 1831, he writes in these terms :—

‘Meanwhile I call upon your Majesty for only this much :—

- ‘1. Never to lose heart.
- ‘2. Never to relax in activity, *on which your enemies base their hopes.*’

He was, no doubt, familiar with the old charge, that the King’s character was ‘flaccid’—that he had no colour.

- ‘3. Not to forget the *civil* organization in the *military*. The nation must see that, in the very thick of the storm, the concerns of peace are being pushed on. That hopes of peace should be kept alive, even though they should come to nothing in the end, is of the utmost importance.’—P. 186.

When at length the London Conference had arrived at a fresh basis of settlement, known as the ‘Twenty-four Articles,’ some of these, as to the limits of territory, and the amount of National Debt to be charged on Belgium, were rejected by that country as too favourable to Holland, and fresh difficulties arose of a character so serious, that the King seems even to have meditated abdication. Here the admirable clear-sightedness and courage of Stockmar proved themselves equal to the emergency. In a letter of the 10th October, 1831, to the King, urging upon him the acceptance of these Articles unconditionally, after pointing out that the difference between the demands of Belgium and those conceded by the Conference is not so important as to affect in any way the welfare of the kingdom, he proceeds :—

‘The true welfare of Belgium depends at this moment on a speedy peace, the establishment of a good administration, the annihilation of parties at home, all which are especially secured by the prompt recognition of the independence of Belgium by the whole of Europe. . . . Abdication? For Belgium itself this would not be productive of the smallest advantage, but rather of extreme mischief. It would either lead to a general war, with a Restoration as its consequence, or to the union with France, or possibly to the partition of the country. To the King, moreover, resignation would bring no one real advantage, though irritated feeling may point to a different conclusion. At the most, the King may lose ground for a time by his acceptance of the Twenty-four Articles; that is, he may be less popular for a short time with the unreasoning, inconstant multitude. For this there is a sovereign remedy. Let him prove himself upright, firm, energetic, a king

of brains, and we shall see whether, in a very short time, he is not again the most popular monarch in Europe. On the other hand, abdication would ruin him in the eyes of Europe. He would appear weak, inconstant, short-sighted, incompetent for the task he had undertaken. *The King went to Belgium to secure peace for Europe, and to vindicate there the cause of Constitutional Monarchy. That is the mission, which he has pledged himself to Europe, to the Powers, to Belgium, to fulfil. That there are difficulties to contend with is no reason for throwing down his arms. The King’s task is a fine one, let him show himself worthy of it.*

‘Let him not lose a moment in forcing his ministers to an explanation, whether they will remain, if he accepts the Twenty-four Articles. If they will not, let him form a new ministry on the spot.’

The armistice between Holland and Belgium was on the point of expiring; the decision of the Conference, Stockmar had assured himself, was final; and every other consideration, he felt, was comparatively unimportant, when the independence, if not the very existence, of the new kingdom was at stake. The Twenty-four Articles abridged, in not unimportant particulars, the territory secured to Belgium by the Eighteen Articles; and Leopold, on ascending the throne, had sworn to maintain the integrity of the kingdom as thereby defined. His acceptance of the Twenty-four Articles, therefore, involved a point of honour. Stockmar, however, had this fully in view; and he was able to relieve the scruples of the King by conveying to him the decided opinion of Earl Grey,—than whom, as Leopold well knew, no one had a nicer sense of what was right in such matters,—that this was not a difficulty which should cause a moment’s hesitation. No time was to be lost, and Stockmar followed his letter to Brussels to enforce his views in person. The result is well known. The King resolved to follow his advice, as above given, to the letter. On the 1st November, the Twenty-four Articles were adopted by the Chamber of Representatives; and on the 15th, the treaty, based upon them, which secured the neutrality and independence of the country, was signed in London on behalf of Belgium by M. Van de Weyer. The decision thus come to was probably not influenced by the knowledge that, in a different event, the King had determined to appeal to the country, ‘and to abdicate, if the new Chamber persisted in the negative vote.’ *

Much had yet to be done, and numberless diplomatic difficulties to be surmounted, be-

* Juste’s ‘Memoirs of Leopold I.,’ vol. i. p. 197. English edition.

fore the new kingdom could be said to be fairly established under the guarantee of the Five Powers. At every stage Stockmar lent his active aid—in counsel and in negotiation; and so essential was his continuous presence felt to be in London and at Brussels, that from 1831 to 1834 he was unable even to visit his home at Coburg. In the May of the latter year, however, things were so far settled that he felt himself free to seek the repose which the state of his health, shaken by the anxieties and fatigues of the three previous years, greatly needed. But from his quiet Thuringian retreat he continued to watch with wakeful eyes the progress of events in Europe, and he was kept, by his voluminous correspondence with the King of the Belgians and others, fully posted up in all the political movements and their secret history.

In 1836 his active services were called into play, in conducting the negotiations for the marriage of Queen Donna Maria of Portugal with Prince Ferdinand, the son of the younger brother of the then reigning Duke of Coburg. Intrigues were already on foot to secure the Queen's hand for the Duke de Nemours. These came to nothing, thanks to the firm attitude of the English Cabinet: a defeat which was probably not forgotten, when Louis Philippe, to his own ultimate ruin, carried through without scruple his wretched scheme of the Spanish marriages. One of Stockmar's difficulties was the young man's father, who, not liking the precarious aspect of things in Portugal, wished to stipulate for an English guarantee of his son's provisions under the Marriage Treaty. Stockmar had to tell him in plain language, that this was out of the question, and to remind him of the adage, 'Nothing venture, nothing have;' which he was just the man to do with an energy that admitted of no reply.

But the time had now come for Stockmar's entrance on a more serious task. The Princess Victoria was approaching 18, her legal majority, and in the ordinary course of events the succession to the throne could scarcely fail to open to her before many years. The unremitting affection with which the young Princess had hitherto been watched over by her uncle was now animated by the twofold duty of fitting her for the brilliant but difficult position in which she might soon be placed, and at the same time securing her happiness by marriage with a prince whose abilities and moral strength might safely be relied on in every emergency. No one could know so well as Leopold how pre-eminently qualified his bosom friend and adviser Stockmar was for the first of these

duties; for had he not himself, under his guidance, come to be recognised as a pattern of Constitutional monarchs? The Princess had, moreover, known Stockmar from childhood, and the prospect of such a counsellor, when presented to her by her uncle early in 1836, was naturally welcomed with a feeling of delight. The arrangement was that he should come to England in May, 1837, in which month the Princess would reach majority, so as to be near her as a confidential adviser and assistant. But in the mean time Leopold had taken earnest counsel with his friend as to the future husband of his niece. It is now well known * that her cousin, Prince Albert, had been from childhood designated in his own family for this honour. The King had, therefore, kept an anxious watch upon his nephew's boyhood and youth, and the result, to use his own language, † was the conviction that her union with him would be, of all others, the best for her happiness. Stockmar had seen less of the Prince, and it appears from his letters in this volume that he was too deeply conscious of the greatness of the stake to accept even Leopold's opinion on this subject:—

'Albert,' he writes in 1836, 'is a fine young fellow, well grown for his age, with agreeable and valuable qualities; and who, if things go well, may in a few years turn out a strong, handsome man, of a kindly, simple, yet dignified bearing. Externally, therefore, he possesses all that pleases the sex, and at all times and in all countries must please. It may prove too, a lucky circumstance, that even now he has something of an English look.'

'But now the question is, How as to his mind? On this point, too, one hears much to his credit. But these judgments are all more or less partial, and until I have observed him longer, I can form no judgment as to his capacity and the probable development of his character. He is said to be circumspect, discreet, and even now cautious. But all this is not enough. He ought to have not merely great ability, but a *right* ambition, and great force of will as well. To pursue a political career so arduous for a lifetime demands more than energy and inclination—it demands also that earnest frame of mind which is ready of its own accord to sacrifice mere pleasure to real usefulness. If he is not satisfied hereafter with the consciousness of having achieved one of the most influential positions in Europe, how often will he feel tempted to repent what he has undertaken? If he does not from the very outset accept it as a vocation of grave responsibility, on the efficient fulfilment of which his honour and happiness depend, there is small likelihood of his succeeding.'

* 'Early Years,' pp. 17, 84, and 213.

† Letter to the Queen of 24th Oct. 1849.

'Early Years,' p. 231.

'Who,' he adds, 'should know more than myself of the mystery of such a career, who has thought over it so much, or had such experience of it?' Well might he say so. It must have engaged his thoughts from the hour when he first set foot in England, with a view to the position and duties of Prince Leopold as Consort of a future English Queen. It must have cost him long meditation with reference to the Princess, who had played about his knees, undreaming of the great future which was opened to her by the event which overthrew her uncle's hopes. And all its difficulties, and all the high qualities of mind and heart by which alone they could be met, must have been brought home to him, as to no other man, by the experience he had gathered in connexion with the creation of the Belgian kingdom, as well as by what he foresaw of the rapid growth of democratic tendencies in England. Till, therefore, he had full means of observing the Prince's character he declined to commit himself. If his scrutiny proved satisfactory, his opinion was that the very first thing to be done was to lay all the difficulties of the undertaking fully before the Prince. If he did not take fright at these, then two essential considerations came immediately into play. 'I. The Prince must be educated for his future career according to a careful plan, consistently carried out, with constant reference to the special country and people. II. Before appearing as a suitor, the liking of the Princess must be secured, and upon this liking, and this alone, the suit itself must be based.'

With his usual thoroughness, Stockmar at once grappled with the question of the place where the education of the future Consort of an English Queen could best be conducted. Coburg would never do. Able tutors might not be wanting there; but what chance had the Prince of learning what men are, or how to cope with them, at a small Court, where frank intercourse with other men on equal terms was impossible? Berlin, Vienna, the German Universities, were all undesirable. Berlin? 'The thing of primary importance, a just view of the present state of Europe, would scarcely be acquired there.' The Prince would hear everything there about politics, except the truth. Socially, too, the Berlin tone was formal and priggish, and for princes, at least, not to be commended. All that could be learned there would be the arts of administration and war, but whatever was essential in these directions could be learned elsewhere. Besides, profligacy in Berlin was epidemic, and to keep young men out of

harm's way in this respect was harder there than in any other place. Vienna? That was no school for a German Prince. The Universities? Their training was too one-sided and theoretical for a prince whose vocation would be to deal practically with men and things on a great scale. Brussels seemed to Stockmar to combine the most favourable conditions. The Prince would be there under the eye and influence of his uncle, who was living in the full stream of European politics, and working out the problem of Constitutional Government, where it had been hitherto unknown; and, whether the English plan was brought to bear or not, the Prince would be far more likely to profit by the study of politics in the free and stirring arena of a Constitutional kingdom, than in one where the whole machine of government was propelled from a monarchical centre. The advice was followed, and accordingly the Prince spent ten months in 1836-37 with his brother in Brussels.

Before going there the young men had, along with their father, visited the Duchess of Kent at Kensington Palace. Already there were numerous suitors in the field for the Princess's hand. The time for introduction Stockmar therefore conceived had arrived, 'but,' he writes (p. 314), 'it must be made a *sine quâ non*, that the object of the visit be kept secret from both the Prince and Princess, so as to leave them completely at their ease.' The desired impression was produced upon the Princess. Having ascertained this, King Leopold lost no time in making her aware of what was contemplated, and we have Her Majesty's assurance, that from that moment she never entertained the thought of any other marriage.* It was not until March, 1838, however, that the King communicated to the Prince what was proposed,† putting, as Stockmar

* What does Baron Ernst Stockmar mean by saying (p. 330) that the Queen tells us in the 'Early Years' 'she had never quite given up the idea of this marriage,' when Her Majesty's assurance that she never dreamed of giving it up is absolute? In the very next sentence the Baron informs us that the Queen, in the beginning of 1838, entrusted Stockmar with the duty of accompanying the Prince on his travels, with the express view of assisting in the completion of his education. Her Majesty may have hesitated as to the time for the marriage, and the remarkable outburst of contrition on this subject in the 'Early Years' (p. 220) is not likely to be forgotten; but surely this fact is in itself a tolerably conclusive demonstration that the hesitation extended no farther, although no pledge had been given, and no communication on the subject had passed between herself and the Prince.

† 'Early Years,' p. 217.

had suggested, the whole difficulties of the position fully before him.

Meanwhile, in pursuance of the arrangement of the previous year, Stockmar arrived in England on the 25th of May, 1836, the day after the Princess attained majority. William IV. had been in a critical state since the 20th of that month, and on the 20th of June he died. At this important juncture the counsel and help of an adviser so wise and so experienced could not be otherwise than most precious.* The outside world, always jealous of any influence near the throne, became, of course, busy with insinuations as to the mysterious presence in the Palace of this foreign agent of a foreign King. That he was doing work from the highest and most unselfish motives, for which the nation's gratitude was really due, was not likely to enter into the imagination of the Quidnuncs of the club-houses, or the Sneerwells of political circles. Lords Melbourne and Palmerston, the Premier and Foreign Minister, had long known him, and appreciated the services which he was especially fitted to render to the young Queen. The former spoke of him to the Queen, as not only 'a good man, but one of the cleverest he had ever met,' and Lord Palmerston, in conversation with Bunsen many years afterwards, cited him as the 'only absolutely disinterested man he had come across in life.' His influence, they were well aware, could only be for good; but Lord Melbourne,—Pocourante, as Stockmar aptly named him—did not, it appears, much like the trouble of having to explain the true state of matters to captious members of his party, who taxed him with being too much under the influence of the Belgian King and his former Secretary. Things even went so far, that the speaker, Mr. Abercromby, threatened to bring what he called Stockmar's unconstitutional position before the House. 'Tell him,' was Stockmar's observation, 'to move in Parliament against me if he likes: I shall know how to defend myself.' On second thoughts, Mr. Abercromby happily dropped the subject, the agitation of which, in that period of strong party passion, could not have been otherwise than most inconvenient. Stockmar's constant aim at this time,—and this was the only point in which Lord Melbourne and himself could not agree—was to enforce the obvious but hitherto much neglected doctrine, which had been acted on by Leopold

in Belgium with marked success,—that the monarch belongs to the nation, and must never be made use of for the purposes of party. What he saw of the conduct of the Whigs in this respect, at that time and subsequently, was a source of deep vexation to him, ominous as he knew it to be, had it lasted, of the most mischievous consequences.

In December, 1838, Stockmar accompanied Prince Albert to Italy, and remained with him there till May of the following year, when he left him at Milan and returned to Coburg. In a memorandum quoted by his son (p. 331) the results of his observation of the Prince during this time are given. Read by the light of what the Prince subsequently became, it possesses a singular interest. The old physician's eye detected a weakness of constitution, which made him shrink from any sustained effort either physical or mental. 'His constitution cannot be called strong. After any exertion he is apt to look for a time pale and exhausted.' It was, no doubt, his knowledge of this constitutional weakness which led Stockmar to say, with prophetic truth, in 1844 to the distinguished author of the paper on the 'Early Years' in this Review,* 'If ever the Prince falls sick of a low fever, you will lose him.' With this physical drawback to contend against, the manner in which the Prince overcame the mental habits to which Stockmar next draws attention, and which must have been in a great degree due to constitutional delicacy, is most remarkable:—

'Full of the best intentions and the noblest resolutions, he often falls short in giving them effect. His judgment in many things is beyond his years; but hitherto, at least, he shows not the slightest interest in politics. Even while the most important occurrences are in progress, and their issues undecided, he does not care to look into a newspaper.'

Stockmar's apprehension plainly was, that there was a want of thoroughness in the Prince's character, as well as distaste for political affairs. Nor can we doubt that what he had seen then and observed for some time afterwards justified the apprehension, and made him press upon the Prince the necessity for such a discipline of his tastes and habits as was calculated to overcome every defect of natural inclination. How he triumphed, how soon the Prince became remarkable for thoroughness in everything he touched, for an activity that shrank from no fatigue, and for a mastery of political questions unusual even with veteran statesmen, needs not now to be told.

* Stockmar, in accordance with a rule he had long before laid down for himself, would accept of no appointment; although he lent his active assistance to the young Queen as her Secretary, when the duties of that office could not be performed by Lord Melbourne.

* See 'Quarterly Review' for October, 1867.

The strides made by the Prince in mastering the tendencies which his Mentor dreaded were rapid. So early as December, 1839, Stockmar writes to the Baroness Lehzen—'The more I see of him, the more I love and esteem him. His intellect is so sound and clear, his nature so unspoiled, so child-like, so predisposed to goodness as well as truth, that time and intercourse with Englishmen of experience, culture, and integrity are alone wanting to make him truly distinguished.' He had soon the satisfaction of seeing the admirable qualities of his pupil,—his fine judgment, tact, and moderation,—coming more and more to the surface under the difficulties, and they were many, of his new position. Much had to be smoothed within the Palace, and the hostility of political parties outside had also to be reconciled. Here Stockmar's experience and influence with the leaders on both sides were applied with the best results, and, among other things, it was chiefly due to his intervention with Wellington and Peel that the Bill vesting the Regency in the Prince passed with only the dissentient voice of the Duke of Sussex, although a formidable opposition by the Tories on one hand and the Ultra-Liberals on the other, fomented by some of the Royal Dukes, was at one time seriously apprehended.

The birth of the Princess Royal in November, 1840, found Stockmar again an inmate of the Palace, after a short visit to his home. The nursery department had to be organized, and in this his medical skill and forethought were called actively into play, and continued to be exercised for many years. 'The nursery costs me as much trouble,' he says in a letter, 'as the government of a kingdom could do.' It was the same at a later period with the education of the Royal children. In everything it was the habit of Stockmar's mind to look far ahead,—a course in which he was closely followed by the Prince Consort. Questions of importance were fully discussed long before they became pressing, and principles of action adopted, which it was thenceforth easy to pursue to a definite end. A glimpse is given of his masterly and exhaustive manner, in an extract quoted in this volume from a plan which he drew up so early as the beginning of 1842 for the education of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal. But dealing as this extract does with merely general principles, it gives only a partial view of the writer's power, which was not less remarkably shown in his breadth of view than in the skill with which this was worked out into practical details. The Queen has placed upon record her gratitude for this portion of

his services in the 'Early Years' (p. 188), where Her Majesty says she 'can never forget the assistance given by the Baron to the young couple in regulating their movements and general mode of life, and in directing the education of their children.'

Every day drew closer the ties which bound the Baron to the Royal household. 'The Prince,' he writes in October, 1841, 'waxes apace morally and politically; I can truly say, he is dear to me as a son, and he deserves to be so.' Again, on his return to England in April, 1843, from a winter residence in Coburg, 'the Prince is well and happy, though he frequently looks pale, worried, and weary. He is rapidly showing what is in him. He has within him a practical talent, which enables him to seize at a glance the essential points of a question, like the vulture that pounces on its prey and hurries off with it to its nest.' After this we hear no more of any misgivings as to lack of perseverance, or of interest in politics. A letter in 1847 shows us into what ten years of conscientious self-conquest and severe discipline had changed the youth from what his 'guide, philosopher, and friend' had found him in 1836:—

'The Prince has made great strides of late. He has obviously a head for politics, before whose perspicacity even prejudices quickly give way, which spring from education or want of experience. Place weighty reasons before him, and at once he takes a rational and just view, be the subject what it may. He has also gained much in self-reliance. His natural vivacity leads him at times to jump too rapidly to a conclusion, and he occasionally acts too hastily, but he has grown too clear-sighted to commit any great mistakes. He will now and then run against a post and bruise his shins. But a man cannot be an experienced soldier without having been in battle and getting a few knocks; and, being what he is, small wounds, while they make him cautious, will give him confidence in himself. That in these days of political discord with France he should make great political mistakes is not probable, for he is thoroughly dispassionate, and he has so keen and sure an eye, that he is not likely to lose his way and get into trouble. His mind becomes every day more active, and he devotes the greater part of his time to business without a murmur.'—P. 466.

Not less interesting is what he says of the Queen in the same letter:—

'The Queen also improves greatly. She makes daily advances in discernment and in experience; the candour, the love of truth, the fairness, the considerateness, with which she judges men and things, are truly delightful, and the ingenuous self-knowledge with which she speaks about herself is amiable to a degree.'

For some time before these words were written, Stockmar had become satisfied that events were impending which might alter the face of Europe. 'I foresee,' he says in the same letter, 'great revolutions.' On the 3d of April in the same year he had written to Bunsen: 'I am more and more convinced we are on the eve of a great political crisis.'

'Das Alte stürzt; es ändert sich die Zeit,
Und neues Leben blüht aus den Ruinen.*'

The events of 1848 soon came to prove the justice of this forecast. They also brought Stockmar directly for the first time into the public ranks of political life. When the storm of February burst he was in Germany, and he threw himself with all his energy into the heart of the movement there, in the hope of advancing his long cherished vision of a united Germany. He appeared at the Diet as the accredited representative of Coburg, and he had even agreed to accept, upon certain conditions, the office of Foreign Minister. 'That would be a happy choice indeed,' said Lord Palmerston when told of this by Bunsen. 'He is one of the best political heads I have ever met with.'

Into all the tedious futilities of the then Teutonic upheaval this is no place to enter. Suffice it to say, two points were from the first clear to Stockmar, viz., that union under Prussia was the end to be aimed at, and that this result was not to be reached by peaceful means, but only through a war which should shut out Austria from further intervention in the affairs of Germany, and also extinguish the opposition of the smaller Principalities. In these views he went far ahead of the best political thinkers of his time. Amid every discouragement, his faith in the ultimate accomplishment of the end desired remained unshaken to the last. Scarcely, however, could he have divined that it would be reached so soon, and by such means; least of all, that an impulse so important was to be given to it by the insane folly nursed by the principles of Thiers, Guizot, and others, which, in prompting the French invasion of 1870, drew together into one focus, as nothing else could have done, the hitherto incoherent elements of a German nation.

It was at this period that Meyer first met Stockmar at Baron Bunsen's, in London; and we are indebted to the memoir already quoted for the following spirited sketch of him. He was then 59 :—

* Stockmar's editor seems not to be aware that these lines, which he prints as prose, are a quotation from Schiller's 'Wilhelm Tell,' act iv. sc. 2 :—

'The old reels to its fall; the times are changing,
And new life bursts and blossoms from the ruins.'

'During breakfast Baron Stockmar was announced; when he entered and sat down, very soon dominating the conversation—an active, decided, slender, rather little man, with a compact head, brown hair streaked with grey, a bold short nose, firm yet full mouth, and what gave a peculiar air of animation to his face, with two youthful flashing brown eyes, full of roguish intelligence, and fiery provocation. With this exterior, the style of his demeanour and conversation corresponded; bold, bright, pungent, eager, full of thought, so that, amid all the bubbling copiousness and easy vivacity of his talk, a certain purpose in his remarks and illustrations was never lost sight of.'

When Stockmar found that nothing was to be expected for Germany from Frederick William IV., he turned his hopes from that eloquent and irresolute visionary to the present Emperor and Empress, then the Prince and Princess of Prussia. It was in accordance with his views of the best interests of both countries, that an alliance should be formed between the Royal Houses of Prussia and England. Our Princess Royal had been from childhood his especial favourite; and as he watched the development of her unusual gifts and distinguished character, the advantages to Germany of having such a princess for its future Queen became more and more apparent. 'From her youth up I have loved her,' he writes, in February, 1858, a few days after her marriage; 'have always expected much from her, and taken pains to be of service to her. I consider her to possess unusual gifts—in many cases amounting to inspiration.' It was with peculiar satisfaction, therefore, that he saw his long-cherished wishes for this alliance happily realised; and to the last he took an almost paternal interest in the welfare of this second generation of princely pupils, which was met on their part with the warmest affection.

In the previous year, 1857, he had taken his farewell of the English Court, where he had so long lived, using all his great gifts with rare unselfishness, to guide, animate, instruct, and strengthen others; 'the beloved and trusted friend of all beneath its roof, from the Queen to the humblest member of her household.*' The Queen and Prince were not aware that he was never to return. But some weeks before his departure he announced his intention, in a letter to King Leopold from Windsor Castle, resigning into his old master's hands the trust which he had so worthily fulfilled.

'In the spring of 1837,' he says, 'now, therefore, twenty years ago, I came back to England, to assist the Princess Victoria, now

* 'Early Years,' p. 188.

Queen. This year I shall be seventy, and I am no longer either physically or mentally equal to the laborious and exhausting functions of a paternal friend, an experienced father-confessor. I must say good-bye, and this time for ever. The law of nature will have it so. And well for me that I can do this with a clear conscience; for I have worked as long as I had power to work, for ends which cannot be impugned. The consciousness of this is the reward, which alone I was anxious to deserve, and my dear master and friend, with full knowledge of the state of matters here and of those for whom I have acted, gives me frankly and spontaneously from the bottom of his heart the testimony that I have deserved it.

The tie, however, was not one to be broken by absence. The most intimate communications by correspondence continued to be kept up by those he had left behind in England and in Belgium. The Queen and Prince Consort saw him together on two subsequent occasions, once at Babelsberg in 1858, and again at Coburg in 1860. The habit of sharing with this second father, not only his thoughts on public questions, but his private joys and sorrows, which had grown up through their long years of personal intercourse, was continued by the Prince Consort to the last. To him one of his latest letters was addressed. 'I am terribly in want of a true friend and counsellor,' writes the Prince; 'and that you are that friend you may readily understand.' In a month the Prince was dead.

This national loss seemed to Stockmar a death-blow to the great purpose of his life. 'A structure,' to use his own words, 'which was conscientiously reared for the accomplishment of a great and important object, with a devout sense of duty, and the toilsome effort of twenty years, has been shattered to its foundation.' In 1862 the widowed Queen sought the good old man at Coburg. 'My dear, good Prince!' he exclaimed, 'how happy I shall be to see him again! and it will not be long.' And it was not long. On the 9th of July, 1863, death brought his wearied spirit the release for which it had long been yearning.

The pains of weakness and age had for some years pressed heavily upon him, and added to the melancholy from which not even the retrospect of a well-spent life could protect him. It is sad to read in one of his latest letters to the King of the Belgians such words as these: 'I confess I was not prepared for so comfortless an old age. Often, very often, I am on the verge of despair. The riddles of life grow daily more difficult to me.' But such moods could only be the passing clouds of a soul unusually sensitive and sympathetic, and therefore

unusually suffering, to which a lifelong faith in the ultimate issue of all things for good, under the directing hand of a benign Father, had given a prevailing aspect of calmness and serenity. 'His reliance on the love and justice of God,' says his friend Meyer, 'and on the goodness of the human heart, never forsook him.'

Multum dilexit; and it was characteristic of the depth as well as tenderness of his feelings, that his loving nature, his sweet temper, his devotion to his friends, were often little to be surmised under what seemed, to those who did not know him well, to be Stoical reserve, or self-centred indifference. Christian to the core, Love, Duty, Truth were the mainsprings of his life, as they were the mainsprings of his influence. Thus it was, therefore, that he not only did and counselled

'the right because it was the right,
In scorn of consequence,'

but men of all ranks, and of the most varied opinions—kings, princes, diplomats, politicians—those with whom he differed no less than those with whom he agreed, those whom he disliked no less than those whom he admired,—were so conscious that he had no ends of his own to serve, and that he was thoroughly to be relied on for fairness, for reticence, and for directness, that they caught in their dealings with him something of his own spirit, and yielded to him a confidence which they never had occasion to regret.

'If a young man just entering into life,' are his own beautiful words in a letter of his later years, 'were to ask me, What is the chief good for which it behoves a man to strive? I could only say to him, Love and Friendship! Were he to ask me, What is a man's most priceless possession? I must answer, The consciousness of having loved and sought the truth, of having yearned after what is good for its own sake! All else is either mere vanity or a sick man's dream!'

It was only consistent with this creed that, looking back in his last days on what he had done, well appreciating its importance, and not unconscious of the worldly honour and reputation which, had his aim been personal ambition, it would have been easy for him to achieve, he should have no feeling of regret for the course he had early chosen and deliberately pursued, of living for others and not for himself:—

'The singularity of my position,' he says, 'required me anxiously to efface myself, and to conceal, as though it were a crime, the best purposes I had in view, and frequently carried out. Like a thief in the night, I placed with liberal hand the seed within the earth, and

when the plant grew up, and became visible to other people, it was my duty to ascribe the merit to others, and no other course was open to me. . . . If circumstances and men commonly combine so to veil the best of my conceptions and ideas, and the enterprises based upon them, in darkness and night, that it is impossible to form the faintest conception as to the source from which they truly sprang, this will not cause me any great vexation.'

In the eyes of such a man, the work done, if noble in itself and in its fruits, was the all in all. He had shunned the glare of the world's honours through life. Was it likely that, in the contemplation of a greater Hereafter, he should sigh for the empty glories of a posthumous fame?

All the more fitting, however, is it, that such a life should not pass away without some adequate record. More will, no doubt, be heard of it in the promised memoirs of the Prince Consort's life. But the *Memorabilia* contained in the present volume, rich as they are in authentic information as to leading men and events from 1816 to 1863, and in the opinions of one of the most sagacious of political observers, form a contribution to contemporary history of the highest value. There are some things in the book which the wiser discretion of Stockmar himself would have kept in the secrecy of his own portfolio, and we are conscious at times of a hardness of tone, on the part of the biographer, which reacts unfavourably upon his subject, and has, we see, even already led to misconceptions of his father's character. But the general impression will, we believe, be that which we have attempted very imperfectly to convey, of a good and great man, working conscientiously for the welfare of mankind, at no time sparing himself, or seeking his own aggrandizement; and happy, that through the Love and Friendship—which bound him to his royal and princely friends—he was able to exert a beneficial influence upon social and political progress, which is even now actively at work.

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- ART. IV.—1. *Researches into the History of the British Dog*. By George R. Jesse. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1866.
 2. *Our Poor Relations*. By Col. E. B. Hamley. 12mo. Edinburgh and London, 1872.
 3. *The Reasoning Power in Animals*. By the Rev. John Selby Watson. 8vo., pp. 466. London, 1867.
 4. *Anecdotes of Dogs*. By Edward Jesse. 12mo. London, 1858.

5. *The Naturalist's Library*. Vol. XIX. *The Dog*. By Lieut.-Col. Charles Hamilton Smith. 12mo. London, 1865.
 6. *Canine Pathology*. By Delabere Blaine. 8vo. London, 1841.
 7. *Dog Breaking*. By Col. W. N. Hutchinson. 12mo. London, 1856.
 8. *The History of the Dog*. By W. C. L. Martin. 8vo. London, 1845.
 9. *The Dogs of the British Islands*. By Stonehenge. 8vo. London, 1872.
 10. *Dogs and their Management*. By Edward Mayhew, M.R.C.V.S. 12mo. London, 1869.
 11. *The Animal World. A Monthly Advocate of Humanity*. Vol. III. Published by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty.
 12. *The Dog*. By "Idstone." 12mo. London, 1872.

SCORES of books, of which the above are samples, offer us materials for estimating the capabilities and characteristics of dogs. With such wealth of experience, and aided by the sympathetic attention which many of us personally give to our favourites, it ought not to be impossible to construct something like an outline of Canine Psychology. We ought to be able to work out the problem, 'How a Dog Thinks and Feels,' if not with certainty, yet with what must approve itself as a near approach to truth. In the case of an Intelligence above our own, the attempt to realize its consciousness and conditions of being by any effort of thought—*wherever it surpasses us*—must obviously be futile, or, at best, can only supply us with such a 'representative truth' as the idea which a man born blind may obtain of the nature of colour. But the indolent assumption that the same inability attends us in the case of the lower animals, whose natures our own seem to comprise and overlap on all sides, is far from justified by any inherent difficulty in the matter. Extreme patience in working out details; caution in refraining from leaping to the conclusion that the possession of any single manlike faculty implies that of another; and above all, the 'scientific use of the Imagination,' warmed by sympathy with 'Our Poor Relations,' appear sufficient to supply the full equipment for our task. Proceeding step by step, and carefully distinguishing everything noteworthy which dogs have been observed to do, from that which experience proves to be beyond their powers, we may map out a line which shall approximately represent the circumference of their natures. Within this circle—as Thought is still Thought, in whatsoever brain it be carried on, and Love is

Love in every breast which beats with its emotion,—we are justified in assuming that there is a real correspondence and similarity between the mental processes and feelings of the animal and our own. When we endeavour in such manner to realize the consciousness of a dog by fancying ourselves circumscribed by his limitations, we are using no idle play of imagination, but pursuing our inquiry by a method almost as exact as that, so favoured by modern mathematicians, of applying one figure to another. How far the special attributes which distinguish us from all the lower animals, must modify each detail of thought and feeling; how Self-Consciousness must bring a new factor into every thought, and Moral Free Agency a new element into every passion, it should be part of our work to endeavour to trace. But, as above remarked, though it would be impossible for the lower being to add by imagination any such gifts to his consciousness, it is by no means an impossible task, albeit a delicate one, for the higher to imagine himself divested of them. The combination of the unconsciousness of infancy with the eager feelings and irresponsibility of childhood would not indeed accurately represent the state required, for, after the stage of strange physical similarity before birth between man and the dog, discovered by Professor Haeckel, there is no epoch in the life of the human child when a perfect parallel between it and the animal, either as regards body or mind, can be justly instituted. But picking out the points in our own experience which we share with the brute, and cautiously eliminating those which the brute does not share with us, we must needs be on the right track for constructing—as the well-worn joke would describe it—his consciousness out of our own. Our business, then, is neither like the old fabulists and modern writers of children's story-books, to talk of dogs as if they were men who had undergone metempsychosis and brought human thought and feeling into canine forms; nor yet to rest solemnly satisfied, like the old Egyptians, to treat our familiar companions as if they were so many four-footed Mysteries altogether beyond our comprehension. Modern Science is bound to show, both what the beast is in his *for intérieur*, and where and how he at present falls short of a man;—even if Mr. Darwin may hold out hopes that a million years to come the dog's posterity may develope into a race of saints and sages, of a loftier type than those whom we have known descended from the far less amiable and heroic Simian stock!

Before attempting to delineate the first

outlines of a Dog's Consciousness, it will be desirable to recapitulate as briefly as possible the principal circumstances which determine his physical condition relatively to our own, and thence work upward to the study of his emotional and mental characteristics. The dog, as compared to man, has against him:—

1st. Inferiority of size, keeping him always beside his master like a dwarf with a giant. The legs of men, rather than their faces, must form the prominent objects of his view; and the agreeable sense of looking down with condescension on something smaller than ourselves, so obviously enjoyed by a big dog over a little one, must be reversed into a deep sense of humiliation as regards the lordly race who tower over him.

2nd. The lack of hands, which forbids to the cleverest dog the use of the most rudimentary mechanical contrivance, even such as crushing a bone with a stone. A dog trying to roll himself in a blanket, or to leap up a tree, reveals the vast difference between his instruments and those of a cat whose claws will aid her to climb; or of a bird, whose beak answers the purpose of a single finger and opposable thumb.

3rd. The dog's vocal organs, though seemingly more like ours than the hard black tongues and beaks of parrots, are yet incapable of being used for the formation of sounds more articulate than belong to speechless human beings. He is emphatically what the Irish expressively call him, 'a poor dumb beast,' though he is able to understand human language to an extent which only those who carefully watch him can credit.

4th. Of the inferiority of the dog's brain to that of a man it is needless to speak, seeing that it is the point which doubtless determines most of the other conditions of the animal's being. A quadruped of the size of a dog, possessed of a brain of human dimensions, would, even if dumb, be assuredly something very different from a dog.

5th. Lastly, among the great disadvantages of the dog, one which most effectually bars his advance, is the shortness of his term of life. The oldest dog only attains the age when a boy begins to acquire his higher powers; and dies before reason and conscience, or even the stronger affections, are fairly developed in his human contemporary. We blame our 'stupid old dog' at ten years of age, when we should excuse our son's folly, with the observation, 'Poor little child!' What wisdom a dog would attain who should live to the length of our span, and could celebrate a "Golden" anni-

versary of devotion to his master, it is almost painful to think. The creature would have arrived at a point of intelligence whereat his physical defects would press on him as on a dumb or maimed human being; and, for ourselves, the pain of separation would be intolerable. The death of the fond companion of a dozen years is quite sad enough; that of a dog who had followed our steps from the cradle to old age would trespass too closely on the sacred borders of human bereavement.

These various physical disadvantages result, in the case of the dog, as in that of all the lower animals, in the supreme deficiency which cuts off the entail of progress at each generation. The brute has no tradition, oral or written, and, though he inherits propensities from his progenitors, and copies his parents when brought up with them, he receives so little direct guidance from them, that he is not perceptibly less intelligent when kept entirely apart from his own kind in such isolation as makes of a human child almost an idiot. Like our own, the 'set' of the dog's brain is determined by the habits of preceding generations, and the facility for receiving education is inherited from an educated ancestry. But the positive *information* which a human being receives from the hour he begins to understand language to the last moment of life, from nurse, mother, companions, teachers, preachers and books, is utterly denied to the dog, who must acquire every item of his knowledge directly through his own senses. When we think of all that this implies, and what infinitesimally small store of facts or reflections the most intelligent man could acquire on such terms in seventy years, the wonder becomes rather how much, than how little, is known by a dog who has but ten or twelve years in which to learn everything.

Against all these disadvantages—diminutive size, lack of hands, lack of language, small brain, short life, total want of traditional experience—a dog, so far as we can see, can only set one single special physical advantage which he possesses over us. With us the sense of smelling is but slightly developed, and though it is an inlet of pleasurable or disagreeable emotions, and possesses a singular power of awakening associations of memory, it is of extremely little use to us as an organ of mental information. Even when we do obtain an idea by way of the nose, we commonly treat it with distrust as more uncertain than one derived from eyesight or hearing, and hesitate to swear in a court of justice that we have positively smelled even such highly odorous things as brandy or gunpowder. But in

the case of our canine friend all this is altered. He learns from smell quite as much as from his sight or his hearing; and it is clear that he is even more disposed to rely on this sense than on any other. All day long that curious little black organ at the tip of his nose is inquiring actively whatever it can sniff out about people and things; and when his owner returns after an absence, though the dog partially recognizes his aspect and voice at a distance, he never gives himself up to rapture till he has smelt him, and so placed his identity beyond the hazards of a Tichborne suit.

But the dog's sense of smell differs from our own not only in superior acuteness, but also in another way which is not equally a subject of congratulation. The pleasures and pains he derives from odours seem to be nearly exactly the reverse of our own, and he loves what we hate and hates what we love. The explanation of this sad dereliction from the human standard of taste is not difficult to find. As the retired tallow-chandler desired to return to his work on melting-days, and the homeward-turning citizen of Edinburgh exclaimed with ecstasy, 'Ah! I smell ye again, dear auld Reekie!' so the dog has all his cherished associations of business and sport with animal odours, to us more or less disagreeable. He is entirely of the opinion of the huntsman who swore at 'those stinking violets' for spoiling the scent of the fox. In his various professions as sentinel, sheep-guard, hunter, and scavenger, he and his forbears have cultivated a taste very similar to that which we find among Esquimaux, Earthmen, and other humble human races, who never turn up their noses, except in ecstasy, at blubber or decomposed flesh. The intelligent Zulus, as their celebrated Bishop told us a year or two ago, in a letter to the 'Times,' are endowed with such a *penchant* for Ubomi (namely, as one of them defined it, 'carriage, with worms in it, but not too many of them'), that no other word excites in them such stirring emotions. The phrase 'to eat Ubomi' has thus become the synonym in Zulu for the loftiest imaginable felicity; and, in translating the Bible into that language, it was found unavoidable to employ it as alone suited to convey an adequate idea of the happiness of the Blessed in heaven. Very much the same ingenious notion of where true joys are to be found pervaded the mind of poor 'Flush,' whose fond owner promised as a special favour:

'Stoppered bottle keep from thee,
Cologne distillations.'

Had Mrs. Browning taken him out walking,

Flush would probably have endeavoured to render himself delightful to her, by rolling over and over in the unspeakably noisome relics of a long-departed field-mouse. As no prospect yet appears of converting dogs to our views in these matters, it is to be feared that the love of objectionable odours must long cause a breach in the continuity of sympathy between us and our humble companions, just, as Mr. Ruskin remarks, the passion for eating onions, unfortunately distinguishing the working classes, debars them cruelly from closer relationship with ladies and gentlemen. The subject is a painful one, and we must be excused for dropping it with a sigh. To confess the bad taste of a friend is perhaps more humiliating than to confess his crimes.

Whether we ought to consider the marvellous faculty possessed by dogs, cats, and many other animals, of finding their way for long distances by unknown roads, as an exhibition of their immense acuteness of olfactory perception, or rather as evidence of the possession of a specific sense different from any which we have yet recognized, is a question of great interest to which it would be impossible here to do justice. In all collections of anecdotes of dogs instances of the display of this faculty are put forward as evidences of the sagacity of the animal; but it is certain that no sagacity, in the ordinary meaning of the term, without the aid of a sense different from any known to us, would enable the creature to perform some of the feats so recorded. As cases guaranteed by living witnesses are more satisfactory than those of older date, we shall here cite two such illustrations. The Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, some years ago, took her Skye-terrier with her in a close barouche from Grosvenor Crescent to London Bridge. At London Bridge Lady Stanley embarked in a steamer for Gravesend, where she left Smeroch with her children, and returned to town. Next day the governess wrote to say the dog had escaped from her charge at Gravesend; and the same night the animal appeared in Grosvenor Crescent, alone, footsore, and covered with mud. An equally remarkable case was that of a hound, which was sent by Charles Cobbe, Esq., from Newbridge, county Dublin, to Moynalty, county Meath, and thence, long afterwards, conveyed to Dublin. The hound broke loose in Dublin, and the same morning made his way back to his old kennel at Newbridge; thus completing the third side of a triangle by a road he had never travelled in his life. Mr. George Jesse (vol. i. p. 136 *et seq.*) gives a series of similar stories: a butcher's dog, slipping his chain

and running home 120 miles, which he had been taken by railway; an officer's dog returning 180 miles, also originally traversed by rail, &c. Strangest of all is the account given by Sir John Harington, in a letter to Prince Henry, dated 1608, of his dog Bungey, who, he affirms, often carried letters for him, from his house in Bath (Somersetshire) to the Court at Greenwich.

It does not appear that this singular faculty is peculiar to dogs, or a mark of their superior intelligence. Cats, ducks, and many other creatures have made similar journeys; and, in truth, the annual migrations of so many tribes of birds and fishes can hardly be explained but as exhibitions of the same power. The only situation in which animals seem to lose themselves is in the streets of a great city, where the very cleverest of dogs, even notably retrievers (as the keepers of the admirable Home for Lost Dogs will testify), fail to find their way for very short distances. In the opinion of the writer, the theory which best explains the ascertained facts is, that the creatures in question have a certain sense of the magnetic currents, sufficing to afford them a sort of internal Mariner's Compass, marking the direction in which they travel. We know that the magnetic currents affect the needle, and the hypothesis that they may also affect living frames, with special organizations, seems no way incredible; while the fact that a dog, who can find his way for a hundred miles in the open country, may lose it in five hundred yards in a town, seems to point to the multitude of streets turning at right angles as the cause of confusion to a sense which simply indicates a straight direction.*

To realize, then, the physical conditions of a dog, we must imagine ourselves inhabiting a diminutive and prostrate form, without hands, without speech, and destined to die of old age as we enter our teens; also, as having for our special endowments a remarkable power of finding our way, and a preternaturally acute nose, accompanied by an unconquerable propensity for Ubomi, and all Ubominable things. It may be added

* We are indebted to Francis Galton, Esq., F.R.S., for two interesting facts corroborative of the above hypothesis. 'Reindeer kids,' says Dr. Rae, 'when very young indeed, having been deprived of their mothers and left quite alone, will, in spring, always turn towards the north, however much you may try to drive them the other way.' 'Buffaloes' (as stated by James Mackay, a noted Hudson's Bay Company's guide), 'whenever they are alarmed, always run southward. This habit is so constant and so well known, that, in making buffalo pounds, the entrance must always face the north, for, if it is not so placed, it is impossible to drive the animals into them.'

that we should conceive our bodies covered with hair; and that, beside the possession of great swiftness and agility, we are gifted with a peculiar caudal appendage, serving, so effectually, as a 'vehicle for the emotions,' that instead of availing, like language, 'to conceal our thoughts,' it should constantly and involuntarily betray our joy, sorrow, alarm, or rage.

Some of the immediate consequences of these physical conditions of the dog should be noted before we go further. In the first place, his inability to speak forces him to devise ingenious ways of making his wants understood; such as the artifice of a dog belonging to the writer, who, finding her bowl of water frozen in a frost, established herself in a corner where another bowl had been kept two years previously, and sat there looking mournfully at her owner till her sad case was perceived. When a brute lives with people too busy or too obtuse to attend to such signals, he becomes sad and depressed, and loses all originality, like a *femme incomprise*. The pantomime of dogs, their scratching at doors for admittance, their beseeching entreaties to be taken out walking, their ardent invitations to visit their puppies, are all somewhat affecting instances of the painful efforts of the creatures to express what we should say in two words.

Again, another consequence of the dog's lack of language, which curiously differentiates his life from ours, is that he can be told nothing beforehand, so that all his sorrows remain uncheered by hope, and all his pleasures have the keen charm of the *imprévu*. Few things are more pitiable than to see an animal after his master's departure going about miserably seeking him, unable to receive the consolation of the assurance that the being in whom his whole heart is centred will by-and-by return. After one such period of anxiety, terminated by the joy of restoration, he does not give way to equal despair, being supported by hope born of experience, but he knows perfectly well evermore how to interpret the signs of an approaching journey, and scores of times has been known to hide himself in his master's trunk, hoping to be carried with him. On the other hand, a dog's delights are never chilled or forestalled by expectation. It was not he who discovered the mournful truth that 'nothing ever proves so good or so bad as we anticipate.' As kings never know an unexpected pleasure, so, at the opposite end of the scale, dogs never lose the edge of their enjoyments by over-raised hopes. Rapture bursts on the brute out of 'the midst of despair, and the result is often

as with Ulysses' Argus, and the spaniel whose story is told by Jesse,* that the dog expires in the hour of his unendurable joy. Strange is it to reflect that this uncertainty belongs to the destiny of a creature who possesses a singular taste for regularity, and cherishes the 'Rites' almost as religiously as a Chinese. Every dog desires to do to-day what he did yesterday at the same hour, and claims, with the air of a man demanding simple justice, that he shall be allowed always to exercise every privilege once granted, and enjoy in full the boasted advantage of the British Constitution—a freedom 'slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent.'

Passing beyond the physical conditions of the dog and their immediate results, we now proceed a step further towards constructing an idea of his Consciousness, by studying his Emotions, and comparing them with our own. A little reflection shows that a dog approaches a man much more nearly in the matter of feeling than either of physical or mental characteristics. It is a startling fact, well brought out by Jesse in a synopsis of the dog's attributes ('Researches,' chap. v.), that there are very few human passions which a dog does not share.

A dog feels *anger* precisely as we do, and after provocation is sometimes vindictive and sometimes placable, according to his individual character. He is susceptible of *hatred* of the bitterest kind. He is so excruciatingly *jealous*, that his life becomes a burden in the presence of a favoured rival. His *envy* continually leads him to eat what he does not want lest another animal should take it, and to illustrate the fable of 'The Dog in the Manger.' *Gluttony* holds out to him temptations under which even his honesty sometimes succumbs; but, on the other hand, from *drunkenness* he is nobly emancipated. A dog mentioned by the Rev. Thomas Jackson ('Our Dumb Companions,' p. 48) having been once made so drunk with malt liquor that he was unable to walk upstairs, ever after declined to taste the pernicious beverage, and growled and snarled at the sight of a pewter pot. Again, as to *love*, Don Juan was a cold and unenterprising character compared to a dog; and as to *maternal affection*, the mother-dog feels it with heroic passion, starving herself to death rather than forsake her offspring. *Gratitude* may be almost said to be a dog's leading principle, supplying first the spring of allegiance to his master, and ever after reconciling him with true magnanimity to take evil from the hand from which he has accepted

good. *Regret* and *grief* he feels so deeply that they often break his heart. *Fear* is a passion which dogs exhibit with singular variation, some breeds and individuals being very timorous and others perfect models of *courage*; the latter characteristic, and *fortitude* seeming to be more characteristically canine. A greyhound has been known, after breaking his thigh, to run on till the course was concluded; and in the excellent new volume 'On the Dog,' by Idstone (p. 39) is a frightful story of a foxhound whom its ferocious master flogged so savagely for 'babbling,' as to cut out its eye with his whip. The animal continued to hunt with the pack till the end of the chase, whereupon the human brute, a certain Colonel Thornton, 'took out his scissors and severed the skin, by which the dog's eye had hung pendent during the entire run.' As to *Hope*, no one can observe the dog watching for his master's step, as in Landseer's picture of 'Expectation,' without admitting that he knows the sentiment as well as we. *Pride* in a successful chase may be witnessed in every dog, and even felt in the quickened heartbeats of a greyhound when caressed and praised. That dogs have personal *vanity* appears from the fact that they are so manifestly dejected and demoralized when dirty and ragged by long exposure, and recover their self-respect immediately on being washed and combed. *Chivalry* and *magnanimity* may nearly always be calculated upon in dogs, and wife-beating is an offence to which the four-footed beast never descends. The stories are endless of big dogs generously overlooking the insults of small curs, or taking them into water and giving them a good ducking as a punishment for their impertinence, and then helping them mercifully back to land (see Jesse's 'Anecdotes,' p. 147). Sense of *property*, bifurcating into both *covetousness* and *avarice*, is common to all dogs. The kennel, rug, collar, water basin, or bone once devoted to his use, no dog can see transferred to another without indignation. Frequently he 'covets his neighbour's house,' and attempts to ensconce himself in it surreptitiously; and almost universally he covets his neighbour's bone, and purloins it, if he dare. Even from *avarice* he cannot be wholly exonerated, observing his propensity to bury his treasures. *Shame*, after transgressing any of the arbitrary rules imposed on him, a dog displays with ludicrous simplicity; but of the deeper sense of violated modesty which in human beings accompanies the commission of sin, the dog evidently knows nothing whatever. *Humour*, so far as it can proceed without language, the dog catches readily from a humorous master, and also the enjoyment of

such games as he can understand. As a baby crows with glee at 'Bo-peep,' so a dog barks with delight at 'go fetch.' Make-believe runs and false starts, romps and ticklings, rolling him up in a rug and letting him find his way out, throwing a ball for him to catch on the grass, or a stick to fish out of a lake, all supply him with pleasures perfectly analogous in their nature to that which boys and men find in Blind Man's Buff and Prisoner's Base, lordly cricket, and lady-like croquet. Lastly, *faith* in a beloved superior is perhaps the most beautiful and affecting of all the attributes of a dog. Whose heart does not grow sick at the reflection that this sacred trust of the dog in man should be so often betrayed,—that dull boors should lure him by mock words of encouragement to the death (to him so slow and agonizing) of the halter; and that far worse wretches, in the guise of cultivated gentlemen, should first fondle and then dissect him alive, while even in death he strives to show his confidence, and to lick their hands? Few of us, it is to be hoped, would purchase our own immunity from disease at the cost of scores of such cruel experiments, and the assurance of the vivisectors who perform them, that they do so wholly for our sakes, and not from mere scientific curiosity, would be laughable, could we find it in our hearts to laugh at such a matter. It is surely time for the world to recognize that Science may be the Moloch of one age as Superstition was of another; and that even the noble love of knowledge may prompt offences, heinous and hateful as ever sprung from the lust of power or of gold.

We have now recapitulated, as shared by the dog with ourselves, the following long list of passions and emotions: anger, hatred, jealousy, envy, gluttony, love, fear, pride, vanity, magnanimity, chivalry, covetousness, avarice, shame, humour, gratitude, regret, grief, maternal love, courage, fortitude, hope, and faith. The line delineating the circumference of the dog's nature must include all these; and many of them in a highly developed form. We must leave outside, as passions of which the dog does not partake, 1st, the love of intoxicants (a passion having only its peculiar significance in a moral free agent); 2nd, modesty (also pertaining exclusively to beings possessed of self-control); and, 3rdly and finally, the whole lofty range of feelings which have abstract ideas for their objects, to which his intellectual status forbids him to ascend. The dog obviously cannot love art, science, or literature, simply because his mental faculties fall short of apprehending the topics concerned. That he has any æsthetic sense, any notion of the

beautiful or of the sublime in nature, is more than doubtful; and his insatiable curiosity which, if allied to higher powers would form the spring of scientific research, ends, in his case, with the accumulation of practically useful facts. Thus we arrive at the conclusion that the line which shall delineate the circumference of the dog's emotional nature must *exclude* all those passions of humanity which are directed to abstract objects, and *include* nearly the entire range of those which concern the gratification of the physical desires and personal affections.

To these cardinal passions, shared by all men and dogs, should next be added certain special propensities partaken by certain dogs with certain men. Foremost of these is the passion for the Chase—a sentiment which the gentlemen of England, at all events, cannot find it difficult to imagine as pertaining to their own consciousness. To describe the share it holds in the life of the majority of dogs, and the degree to which their intelligence unfolds in the congenial pursuit, would swell this paper to a volume. Another propensity which the dog partially shares with men is the *Histrionic*. Nobody who has watched a dog closely can doubt that he frequently amuses himself by performing an imaginary scene and representing an unreal passion. At one moment he acts a dog in a rage, and pretends to be savage, and the next he acts a dog in terror, and runs round barking wildly at a Mrs. Harris. Playing with a puppy half his size he pretends to fly with tail down and ears laid back, scampering as if for his life. With his companion dog or cat he constantly performs an impromptu drama of the sensational kind, whose '*motif*' is generally an imaginary quarrel. After a fearful amount of struggling, biting, and growling, in which excellent care is taken that neither of the performers receive the smallest hurt, he finally pretends to throttle his victim, and enacts the closing scene with a tragic *furor* equal to Salvini in 'Othello.' After the piece, like other great actors, he is wont to take a drink behind the scenes.

There remain now to be considered only certain higher feelings—the sympathetic, the religious, and the moral—whose possession by dogs are all commonly denied. It has been asserted, over and over again, that one of the chief distinctions between man and the races below him lies in his Sympathy; that brutes kill or forsake their disabled companions, and man alone pities and assists his brother. That the power to feel such sympathy is the divinest thing in man we are prepared to admit. Measured by the true standard of things, intellectual progress

is of small account compared to advance in the power of unselfish love. The lowest of human beings is, not the dullest and most ignorant, but the most unfeeling; and the highest is, not the cleverest or most learned, but he who has warmest sympathies; and if, indeed, the lower tribes of earth and air partake in no degree of such feelings, then is the gulf between them and our race far wider than is opened by their lack of power to follow the philosopher through his inductions, or the poet through his flights of imagination.

It is clear at first sight that animals have, as a rule, far *less* power of sympathy than civilized man, and that there exists in many of their tribes an instinct of a contrary sort (very painful to witness, though undoubtedly beneficent in its general action) to destroy the wounded and decrepit. Nevertheless it appears to be entirely an error to suppose that the higher animals are without that sense of pain at the sight of the pain of others wherein consists the first element of human sympathy. The care of birds to relieve the wants of their young can only be explained as springing from such a sentiment; and, if this be set down as a blind parental impulse, we have only to go a little further and find them, and many kinds of mammals, feeling manifest distress at the sight of the sufferings of their mates and companions. Elephants in particular positively refuse to drag a sick comrade against his will, and show their pity by every means in their power. To keep, however, to our special theme of canine character the following anecdotes seem to dispose of the more obscure part of the question—that of the sympathy of dogs with other dogs. The first is vouched for by Mrs. Montague Blackett, daughter of the Dean of Bristol:—

'The scene of Waif's adventures is Whitfield-hall, in Northumberland, belonging to Mrs. Blackett Ord. He was first seen in the spring of 1871: one of the girls noticed him near one of the lodges, and a little time afterwards a groom found him in a disused horse-box in the stables, and turned him out. After this he was seen occasionally about the woods, which are full of game, and so became "*suspect*" to the keepers, who tried to get near enough to shoot him, but never succeeded in catching the little wary beast off his guard. The children sometimes saw what one of them called a "ghost-dog," near the house, but could never get a good sight of it. I first saw him in November. It was cold, frosty weather, with snow lying on the ground; and looking out of my bedroom window, I saw the poor creature, with miserable, ragged and matted coat, and a half-starved wolfish look prowling about the shrubbery, looking for old bones left by the well-fed dogs of the house. I saw him attempt to speak to a Pomeranian lady, but she

rejected his feeble attempts at sociability with contempt, and he fled back into the woods. I offered a reward to any one who would bring him unhurt to me; but though he visibly grew weaker and weaker, and could not run very fast, he always escaped from his would-be captors. One day, about a fortnight after I first saw him, my cousin went downstairs rather early in the morning. It was bright and sunny, and the housemaid had left open the glass-door opening on some steps leading to the lawn. My cousin was going to shut it, when she saw the "wild-dog" approaching, looking up wistfully at a fine young dog, half St. Bernard half mastiff, who was answering the appealing glance by a friendly wagging of the tail. E— kept very quiet, half-hidden behind the curtain, and watched what went on. Bernard marched a little way towards the steps, glancing round now and then encouragingly at his humble friend who followed timidly, and occasionally stopped with a "don't betray me" expression, quite pitiful to see. On this, Bernard would stop too, and cock his ears in a lively manner, and wag his tail, and altogether look so engaging, that by slow degrees, he coaxed the frightened creature right up the steps, and even induced him to go into the drawing-room, though he did not go in himself, only being allowed to do so on rare occasions. E— judiciously remained hid and quiet, and the governess, who had also watched the proceedings, cleverly darted out of doors from another door, and shut the glass-door from the outside, and so there was our friend fairly entrapped, and Bernard coolly walked away, after looking at E—, as much as to say, "Now you look after the poor fellow—my part is done." Poor Waif, when he found himself shut into the drawing room, was beside himself with fright, and was so like a wild beast, we were rather alarmed. We put down food, but he would not eat, and sat glaring and panting and growling ludicrously in a corner, a melancholy object. At last a valiant footman put on a pair of housemaid's gloves and suddenly seizing him by his neck, carried him off to the gamekeeper, who waited outside, and who "gentled" him most cleverly. In ten minutes the dog was perfectly tame and quiet, let himself be clipped and washed, and carried off to the keeper's own house, where he still abides in great peace and amity, much beloved by the keeper's children.

The friendly St. Bernard, who here acted as 'guide, philosopher, and friend' to the poor little poodle, certainly proved himself capable of sympathy with his kind. So also did another large dog, whose mistress, Mrs. Charles Eden, has favoured us with the following details of his kindly actions:—

'Rover was a Labrador dog, and much attached to a small dog named Aline. On one occasion Aline was missing for several days, and at last it was discovered that she had a little family of puppies, which she had hidden in a hole in a bank on Ascott Heath, and thither for many days Rover had carried her

some of his dinner. Rover also fought with another dog, and wounded him severely, after which he persisted for a long time in bringing his enemy a portion of his own food till he had recovered.'

Another anecdote is equally good:—

'A large well-fed dog was observed on a very rainy day, sitting under shelter in his own den in the yard of a country house, and watching a strange dog who was standing drenched through, in miserable plight. After thinking about it for some time, the big dog suddenly sprang up, crossed the yard, jumped as he was accustomed at the latch of a wood-house till it opened, and then, leaving the door open for the wet dog to enter, returned to his own abode, and rolled himself up in the peace of a *mens conscia recti*.'

Again, a very pretty story is vouched for by the lady to whom the dog belonged, the wife of Archdeacon Bland:—

'The dog belonged to us at Whitburn. It was half Danish, and had a great attachment to my pony, which on one occasion was severely hurt. When the pony was well enough to be turned into a field, we constantly brought it carrots and other good things; and as constantly saw Traveller rush off into the garden, return with two or three fallen apples in his mouth, lay them on the grass before the pony, and then watch him eating them with the greatest demonstration of pleasure.'

Colonel Hamilton Smith ('Naturalist's Library,' vol. x. p. 86) says that he himself saw a water-spaniel plunge into the current of a roaring sluice to save a little cur, maliciously thrown into it.

These incidents are certainly sufficient to prove the most difficult part of our problem, namely, the capacity of dogs to sympathize with their own kind. As to their power of sympathizing with man, it is a matter concerning which no one possessed of an attached dog ever entertained a doubt. The dejection of the dog when his master is in affliction, his feverish anxiety when he is ill, his fury when he is struck by a foe or operated on by a surgeon, his fond efforts at consolation at sight of his tears, and his demonstrations of ecstasy at his restoration to health and cheerfulness, are all facts equally familiar and affecting. How many lonely, deceived, and embittered hearts have been saved from breaking or turning to stone by the humble sympathy of a dog. He who saw them alone can tell. The fact that an attached dog, almost like a fond mother, loves us, irrespective of our opinions, our worldly standing, our beauty, or our abilities; that he does not want to argue with us about our politics or our theology; that he will revere us none the less if we should become bankrupt in fame and fortune, and

admire us as much as ever when we grow old, ugly, and stupid; nay, further, that he shows his humble love and beseeches for ours, in those caresses for which many of us hunger in heart, though reserve and habit forbid us to ask or give them freely to our fellows:—in a word, that a dog should be so *much*, and yet, so fortunately, no *more*, like a human being, might surely prove a subject for curious speculation to those who believe that the faculty for developing such instincts came from no Divine foresight and that Jocelyn was all wrong to think

‘Et par quelle pitié pour nos cœurs Il vous donne,
Pour aimer celui que n’aime plus personne.’

In his awful description of the death of Mary Queen of Scots, Mr. Froude tells us how her little dog was found to have followed her to the scaffold, hidden under her flowing robes, and that when her head had fallen, the poor creature, in the agony of its grief, lay down precisely in the severed place of the neck. Is it imaginable how the sympathy of a dumb mourner could be more forcibly expressed? Another story of a lighter sort was recently published in the entertaining pages of ‘Animal World,’ and illustrates the same sentiment in a less tragic way. We quote from memory:—

‘A lady was seriously ill, and confined to her bedroom, to which her favourite dog was rarely granted entrance. The servants of the lady daily made beef-tea for her, and threw the meat, after the juice had been extracted, to the dog. Apparently the brute came to the conclusion that his dear mistress was being starved, or at all events that his piece of meat would do her good. Waiting a favourable opportunity, in the evening he stole into her room with the beef in his mouth, and when she awoke she found it deposited as an offering of affection on her pillow!’

Beside our active sympathy with our kind, we human beings have all a certain passive sympathy, causing us to take pleasure in their approval and pain in their contempt. If they were only to us so many useful or hurtful machines, like steam-engines, this sentiment would be impossible; whereas, as we are actually constituted, we can no more help feeling a reflex of their feelings towards us than the earth and moon can help reflecting each other's light. We all live, like Don Quixote, if not exactly expecting a Sage to be engaged in writing our memoirs, yet with the consciousness that there are relations, friends, a great or a little world, taking note of our doings. A proof of the close alliance between dogs and men is that in this way dogs feel like ourselves. The dog who lives

under a sense of public disapproval in the household to which he belongs, nay, towards whom some one person habitually looks reprovingly, obviously suffers misery under the cloud. His spirits droop, he moves about in a humble and sneaking manner, and often, like an ill-treated child, adopts deceitful ways foreign to his original character. Only when some member of the circle caresses him and leads him far away from the ill-omened home, does his spirit revive and his tail reassume its normal elevation. Praised and petted dogs, on the contrary, manifestly develop all their finest qualities in a continual interchange of sympathy with their masters, whose characters re-act on theirs in the most singular manner. The creature ‘grows like the being he worships’ in all respects in which his nature permits of likeness. The dog of a brave man is brave, or of a coward, cowardly; ill-temper and suspiciousness in the master are reflected in his *hargneux* spaniel or terrier; and good-humour, sociability, activity, indolence, cheerfulness, melancholy, generosity, dignity, impudence, cringing, with a score of other human characteristics, are reflected in dogs even after a few months of association.

Further, beside the feeling of sympathy with man, a dog entertains towards his owner a sentiment of *loyal allegiance*, which may properly be considered as his own master-passion—the one which overrides his love of his own species, his desire for pleasure, or even, in many cases, his care for self-preservation. Like Rousseau, he thinks ‘être avec celui qu'on aime cela suffit.’ The princely motto, ‘Ich dien,’ might justly be his, for he lives but to serve and obey to the utmost of his strength and intelligence. He grudges nothing for his master, resents nothing that he does to him, and trusts him even when, like the miserable French vivisector, he tries on him an ‘*expérience morale*,’ and tests how much torture he will bear before his love turns to fear and hate.

There is nothing in ordinary human affections directed towards mortal superiors parallel to this passion of allegiance of the dog for his master. The loyalty of the old knight to King Arthur, of a Brahmin to his Gurao, of the Assassins to the Old Man of the Mountain, of the favoured slaves to Nero, of Boswell to Johnson, of a Jacobite of 1745 to the Chevalier—these are, in their various ways, the nearest parallels history offers of the exceptional development in man of dog-like allegiance towards a fellow-man. But there is another form of the same sentiment, widely diffused among mankind, namely, man's allegiance to God. When we endeavour to picture to ourselves how

a dog feels towards a just and kind master, we find the nearest parallel and illustration of his humble devotion in our own Religion. Nay, had one of the Hebrew prophets devised an acted allegory to illustrate to dull mortals the elementary feelings of religion, it would have been scarcely possible for him to have thought of one closer than the parable which is shown to us every day at our firesides by our humble dependants. There is, indeed, the touching change of characters in the scene which makes us lords in one case as we are servants in the other, and so allows our own mercifulness to become the measure of the mercy we have a claim to expect. But, beside this, how wonderful is the parallel! The obedience which hastens to follow joyfully every call; the gratitude which accepts every pleasure as a gift; the patient trust which, having taken good, is ready also to take evil; the loyalty which never swerves or questions whether it will pay best to serve one master or another; the love which is the lode-star of the whole life, and which gradually assimilates in a faint and far-off way the lower nature to the higher—have not all these things a real analogy with human piety? Even the terms on which we hold our faith have their counterpart in that of a dog. The animal knows his master only *as* his master—as the superior being who directs him, and allots his pains and pleasures. Of what he is in the higher region of his thoughts and purposes, as poet, philosopher, or statesman, the dog knows nothing, though he may be dimly conscious that he is powerful, and that he works for ends incomprehensible to his humble dependant. As the dog rises in capacity, and does useful service in field or on hillside, he begins to understand the hunter or the shepherd's intentions. But to the last there is a world in the man's nature hidden from the sight of the brute. In all this, is there not singular analogy between the animal's knowledge of us, and our knowledge of our great Master?—a knowledge *true, so far as it goes*; and even it may be to the faithful soul, in a certain sense, intimate; but yet so limited, that the insect, whose universe is an oak leaf, knows as much of the tree. For us, too, is there not the possibility, through obedient toil and development through this life, and all lives to come, to learn somewhat more of Him of whom old Hooker said well, that 'though to know Him be life, and joy to make mention of His name, yet our soundest knowledge is to know that we know Him not as indeed He is, neither can know Him, and that our safest eloquence concerning Him is our silence, whereby we confess without

confession that His glory is inexplicable, His greatness beyond our capacity and reach'?

Thus in endeavouring to construct an idea of the Consciousness of a dog, we seem bound to include in it a sentiment corresponding singularly with that which in ourselves we name the Religious, but which differs from ours by two sad distinctions. First, the dog worships a being always imperfect, and often cruel; and, secondly, he worships him with a blind homage which never ascends to that rational moral allegiance of a free human soul, which adores supreme Power only when identified with supreme Goodness.

Superstition, or the awe of the Unknown, has been treated by some thinkers as the primary germ of religion, and by others, far more justly, as its shadow. This shadow certainly falls on the dog no less than on man. The bravest dog will continually show signs of terror at the sight of an object which he does not understand, such as the skin of a dead monkey, the snake of a hookah, a pair of bellows, or a rattle. That the animal fancies there is something more than merely dangerous, something 'uncanny' and preternatural about such things, is apparent from his behaviour, which in the case of real danger is aggressively daring, and in that of imaginary peril abjectly timorous. All the stories of the alarm of dogs in the presence of apparitions prove, not, indeed, that the dog sees the ghost, but that he is able fully to sympathize with human fear of spectres; while if he only caught scent of a burglar (the worst real foe which could well be in question), he would fly at his throat without a minute's hesitation. Dogs also frequently establish Fetishes for themselves in the shape of any odd-looking block or stone, in a manner singularly analogous to that still practised by the rural Hindoos, as described in Mr. Lyall's remarkable article ('Fortnightly Review,' January, 1872), 'The Religion of an Indian Province.' The writer's own dog has several times thus selected a stump in the woods as her fetish, and performed round it (at a respectful distance) a vocal and saltatory *cultus* extremely resembling that of a Howling Dervish. Interrupted in her devotions by her owner striking the fetish with an umbrella, the dog's shrieks of fear were instantly changed for the joyous bark of a triumphant iconoclast; and having been encouraged to approach her nose to the idol, its claims to reverence were always instantly and permanently dissipated,—a result perhaps not quite unparalleled in the history of human superstition.

The Moral nature of dogs, which must now be discussed, offers the most difficult of the problems concerning them. In treating of it, we must carefully keep in mind the often forgotten distinction between the possession of the most generous and beautiful impulses, and the power to exert a choice between following them, or others of a lower nature. That the dog possesses the noblest impulses is beyond a doubt. Even the loftiest achievements of human virtue, the sacrifice of life for the welfare of another, has probably been more often attained by a dog than by a man; and a canine Curtius might be found in every street. But a dog has many low impulses, as well as many high ones; and before we properly recognize him as a moral agent, it would be needful to show that he can exercise discrimination between the two.

That a dog has a Will and choice of action in the vulgar sense, it would be idle to deny. Nothing, indeed, is more *wilful* than the animal thus understood, inasmuch that 'bull-dog tenacity' has become a proverb. Obviously, too, he is often 'of two minds,' whether he will follow one person or another, obey his master or enjoy an escapade; and his final decision is made on the balance of his likings and dislikings, fears and hopes. Does this Wilfulness then constitute the dog a Moral Free Agent, and must responsibility accompany such exercises of volition? Certainly not. But to find ground on which to deny his responsibility while admitting his wilfulness, we must go far below the superficial idea of moral freedom commonly in vogue, and fall back on some such theory as that of Kant. Were man himself only determined by motives of liking and disliking, hope and fear, Necessarian philosophers would be perfectly justified in holding him to be nothing but a link in the unbroken chain of causes and effects. The freedom of the human will can only be logically maintained by those who believe that, besides his lower nature, blindly guided by such motives, man has also a higher will whose choice is independent of them, and is determined not by the agreeability but the rightfulness of the action proposed to it. By this real freedom alone, man is enabled, as Kant says ('Grundlegung der Sitten') to 'originate events independently of foreign determining causes,' being himself (as a *Homo Noumenon*) a cause in the supersensible world wherein lie the ultimate grounds of all phenomena. Only when man exerts this higher will is he truly free, no longer passive under his 'passions,' but an inheritor of 'the glorious liberty of the sons of God.' At other times, and when he yields either to the desire

of pleasure or fear of pain, present or future, though he *appears* wilful in the common sense, his actions are really as much locked up in the necessary sequence of cause and effect, as the development of a plant or the course of the stars. They are determined by the balance of his inclinations, and of the solicitations presented to them, and these are regulated by antecedent circumstances ascending back from the beginning of things.

That the dog has any Moral Freedom of the real sort is more than doubtful. Even in a deaf, dumb, and blind human being the possession of such freedom makes itself felt through the silence and darkness which encompass the soul; and, wherever it exists the whole range of intelligence and character of behaviour must, it should seem, differ widely from anything we recognize in the animal. If dogs possessed any inner law compelling them to place moral good before the gratification of desire, we must have perceived such a fact manifested on a thousand occasions in their conduct; and that we never observe such manifestations justifies our presumption that they are not responsible when they commit actions which would involve heinous guilt in a man, nor, strictly speaking, virtuous, even when they perform heroic deeds of self-sacrifice. The elements of the moral life are there. They have the passions and desires which form the *warp* of our own. But the *woof* of free choice, determined by love of Right for its own sake, they never throw; or if they do so, it is so rarely and obscurely as to elude our ken. And here we find ethical explanation of the fact that man may justly appropriate to himself the whole existence of an animal; whereas to reduce a fellow-man to similar slavery is a portentous crime. The dog, having no true moral freedom, is none the worse, nor are the ends of his being defeated by his will becoming absorbed in the will of his master. If he is made happy, his highest end is attained, and no wrong, but a benefit, is done him. But for the man, who possesses moral freedom, and whose proper end is the virtue to be worked out thereby, enslavement, whether physical like that of the Negro, or spiritual like that of the Jesuit, is the most grievous of all wrongs and injuries; and even the master who secures his absolute felicity in such a state of degradation, has still been guilty towards him of 'the sum of all villainies.'

To imagine, then, the moral state of the dog, we have only to conceive ourselves with nearly all our present passions and emotions, to each of which we should passively yield in turn as temptation offered, without

either thought of resistance or sense of guilt in so yielding. We should often balance in our minds which line of conduct would be most Pleasant, or most Prudent, but never which would be Right. We should live in much such a Golden Age, as the old poets sung, when there was no antithesis between virtue and pleasure, and no remorse for self-indulgence; but wherein, likewise, the sublime joy of triumph and the sacred hope of growing better and holier must be equally unknown.

Added to his possession of passions and lack of moral freedom, we must, in our estimate of the dog's consciousness, take into account the fact that he is the docile companion of a being who is morally free, and who is constantly teaching him some of the *rules*, though he cannot apprehend the *principles* of human morality. The dog is *frotté* with morality, though never moral. The influence of this reflex morality is very singular to notice, and would deserve more investigation than can here be given to it. There are regions of his nature wherein our culture and the intense sympathy he feels with us, almost seem to make the dog feel like ourselves. The external virtues of honesty and fidelity (always, historically, the earliest recognized and implying the lesser ethical development) he appears to learn. The more inward, personal virtues of temperance, chastity, &c., seem as much outside his comprehension at his loftiest elevation, as the friend of a Newton, as at his lowest degradation, as the slave of an Australian cannibal.

In view of these facts, we are inclined to propound the hypothesis that a dog's nature will best be understood by reverting to the analogy drawn a few pages back between his devotion to his master and human religious feelings towards God. The dog's virtues and vices are all those of a faithful worshipper who has no other law beside the arbitrary will of his Deity. If Ockham's heresy were true philosophy, if right and wrong existed only in the arbitrary will of God, if He could make good evil and evil good; and finally if this God were as weak and changeable as the human master whom the dog adores, then we should have almost a perfect analogue of the dog's moral state. He has no faculty for discerning what is good or evil in itself, or for loving the good independently, so as to prefer, like Mr. Mill, to 'go to hell' rather than flatter an evil master. Such as it is, however, we should do injustice to this religion of the dog if we omitted to remark that the reflected morality to which it leads him is something very different from the Utilitarianism of Paley and

Rutherford. If the dog can neither soar to the intuitive conception of a sublime 'categoric imperative,' demanding obedience to 'the law fit for law universal,' nor yet follow the teachers now in fashion by seeking a rule of action which shall tend to secure the 'greatest happiness of the greatest number,' he is nevertheless far above the level of a mere puppet, pulled only by the strings of hope and fear, reward and punishment. He acts continually from pure love and sympathy, with perfect disinterestedness. Nobody ever taught, or could teach a dog to attack a burglar, to rouse his master in case of fire (like the poor spaniel recently described in the 'Times,' who was burnt to death in the achievement), or to spend long years, like Grey-Friar's Bobby, mourning on his grave.

Those distinguished living philosophers who tell us that the human moral sense is nothing more than a 'mystic extension' of the sense of Utility graven on our brains by the experience of a thousand generations, may perhaps be willing to concede the existence of a similar 'set' of the canine brain towards Fidelity, going on since the remote era when the wolf was domesticated, and became ennobled into the dog, while the descendants of the gorilla rose into the man. But however this may be, it is certain that no self-interest, such as the dog can possibly understand, can account for a multitude of actions he has been proved to perform in behalf of his idol. That he loves to be ruled and guided, even to excess, by his master, and to be made sensible at every moment of the higher nature above him, is extremely clear. As a writer in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' blamed the English nation for not perceiving that Ireland would be more contented if she were 'much more governed,' and made to feel the strong hand extended from Downing Street every time a pump was wanted in Connemara, so the dog, like the Gaul and the Celt, decidedly enjoys being 'very much governed,' and directed what to do and to leave undone. His political views, in short, should we ever enjoy an opportunity of learning them by a *really* universal suffrage, will manifestly incline in favour of a Cæsarism 'mitigated' by *panem et Circenses*, which he will interpret to signify 'bones, and the chase.'

In addition, then, to what has been said above regarding the consciousness of the dog on the side of morality, we may, in our endeavour to picture it, conceive ourselves attached to a superior being in such an absolute manner that his will should be our only law. 'All human virtue,' says Suabedissen, 'is a lawgiving to ourselves. Where

the lawgiving ceases sin begins.' Of such self-lawgiving our humble friend knows nothing. It is to be feared that the task of imagining what human life would be without it is one which experience renders only too easy to most of us; while few have ever intensely loved a fellow-mortal without being able at least to guess what it may mean to cast to the winds every other sentiment, and make his will our law, his love our heaven, and himself our god. Perhaps this study of canine psychology may not prove useless if it throw into relief the solemn truth, that all such idolatry addressed to a man and even such adoration of an invisible God as disregards His righteousness and is content to believe Him less than perfectly good and holy, are alike beneath the level of true human religion, and belong only to the order of feelings proper to the brute.

We now touch on the second problem. We have seen how a dog Feels, we must endeavour to form an idea how he Thinks. Recurring to our postulate that Thought is Thought in whatsoever brain it be carried on, and dismissing the vain attempt to distinguish between Instinct and Reason as probably arbitrary and certainly beside the purpose of our investigation, we may proceed to trace, so far as our materials permit, the circumference of the dog's mental powers. The following facts may serve as points to guide our outline. In the first place the mechanism of a dog's mind obviously includes several of the same wheels and pulleys as our own. He has *Memory* of persons, places, and events, extending backward to his early youth, and it is stirred, precisely like ours, according to the same law of *association of ideas*. When his master has deserted him, and in his despair the dog takes some cast-off garment and lies upon it for days together, growling at every one who tries to lure him away, what can we suppose he is doing? Obviously he is using the old coat or shoe, to bring him nearer to his lost friend; just as many of us have treasured a flower or a lock of hair; or as a hagiolater kneels beside the relics of his saint. Further, association of ideas enables him often in default of language to understand what men are doing about him. Having once seen guns elaborately cleaned preparatory to the 12th of August, the sight of the process next year fills him with rapturous anticipation of sport. The little differences of Sunday hours and costumes prove to him the hopelessness of an invitation to the walk which is to end at church. On other days the taking up of a bat, or stick, is enough to make him leap for joy, the exhibition of a whip to cringe, and the sight of a trunk,

to enter into paroxysms of anxiety. Beside memory and association of ideas—both working in his narrow sphere, probably, as perfectly as they act in our wider one—the dog may be proved to possess a certain share of *Fancy* or *Imagination*. The remarks made regarding his propensity to act little dramas, showed thus much, at all events, as also his habit of fancying something terrible in odd-looking objects. By his dreams it is manifest that he either exactly reproduces by involuntary cerebration the precise events impressed on his memory, or, as is much more probable, that his brain, like ours, weaves them into fresh combinations. In the latter case, and supposing the dog to have a real dream of an imaginary chase after a hare, or battle with a cat, it almost necessarily follows that he can exercise the same faculty of pure Imagination awake, and that when he lies blinking in the sun or on the rug, he follows out, in his own little way, a reverie much like our own, combining what has been and what might be, in a visionary scene of which either hope or fear acts as the scene-shifter. *Judgment*, or an intelligent decision between probabilities, is unquestionably one of the faculties of a dog. A clever dog is one of the best discriminators of character in the world. He distinguishes at a glance a tramp or swell-mobman from a gentleman even in the most soiled attire. He has also a keen sense of the relative importance of persons, and never fails to know who is the master of the house.

By the help of these faculties, memory, association of ideas, fancy, and judgment, a dog can make plans and deliberately arrange how to compass his ends. His memory, for example, supplies him with a picture of a delightful chase; his imagination suggests the surreptitious enjoyment of another. Thereupon he contrives to steal away unperceived on a poaching expedition, whereto he probably invites a serviceable companion, and the two truants do the work of finding and catching game quite as cleverly as if under the guidance of their master. When the stolen sweets have been tasted, fear of punishment spurs the dog's imagination to the trick of getting back into his kennel, perhaps over a high wall, or, as has several times happened, of wriggling his head back into his collar. One of the cleverest devices of a dog in this line was the artifice of a poodle, recorded in Martin's 'History of the Dog' (p. 185), who, observing her master drop a gold coin on the floor in an hotel, sat for the whole day with the money in her mouth, refusing to eat, lest she should drop it, till her owner

returned, when she instantly laid it at his feet. Numberless other stories are recorded of dogs obviously acting with deliberate design to draw attention to facts, such as the murder of their master, &c. A story of this kind, which it is probable few 'general readers' have perused, is to be found in the 'Life of St. Hugh of Lincoln,' prefaced by the observation that Hugh was not 'apt in trifling talk,' but 'serious as became a bishop.' Nevertheless he guaranteed the veracity of the following narrative, which (translated from the monkish Latin) runs as follows:—

'Instigated by the Enemy the wife of a certain merchant, tenant of his father, and known to himself, killed her husband and buried him in a fallow field. Now, on bringing home his wares, this merchant had been wont to wait upon his lord. But on a time when all knew he had arrived, the lord began to marvel that he had not seen him. Wishing, therefore, to know what had happened, the lord went with his knights to the merchant's house. There the faithless woman, blandly saluting him, deplored her husband's going away so speedily: "Nay, after so long absence, he would lodge with me scarcely one night. He started at dawn. I know not when he will come back." All this while the house-dog (*canis domesticus*) by pawings, howlings, and gestures, was seeking to make known what he knew of the matter. Nor would he quit the lord at all, going on in front of him, leaping up as if to clasp him, or grovelling on the ground, moaning continually. The knights watched him, and presently he set off for the field. By sign and voice, as if he were pleading with the lord, he led on till he had brought them to the spot. Then, at the very furrow, which, as if by the plough, had been cunningly turned over, he set about tearing the clods with his teeth, scratching the earth with his paws. The men also digging with their hands, at length drew forth the corpse, and recognized it as that of the merchant.' (*Magna Vita S. Hugonis*, lib. i. ch. iii. pp. 15, 16.)

The better-known story of the Dog of Montargis ends with the dog fighting his master's murderer in regular combat. Plutarch ('De Solertia Animalium,' c. 13, quoted by Watson) tells a similar anecdote of a dog whom Pyrrhus adopted, having found him lying on his master's corpse. When attached to the king, the dog darted one day on two soldiers who proved to be the assassins. St. Ambrose, Giraldus Cambrensis, and Benvenuto Cellini, all tell parallel narratives.

The dog also frequently goes through the somewhat complicated mental process involved in conscious *deception*. He pretends to be asleep, or invents excuses to lag behind in a walk, or after stealing food, when he hears a step at the door, shrinks back

into his kennel and lays himself down in an attitude betokening long unbroken repose. The most diverting instance of a beast's hypocrisy of this kind which we have heard is one thus described by Mrs. Symonds, of Clifton:—

'The dog was a poodle puppy, called Baldi. One night, after we had all gone to the play, supper having been laid ready for our return, we found the pigeon-pie in this condition: one pigeon having been abstracted, and the hole cleverly filled up with a bit of damp inkly sponge, which my father' (the late Mr. North) 'always kept in a glass on his writing table to wipe his pens on. Baldi looked terribly guilty, and there was no doubt where the pigeon was gone; but why he should have thought of concealing his guilt by filling up the hole, I have not an idea.'

The delightful history of Japanese Wow, told in the 'Spectator,' describes how the little gentleman carried on his deceptions by the help of the cat, whom, by some unknown means, he persuaded to fetch up bones for their joint supper behind the curtain in his master's study.

Again, the great intuition on which so much of human reasoning is based—that the same cause will always produce the same effect—is manifestly possessed by the canine mind as by our own. The dog observes that a certain result follows on a certain action, *e. g.* the opening of a door on ringing a bell, and though it is more than doubtful whether he has any idea of the *modus operandi* of the charm, he uses his 'open sesame' with implicit faith. In one of the works at the head of this article, which now possesses a mournful interest from the horrible story of its author, 'The Reasoning Power in Animals,' by the Rev. J. Selby Watson, there is a series of authenticated stories of this kind. One is of an Italian greyhound, who noticed that knocking at the door of a certain house was followed by its opening, and who continued to leap at the knocker till he thus obtained admission. Another, more curious, is of a dog belonging to a convent in France, who observed that each of the twenty paupers fed at the *tour* rang a bell for his dinner, which was pushed to him through the hole. The dog regularly rang the bell and obtained a pauper's portion for himself for a long time till the mystery of the twenty-first applicant caused a watch to be set and the impostor to be detected. We are happy to be informed that the monks allowed this dog to ring for his dinner to the day of his death. Mr. Nassau Senior, in an article in this 'Review,' described how he himself saw a terrier seek to obtain entrance into the forbidden precincts of Merton Common Room by simulating a violent quarrel with another (ima

ginary) dog at the door—a real quarrel the day before having led to his admission by his master to save his life.

Strangest and most suggestive of all the anecdotes recorded of dogs are the numerous histories of their drowning themselves, under conditions which almost compel us to class the act as voluntary and conscious suicide. Not long ago many newspapers copied a mournful story of a poor dog who was cruelly discarded in his old age by his master, and after ineffectual efforts to find shelter in another house, was seen deliberately to stand gazing at the rushing waters of the Loire, then painfully lift himself on his crippled limbs and leap into the stream. The spectator held out a stick to save him, but the beast gave him a look of despair, turned away his head, and floated down without an effort to save himself. Similar incidents are to be found in Jesse's 'Anecdotes of Dogs' (p. 145), where we are told of the suicide of a handsome and valuable Newfoundland dog, belonging to Mr. Floyd, a solicitor at Holmfirth. The animal showed low spirits for some days, and then was seen to throw himself into the water, where he endeavoured to sink by keeping his legs perfectly still. Being dragged out, he returned time after time to the river, till at last he succeeded in keeping his head under the water long enough to extinguish life. Mr. Nicol, of Pall Mall, told Mr. Jesse that he had likewise seen an old foxhound deliberately drown himself, and that he was ready to make oath of the fact. In the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' is another tale of canine suicide; and Mr. George Jesse ('Researches,' vol. i. p. 157) gives from an 'original source' the account of a little Havana dog who drowned himself at Honfleur. It is hard to resist the conclusion that, if these tales be true, the creatures who thus acted both knew what death is, and also were able deliberately to decide that the short pain of death was better than the prolonged one of a miserable life. Even supposing the dog, however, to possess the very high mental faculties needed for such an argument, the further manifestation of deliberate will, powerful enough to conquer the natural clinging to life of all creatures, and to make the animal resolutely keep his head under water when a few strokes of his paws would save him, is most amazing. It is much to be wished that an anecdote of this class could be thoroughly sifted and verified.

From such a general view of canine intelligence, it appears an irresistible conclusion that all (or nearly all) the elementary machinery of the human mind is present and active in the brain of a dog. There are Memory, Reflection, Combination, Forethought, Asso-

ciation of Ideas, and that process of arguing from cause to effect which we are wont to consider as Reasoning, strictly so called. The limitations within which this mental machinery works are indeed narrow, seldom proceeding beyond three or four steps at furthest, and dealing only, so far as we can guess, with matters immediately perceived by the senses; but nevertheless it is incumbent on us to recognize that, *so far as it goes*, the thought of a dog is the same sort of phenomenon as the thought of a man, carried on doubtless with similar modifications of cerebral matter, and being to the creature who thinks, to all intents and purposes the same action.

To comprehend what it would be to think under the conditions which limit the thoughts of a dog, we have need in the first place, to endeavour clearly to realize what it would be to think without Language—not merely as a dumb individual in a speaking race, but as a dumb creature in a dumb race, not even possessed of hands wherewith to make an alphabet of signs. Under such conditions it is apparent that we should hold a wholly different intellectual rank from that which we possess as masters of this matchless instrument. It is not only for communication with our fellows but for all the higher processes of thought that words are indispensable, and without their use the finest human brain would be able to conduct its operations a very little way in comparison of the long ascents it performs with the aid of such a ladder. All thought which rises above mere reverie, is a more or less defined *thinking in words*; and the more serious and weighty are our lucubrations, and the more abstruse their theme, the more we need definite language to carry them on. When a man loses the free use of his native tongue in acquiring familiarity with another, he frequently observes the important influence on his thoughts exercised by the transition when he begins to think in the new language; and every one who has attempted to grapple with questions of metaphysics and ontology is well aware how indispensable to such labour are the tools provided by a philosophical vocabulary. Geometry could not proceed beyond the simplest propositions without an accurate terminology; and without the names or figures of numbers, our conceptions of the numbers themselves would hardly extend beyond the five fingers which limit the calculation of the savage. To conceive, then, the limitation of a dog's intellect, we must begin by supposing ourselves always thinking, without aid from language; remembering without any verbal mnemonics; observing, without power to give a name to the thing observed; and rea-

soning, without the stepping-stones of any formulae, which, when once accepted, might serve as bases to the next operations.

It would carry this inquiry into regions of very abstruse speculation to argue the question which here arises, 'Is the lack of language and of abstract ideas so closely involved that the dumbness of the dog implies his want of such ideas? We can only remark in passing, that as a creature without words could seemingly make little or no use of such ideas, and as it is gratuitous to suppose that any creature possesses faculties both occult and superfluous, we may fairly assume that the dog possesses neither one nor the other.

Lastly, we reach the concluding problem of the dog's Consciousness. Human thought is not only occupied with its *objects*, but also carries with it more or less self-consciousness of its *subject*. It turns outward to the world, and also inward. Endless profound things have been written about this self-conscious 'Ich,' which we carry with us in every soaring and diving of imagination and reason—this 'Ego,' whose antagonism to the 'non-ego' is said to be the first perception of the awakening mind. But, whatever be its mysterious significance, are we bound to limit it to the mind of a man, and to hold that the dog's mind never turns inwards—that he never thinks that marvellous thought '*I am*'?

It has been long ago assumed that so it is; that the animal never gathers up memory and consciousness into one personality; never studies himself or compares himself with other beings, or thinks '*I am a dog*.' Such self-consciousness, the sense of moral responsibility, and the power of forming abstract ideas, are, in truth, it would appear, three phases of the same thing—three things which must exist together or not at all. If the evidence that dogs have no moral responsibility and no abstract ideas be sufficient, the further fact of their having no self-consciousness may be taken for granted; even if the absolute simplicity of their demeanour did not bear with it an assurance, beyond need of argument, that none of the doublings of self-inspection have ever disturbed the pellucid simplicity of their emotions and thoughts.

How, then, does a dog actually think, if he never carries his self-consciousness along with him? Let us remember the hours when that 'Old Man of the Sea' has sat lightest on our own shoulders; when, acting at the bidding of some strong feeling, or engrossed in some deep interest, we forgot almost entirely to reflect in our usual wearisome way that '*I*' am doing this, that, or the other. Let us study the mental condition of the

more light-hearted race of men, of children, and of savages. By a little further development of such experiences we shall find ourselves not far off from the point of the dog's state of mind. Merely to suppose ourselves always engrossed in what we are doing, as we are, for example, when we are reading or writing eagerly, watching a man in danger, or entering some sublime scene—and the feat is achieved. As we feel then, so the dog, in his own little sphere of interests, must feel always.

To sum up the conclusions arrived at in this paper. The dog's physical nature is, in every respect save his keener sense of smelling, inferior to our own. In the region of the passions and emotions he approaches us most nearly, falling short of us only where his intellect fails to apprehend the abstract objects which engage our feelings. Of moral free agency he does not partake; but his allegiance to man supplies him with a shadow of Duty and a Religion *minus* the moral element. Lastly, his mental faculties include all the fundamental machinery of the human intellect, and stop short only where the lack of language bars the path of consecutive reasoning, and the absence of self-consciousness makes self-introspection impossible.

If these views be correct, it would appear that a dog's consciousness lies in a circle wholly within the borders of our own. We do not differ from him (as Descartes so strangely supposed) as a living intelligence differs from a machine, nor yet (as many persons seem to think) as in a fairy-tale a man differs from an ogre or a fairy. The only true distinction to which we can lay claim, is that we have entered on a higher stage of being, albeit the elements of all our emotions and faculties remain essentially the same as those of the affectionate and intelligent animal. He lies indeed far beneath us in the scale of existence; but it is not at a distance wholly *incommensurate*. There is a proportion, albeit a remote one, between him and ourselves; nor can any popular error be more stupid than the cant (so common in the mouths of men of science) that they would freely torture hecatombs of dogs to relieve the smallest pain of a man. The glory of our human nature does not consist in the right to dip, like Cæsar Borgia, in a bath of blood; but rather in the power to feel, like God, compassion for the sparrow that falls, and pity for the meanest creature which suffers.

One point only remains to be touched, and that with great hesitation. Must our tenderness for our humble friends end at the hour when their brief lives come to a close? Is there no hope that something in the dog,

as well as something in man, may survive the dissolution of the fleshy frame? Undoubtedly many of the firmer grounds for human faith in immortality are wanting in the case of the creature who, so far as we discern, has no consciousness of such a destiny—no moral freedom, whose high purpose (so often failing here) must have fulfilment hereafter—no sense of that Divine communion which gives to the saint the assurance that ‘God will not leave his soul in Hades, nor suffer His holy one to see corruption.’ On the other hand, the unmerited sufferings of brutes lends warrant to the hope that perfect Justice will not leave them unrequited; while the veil which hangs over the ‘how’ and the ‘whither’ of the exodus of the human soul from the dissolving body, allows us at least room to speculate whether a similar law may not prevail with regard to the ‘spirit of the beast,’ when divided from its physical form. Referring to this last order of argument, after stating his reasons for believing that Thought and Will do not perish at death, Bishop Butler says (‘Analogy,’ p. 1, c. 1):—

‘It is said that these observations are equally applicable to brutes; and it is thought an insuperable difficulty that they should be immortal, and, by consequence, capable of everlasting happiness. Now, this manner of expression is both invidious and weak, for the thing intended by it is really no difficulty at all. For, first, suppose the invidious thing were really implied (as it is not in the least in the natural immortality of brutes), namely, that they must arrive at great attainments, and become rational and moral agents, even this would be no difficulty, since we know not what latent powers and capacities they may be endowed with. There was once, prior to experience, as great a presumption against human creatures, as there is against brutes arriving at the degree of understanding which we have in maturer years, for we can trace up our own existence to the same original with theirs. And we find it to be a general law of nature, that creatures endued with capacities for virtue and religion should be placed in a condition of being in which they were altogether without the use of them for a considerable length of their duration. And great part of the human species go out of the world before they come to the exercise of these capacities in any degree at all. But, secondly, the natural immortality of brutes does not in the least imply that they are indued with any latent capacities of a moral nature, and the economy of the universe might require that there should be living creatures (in the next world as in the present) without any capacities of the kind.’

These views of the great English philosopher and moralist, which would fill heaven with happy living creatures, may perhaps be supplemented by an argument, which has

the advantage of drawing a line between the higher brutes and the lower, whom we are commonly told must needs survive, if dogs and elephants be immortal. Accepting human immortality as a given basis of reasoning, we must admit that this wondrous heritage is acquired at a certain stage of being, and that there must be a stage antecedent to it. That the precise point on whose attainment such momentous consequences depend cannot be merely physical, or arbitrarily fixed at a given date, before birth or afterwards, appears equally clear. It must surely be determined by the development in the child of the mysterious—something above the purely vegetative or sentient life, for which that lower life is as the stalk to the flower, and the scaffolding to the temple. Now if this stage of development which ensures immortality be attained early in human life (let us say by a child of a year old), it would seem that an intelligent and devoted dog has certainly reached the same, and may, therefore, possibly have risen to the sphere of being wherein death is not extinction. The spark has been lighted which no longer goes out. Neither infant nor dog is yet possessed of either moral freedom, responsibility, or religion; but there are even more tokens in the brute than in the babe of an approach to, or at least preparation for, the reception of such high endowments, perhaps to be acquired when the narrow limitations of his present physical nature have been removed.

However these things may be in the unknown future world, it is clear enough that in the present our humble friends richly deserve our interest and our sympathy; and that we might render thanks for many a lesser comfort than a dog's affection, and preach on many a text less useful to remember than the quaint old words of the Zend Avesta (‘Vendidad,’ 13th Fargard, v. 75): ‘The dog have I made, O Zarathustra, with his own clothing and his own shoes, with keen scent and sharp teeth, faithful to men; for I have made the dog, I who am Ahura Mazda.’

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- ART. V.—1. *Discurso Inaugural leído en la Sesión pública de la Academia Nacional de Nobles Artes de San Fernando.* (20 Noviembre, 1870). Por el Ilmo. Sr. D. Pedro de Madrazo. Madrid. 1870.
2. *Arte de la Pintura, su Antigüedad y Grandezas.* Por Francisco Pacheco, vecino de Sevilla. Madrid, 1866.

WE had occasion, in a recent article, to point out that to the genius of Giotto is to

be attributed the revival of painting in Italy at the beginning of the fourteenth century. The influence of his school, if not of the master himself, extended beyond the Alps, and to it may be equally assigned the revival of painting in other parts of Europe. Benedict XI. had invited him to decorate various public buildings at Avignon, but he was unable to visit that city, and the frescoes supposed to be by him are now known to be by Simone Martini (incorrectly called Memmi), who was of the Siennese school, which derived its principles and practice from Giotto. Later Gherardo Starnina, a Florentine 'Giottesque,' was induced to take service with 'the King of Spain,' for whom he executed many important works. Vasari says that being originally of a rude and boorish nature, he learnt manners from the Spaniards, and became genteel and courteous. There is reason to believe that in return he taught them the art of painting. He went to Spain in 1378, but was again in Florence in 1387. He was considered by his contemporaries a painter of ability, but none of his authentic works remain to enable us to judge of his merits. Again, in the first half of the fifteenth century Dello Delli, who enjoyed considerable reputation in Italy, established himself at Seville, where he appears to have been living and painting as late as 1466. After him a number of Italian artists—painters, sculptors, and architects—came to Spain. Even the art of enamelling on tiles, or 'majolica,' the invention of which is attributed to the Spanish Moors, was improved by a pupil of Lucca della Robbia, who on his works at Seville signs himself 'Niculoso Francisco Italiano.'

The influence of Italian art and artists throughout Europe in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries is in a great measure to be attributed to the cosmopolitan character of the Roman Catholic Church. Italian churchmen held episcopal sees and livings in Catholic countries, and those who could afford to do so sent for painters and sculptors from Italy to decorate their cathedrals, churches, and convents. In Spain another foreign influence contributed to form the national school of painting. The close connexion which existed after the accession of Charles V. between that country and the Netherlands brought many Flemish artists and pictures to the Peninsula. John Van Eyck himself, and other Flemings of eminence, had already visited Spain. The Spanish schools of painting of the fifteenth century show unquestionable evidence of this joint Italian and Flemish influence. Their peculiar or national characteristics, derived from national feelings and from local

causes, are a general sombre tone of colour, dark shadows, a strong coarse outline, a want of delicacy and refinement in drawing, expression and conception, and a complete absence of that exquisite poetical imagination which is the charm of the Italian schools even in their dawn. The art of painting was, no doubt, practised in Spain, especially in the northern provinces and Castile, before the Italian influence of the 'Giottesques' penetrated into the Peninsula, and the names of some ancient Spanish painters have been preserved; but their works are rude and barbarous. There probably existed in Spain, as in other parts of Europe, traditions of art derived from the Romans. We know of no early Spanish painting which shows their direct influence, but it may perhaps be traced in the metal and ivory-work, enamels, and architecture which are classed by Spanish writers under the general name of 'Byzantine.' The influence of the Arabs and Moors is principally seen in architecture and architectural ornamentation. The celebrated paintings on the ceilings of the 'Sala de Justicia,' in the Alhambra, are evidently the work of an Italian artist—perhaps a Florentine—and remind us of the Gaddi. In the Academy of History at Madrid is preserved a remarkable 'tabernacle' or reliquary from the convent of Piedra near Albama, in Aragon, in which panels representing figures of angels and prophets, and subjects from the life of the Virgin and of the Passion of our Lord, of a purely Italian character, are inserted in a frame of a mixed Gothic and Moorish design. The date upon this curious altar-piece is 1390, and Señor Carderera, a very competent authority, suggests* that the paintings may be by one of the Tuscan artists, who were employed by the King of Arragon. The earliest undoubted Italian works with which we are acquainted in Spain are the frescoes in the chapel erected by Archbishop Tenorio in the cloisters of the cathedral of Toledo. They were executed in the second half of the fourteenth century. Their author not only belonged to the school of Giotto, but appears to have made use of his designs. The arrangement and treatment of the subjects, and the decoration applied to the architectural features of the building are such as Giotto had adopted at Assisi and elsewhere. Could these frescoes have been painted by Starnina? It is not impossible. If the name of their author could be found in the archives of the cathedral we should arrive at an important starting-point in the history of Spanish paint-

* 'Discurso leído á la Real Academia de la Historia,' por Sr Don Luis Lopez Ballesteros. 1852. Page 41.

ing.* In the chapels of the cathedral are triptychs, pictures on panel, and frescoes of the same epoch no less Giottesque in character; especially a 'retablo' in the chapel of S. Eugenio, in which some of the subjects, such as 'The Presentation of the Infant Christ in the Temple,' are almost reproductions of the cartoons of Giotto and his scholars. In the beginning of the sixteenth century (about 1511) a painter called by the Spaniards Juan de Borgoña, of whose origin and history nothing appears to be known,† decorated the winter Chapter House with a series of frescoes representing the history of the Virgin. They remind us of Gian Bellini and his school, and the painter, whatever may have been his nationality, must have learnt his art in Italy. He had begun painting in the cloisters of the Cathedral as early as 1495, and he executed various works in Alcalá, Avila, and other cities.

Numerous religious paintings of the early Spanish schools exist in cathedrals and churches in various parts of Spain.‡ A few are signed with the names of their authors. Several painters of the fifteenth century, such as Pedro Berruguete, Santa Cruz, the Rincons (father and son), and Gallegos, are mentioned by Spanish writers on art. None of them show the ability and originality of the great Italian and Flemish Masters of the same period, of whom they are more or less the imitators. They were chiefly employed in painting the 'retablos,' or series of subjects from the Scriptures, and from the lives of Saints, which are generally placed over altars in Spanish cathedrals and churches. These 'retablos,' so characteristic of Spain, bear some resemblance to the Italian altarpieces of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, in which figures of saints and biblical subjects painted on separate panels are arranged in exquisite Gothic frames. But the Spanish 'retablo' is a more imposing struc-

ture—sometimes rising to the vaulted ceiling of the loftiest cathedral, and uniting, in gorgeous profusion, paintings, and figures of wood and marble, set in the most elaborate Gothic or renaissance carving, resplendent with gold and colour. The taste for these vast altarpieces, which produce so grand and picturesque an effect in the gloomy interior of a Spanish church, prevailed until the eighteenth century, and some of the most famous Spanish painters, such as Roelas and Herrera, were employed upon them. In Italy the taste for such things passed away with the conventional treatment of religious subjects in the sixteenth century.*

Amongst the few Spanish painters of the sixteenth century for whom the Spaniards claim the merit of originality, was Joanes Macip, of Valencia, better known as Juan de Juanes. Little is recorded of his history. He undoubtedly studied in Italy, but he could not, as Palomino maintains, have been the disciple of Raphael, who died before he was born. His countrymen claim for him the proud title of the 'Spanish Raphael,' and declare that in his portraits he was not inferior to, if he did not excel, the great Italian. Even Mr. Stirling agrees with them in preferring his representations of the Saviour, weak and characterless as they appear to us, to those of Leonardo da Vinci and all other painters.† This is partial and exaggerated praise, especially when we remember that Juanes was born in 1523, and was painting as late as 1579. But Spaniards are never safe critics of their own countrymen, who must be the first in letters, arts, and arms. That he was a brilliant, if not original colorist, and that his paintings show energy if not refinement of expression, may be admitted; but in drawing, in composition, and in the highest qualities of his art, of which the works of the great Italian Masters could have furnished him models, he was singularly deficient. Judging from his pictures he might have lived nearly a century before his Italian contemporaries. Even his best in the Cathedral of Valencia, remind us by their dry manner of the early efforts of Gian Bellini, and those in the Madrid Gallery, from their raw colour and exaggerated drawing, bear a certain likeness to the works of Giulio Romano and other painters of Raphael's school or their Flemish imitators, whilst the details are executed with the care and minuteness of

* Don Bonifacio Riaño, a gentleman of remarkable industry and knowledge, and eminently qualified for the post, had recently been appointed keeper of those valuable archives, which have been wisely removed by the Spanish Government from clerical superintendence. Unfortunately, his premature and lamented death has brought to a close the researches which he had commenced into the artistic history of the cathedral, and which would have furnished valuable materials for the study of Spanish Art.

† Cean Bermudez merely mentions, with much praise, the works which he executed—paintings on panel as well as frescoes.

‡ A valuable collection of early Spanish pictures, obtained from suppressed convents and churches, exists in the Ministry of Public Works and Education at Madrid. But it is not arranged, and cannot therefore be studied. It will be added to the Public Gallery of Madrid when room can be found for its reception.

* A 'Retablo,' of no great merit as a work of art, in the South Kensington Museum, will give some idea of these altarpieces, and of Spanish painting in the fifteenth century.

† 'Annals of the Artists of Spain,' vol. i. p. 359. 'Catalogue of the Madrid Gallery,' by Don Pedro Madrazo, 1872.

the 'quattro centisti.' These remarks will apply even more strongly to another much overrated painter, Morales, a native of Castile, upon whom the Spaniards have conferred the pompous epithet of 'el Divino.' He painted up to 1586, and to the unnatural and exaggerated expression and stiff conventional drawing of the driest of the Italian painters of the fifteenth century, he united the minute finish and fused monotonous colouring of his Flemish contemporaries. Nevertheless he is placed by Spanish writers, and by Mr. Stirling, amongst those 'whose genius has obtained them a place amongst the Great Painters of Europe.*

In studying Spanish Art it must be borne in mind that Spain was from fifty to a hundred years behind most other European countries, and especially Italy. Unless this be remembered we should constantly fall into error in giving dates to Spanish architecture, sculpture, and paintings. The archæologist and critic are equally liable to be deceived. Some Spanish Cavalcaselle is needed who will go through the labour of examining archives and contemporary records, identifying the authors and fixing the dates of monuments and pictures. If the architect attempts to assign a period to a gothic edifice in Spain by comparing its style with that of similar buildings in England or France, he will probably place it about a century too early. If it were not for the Christian emblems and the royal arms and devices which are intermingled with Moresque ornaments, the chapel of Villaviciosa, in the cathedral of Cordova, might be attributed to the Moors of the thirteenth or fourteenth century. Pictures on panel, which in treatment and execution carry us back to the infancy of Italian or Flemish painting, belong to the end of the fifteenth century. These remarks apply to Spanish works of art of all classes, including jewelry, plate, embroideries, and wood-carving.

The influence of Flemish art, which predominated in Spain during the fifteenth century, was superseded in the sixteenth by that of Italy. A number of Italian painters who had settled in Spain, and of Spanish painters who had studied in Italy, prepared the way for the school which has the best claim to be called 'Spanish,'—that is, 'Spanish' in the sense that it shows the influence of the national character and of local circumstances upon an art which, in its origin and in its general aspects, was essentially foreign. We have not space to trace the development of this 'Spanish' school,

or to point out the share which such second-rate painters as the pupils of Leonardo da Vinci at Valencia, Tibaldi, El Greco, Caxes, Carducci, Nardi, and others, and Italian paintings brought to Spain, may have had in forming and directing it. But those who have studied the subject critically and without preconceived opinions, will have no difficulty in distinguishing that which is national in Spanish painting from that which was derived from Italy. With every desire to assign the place which it deserves to the Spanish school of the seventeenth century—the period when it attained its highest development—we can scarcely admit the claims of more than a dozen Spanish painters, including Velasquez, Murillo, Roelas, Alonzo Cano, Valdes Leal, del Mazo, Zurbaran, and Coello, to any eminence; and amongst them are some whom we might hesitate to place even in the second rank amongst painters.*

Velasquez may be considered as the best type and the truest representative of the Spanish school. He is the greatest and most original painter that Spain has produced. Although his style or 'manner' was derived either directly or indirectly from the Italian schools of the end of the sixteenth century, it was even more 'national' than that of Murillo. For various causes his reputation may have hitherto been less than that of his contemporary, but his influence over the painters of his own country, and on painting in general, has been far greater. He was born at Seville on the 6th June, 1599, and died at Madrid in 1660.† He

* Spanish writers on art have divided Spanish painters into several schools, such as those of Seville, Madrid, Valencia, and Castile. Velasquez is considered the head of the Madrid school, and Murillo of that of Seville, although both painters were born and studied their art in the latter city. It is unnecessary to enter into these distinctions, which are of no importance as far as our object in the present article is concerned.

† His name was De Silva, but according to a custom still prevalent in Spain, he called himself after the family name of his mother,—Don Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez. He usually signed himself 'Diego de Silva Velasquez.' Like so many men who contributed to the former greatness and glory of Spain, he was of foreign origin, his family having originally come from Portugal.

In describing and classing the works of Velasquez, we have availed ourselves of the New Catalogue of the Madrid Gallery, by Don Pedro Madrazo, who has, with the most praiseworthy care, traced the history of the greater part of the pictures in that fine collection, and has accompanied his critical descriptions of them by biographical notices and data derived from documents preserved in various Spanish archives. This catalogue, which as yet only comprises the Italian and Spanish schools, is one of the best of

* 'Annals of the Artists of Spain,' vol. i. p. 224.

began his career consequently after the eclectic or academic school of the Carracci had given a new direction to painting in Italy. This school may be said roughly to have preceded by half a century that of Velasquez and Murillo,* which, like most of the other schools of Europe, mainly derived its principles from the Bolognese painters. Velasquez' first master was the elder Herrera, a disciple of Luis Fernandez, a painter whose works are now unknown, but who enjoyed a considerable reputation in his day. Neither Fernandez nor Herrera seems to have been in Italy or to have studied under Italian masters. Herrera was a bold coarse painter, not without ability, but altogether wanting in sentiment and refinement, who had evidently formed his style on that of the Italian eclectics, or of their Spanish imitators. His violent temper soon led Velasquez to leave his studio and to place himself under Pacheco, who, like Herrera, had been taught by Luis Fernandez. Pacheco was a poor painter, but he was a scholar and a critic. He does not appear to have visited Italy, but he was well acquainted with the Italian schools and with their principles and practice, and wrote an elaborate treatise upon painting. He could, therefore, give his pupil technical instruction, although his pictures were of little value as examples. The painter who appears to have had the most influence upon the youthful Velasquez, and whose works seem to have contributed to form his first manner, was Luis Tristan, a follower of that clever, but eccentric and rather repulsive painter, Domenico Theotocopuli, commonly called 'El Greco,' who had acquired at Venice something of the manner of Titian and Tintoret, and whose best works show a strange mixture of powerful, though frequently false, colouring and execrable drawing. Tristan excelled in portraits. The Madrid Gallery possesses but one by him.† It hangs amongst some portraits by Velasquez, and shows how much he had learnt from Tristan.

But although Velasquez may have derived his technical knowledge from these masters, he did what all great painters have done—he applied his knowledge according to his own fashion and to the best of his genius. He took what he considered of

value from their works, but went to nature for his models and his inspirations. According to Pacheco, he felt from the first that she ought to be his principal teacher, and made a vow not to draw or paint anything which he had not before him, that is, except from the thing itself. Whilst in Pacheco's studio he made careful studies of animals, birds, fish, fruit, flowers, and earthen vessels for water, and drinking cups of curious forms, and Moresque colouring, such as are still used by the common people of Andalusia and other parts of Spain. Nor did he neglect the human form and expression, selecting his models from the sunburnt and ragged countrymen of his native province. He even kept a young peasant for this purpose, whom he drew in every kind of attitude and under every form of expression and emotion, such as crying and laughing, without seeking to avoid any difficulty. He was also in the constant habit of drawing heads in chalk, heightened with white, which gave him, says Pacheco, readiness and confidence in portrait-painting—an excellent practice pursued by the old Italian masters with regard to drapery as well as to heads. It was this earnest and constant study which gave him that extraordinary command over his pencil and brush afterwards displayed in his works, and that truthfulness of representation which constitutes his principal charm as a painter. Whilst thus carefully copying from nature, Velasquez was gathering knowledge of the principles of his art, and forming his style by the study of Italian and Flemish pictures, which at that time were brought in large numbers to Seville. To this period of his career belong the 'Adoration of the Magi' in the gallery of Madrid, the earliest known picture by him, painted when in his twentieth year, and dated 1619, the 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' in the National Gallery, and the 'Aguador de Sevilla,' now in the possession of the Duke of Wellington. In 1622, having previously married, when only nineteen, the daughter of Pacheco, he went to Madrid, anxious to see the works of the great masters of the Italian and other schools, which had been collected there by the kings and grandees of Spain, and to make himself known as a painter.

Velasquez arrived at Madrid at a favourable moment. A reign which was disgraced by incessant failures in politics and arms, and by those calamities that led to the rapid fall of Spain from the first to almost the last place amongst the nations of Europe, is memorable as the brightest period of her history in letters and art. Whilst Philip IV. was king, Cervantes, Calderon, Lope de Vega, Gongora, Quevedo, and

the kind with which we are acquainted. The new numbers given by Don Pedro Madrazo to the pictures have been used in this article.

* Ludovico Carracci was born in 1555, Agostino in 1558, and Annibale in 1560; Guido in 1575, and Domenichino in 1581. It is important to bear these dates in mind in studying the Spanish school.

† That of an old man whose name is unknown, No. 1048.

others, amongst writers, and Velasquez and Murillo, amongst painters, were prolonging a traditional glory, which was rapidly being dimmed by her statesmen, her generals, and her diplomatists. Literature and the fine arts have usually flourished in a rising rather than in a declining State. To account for the appearance of so many men of genius during the disastrous reigns of Philip III. and Philip IV., we must search for the causes in an earlier state of things, when Spain was holding the first rank. The encouragement and patronage which enabled them to produce their immortal works may be attributed to the peculiar circumstances of the time in which they lived. Philip IV. was fond of literature and the arts. He was a connoisseur and a dabbler in both. He wrote indifferent verses and painted bad pictures, which received the praise usually bestowed upon royal productions. He was naturally indolent and disinclined to business. He had an ambitious and unscrupulous minister, who aimed at absolute power, and was eager, by gratifying the tastes of his master, to divert his attention from affairs of State. This he could best accomplish by encouraging the King's literary and artistic propensities, and by leading him to sacrifice to them the duties and cares of government. Thus whilst Philip took delight in artists and their works, it was as much in the interest of the Count-Duke Olivarez to find him good painters as to provide him for a similar object with beautiful mistresses. Olivarez himself was fond of the arts, and the discovery and protection of skilful artists became thus a matter of statesmanship to him and gratified at the same time his own tastes.

Velasquez had good friends in Madrid, and amongst them some who possessed influence at Court. They enabled him to see and study the royal collections in the palaces of Madrid, of the Pardo, and of the Escorial. But he did not achieve the success he had hoped for. He appears to have painted only a portrait of Gongora, a poet at that time at the height of his fame, which is still preserved in the Gallery of Madrid. His friends could not obtain for him the royal patronage, and he returned to Seville in disgust. In the following year, however, Don Juan Fonseca y Figueroa, a worthy canon of the cathedral of Seville, who held a small office in the Palace, succeeded in bringing the painter to the notice of Olivarez, who not only invited him to Madrid, but furnished him with the means of performing the journey. Velasquez was soon afterwards employed to paint the King's portrait, which he accomplished with so much success, that

Olivarez declared that no one had before so well portrayed his Majesty. Philip was equally pleased, and ordered all previous portraits of himself to be withdrawn from public exhibition, intimating that he should thenceforward sit to no other painter. The picture, which is supposed to have perished in the fire which destroyed the Palace, represented the King in full armour on horseback. It was exposed, like the works of the old Italian masters, to public criticism in the principal street of Madrid, and excited universal admiration, to the great jealousy of the fashionable artists of the capital. Pacheco was so delighted with the success of his pupil, that he composed a sonnet in his honour, in which the King and the painter were, of course, placed far above Alexander and Apelles.

A royal rescript, dated in 1628, fixes the manner in which Velasquez was to be paid for the works he had already executed for the King, and for the portraits of his Majesty that he might thereafter be called upon to paint. He was to receive 12 reals a day, and for this sum of 4380 reals a year Philip acquired the right of ordering any picture that he chose of the painter.* Velasquez was to receive in addition medical attendance, medicines, and yearly a dress of the value of 90 ducats, like his Majesty's dwarfs and buffoons, barber and shoemaker. The King had, therefore, made a very advantageous and one-sided bargain with the painter, and is scarcely entitled to the reputation of a munificent protector of the arts, which his early patronage of Velasquez has obtained for him. Philip indeed owed more to Velasquez than Velasquez to Philip. His position was, however, assured, and he received proof of the King's favour by his appointment as 'pintor de cámara,' or painter in ordinary. The most distinguished nobles connected with the Court sat to him, and when Charles I. paid his memorable visit to Madrid, he requested Velasquez to paint his portrait. It remained unfinished when Charles suddenly quitted Spain; but he presented the painter with 100 crowns. Although the picture is mentioned by Cean Bermudez and other Spanish writers, no trace of it can now be found. About the same time, he obtained, in competition with the most eminent painters of his time, the commission for a great historical picture, representing the expulsion of the Moriscos from Spain by Philip III. The king was so highly satisfied with Velasquez' work (which is unfortunately lost), that he named him an Usher of the royal chambers.

In 1628, Rubens visited Madrid for the

* The real is now worth about 2½d.

second time as ambassador from the King of England to Philip IV. He had already been in correspondence with Velasquez, who hastened to greet a painter whose works had long excited his admiration. The influence of Rubens, and his instructive comments upon the pictures of the great masters which adorned the royal palaces, and which they visited together, produced a remarkable change in Velasquez. He felt dissatisfied with the limited knowledge of his art that he could acquire in Spain, and determined to visit Italy, where he could study the masterpieces of the Italian schools. But Philip was unwilling that he should go, and it was not until the following year that he gave him permission to depart. To provide for the expenses of his journey, the King directed that he should be paid 100 ducats as the price of his picture of the 'Borrachos,' and 300 ducats for other works previously executed,* to which the Count-Duke added 200 golden ducats and a gold medal of his Majesty. Furnished with letters of recommendation to ambassadors, statesmen, and other illustrious personages, Velasquez sailed from Barcelona on the 10th August, in company with the greatest captain of the age, Ambrose Spinola.

With his first visit to Italy ends Velasquez' first manner. Its characteristics are powerful colouring without much variety, a general brown and sombre tone, usually associated with our notions of the Spanish school; strong contrasts of 'chiaroscuro,' or high lights with dark shadows; a decided and somewhat hard outline; broad and well-defined draperies; naturalistic treatment of common types; admirable truthfulness of representation; careful drawing and modelling, and good composition, according to the Italian maxims. Writers on Spanish painting have attributed Velasquez' first manner to the influence of Caravaggio and Ribera. The latter had left Spain before Velasquez could have profited by his teaching, but the works of both painters were then much prized, and many of them had been brought to Spain. There is no doubt that the general similarity of treatment between them and the early pictures of Velasquez is at first sight striking, and it is very probable that upon them, and from the precepts of Pacheco, he chiefly formed his first style. To this first manner belong, in addition to the 'Adoration of the Magi,' the 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' and the 'Aguador de Sevilla,' already mentioned, the celebrated picture known as the 'Bor-

rachos,' or the 'Topers,' in the Madrid Gallery, and several portraits in the same collection. In the 'Adoration of the Magi,' the male forms are vulgar, and without any attempt at refinement. They are such as may still be seen any day amongst the Spanish peasantry. The Virgin is a comely country-woman. She holds up before the adoring kings the Child, whose limbs are swathed and bandaged in swaddling-clothes—still the fate of unhappy infants in Spain. The draperies are broad and conventional, with ample folds marked with decision. The tone of the picture is dark and rather monotonous, brown being the prevailing colour. The composition is that of the later Italian schools.

The 'Borrachos,' painted shortly before he left Madrid for Italy, shows a considerable advance in his powers, and in knowledge of his art. It is the best example of his first manner, and shows the influence of the works of Caravaggio upon him. The general tone has suffered from the effects of time and from repainting. The sky and some colours, especially the greens, which in all Velasquez' pictures have changed, have become black and opaque. This, with the darkness of the shadows, and the prevalence of browns, gives a sombre character to the picture. A peasant boy, a mock Bacchus, crowned with vine-leaves and half naked, is seated on a barrel. A man kneels before him to receive a garland, the prize of his tippling powers. To his right a half tipsy, unclothed youth lolls upon a bank and raises a glass in one hand; below him, his companion holds the wine-jar. On the other side is a group of men in various stages of tipsiness, some grinning and joking, others staid and solemn. The scene is just such a drunken orgie as might be performed by a party of Spanish peasants; and the subject is treated with a humour worthy of Cervantes. The truth and power of the picture are equally remarkable; the lights are skilfully contrasted with dark shadows; the drawing is free, though not always correct; the composition effective; the heads full of natural expression; the details—the earthen jug, the bowls and glasses—inimitable. These qualities are well calculated to delight those who are unable to appreciate the profound knowledge and wonderful skill of Velasquez's later works. It has been said that the 'Borrachos' was the picture by Velasquez which Wilkie most admired, and which most influenced him in his later or historical manner. But this may well be doubted, for in truth nothing can differ more from the careful and sober colouring of Velasquez, in

* This appears from a document preserved in the archives of the Palace of Madrid.

this as well as in his later works, than the hasty and dashing handling of Wilkie after his visit to Spain.

Of the portraits executed by Velasquez at this period, the most important, that of Philip IV. on horseback, which first established his reputation, is unfortunately lost. But we may perhaps judge of the manner in which it was painted by the fine full-length portrait of Philip's brother Don Carlos,* a prince of remarkable endowments, who died, to the great grief of the Spanish nation, at the early age of twenty-six. He was superior to the King in personal appearance as well as in ability and character, but he possessed the same strongly-marked Austrian features,—the narrow forehead, the large hanging nether lip, and the square, heavy chin. Velasquez has represented him in the usual black garb of the Spanish noble, slightly relieved by the collar of the Golden Fleece, and holding a glove in his right hand. The portrait is perfectly simple and yet dignified; the 'pose' as in all Velasquez' full-lengths, natural and easy. The flesh-tints are brown, and the shadows dark and somewhat heavy. Of the same period, and possessing the same characteristic qualities, are two portraits, one formerly attributed to Zurbaran, but now known to be that of the poet Gongora, painted by Velasquez on his first visit to Madrid, and the other that of a middle-aged man in black, with a ruff round his neck, whose name has not been identified.† They are forcible, but dark and bronzy in tone. Like them, but more sketchy, are the masterly likenesses of his wife and two daughters.

Even before Velasquez quitted Madrid for Italy, the counsels of Rubens had induced him to modify his early manner. This is shown by a portrait of Philip IV.,‡ painted shortly before his departure, in which the flesh tints are more transparent and warmer than in his previous works, without however the brilliancy of those of Rubens, and which is somewhat wanting in relief on account of the absence of shadows.

At Venice, Velasquez was received and entertained by the Spanish ambassador. The representative of the Republic at Madrid had already warned the jealous and vigilant Council of the Ten, that the painter was about to arrive in their city, and that at the request of the Count-Duke, he had given him a passport; but he as-

sured them that there was no cause to suspect the young man, whose only object, he was persuaded, was to improve himself in his profession. However, he considered it his duty, he wrote, to inform their Excellencies of Velasquez' approaching visit, that they might keep their eye on him. We can imagine the impression that the works of the great Venetian colourists, of Giorgione, Titian, Tintoret, and Paul Veronese, must have made upon Velasquez. Undimmed by time, and undefiled by restorers, they were then in all their freshness and brilliancy. A new field must have opened itself to the vision of the Spanish painter. The exquisite beauty of the city itself—its canals and palaces, the magical effects of colour which met him at every turn—added to his delight. He ever afterwards looked back to his first visit to Venice as the most pleasing event of his artistic life. He set himself at once to copy the pictures which most struck him, and amongst them a famous 'Crucifixion, by Tintoret (probably that in the Scuola di San Rocco), and a 'Last Supper' by the same master, for whom he formed the highest admiration. Compelled to leave Venice on account of the breaking out of War he went to Rome, passing through Florence and other cities, and being received on his journey with honour and distinction. He was offered rooms in the Vatican by Urban VIII., which he declined, but gratefully accepted the Pope's order for free access to all parts of the building, that he might study its treasures of art. He employed himself diligently in copying with pencil and brush from the great frescoes painted by Raphael and Michael Angelo a century before. Through the good offices of the Spanish ambassador, he obtained permission to live in the villa of the Medici, now the French Academy, on the Trinità dei Monti, and there occupied himself with drawing from many fine antique statues, and in sketching in the beautiful grounds of the palace. Some of the sketches he made are preserved in the Gallery of Madrid. They are masterly of their kind, and especially interesting, as showing how Velasquez viewed and sought to represent nature. He had not altogether abandoned his tendency to strong contrasts of light and shade, and to a general subdued, almost dark, tone of colouring. In these respects his Roman sketches bear a resemblance to the works of Canaletto, although painted with a freer and perhaps stronger hand.*

* No. 1078 in the Madrid Gallery, and not mentioned as that of Don Carlos by Mr. Stirling and other writers on Spanish art.

† No. 1103. The portrait of Gongora was numbered 527 in the old catalogue; it is now No. 1085.

‡ No. 1071 in the Madrid Gallery.

* This resemblance is less seen in the fine studies for the Gardens of Aranjuez in the Mad-

Velasquez remained a year in Rome, where he must have known Domenichino, Guido, Guercino, and other eminent painters residing there at that time. Whilst there, he painted two pictures, the 'Forge of Vulcan,' now in the Madrid Gallery, and the 'Joseph's Coat,' preserved in the Escorial. Both these works show the influence of the Italian colourists upon him, and the change which was rapidly taking place in his manner. In Spain, although he had painted the 'Borrachos' from half naked peasant boys, he had been unable to study fully from living models. The all-powerful and ever-meddling Inquisition had forbidden the representation of the nude, and especially of the female form, and a painter who had transgressed in that respect, might have found himself in its dungeons. The contrast offered by a collection of Italian and of Spanish paintings is very curious, not only on account of the gloomy and ascetic character of the latter, but from the almost entire absence in them of the naked figure. The sprawling Venuses and Cupids of the Italian schools are replaced by well-clothed saints and monks. The Virgin, like the queens and great ladies of Spain, may not even show her feet, and the Infant Jesus is usually swaddled up to the chin with the utmost care. Except in the 'supreme' moment of being skinned or boiled, a martyr cannot be seen without his clothes. At Rome, Velasquez found himself under no such restraint. He had ample opportunities of drawing from the life, and he had before him the noblest representations of the human form and features on canvas and in marble. But whether in consequence of his early education and training, or because the bent of his genius was in a different direction, the works he executed under the influence of Italian examples are inferior in every respect to his Spanish pictures. They prove that, with his unsurpassed ability to copy nature, he was deficient in the highest qualities of the painter—imagination and the power of idealizing his subject. The two pictures he painted at Rome, although their cleverness and mastery of execution must be admitted, are but vulgar conceptions of the subjects they represent. The models which he has chosen are accurately copied, but they are commonplace and without dignity. Vulcan and his companions are village blacksmiths; Apollo little better than a country boor, who is telling a farrier a bit of gossip about his wife. We observe, however, his usual power

of rendering expression, an increased facility and freedom of execution, and an absence of those heavy brown shadows which mark his earlier works, although the picture is subdued and low in tone, even to the fire and iron red-hot for the anvil. The 'Joseph's Coat' is treated in the same manner as the 'Forge of Vulcan,' and the models that were used for the Cyclops, figure as Joseph's brethren.*

After spending a short time at Naples with his imperious countryman Ribera, 'Lo Spagnoletto,' who had attained an extraordinary and undeserved reputation, Velasquez returned in 1631 to Madrid, after an absence of less than two years. He was warmly welcomed by the King, who ordered a studio to be provided for him in the Palace. For eighteen years, until his second journey to Italy, Velasquez enjoyed the highest favour at Court, Philip rarely failing to pass some portion of every day in his painting-room, to which he kept a private key. He was named 'ugier de cámara,' or gentleman usher, an office which caused him so much vexation and trouble, that he resigned it in 1634 in favour of the painter Del Mazo, who had married his only surviving daughter. He was soon afterwards appointed to another Court place, that of 'ayuda de la guardaropa,' but without being required to perform its duties, and subsequently promoted to that of 'ayuda de cámara,' or chamberlain. He was chiefly employed in painting the King, the members of the royal family and household, and the most illustrious grandees. He appears rarely to have treated religious or historical subjects. The Madrid Gallery possesses only two pictures of this class which belong to his second manner, a 'Crucifixion' and the 'Surrender of Breda.' He had altogether abandoned his first manner. Instead of prevailing brown tone, black shadows, and hard outline, he adopted a silvery-grey tone, transparent shadows, and a more natural gradation of tints. His heads were carefully modelled in warm and transparent colours, more after the manner of Rubens and of the Venetian masters. His landscape back-grounds are perhaps too blue, and are consequently somewhat monotonous in character. His execution is free, rapid and decisive. He rarely even took the trouble to paint over the 'pentimenti' or parts he had corrected, which are visible in most of his pictures. To this second period of his career belong the equestrian portraits of

rid Gallery, in which unfortunately the original colours have become dark and black, but which give a high idea of Velasquez's powers as a landscape painter.

* For a fuller description of these pictures, see 'Velasquez and his Works,' by Mr. Stirling, who has, we think, ranked them both too high. Mr. Ford's criticisms upon them ('Handbook for Spain') are more just.

Philip III. and his Queen, Margaret of Austria, and of Philip IV. and Isabella of Bourbon, his first wife. Mr. Stirling* pronounces that of Philip IV. the finest equestrian portrait in the world. If this high phrase be deserved, which we think more than doubtful, it is because there are so few with which it can be compared. Like all Velasquez' pictures, it is painted with great truth. Parts, such as the heads of the King and the horse, are as fine as anything by him; and placed as they are on a light ground, without any artificial relief or what the French term 'repoussoir,' they are remarkable examples of his skill as a colourist. Philip is represented in half armour of steel and gold, across which is bound a crimson scarf, and wears a hat with a plume of white and brown feathers. He is mounted upon a powerful Andalusian bay, with mane falling to the stirrup, and a long bushy tail. In his right hand he holds a Field Marshal's baton of command. Philip thus wished to celebrate his triumphal entry into Lerida after the capture of the city in 1644. The four portraits were painted at the same time, and being intended for the decoration of a large hall in the Palace, are rather formal in composition, wanting the life that Velasquez has thrown into other works of the same class. The dresses and ornaments are, however, executed with the utmost care. A general bluish-grey tone pervades these pictures. The portraits of Philip III. and his Queen, whom Velasquez never saw, were probably taken from Pantoja or some other painter, and they are so inferior to his other works that we can scarcely persuade ourselves that they are by him, unless they have been entirely repainted.

More remarkable in character, and still better examples of the genius of Velasquez, are the two well-known equestrian portraits of Olivarez and of the Infante Don Baltasar Carlos. The Count-Duke, mounted on a prancing war-horse, and dressed in black and gold armour and plumed hat, raises in his right hand a Marshal's truncheon, as if directing the battle raging in the distance. He had never taken part in war, but it was said of him by his flatterers that it only required that he should have occasion to command in order that the world might confess that he was a great general. Velasquez may have

ministered a little to his vanity by representing him as the hero of an imaginary battle. He had, however, the reputation in his youth of being the best horseman in Spain. The head is admirably painted, and the likeness was no doubt perfect. It bears the impress of the character of the minister, who brought so many calamities on his country, and who never forgave or spared a rival—haughty, cunning, cruel, and unscrupulous—the very worst of Spanish types. The armour, the trappings of the horse, and all the other details, are rendered with extraordinary truth. The smallness of the horse's head has been, perhaps justly, criticized, and the rider sits too forward, apparently almost on the neck of the animal.

Near the portrait of the Count-Duke, by Velasquez, is that of Charles V., Titian. The two are so hung that they admit of ready comparison. The contrast between them is eminently instructive to those who would rightly appreciate the difference between the genius of those two great painters—between the 'idealist' and the 'naturalist'—the one looking at nature with a poet's eye, the other satisfied in reproducing literally and truthfully that which he sees before him. If there be any departure from truth in Velasquez' picture, it is in the somewhat artificial and mock heroic action of the horse and its rider—the horse rearing on the very edge of a ravine, the rider proudly directing a battle which he never witnessed. In Titian's grand portrait—the grandest of its class—there are united to the most poetical conception of the subject a calm quiet dignity and a natural movement entirely in harmony with the character and history of the Emperor. Charles is seen advancing, lance in rest, against the enemy on the fatal field of Muhlberg—so disastrous to the Protestant cause—where he himself commanded. The yellow dawn is just breaking through the rising clouds; the landscape—plain, hills, and trees—is in deep shadow, and the principal light of the picture is concentrated on the pale, earnest, and refined features and gorgeous gold-inlaid armour of the Emperor,* over which floats the crimson scarf, embroidered with gold—the badge of a General of the House of Burgundy. On his steel morion waves a plume of crimson feathers. His horse, an Andalusian bay—a present from Monsieur de Ri, Knight of the Golden Fleece and his First Chamberlain—nearly covered with velvet trappings, canters gently over the sward. The coun-

* 'Velasquez and his Works,' p. 91. Mr. Stirling has fallen into the mistake of Cean Bermudez in identifying this portrait with the first painted by Velasquez of the King on his return from Seville in 1624; which, as we have said, was destroyed. Philip was then a much younger man than he appears in the equestrian portrait in the Madrid Gallery.

* This suit of armour is still preserved in the royal armoury of Madrid.

tenance of the Emperor betrays the suffering which he had recently undergone, and which made him loth to put on his armour on that day. His voice was so feeble that it could scarcely be heard. But his pale emaciated face—the Protestants called him ‘the corpse’—has that determined, lofty, and high-bred look which became the greatest monarch and the first gentleman of the age, and shows the valour and energy which, historians say, animated his feeble body when the moment for action had come. In that face, indeed, is written the whole history of the man. There is a wonderful poetry in this picture, arising from the most perfect harmony of colour, feeling, and expression, which, although true to nature, is such as only a painter like Titian could have produced.* Velasquez, deficient in the highest gifts of the imagination, could not have thus conceived a subject. In the portrait of Olivarez, the likeness and the details are admirable for their truth, and the technical execution is as perfect as possible; but it wants that idealization, that poetical version of nature, which give an inexpressible charm to Titian’s Charles V. and to other masterpieces of that great painter.

The delightful equestrian portrait of the Infante Don Baltasar Carlos, the son of Philip IV., who died, still young, before his father, was probably painted in 1635. The young Prince, in his sixth or seventh year, is represented galloping on a breezy afternoon over the hunting-grounds of the Pardo on his chestnut pony. He is dressed in a tight-fitting jacket, embroidered with gold, and in high boots. His scarlet scarf flutters in the wind. His countenance has the animation and freshness of childhood; his action is full of life and enjoyment. As in the portrait of Olivarez, a silvery-blue tone pervades the picture, especially the landscape, with the distant snow-capped mountains. The shadow cast by the broad hat over the upper part of the boy’s face is as transparent as the shadows of Paul Veronese.

To the same period, or soon after Velasquez’ return from Italy, belong his fine full-length portraits of Philip IV., of the Infante Don Ferdinand of Austria, his brother, and of Prince Baltasar, all three represented in shooting dress, and accompanied by their dogs. ‘They were,’ his biographer says, ‘the admiration of all who saw them, and

they seemed to be alive.’ The well-known Austrian features are conspicuous in the three—the large under-lip and square chin, the pale complexion and light hair, and that weak and indolent expression which, at last, degenerated into the imbecile face of the unfortunate Charles II. Philip was then about thirty years of age; his countenance, not unpleasing, was dull and reserved, and it is said that he was never seen to smile.

We will conclude this list of portraits with that of Don Antonio Alonso Pimentel, 9th Count of Benavente, Governor of the frontiers of Portugal in 1641—about which time the picture appears to have been painted. He is represented in full armour, bare-headed, and with one hand resting upon a helmet. It is, for life-like representation, one of the most admirable of Velasquez’ portraits. The head is, in every respect, excellent. The painting of the bright damascened armour, with surrounding objects reflected upon it, is broad and masterly. It is not a little curious that this portrait should, even in the time of Philip V., have been attributed in the royal inventories to Titian. It is only recently that it has been identified and assigned to its right author. If it had been the portrait of Don Adrian Pulido Pareja, such is its marvellous truthfulness that we might almost credit the story told by Palomino that Philip, seeing, as he thought, the Admiral in Velasquez’ studio, asked him angrily why he was still in Madrid, and not away on the service upon which he had been ordered. Receiving no reply, and discovering that he had been addressing a portrait, he turned to the painter, and exclaimed that he had fairly been deceived. Unfortunately Pareja’s portrait, like those of Cardinal Borja, archbishop of Seville, and of other distinguished persons, including a lady of extraordinary beauty, mentioned by Cean Bermudez, have disappeared. That of the poet Quevedo, which was no less celebrated, is now in the possession of the Duke of Wellington.

In 1638 Velasquez painted a ‘Crucifixion,’ for the convent of the nuns of St. Placido in Madrid. It hung neglected in the sacristy until taken by the French invaders in 1808 to Paris, where it was sold by public auction to the Duke of San Fernando, and presented by him to Ferdinand VII. This is the only instance in which Velasquez is known to have treated a similar subject. Mr. Stirling observes of this picture, that ‘never was that great agony more powerfully depicted.’ The praise is not undeserved, although the death of Our Lord has called forth the

* This great picture was hung, with other masterpieces of the Italian, Flemish, and Spanish schools, in the principal hall of the royal palace at Madrid, in a black frame. In the fire which destroyed the building, it was injured in the lower part, where it has consequently been much restored and repainted.

powers of the greatest painters. Velasquez has shown in it that he could draw and model the human form skilfully and correctly. Its solemn effect is increased by the uniformly dark background, and by the concealment of a portion of the face of the Saviour by his falling hair.

In 1647 Velasquez was commanded by Philip IV. to paint an historical picture representing the great event of his reign—the surrender of Breda. Another Spanish painter, José Leonardo, received a similar commission. The two pictures were to hang in the ‘Salon de Comedias,’ a hall of the Royal Palace of Buen-Retiro. They are now in the Gallery of Madrid. They furnish an example of how differently two men can treat the same subject, and on this account, and on this account alone, invite comparison. The picture of José Leonardo, a painter who enjoyed a considerable reputation, and whose works still find favour with Spanish writers, is the conventional commonplace representation of the event, such as would suggest itself to a vulgar mind. Spinola seated on his horse, haughtily receives the keys of the city from Justin of Nassau, who kneels humbly before him. He is the arrogant conqueror humiliating to his utmost the brave man whom fate had made his prisoner. The composition and colour are as poor and weak as the conception. How differently has Velasquez conceived the same scene! Rejecting all conventional treatment, adhering strictly to nature, and representing the same event precisely as it might have occurred, he has placed before us two brave men, who, in the relative position of conqueror and conquered, meet each other as gentlemen and equals—the one acknowledging the skill and success of his victorious adversary, the other respecting the courage and misfortune of a gallant and honorable foe. We know of no finer historical picture. It shows the extraordinary power possessed by Velasquez of ‘realising’ an event, simply and naturally, and of expressing individual character. Justin of Nassau, after an heroic defence of nearly ten months, was compelled by famine to give up the city of Breda to the Marquess Ambrose Spinola, who, like most of the great men to whom Spain owes her ancient glory, was an Italian, and a victim to her mean jealousy of foreigners, and to her ingratitude. Although the garrison had surrendered without terms, Spinola scorned to sanction those atrocious deeds of carnage, lust, and rapine which have so often disgraced the Spanish arms, and generously permitted the garrison to march out with the honors of war, receiving their leader with the distinction and courtesy due

to his courage and rank. Velasquez has thoroughly understood and represented the character and feelings of the two generals. Spinola, to avoid showing any superiority over his fallen enemy, has dismounted from his horse, and receiving Justin uncovered, prevents him from kneeling, and kindly and courteously places the right hand upon his shoulder. His manner and expression are those of a humane man and a perfect gentleman. Velasquez had probably marked his countenance well during his voyage to Italy in company with the illustrious Genoese. Justin, with a noble look of resignation and sorrow, bends forward when delivering to Spinola the keys of the city. The meeting is witnessed by the Spanish and Flemish troops, who are drawn up on opposite sides. This arrangement of the composition was necessary to tell the story, but the two groups and the masses of colour are skilfully united by the extended arm of Spinola. Behind the Spanish General stand the Marquess of Leganés and several Spanish and Italian noblemen, and a fine head in the corner, in a hat and feathers, is supposed to represent the painter himself, although the features do not agree with those of his authentic portraits. The contrast between the Spanish and Flemish soldiers is shown without exaggeration or caricature. The Spaniards refined and haughty, the Flemish burly and honest. The strongest individuality of character and expression is given to each head. In the distance are seen the city, its detached forts, and the lines of the besiegers, and beyond a vast expanse of country, through which winds the river Merk. The effect of space and air is surprising. The colour is fresh and sparkling; the general tone a silvery blue. The numerous details are executed with the utmost care; the heads admirably modelled, the composition full of movement and life.

From the raised lances which cut the sky behind the Spanish leaders, this picture is usually known as ‘Las Lanzas.’ It shows perhaps better than any other of his works the versatility and originality of Velasquez as a painter of history, of portraits, of animals and of landscape—it is the triumph of his second manner.

Velasquez’s celebrated ‘Dwarfs’ were probably painted between the equestrian portrait of Philip IV. and the ‘Surrender of Breda.’ It was the custom in the seventeenth century for the kings of Spain, and indeed of other countries, to keep such deformed creatures about their Courts. Even the household of a wealthy Spanish noble was not complete without one. Velasquez has portrayed the most favoured of

the royal dwarfs, giving to each his individuality and his characteristic expression and gesture. 'El Primo' (the Cousin), as he was familiarly called, is seen seated on a rock, dressed in black, and wearing a broad hat of the same colour. He has an expression of solemn and haughty dignity, not unworthy of a grandee of Spain studying in the folio volume bound in parchment lying open before him, the genealogy of his ancient race.* 'Don Sebastian de Morra' has that forbidding and vindictive expression which so frequently distinguishes his kind. He sits doggedly on the ground, with his hands clenched and his feet stretched out. 'El Niño de Vallecas' gazes with a vacant and idiotic grin, holding a crust in one hand. 'El Bobo de Coria' crouches huddled up with his joined hands resting on one knee, and with an imbecile simper. In colour, modelling, and individuality these portraits are of the highest order. They are painted with a broad vigorous touch, and possess those powerful effects of 'chiaroscuro' or light and shade, in which Velasquez always delighted.

In 1643 Velasquez accompanied the king in his campaign against the Catalan rebels, when Philip displayed for a few months an ability and energy which so little agreed with his usual indolent and profitless life. He was present at the triumphal entry of his Majesty into Lerida, when he probably made the sketch for the equestrian portrait which we have described. By the fall of Olivarez, whose grasping ambition and reckless policy had brought continued disasters on Spain, and had reduced her rapidly to the second rank amongst nations, Velasquez lost a generous friend and patron. He did not hesitate to show his sympathy and respect for the fallen minister, and by doing so did not forfeit the favour of the king. This proof of his courage and independence is the theme of the wonder of Spanish writers, who have a very different idea of a courtier's duties.

In 1643 Velasquez was appointed 'Ayuda de Cámara,' or Chamberlain, and was in constant attendance upon Philip, who frequently consulted him upon important public affairs. It was probably at his suggestion that the king formed the design of founding an Academy of the Fine Arts in Madrid, and of adding to his splendid collection of pictures which he had recently increased by the purchase, through his agents, of the masterpieces of the Gallery of Charles I. He commanded the painter himself to

go to Italy to purchase for him statues and paintings for these purposes. Velasquez accordingly left Spain in company with the Duke of Naxera, who was proceeding to Trent to receive Maria of Austria, the second wife of Philip.

Velasquez revisited the principal cities of Italy, studying their schools of painting and collections. He returned with delight to Venice, and purchased there for the king several important pictures by his favourite masters, especially Tintoret. At Parma the works of Correggio principally attracted his attention. Passing rapidly through Rome he went to Naples to see the viceroy, the Count of Oñate, who was charged with supplying him with funds for executing the royal commission. Having spent a short time with his friend Ribera, who was still enjoying an ill-acquired reputation, he returned to Rome where he was received with great distinction by Pope Innocent X. At that time no painter of any real eminence was to be found in that city. The great 'eclectics' were dead or had left it. Pietro da Cortona, a bold effective draughtsman, without true genius or originality, was the leading painter, and sculpture was represented by Bernini and his extravagant followers. Velasquez had nothing to learn from them. They might indeed have learnt a great deal from him, and have seen how much he had profited from that study of nature which they had abandoned. But the arts were then fast declining. Italy, torn to pieces by the rival ambitions of France and Spain, betrayed by her own princes, and impoverished by constant wars and oppression, had entered upon that stage of political and moral abasement which lasted for two centuries, and from which she is only now recovering. An Academy had been founded at Rome which did not tend much to the revival or promotion of the arts. It is not surprising that the portrait which Velasquez made of his mulatto slave, Juan de Pareja, who accompanied him on both his journeys to Italy, should have excited the admiration and wonder of the Romans.* Its success induced Innocent X. to sit to the painter. The portrait of the pontiff still hangs in the Panfilii Doria Palace, and is justly considered one of the chief treasures of a city so rich in great monuments, and is probably the finest work by Velasquez out of Spain. The Pope, as a proof of his satisfaction, gave Velasquez a gold medal with his effigy, and a gold chain. His nephew, Cardinal Panfilii,

* The portrait of 'El Primo' was probably painted in 1644 during Philip's expedition to Catalonia. It is No. 1095 in the new catalogue.

* This is probably the portrait now in the possession of the Earl of Radnor at Longford Castle. Waagen ('Art Treasures of Great Britain,' vol. iii. p. 141) calls it 'a portrait of the first class.'

and some of the great officers of his court, followed his example in sitting to the Spanish painter.

Velasquez had been two years absent from Spain, and Philip desired his return. He received a hint to that effect from his friend Don Fernando Ruiz de Contreras, and at once hastened back, reaching Madrid in the month of June, 1651. The king received him with much satisfaction. The office of 'Aposentador Mayor,' a kind of Quartermaster-General of the Palace, being vacant, Velasquez applied for it, and was selected by the king out of four candidates, although he had received less support than they had obtained from influential grandees about the court.* His principal duties were to direct public ceremonies and festivals, to provide lodgings and provisions for the king during royal progresses and journeys, to superintend the royal palaces, and to control various subordinate officers connected with them. Although the place was an honourable and lucrative one, and brought the painter in still closer relations with the king by giving him at all times access to the royal presence, it entailed upon him many irksome duties, and unfortunately occupied much of the time which he might have more profitably employed in painting. It involved him too in many quarrels trying to his patience and temper. Velasquez brought back with him from Italy many valuable pictures, some by artists then living, which now form part of the fine public gallery of Madrid. A renewed study of the Italian masters produced a further change in his manner of painting. Three of his works in the Madrid Collection illustrate the immediate effects of this Italian influence—the 'Coronation of the Virgin,' painted for the private chapel of the Queen, the 'God Mars,' and the 'Mercury and Argos.' In them he attempted, but unsuccessfully, to imitate the colouring of the Venetian school. The 'Coronation of the Virgin' shows his usual ability in representing nature, but is deficient in the dignity and religious feeling that become such a subject. The heads of the two Persons of the Trinity are commonplace in character; those of fine old men and nothing more. The Virgin is a handsome Italian model, such as he may have obtained in Rome. The heads of some cherubs are very cleverly painted. The general tone is much warmer than usual with Velasquez, and the whites and high lights sparkling and telling, but the color is monotonous and

of a purply hue. The draperies want variety, and are broken up into small folds, poor, and not well understood—a rare thing in Velasquez' works. Similar defects are observable in the two other pictures which he painted at the same time. The 'Mars' is nothing but a clever study from a model; the details are executed with Velasquez' usual care, but a monotonous red tone prevails, and the picture is uninteresting. The same may be said of the 'Argos and Mercury,' which is scarcely more than a sketch. Velasquez must have felt that he had failed, for his three pictures, painted at the same time, were the only ones he appears to have executed in this style.* He adopted a manner better suited to his genius, and differing altogether from that of the great colourists whom he most admired—Tintoret, Titian, and Rubens. In his second manner he had never approached them in brilliancy, and in that rich and harmonious colouring which forms the charm of the Venetian painters. But his second visit to Italy, and his further acquaintance with the Italian Masters, were not without advantage to him. Especially they led him to abandon altogether the hardness of outline and that of natural gradation in light and shade which are apparent in his earliest works. He even seems to have acquired from Andrea del Sarto, and some other painters of the Florentine school, what the Italians term the 'sfumatezza,' or that lazy blending of colour which distinguishes some of his later pictures. He produces the effect he desires, especially in details, by a much broader and simpler mode of treatment. His touch had become so sure and masterly that Raphael Mengs justly observed of one of his pictures, the 'Hilanderas,' that it seemed 'rather the result of his will than the work of his hand.' His later pictures are consequently better seen and understood from a distance than near. Their general tone is very low and quiet, almost sombre, as in the works of his youth; but his shadows are transparent, not heavy and brown, as in his first manner. The light and shade, contrasted with admirable effect, and the aerial perspective, are wonderfully true to nature, and convey an impression of reality, which, in some instances, as in the representation of interiors, is quite marvel-

* This appears from documents preserved in the archives of the Palace, which have been published by Don M. R. Zarco del Valle, in his 'Documentos Ineditos para la Historia de las Bellas Artes en España,' Madrid, 1870.

* Not having seen the 'Venus' (now in the possession of Mr. Morritt, of Rokeby) which he is said to have painted in imitation of Titian, we are unable to say whether this picture belongs to the same period as those above described. Of Velasquez' ability to paint from the model, we have ample proof in the 'Crucifixion;' but no example of his skill in representing the female nude figure—the most difficult feat in his art—exists, as far as we are aware, in Spain.

lous. Painted in this third manner are the fine pictures of the 'Meniñas' and the 'Hilanderas' in the Madrid Gallery.

Most painters of original genius, from Raphael to Turner, have had their 'three manners' or 'styles.' The reason is easily explained. When under the immediate influence of their teachers they followed and imitated them to a certain extent, as Raphael did Pietro Perugino. As they felt more confidence in their own powers they emancipated themselves from early impressions, and struck out a way for themselves, forming their second manner, in which their individuality prevailed. Experience gave them confidence, and an increased facility of execution, and they adopted their third manner, in which they either produced masterpieces combining the highest qualities, or, as in the case of Turner, degenerated into wild extravagance, and contempt of the acknowledged rules and ends of painting.

Thus the 'Meniñas' and the 'Hilanderas' belong to the period of the highest development of Velasquez' genius, and were both painted in the year 1656. They show his consummate skill and his complete knowledge of the technical part of his art. Of the one, Lucca Giordano declared that it was 'the Theology of Painting;' for, as theology was the first of sciences (as it was then considered in Spain), and embraced every other, so Velasquez' picture contained all that was necessary for the teaching and acquirement of the art. To Mengs' remark on the 'Hilanderas' we have already referred. Both criticisms contain a large amount of truth.

The 'Meniñas,' or, as it was formerly called, 'la Familia,' represents Velasquez in his studio painting the royal family. In front of him are supposed to be standing Philip IV. and his Queen, Doña Mariana of Austria. They are not seen, but are reflected in a looking-glass on the opposite wall. In the fore-ground of the picture stands the little Princess Margarita Maria, attended by a misshapen, big-headed, female dwarf, named Maria Barbola. A well-proportioned but diminutive male dwarf, called Nicolasito Pertusato, is teasing with his foot a huge mastiff, which lies sleepily on the floor, and treats his tormentor with evident contempt. Behind this group are two attendants on the Princess — her dueña, Marcela de Ulloa, and a 'guarda-damas.' To their right stands the painter himself before his easel, brush and palette in hand. In the back-ground Don José Nieto, 'Aposentador' of the Queen, is seen through an open door ascending some steps and pushing back a curtain. The walls of the apart-

ment are hung with pictures, in black ebony frames, according to the general custom of that day.* The little Princess is a poor, sickly child, dressed in the extravagant court costume of the time. Her two 'Meniñas,' or young ladies of honour, who seek to amuse her, especially Dona Maria Agustina Sarmiento, afterwards a celebrated beauty, are pretty and sprightly girls. At first sight this picture may not produce a favourable impression, on account of its general dark and subdued tone. Even the colors which are introduced in the ornaments and dresses of the Princess and her attendants are kept as low as possible. We find none of the silvery blues characteristic of Velasquez' second manner, and there is a complete absence of warm flesh tints. The treatment is rather that of his first manner. But how different is the 'Meniñas' from the 'Borrachos!' In it there are no strong or sharply defined outlines, no violent transitions of light and shade, no conventional draperies, and no black shadows. The colours are lightly laid on, and, although dark, are transparent, and fused so skilfully that they seem to melt insensibly into each other. The more we look at the picture, the more it shows us the mastery of the painter over his materials, and his wonderful power of rendering nature. For truthful representation it could not be surpassed by photography, which in certain qualities of chiaroscuro it resembles. But it exceeds photography in delicate gradations of tone, and in the subtle rendering of aerial perspective, rivalling the works of De Hoogh in effects of light and atmosphere, produced by the open door, and the subdued gleam of sunlight through the side-window. When Philip saw this wonderful picture, and was told by Velasquez that it was finished, he is said to have observed that it yet wanted something, and, taking a brush, painted with his royal hand the red cross of the order of 'Santiago' upon the painter's breast. It is to be regretted that stubborn dates throw a doubt upon the truth of a story which would be as honourable to Philip as to Velasquez†

* It would appear from the inventories of the Royal Palaces, that pictures were almost invariably thus framed. It was the same in private houses. Whether this custom was derived from Holland, where black frames were also in common use, or whether it was adopted in consequence of a sumptuary law of the time of Philip IV., which forbade gilded furniture, we are unable to say. In Spanish churches, to which that law did not extend, gilded frames of the most elaborate description were employed.

† In the small repetition of this picture in the possession of Mr. Banks, of Kingston Lacy, Velasquez is seen with the cross of Santiago. If therefore, this be the original sketch, as some

Sir Charles Eastlake pronounced the *Meniñas* the 'triumph of chiaroscuro,' and declared that 'it was worth coming to Madrid to see.'

The '*Hilanderas*,' or 'Spinners,' is less dark and sombre in colour than the '*Meniñas*.' Velasquez has introduced blues and reds more freely into the draperies of the principal figures, but of a quiet low tone, which produces a general harmony, adding much to the appearance of atmosphere in the picture. As in the '*Meniñas*' a strong light from an open window or door is concentrated upon an inner room in the background with the greater effect, as the foreground is skilfully thrown into shadow. The composition is simple and natural. The picture represents the interior of the royal tapestry manufactory of Santa Isabel in Madrid. In the foreground a group of poorly-dressed women are engaged in preparing and spinning the worsted for weaving. In the inner room attendants are showing a piece of tapestry to a lady, who stands with her back to the spectator. Such are the commonplace incidents chosen by the painter.

To fully understand the extraordinary merits of this picture, it should be first viewed from the opposite side of the room in which it hangs. The delusion is complete. Nature herself is reproduced. We are at a loss which most to admire, the absolute truthfulness of representation, the exquisite harmony of colour, or the very semblance of air and light that the painter has produced. Our surprise is increased when we approach and perceive the simple means by which these results are obtained. The colours are laid on with the utmost freedom and confidence; yet there is no sign of undue haste or of carelessness. Everything is in its place; every touch has its value, and contributes to the general effect. We then feel the full meaning of Mengs's criticism, that this picture appeared to be the work of the will rather than of the hand.

In Velasquez' third manner are several portraits in the Madrid Gallery: amongst them may be especially noticed that of the Infanta Maria Theresa, afterwards the wife of Louis XIV., that of a sculptor wrongly

called Alonso Cano, and that of a favourite dwarf of Philip IV., known as 'Don Antonio el Inglés.*'

In the full-length portrait of the Infanta the head is in Velasquez' second manner, whilst the remainder of the picture was finished after his second visit to Italy. It is painted with more than usual delicacy and warmth of colour. It is another example of his power of producing the most striking effects by the most simple means. The princess, in her tenth year, is dressed in the enormous hoop then worn at Court, called a '*guarda-infanta*,' of pink silk, richly trimmed with silver lace. Her hair is puffed out in large masses on both sides of her head, according to the extravagant fashion of the time, and adorned with a red feather. Her small and delicate hands, one holding some flowers, the other a white handkerchief, are exquisitely painted, as are the drapery and the glance of the silver embroidery. With all the disadvantages of an unsightly though gorgeous costume and a disfiguring head-dress, it is impossible to imagine a more charming portrait. The unfinished picture, representing a sculptor, is an example of Velasquez' more broad and forcible execution, but is equally remarkable for its truth. Close to it is the fine full-length portrait in Velasquez' second manner, usually known as '*the Comedian*,' but conjectured to be the one mentioned in the inventories of the royal palace of Buen-Retiro as that of *Pablillos de Valladolid*, an '*hombre de placer*,' or jester, in the service of Philip IV. He is represented with one hand extended and his legs apart, on a uniformly grey ground, with only just sufficient shadow to convey the appearance of an attitude of perfect firmness and ease. These three pictures hang side by side with the '*Borrachos*,' and there could not be a more instructive lesson to the artist than to trace and study, by comparing them, the gradual change and progress which had taken place in Velasquez during his career as a painter.

'Don Antonio el Inglés,' dressed in a gold-embroidered tunic, and standing by a huge dog, almost as tall as himself, upon which he rests his hand,—a truculent little fellow, the very type of a vindictive, spiteful dwarf—is another of those masterly produc-

maintain, it disproves the story related in the text. It has been suggested that the Kingston Lacy picture is a copy by Velasquez himself, but we doubt whether Velasquez, especially at the time when the '*Meniñas*' was painted, ever repeated, still less copied, his own works. It is too highly finished to be a mere study or sketch for the larger work. But it may be a copy by Del Mazo or some other imitator of the master. Velasquez' original sketch (*Boceto*) was, in Cean Bermudez' time, in the possession of Don Gaspar de Jovellanos.

* To Velasquez' third manner belongs the portrait of Philip IV. in the National Gallery. In the Gallery of Madrid there is a similar portrait by him (No. 1080). We have little hesitation in ascribing to another painter the '*Dead Warrior*' assigned to him in the National Gallery. The subject is one altogether foreign to the genius of Velasquez. The only Spanish master of the time who treated such themes was Valdés Leal, who may have been the author of this picture.

tions which show Velasquez' power of delineating character, and of producing the effect of detail by a few simple touches, as in the hat and feathers which 'Don Antonio' holds in his hand.

In the two full-length figures of Æsop and Menippus, also in the Madrid Gallery, we have examples of the tendency of Velasquez to avail himself of common and vulgar types for subjects which require idealization, and at the same time of conveying a true conception of character by expression. His Æsop has been described as 'a shirtless cobbler,'—and he is just such a one as may be seen any day in La Mancha—but he has a thoughtful and even wise countenance, worthy of the Greek philosopher. Menippus, wrapped in the dirty cloak of the Castilian peasant, and looking over his shoulder, has the cynical grin of a low Spaniard who has succeeded in cheating his neighbour as Menippus did. The heads in both figures are modelled in the most masterly manner.

We can only mention one more of Velasquez' works, 'St. Anthony the Abbot visiting the first Hermit, St. Paul, in the Desert,' painted in 1659, and his last. The expression and action of the two hermits in conversation are thoroughly natural. The landscape, with overhanging rocks and a distant meadow, is finely conceived and quite original in treatment. Wilkie observed of it that it possessed 'the very same sun we see, and the air we breathe, the very soul and spirit of nature.' Spanish writers claim for Velasquez the merit of having been the first painter who properly represented landscape. But he evidently followed Rubens, who exceeded him in the highest quality of a landscape painter—that of giving a poetical charm and character to nature. The general tone of the background in this picture is that silvery or greyish blue which is characteristic of his second manner. The composition is, as usual, simple and matter-of-fact. In this instance he has adopted the conventional treatment of the early painters, and has introduced into one canvas various episodes of the same story.*

* The following list of pictures by Velasquez in the Madrid Gallery, classified as nearly as possible according to the dates, may be useful.

First Manner.

- No.
1054. The Adoration of the Magi. Signed and dated 1619.
1085. Portrait of the poet Gongora. 1622.
1058. The 'Borrachos.' ? 1624.
1073. Full-length portrait of Don Carlos. ? 1626.
1108. Male portrait.
1086. Portrait of his wife.
1087, 1088. Portraits of his two daughters.

The office of 'Aposentador' of the King was no sinecure. Velasquez' time was so much occupied with its duties, that he was able to produce but few pictures during his later years. It would have been better for art had he been less honoured by the King. His labours and his troubles hastened his end. When Philip made a progress through the

No.
1070. Portrait of Philip IV. as a youth.

1071. Id. Id.

1106, 1107. Views in the Gardens of the Villa Medici. Painted at Rome in 1630.

1072. Portrait of the Infanta Doña Maria, sister of Philip IV., and Queen of Hungary. Probably painted in Italy. 1630.

Second Manner (after his first visit to Italy).

1059. The Forge of Vulcan. 1630.

1074. Portrait of Philip IV. in hunting-dress. Between 1631 and 1635.

1075. Portrait of Don Fernando of Austria, in hunting-dress. 1635.

1076. Portrait of the Infante Don Baltasar, in hunting-dress. 1635.

1068. Portrait of the same on horseback. 1635.

1055. The Crucifixion. 1638.

1069. Equestrian portrait of Olivarez. Between 1639 and 1642.

1109 and 1110. Views in the Gardens of Aranjuez. ? 1642.

1083. Portrait of the Infante Don Baltasar in his 14th year. 1644.

1066.) Equestrian portraits of Philip IV. and

1067.) Isabella of Bourbon, his Queen. 1644.

1064.) Equestrian portraits of Philip III. and

1065.) his Queen, Margarita of Austria. 1644.

1090. Portrait of the Conde de Benavente.

1060. Surrender of Breda. 1647.

1095, 1096, 1098, 1099. Portraits of Dwarfs. 1644. (? Whether No. 1099 may not be in Velasquez' third manner.)

1092. Portrait of a Jester—called the 'Comedian.'

1104. Portrait of a man unknown.

Third Manner (after his second visit to Italy).

1056. Coronation of the Virgin. 1652.

1102. The God Mars. 1652.

1063. Mercury and Argos. 1652-1653.

1093. Portrait of a Jester, known as 'Barbaroja.'

1077. Portrait of Philip IV. 1654-1655.

1062. The 'Meniñas.' 1656.

1061. The 'Hilanderas.' 1656.

1084. Portrait of the Infanta Maria Theresa. (Probably commenced about 1646, and finished ten years later.)

1091. Portrait, called that of Alonso Cano.

1078, 1079. Two portraits of Doña Mariana of Austria.

1080. Portrait of Philip IV., about 55 years of age.

1081, 1082. Philip IV. and his Queen, at prayers.

1094. Portrait of a Jester, named 'Don Juan de Austria.'

1097. Portrait of Dwarf, called 'Don Antonio el Inglés.'

1100. Æsop.

1101. Menippus.

1057. St. Anthony and St. Paul the hermit. 1659.

northern provinces of his dominions to deliver his daughter, Doña Maria Theresa, to Louis XIV., to whom she had been affianced, it fell to Velasquez to make the arrangements for the journey. If, as historians relate, the royal cavalcade was no less than six leagues in length, and included not only the innumerable attendants of the Court, but a crowd of grandees who followed the King, his task could have been no light one. Even the erection and decoration of the temporary buildings on the Isle of Pheasants and on the banks of the Bidassoa, which were fitted up with every luxury, and adorned with the richest hangings and tapestry, and the splendid ceremonies which were celebrated in them, were under the painter's direction and charge. Velasquez was distinguished amidst the Spanish grandees and French nobles by his dignity and highbred courtesy, and by the taste and magnificence of his dress. 'He wore,' says Mr. Stirling, 'over a dress richly laced with silver, the usual Castilian ruff, and a short cloak embroidered with the red cross of Santiago; the badge of the order, sparkling with brilliants, was suspended from his neck by a gold chain, and the scabbard and hilt of his sword were of silver, exquisitely chased, and of Italian workmanship.'

The fatigue he underwent brought on an attack of fever, of which he died soon after his return to Madrid on the 31st July, 1660. His funeral was celebrated with all the honours due to his rank as one of the principal officers of the Court and as a Knight of the Order of Santiago, as well as to the greatest painter that Spain had produced. He left the reputation of an upright and honourable man, true to his friends, and a worthy representative of the dignity, courtesy, and chivalry of the Spaniard of the olden time. His wife died a few days after him, and their remains were placed in the same tomb. The church of San Juan which contained them was pulled down by the French in 1811, and the ashes of the great painter scattered to the wind.*

We have sought, in describing the series of Velasquez' works in the Madrid Gallery, and there alone can he be properly studied and understood, to convey to our readers a true idea of his genius, and of his place amongst

painters. He must be classed, as will have been seen, amongst the 'naturalists.' But he was a 'naturalist' in the best sense of the term. Nature was his chief, if not his only study; and he represented nature with wonderful truth and skill. Wilkie observed of him that he was 'Teniers on a large scale.' Yet no painter was less given to introduce into his pictures those trifling and irrelevant details, rendered with microscopic minuteness, which it is now the fashion to consider the peculiar characteristic of the 'naturalistic' school, and which only tend to confuse the mind, and to distract attention from the main subject. He reproduced on his canvas what he saw before him, in a simple, yet broad and forcible way, which conveys the exact impression of the scene or object as it presented itself to him. He gives to every object its proper place and relative importance by those perfect gradations of tone and colour, which constitute 'aerial perspective.' He was so successful in this respect, that it was said of him 'that he was able to paint the air itself.' He knew well that a picture, to be really effective, should contain not everything that is actually before the painter, but only that which a spectator could readily take in and observe at one and the same time. He had the power, moreover, of representing an event which he had not witnessed, as a man of a refined, honest nature, but not as a poet would have conceived it. In these qualities consisted his genius. He was equally great within these limits as a painter of portraits, of historical subjects, of domestic scenes, of landscape, of animals, and of still life. In works which required the exercise of higher faculties he was, as we have seen, less successful. He was inferior to the best Italian painters because he lacked the highest gift in painting as in poetry—the power of idealization, or the imaginative faculties. The grand religious and classic compositions of a Raphael or a Titian were as much out of the range of his genius as the sublime conceptions of Michael Angelo. He could deal with living men, but not with God, angels, or saints. Even his animals, masterly as they are, want that marvellous expression, amounting at times almost to that of human reason and feelings, so delightful in the dogs of Landseer.

As a portrait-painter Velasquez has been compared to Titian and Vandyke. The absence of that power of idealization which has made Titian the Prince of Portrait-painters, renders Velasquez unquestionably inferior to the Venetian master, as we have pointed out in contrasting the equestrian portraits of Charles V. and Olivarez. In

* The principal authorities for the life of Velasquez are Pacheco 'Arte de la Pintura,' Carducho 'Dialogos de la Pintura,' Palomino 'Vidas de los Pintores y Estatuarios eminentes Españoles,' and Cean Bermudez 'Diccionario de las Bellas Artes.' The Madrid Gallery contains no less than sixty-four pictures by Velasquez. It is to be observed that many of them have unfortunately been injured by repainting. The noxious race of restorers has been rampant at Madrid.

some respects he may be superior to Vandyke. He had less delicacy and refinement, but his portraits show more vigour and greater individuality than those of Vandyke, especially in his later or English manner. Vandyke—in his earlier works, such as the noble portraits of David Rieckaert, the painter, and Henry of Nassau, in the Madrid Gallery, and others painted at Genoa, before he adopted a somewhat feeble and monotonous colouring, and a conventional treatment of details, such as in his hands—contrasts more favourably with his Spanish rival. Rubens exceeded Velasquez in glow and transparency of colour, but not in power and breadth, or in forcible delineation of character. The portrait-painter who, perhaps, most resembles Velasquez in feeling, though not in treatment, is Moroni, in his best portraits; such, for instance, as those in the Uffizzi and Pitti Palace at Florence, and that of the 'Tailor' in the National Gallery. There was also something not altogether unlike in the genius of the two men. Although Moroni could paint from nature with singular fidelity, he failed, like Velasquez, in works requiring imagination. Whilst his portraits are deserving of the highest place, his representations of sacred subjects are of very inferior merit.

In technical skill, in the use of his materials, Velasquez has, perhaps, not been surpassed by any painter. He had the most complete command over his brush, and his pictures are executed with a surprising mastery and ease. Sir Charles Eastlake, the most accomplished, just, and accurate, of modern critics, in his notes upon Velasquez' pictures in the Madrid Gallery extols the painter's 'free and liquid execution.*' The colour appears to have flowed from his brush, and to have produced at once the exact effect contemplated by the painter. There are no signs in his pictures of 'going over,' or stippling, or any other kind of laboured work. Consequently they have a remarkable transparency and clearness, even although their general quality of tone may be dark; and this is especially the case of those in his second and third manner. These qualities would have made Velasquez a great painter in fresco. But he appears never to have practised that branch of his art, although he superintended the frescoes of other painters who were employed to decorate the royal palaces at Madrid.

* It may be mentioned, as a remarkable instance of the conscientious care and industry of Sir Charles Eastlake, that, out of 2000 pictures in the Gallery of Madrid, there is not one, however worthless, which he did not examine, and upon which he did not make his notes.

The breadth and freedom of Velasquez' manner, which sometimes almost amounts to 'sketchiness,' and has even induced some critics to call him a 'scene-painter,' renders it extremely difficult to imitate, although it invites imitation. The so-called 'style of Velasquez' generally means, amongst modern painters, a tricky, careless mode of painting, violent contrasts of colour and of light and shade, and a crude, rough execution, which requires distance to convey any meaning. It is an excuse for hasty work, and serves to hide want of real knowledge and capacity. Nothing can be more fatal to a student than to fall into this error. Nor, indeed, is it less dangerous to experienced artists. Wilkie's later works furnish a caution. His visit to Spain and his attempt to imitate Velasquez have seriously injured his fame as a great and original painter, which his earlier pictures had justly acquired for him. We cannot but feel this painfully when we compare the 'Blind Fiddler' or the 'Village Festival' with the 'Preaching of Knox' in the National Gallery. Wilkie's genius was the very opposite of that of Velasquez. The one was essentially minute, the other essentially large, in the representation of nature. In endeavouring to form a new style, and to abandon that which had placed him amongst the first of English painters, Wilkie mistook the bent of his genius and failed. The English painter who, perhaps, profited most from the study of Velasquez, was the late Mr. Philip, whose colouring has many of the qualities, though wanting in the breadth and facility of that of the great Spanish master.

Amongst the scholars and followers of Velasquez may be mentioned his son-in-law, Juan Bautista Martinez del Mazo, his freedman Pareja, and Carreño. We are not acquainted with any authentic portraits by Pareja by which we can form an opinion of his abilities in that branch of his art. He is said to have imitated his master with considerable success, and it is not improbable that some portraits which are attributed to Velasquez may be by him. In his large picture of the 'Call of St. Matthew,' in the Madrid Gallery, he appears rather as a follower of the Venetian school. Of Del Mazo the same collection possesses a fine full-length portrait of Don Tiburcio de Redin y Cruzat, a Knight of St. John and Quartermaster of the Spanish Infantry in the time of Philip IV. In this masterly work Del Mazo approaches Velasquez. The same may be said of a noble view of Zaragoza, also in the Madrid Gallery, in which the figures, painted with great spirit, are attributed, but we believe without reason, to Velasquez.

himself. According to Spanish writers on art, Del Mazo succeeded so well in imitating Velasquez, that his portraits frequently pass for works by his master. We have little doubt that many pictures which in public and private collections are assigned to Velasquez are really by his pupil.* Carreño, who was the favourite Court painter during the reign of Philip IV.'s successor, Charles II., was an able painter, but inferior to Del Mazo. His portraits are generally flat, and poorly modelled. His best is probably a full-length of a Muscovite ambassador, in the Madrid Gallery, which is cleverly painted, although somewhat monotonous in colour. The imbecile countenance of the king, and the pale Austrian features of the queen-mother, whom he constantly painted, did not offer the most attractive subjects for the painter's brush.

The golden period of the Spanish school of painting was of short duration. It ended with the seventeenth century. Until nearly the close of the eighteenth, no painter appeared who has the least claim to eminence or originality. The weak and bigoted princess who occupied the Spanish throne after Philip IV. did little or nothing for the encouragement of native art, and sent to Italy or France for their painters. Lucca Giordano, Tiepolo, Mengs, and other men of the same class, came to Madrid to decorate the royal palaces, and to paint portraits of the kings, their families, and their courtiers. Spanish artists filled churches with religious pictures, of the most childish description and beneath criticism, but to the taste of the clergy and of a nation of bigots. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, a Spanish painter arose who possessed something of the genius of Velasquez. Had Goya lived at a more favourable time, and had he been under higher and nobler influences, he might have raised once again the fame of Spanish art. His originality, his facility of execution, his powerful colouring, and the simplicity of his style remind one of Velasquez.

* Considering the length of Velasquez' life, the number of pictures which can be confidently attributed to him is remarkably small. We believe that, even admitting some doubtful works, it would not much exceed one hundred, of which, as we have observed, no less than 64 are in the Madrid Gallery. Mr. Stirling gives a list of about 220 existing in different public and private collections, but many pictures included in it are unquestionably not by the master. Velasquez was unfortunately so much taken up by his official duties that he had not much time for painting, especially in his later years. He rarely signed his pictures: we can only mention two to which he affixed his name—the 'Adoration of the Magi' in the Madrid Gallery, and the portrait of Innocent X. at Rome.

Spanish critics dwell with patriotic enthusiasm upon this last representative of the national school, and discover in him a combination of Velasquez, Hogarth, Rembrandt, Titian, Paul Veronese, Watteau, and Lancret!* Not being Spaniards, whilst admitting his merit we would be more rational in our praise. He witnessed the degradation of his country which preceded the French revolution, and the horrors of the French occupation. He has depicted some of its terrible episodes with much power, and has satirised in vigorous though somewhat coarse and fantastic caricature the vices of his countrymen and countrywomen which led to their misfortunes. The Spanish Bourbons whom, as court painter, he had constantly to represent, Charles IV. and his queen, and Ferdinand VII. with their numerous progeny and relations, were monsters of ugliness who were not improved by the absurdity of costumes. Goya has portrayed them and the infamous Godoy so to the life, that their portraits alone are sufficient to hand them down to the contempt of posterity. It is not surprising that, with such subjects to paint, Goya does not enjoy out of Spain the reputation which he deserves.

The present Spanish school of painting may be considered under the influence of Velasquez, and is, to a certain extent, endeavouring to form itself upon it. It gives good promise, and has already produced men of undoubted ability, who have met with a deserved success beyond the Pyrenees. The works of Fortuny and Madrazo are well known in France and England, and there are several young painters in Spain who may attain equal reputation. But there are two pitfalls in which Spanish artists are in danger of losing themselves—French influence, and a premature attempt to imitate Velasquez. Spanish pictures have of late years found a ready sale in Paris. But this success has been achieved by working for French dealers, and by conforming to French tastes. The result has been the sacrifice of good and honest work to that careless 'sensational' execution, or that violent and unnatural colouring which our neighbours call 'chic.' Men of such unquestionable ability as draughtsmen and colourists as Fortuny and other rising Spanish painters, are capable of producing better things than pictures to attract the crowds on the Boulevards, or to ornament the boudoirs of 'Lionnes.' They might again revive the national school of painting, although they can expect but little encouragement in their own country,

* See in Don Pedro Madrazo's 'Catalogue of the Madrid Gallery,' the notice of Goya, p. 406.

where those who are able and ought to encourage and protect art and native talent, with very rare exceptions, employ their time and money to very different ends. We have already referred to the dangerous temptation to a young artist of imitating what is called 'the manner of Velasquez.' The large and fair treatment which distinguishes that consummate master, was the result of great experience and of the most perfect knowledge of his art. Those who pretend to imitate him, being deficient both in the one and the other, endeavour to make up for want of them by hasty and tricky work, which they are foolish enough to suppose produces the same result. It is the fatal error of ambitious young painters to wish to begin where great men have ended. When they have studied and laboured like Velasquez, they may hope to paint like Velasquez.

ART. VI.—*Henri d'Ideville. Journal d'un Diplomate en Italie. Notes intimes pour servir à l'Histoire du Second Empire.* Paris, 1872.

It was an admired metaphor of Lord Plunkett's, alluding to the Statute of Limitations, that 'Time comes with his scythe in one hand to mow down the muniments of our rights, but, in his other hand, the lawgiver has placed an hour-glass by which he metes out incessantly those portions of duration which render needless the evidence he has swept away.' It is to be regretted that Time is not similarly empowered to mete out the periods which shall justify the publication of journals, memoirs, and correspondence, more or less partaking of the official character: that there is not a statute of limitations to inform and protect the writers or their representatives; who are absolutely without a guide, except a varying rule of practice or propriety which only meets the extreme cases. No one thought of condemning Lady Jackson for publishing the valuable 'Diaries' of her deceased husband, which we reviewed in April last; and Lord Palmerston's journals, including notes of cabinet discussions, were freely used by his biographer, Lord Dalling. But Mr. Charles Greville's have been discreetly kept back: Sir William Molesworth's were sealed up immediately after his death by his representatives; and when the late Marquis of Normanby announced as forthcoming his book entitled, 'A Year of Revolution, from a Journal kept in Paris in 1848,' experienced di-

plomatists stood aghast at so glaring a departure from precedent and propriety. He had been British ambassador at Paris during this year of revolution; and the chief value of his journal necessarily centred in the most delicate transactions of his embassy. The Foreign Office remonstrated in the strongest terms: a sharp correspondence ensued; and the upshot was that everything gravely compromising, everything which had become known to his Lordship under the sacred seal of official confidence, was left out.

It stands to reason that a discretionary control in such matters should be vested in all governments, but nothing of the kind has been recognised in France since the rude subversion of the dynasty under which the existing race of statesmen and diplomatists have grown up. Ex-ambassadors, ex-ministers, and ex-commanders-in-chief, have been rivalling each other in their revelations; laying despatches, conversations, and secret instructions indiscriminately before the world; exclusively intent on shifting the blame from their own shoulders, and comparatively indifferent whether their imperial master or their colleagues are held responsible for the common downfall and disgrace. There is consequently no occasion for surprise, or much call for censure, when we find a young diplomatist of distinguished ability at the very commencement of a promising career, emancipating himself from official, professional and (in some respects) social restraint; telling us what he saw or heard in his privileged capacity behind the scenes; how the prominent personages in courts and cabinets looked and talked in their unguarded moments: with what bad faith, dissimulation, mean motives, and coarse language, great affairs may be conducted or mixed up. All this, and a great deal more that is curious and illustrative, may be learned or collected from M. d'Ideville's 'Journal in Italy'; the extraordinary frankness (not to say indiscretion) of which, far from being excused or palliated, is boldly put forward as its main merit and attraction in an introductory epistle by a distinguished member of the French press:—

'Monsieur,' writes M. Edouard Hervé, 'your Journal is about to be published by the excellent publishing firm of Hachette. The favour with which these private notes were received when they appeared by extracts in the "Journal des Débats," "Le Soir," and the "Journal de Paris," will follow them in their new and more complete form. The public are obliged to you for introducing them behind the scenes of the diplomacy of the Second Empire. You do more than awaken a frivolous curiosity. A patriotic interest is attached to your revelations. French diplomacy has not escaped the

universal decay of our institutions. You know better than I, Monsieur, that it is now destitute of those high qualities which so long made it one of the most powerful instruments of our influence and our grandeur. Forgetful of its traditions, it has lost even the secret of that fine language which it formerly wrote, and which all the foreign offices of Europe had learnt at its school. The permanent interests of France, of which it was the guardian, have been sacrificed to the caprices of personal power or to the necessities of revolutionary propagandism.

'You have also been personally present at this decline. You have seen, if not the causes—for they mount higher up—at least the effects, for they were beginning to be produced in their full force at the epoch of which you treat. Placed in a secondary post, and, consequently, better fitted to observe impartially than if you had played a leading part, you have been enabled to follow, day by day, since the conclusion of the war of Italy, the march of that short-sighted policy which, in favouring Italian unity and German unity, without demanding material guarantees to our advantage from either Italy or Germany, prepared the crowning disasters of the empire.'

Here, M. Hervé simply expresses the traditional policy of the majority of French statesmen, headed by M. Thiers; who conceives it both the interest and the right of France to have weak states upon her frontier. But in what respect did the Imperial Government deviate from the received doctrine? In going to war for an idea, the emperor had no intention of promoting Italian unity, or he would not have held his hand at Villa Franca; nor of neglecting material guarantees, or he would not have stipulated for Savoy and Nice. If he consolidated German unity, it was not by favouring but by opposing it; and he was never in a condition to exact a material guarantee from Germany. The remarkable circumstance, however, is, not that M. Hervé from his peculiar point of view, should condemn the foreign policy of the empire, but that, assuming it to have been ruinous, he should encourage and commend a subordinate engaged in carrying it out for exposing it.

After expatiating on the advantages enjoyed by M. d'Ideville in studying the character of Cavour, 'that Italian minister who did so much good to his own country, and so much harm to ours, because we so willed it,' M. Hervé continues:—

'What seducing or merely interesting types you have grouped around this grand figure! Here it is the prince whom you have somewhere termed "the mock Henri IV. of another Sully:" resembling the Béarnais rather in small points than great, and slightly Gascon, it must be owned, although not born on the banks of the Garonne. There it is the woman whose

beauty Greece would have deified and reserved as a model for Phidias or Praxiteles: an antique marble misplaced in our profane age. Alongside of her is another woman of whom you could do no more than indicate the strange and complex type: a little of the princess, a little of the *bel esprit*, sometimes *spirituelle* and always adventurous, whom one would not wish the wife of one's worst enemy, and who has been married twice. Further on it is M. Benédetti, the skilful diplomatist, who, you say, would have been without reproach if chance had not made him Italian instead of French: it is M. Ratazzi, one of those second-rate politicians abundantly produced by the Bar, men of words rather than of action, and amongst whom the tone of mind is not always on a level with the intelligence. I say nothing of other types, and among the most curious and the most striking. All this Italian society revives in your book, such as it was ten years since, when your happily indiscreet pen surprised and fixed its features. Your book will take its place in the grand inquest that France is at this moment instituting on the causes of her disasters. Worth and Sedan were budding in the policy, the strings of which you saw at work. Competent writers have revealed the imperfections of our military organization: you initiate us into the weaknesses of our diplomacy.'

We have quoted these spirited passages because no words of ours could convey more pointedly or concisely an accurate impression of the 'Journal,' which, although extending over less than three years, comprises and lays bare some of the most curious and important events in history.

The author was named secretary of embassy to the French legation at Turin, and assumed the active duties of his post at the beginning of September, 1859. Italy and France, he states, were still under the emotion of the short and glorious campaign which had pushed back the Austrians behind the Quadrilateral. But the victory of Magenta (June 4) and that of Solferino (June 24) were already forgotten and their impression effaced by the peace of Villa Franca. This peace, it will be remembered, whilst securing the independence of the Milanese, and directly leading to that of Parma, Modena, and Tuscany, threw a dark and menacing, although (as it proved) temporary, cloud over the bright dawn of Italian unity, and checked the soaring ambition of Cavour in mid-career. The estimate of it, therefore, naturally varied with the locality:—

'The discontent which this prudent and politic measure of the Emperor Napoleon caused in Piedmont strongly resembled ingratitude, and I was equally surprised and saddened on arriving at Turin to see the portraits of Orsini and the most violent pamphlets against France ostentatiously displayed in the shop windows of the engravers and booksellers.

'Whilst Turin was still grumbling against too precipitate a peace, Milan, hardly two months since capital of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, now a free Italian city, received her French liberators with a joy and an enthusiasm of which it is difficult to form a notion.'

The chief of the French legation at Turin at this time was the late Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, afterwards French Ambassador in England, to whose estimable qualities his quondam secretary bears a high and well-merited tribute. The French army of occupation was commanded by Marshal Vaillant, who with his staff was established at the Villa Bonaparte, the former residence of the viceroy of Italy at Milan. His traditional reputation for soldier-like bluntness may be collected from an anecdote. A lady petitioner, whom he had unceremoniously dismissed, had indignantly left the room, when he called after her: 'Pardon, Madame, mais vous me prenez pour un *sanglier*.'—'Oh, non, Maréchal, pas si sauvage.' After a moment's pause, he said half aloud: 'C'est-à-dire que je suis un *cochon*.' M. d'Ideville, who was the bearer of a delicate communication from the minister to the commander-in-chief whilst much depended on their effective co-operation, was delighted with his reception, and experienced none of the military roughness he had been led to apprehend. The marshal thus gave him the benefit of his observations and reflections:—

"They will only apply to me," were his words, speaking of the Austrians, "so great is their repugnance to considering Lombardy as belonging to Piedmont. It will be so till we have evacuated Italy. I am, moreover, well satisfied with their courtesy and my relations with General Degenfeld. I should say as much of the Lombards and the Piedmontese army, although there exists a shade of jealousy between our allies and us. Our young officers are probably more brilliant, more enterprising, than theirs, and your friends Vogüé, Louvencourt, and so many others, are more petted, more listened to, more favoured, I own, by the Milanese beauties than the new possessors of Lombardy."

This may have been so, but the same story is always told by French writers of the French. Whether captors or captives in the ruder fields of conflict with the male sex, they (by their own shewing) are invariably successful with the fair; and they boast of having, when prisoners in Berlin, revenged Wörth and Sedan by dint of the same personal gifts and accomplishments, which enabled them to improve upon Magenta and Solferino at Milan:—

"However," continues the general, "all goes well; all will have their turn, and our occupation will not be eternal. Note well! the Piedmontese is cold, but energetic, disciplined.

Remember what I tell you, my young friend: I have lived half a century in Rome and Italy: men do not change: I know my Italians and appreciate them at their value. To my mind the Piedmontese will be always the muscles of Italy: without muscles the body is inert: the finest head cannot act."

'The marshal, after showing me his garden, took me to his bed-chamber and pointed to his bed: "In that bed Marshal Radetzky died, but the Emperor, I hope, will not leave me in Italy long enough to die in it."'

We have always been given to understand that the Austrians in Italy were insulting as well as oppressive: that they treated the Italians as an inferior race; and circumstances have come to our knowledge which go far to substantiate the charge. For example, in 1857, an English family of distinction were travelling by the railway between Milan and Verona, when, in the middle of the night, they were summoned to vacate their carriage for the accommodation of an Austrian general and his suite. On making known their nationality, they were permitted to remain; and an Italian party in the next carriage were turned out. But M. d'Ideville, who heard both sides, says that, although the Milanese made it a point of honour to treat the Austrians as the Germans are now treated by the French, that is, to shun their society and hold no sort of friendly intercourse with them, 'still, to be just, these oppressors were the gentlest and the best of tyrants. Their only crime, and it was one, was to wear the white uniform and to speak the German language.' In illustration of the honest and enlightened character of their administration, he reproduces a statement made in his presence, by Cavour to the Baron de Talleyrand, who succeeded the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne as head of the French Legation:—

'Do you know who, during the Austrian occupation, was our most terrible enemy in Lombardy? the one whom I dreaded most, and the steps of whose progress I counted day by day with dismay? Well, it was the Archduke Maximilian, the last viceroy of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. He was young, active, enterprising. He had devoted himself heart and soul to the difficult task of reconciling the Milanese; and assuredly he would have succeeded. Already his perseverance, his kindly bearing, his just and liberal mind, had won numerous partisans away from us. At no time had the Lombard provinces been so prosperous, so well administered. I began to be alarmed; but, thank Heaven, the kind Government of Vienna intervened, and, as is its wont, seized, without hesitating, the occasion to commit a blunder, an impolitic act, at once the most fatal to Austria and the most salutary for Piedmont. The wise reforms of the Archduke had given umbrage to the old party of the "Gazette de Vérone," and the Emperor Francis Joseph, well-

advised for once, recalled his brother Maximilian from Milan. I breathed freely on hearing this news: nothing was lost: Lombardy could not escape us now."

It has been said of Austria that she is always a year, an army, or an idea, behind-hand. In this instance it was the idea. But the reconciliation of a conquered community, an alien population, with the conquerors by dint of good government, is an event almost unprecedented in history. It may come to pass by the gradual blending of races, but not until the sharp line of demarcation, drawn by habits, manners, and language, has been worn away. It took two centuries to mould the Normans and Saxons into the English nation; and the hourly swelling cry of Home Rule is all the thanks we get for letting Ireland have her own way without her own way of having it.

The peace of Villa Franca led to the immediate resignation of Cavour, who was content to bide his time; convinced that the ball he had set rolling could not be stopped half way down the acclivity; and the Emperor Napoleon soon came perforce to the same conclusion. In open defiance of his known wishes, the minor sovereignties were practically annexed; and the sole remaining hope of preventing the complete failure of his policy in the eyes of French statesmen was to surrender the barren boast of having made war for an idea and exact a solid compensation for his services.

Each receding step of the Emperor of the French and each advance of the King of Italy at this crisis are keenly watched and noted by the French secretary. The Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, whose personal views were opposed to those of Cavour, was recalled, and received his audience to take leave on December 13, 1859:—

"I accompanied my minister, and, according to custom, waited with the aides-de-camp, in the adjoining *salon*. Towards the end of the audience, M. de la Tour d'Auvergne, who had forewarned me, half opened the door, and made me a sign to enter. The *salon* in which I was introduced was very simply decorated: the only ornaments were some portraits, full-length, of princes and princesses of the house of Savoy: amongst them were cardinals, bishops, saints. The King, in uniform, was standing near a window. He held out his hand to me when I approached with an obeisance, and asked if I was passing my time agreeably at Turin, "a place of residence that you must find very melancholy on arriving from Paris." After some commonplace questions, the King resumed his conversation with the Prince. The future King of Italy seemed in remarkably good humour on that day. It was the first time I approached a crowned head, and I confess that the emotion which came over me on passing

the threshold of the door was speedily dissipated. His Sardinian Majesty expressed to the Prince the lively regret he felt at his departure, and asked several particulars relating to his successor, the Baron de Talleyrand-Périgord. Finally, as the Prince was about to take his leave, the King eagerly seized both his hands:—

"Now, my dear Prince, when are we to meet again? You are going to Berlin: I remain here, where I have still so many things to do."

"Great and good things, assuredly, Sire," said the Prince.

"Doubtless," said the King, "but, happen what may, my dear Minister, I should not like you to leave me under bad impressions. I am sure that you, too, take me for one of the impious, for an unbeliever, as they are pleased to say. You are wrong. I am not a bad Christian. If I have Kings among my ancestors, I count saints also in my family. Hold! look around!"—and Victor Emmanuel pointed with animation to the portraits that tapestried the walls. "Well, do you suppose that there, on high, all these saints which belong to me have any other occupation than to pray for me? Then be at ease," added he, as if wishing to reply to a question which the ambassador refrained from putting, but to which the conversation naturally led: "if ever, some day or other, the question about going to Rome should arise, it is to Humbert alone, I swear, that I would leave the task. For nothing in the world would I set foot in Rome. I respect Pope Pius IX.; and I know that at the bottom of his heart he loves me much—even me, doubt it not. Besides, what can I wish for more? Have I not done enough for Italy?"

M. d'Ideville adds that these words, which he reports literally, were repeated by the King several times, and to other persons besides the French minister. Nor was his Majesty far wrong in supposing that the Pope had a weakness for him, and was disposed to regard him in the light of an unwilling instrument in the spoliation of the Holy See. His Holiness stated as much at a later period to M. d'Ideville at Rome: "It is not the King with whom I am most angry: he is not ill-disposed; he is weak, vainglorious: I pity him, and I cannot forget that all his belongings have loved this church: so I hope he will some day or other be mindful of her." Nor was his Majesty fairly chargeable with dissimulation or hypocrisy when he prided himself on his traditional Christianity, and vowed that no consideration should induce him to set foot in Rome. He meant what he said: he was fully capable of resisting temptation at a distance or in the abstract; and he was swayed by circumstances as they arose. His frank, open character suggests a defence which could hardly be made for the Emperor Charles V., who, when the Pope was made prisoner by his troops at the sack

of Rome, 'appointed prayers and processions throughout all Spain for the recovery of the Pope's liberty, which, by an order to his generals, he could immediately have granted him.* M. d'Ideville adds in a note: 'The King has continued devout: like all the princes of the house of Savoy, he had strongly marked religious feelings in his infancy and his youth. Up to the present time (1872) he has performed his religious duties every year regularly at Turin. It is rumoured in Italy that, if he does not fear God as he ought to fear Him, he has great fear of the devil.'

The Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne is described as surrendering his Italian mission without regret, and two incidents, warranted authentic, are set down as tending to disgust him with the post. One day, whilst Cavour was still president of the council, the Prince received from Count Walewski (then secretary for foreign affairs) a despatch to be read and communicated to Cavour. This time there was no mistaking the intentions of the court of the Tuileries. In clear and precise language, referring to the troubles and agitation fomented by the Sardinian cabinet in the duchies and Central Italy, the French government declared, without circumvention or qualification, to that of Turin that any attempt at annexation would be considered a breach of the treaties: in a word, that it was at his own risk and peril, and in contempt of French counsels, that the King was throwing himself at haphazard into enterprises which might prove fatal to him in the end. This despatch fell in exactly with the Prince's mode of thinking, and he gladly hurried with it to Cavour. 'My dear Count,' he began, 'I have a disagreeable duty to perform; but my government, as I have frequently given you to understand, energetically disapproves your attitude, and this is what Count Walewski requests me to communicate.' Cavour, his head buried in his hands, listened without interrupting, to the despatch from the French Foreign Office; then, when the French minister had finished, he replied with an affected air of confusion, 'Alas! you are right, my dear Prince; what M. Walewski writes to you is not, I must own, in a tone to encourage our hopes; we are roundly taken to task: but what would you say if, in my turn, I read to you what this time comes to me directly from the Tuileries, and from a certain personage of your acquaintance?' At the same time he drew from his pocket, with a knowing air, a letter, bearing the same date as the despatch, in which M. Mocquard confidentially assured him, on the part of the Emperor,

that the projects of annexation were favourably viewed, and that he need not trouble himself about the complications that might result. The Prince folded up his despatch, and was bowed out with a smile of triumph by the Count.

The compact between the French Emperor and Cavour was clearly understood on both sides to be of an elastic character, subject to modification from events, and there may have been moments when either of the contracting parties might have wavered or been disposed to draw back without incurring a suspicion of bad faith. In one of these the Emperor, inspired (it is suggested) by the Empress, wrote the King of Piedmont a letter in which he attempted to retreat from the most compromising of his engagements. The King's indignation after receiving it was such that he lost all power of self-control, and taking the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne into a side-room during a state ball, he apostrophized him in the rudest language, seasoned with phrases personally insulting to the Emperor: 'What, after all, is this fellow, this——? The last arrival among the sovereigns of Europe, an intruder amongst us. Let him remember who he, he is, and what I, I am!—the chief of the first and most ancient race reigning in Europe.' The unlucky minister listened to this unbecoming burst with perfect coolness, and simply said when it was spent, 'Sire, would your Majesty graciously permit me not to have heard a syllable of the words you have just uttered.' The King abruptly broke up the interview; but in the course of the evening, he rejoined the French minister, and, tapping him familiarly on the shoulder, whispered in his ear, 'It is not indispensable, my dear Prince, is it, to report to Paris our conversation of this evening! Besides, did you not, you yourself, tell me that you had heard nothing?'

No French statesman or diplomatist will ever see anything wrong in a transaction by which France acquires territory, or anything right in one by which it is taken for her. Glossing over the treaty or family compact of Plombières, M. d'Ideville says that the first overtures on the subject of Nice and Savoy were made to the Piedmontese government whilst the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne was still at Turin.

'The Emperor, with his usual reticence, had hitherto not pronounced a word which could foreshadow his intentions; but no one entertained a doubt at Paris or Turin that the intervention must have another result besides giving Lombardy to the King of Piedmont. Moreover, the pretensions of the French government were perfectly legitimate. To say nothing of the moral ties that time immemorial had attached Nice and Savoy to France, or of their commu-

* Robertson's 'Reign of the Emperor Charles V.'

nity of manners and interests, it was impossible to suppose that the Emperor could have consented to lend himself to the aggrandisement of a neighbouring State, without securing for himself a territorial compensation which was, roundly speaking, a trifle in comparison of the sudden aggrandisement of the house of Savoy.'

This argument breaks down at once unless it can be contended that the house of Savoy, by dint of its new acquisitions, was likely to become formidable to France; and as for moral ties, could any be stronger than those which bound the royal family of Savoy to the hereditary domains, the cradle rich in tradition, rich in historical association, of their house? The subject was fully discussed in a former number (July, 1861), and we adhere to the conclusion at which we arrived then, that, whatever might be said for Victor Emmanuel and his minister, the conduct of France was indefensible. She compromised something more than her reputation for disinterestedness. She compromised her reputation for good faith, and sanctioned a doctrine which was speedily to be turned against herself.

The bargain for the cession of Savoy and Nice was kept secret till the war was over, and the moral support of England had become immaterial. When, after repeated evasions and denials, it was brought to light, it came upon the English friends of Italian independence like a thunderclap; and no one was more surprised or irritated than Lord Palmerston, the warmest supporter of the cause. He never forgave the ex-Emperor for what he deemed the slight and deceit put upon him; and thenceforth, to his dying day, regarded his imperial friend with suspicion and distrust; which would hardly have been lessened had he lived to hear of the Benedetti negotiations at Berlin. Nor did the mischief stop here. This doctrine of territorial compensation, of rounding frontiers, of annexing (so-called) homogeneous provinces or communities, will always be turned to account by the strongest; and the strongest for the time being should remember that they may become the weakest—

'Turno tempus erit, magni cum optaverit emptum

Intactum Pallanta, et cum spolia ista diemque Oderit.'

Savoy and Nice were freshly remembered when Alsace was reclaimed by Germany, and the warmest sympathizers with France could not deny that she was treated no worse than she meant to treat her adversary had she been able to fulfil the threat of dictating conditions at Berlin.

It was at Milan, where the French legation

were in attendance on the court, that, returning to his hotel about two in the morning from a ball given to the king by the notables and merchants, M. de Talleyrand received a pressing telegram from Paris, with an order to communicate it immediately to Cavour. It announced the order of departure given to the French army of occupation, and desired the French minister to resume without the delay of an hour, the negotiations of the subject of Savoy and Nice. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, M. de Talleyrand got into his carriage and drove to the palace where the president of the council was lodged:

'The King was alighting from his carriage with his minister when we drove into the court; and M. de Cavour, learning that the French minister, whom he had left half an hour before, desired an audience, received him on the instant.

'M. de Talleyrand requested the Count's permission for me to be present at the interview, and without more ado communicated the despatch. M. de Cavour appeared a little surprised at the (according to him) premature order of evacuation, which, he remarked, in being useful to Italy, must cause a real satisfaction at Vienna. "If the English," he added, with a laugh, "had occupied Genoa on the same conditions on which you occupy Milan and Lombardy, do you believe that they would have been in such a hurry as you to abandon Italy? At all events, it was foreseen: all is for the best, and we shall accept this decision of the Emperor with more pleasure than the second part of your despatch. So he holds firmly to Savoy and this unhappy city of Nice?"

'M. de Talleyrand hastened to reply that France and the Emperor considered the thing as done, and did not expect, on his part, to have any discussion on this subject with the Sardinian cabinet, except on the most advantageous mode for both governments of terminating the negotiation. Although in the different interviews of the Emperor with Cavour at Plombières and elsewhere, this important clause, express condition of our intervention in Italy, had always been reserved, the minister of Victor Emmanuel, once in possession of Lombardy, would certainly not have been the first to recall his promises.'

As M. de Talleyrand had acted up to the full spirit of his instructions, and carried them out with ability and tact, some surprise was excited by the arrival, two days before the signature of the Treaty of Cession at Turin, of M. Benedetti from the French Foreign Office in the capacity of second plenipotentiary. M. d'Idéville maintains that this appointment came too late for any useful purpose, and attributes it to an ungenerous desire on the part of M. Benedetti to share the honour of acquiring two provinces for France. According to him, the suscep-

tibility of Baron de Talleyrand was wounded to such an extent that he had serious thoughts of throwing up his mission and demanding to be placed upon the retired list. We have authority for stating that M. d'Ideville wrote under a mistaken impression upon this subject. M. de Talleyrand entertained no thoughts of the kind; and the arrival of M. Benedetti did, in fact, accelerate the execution of the treaty. It was formally executed on the 24th of March at three o'clock in the afternoon. M. d'Ideville prints the precise hour in italics—

'M. de Talleyrand had brought me with him to read the secret memorandum and the minute of the treaty destined for the Sardinian Government, whilst M. Artom, the Secretary of the Count de Cavour, followed me on the instrument destined for France. The other plenipotentiaries, MM. de Talleyrand, Benedetti and Farini, were seated in the little green cabinet at the angle of the palace, habitually occupied by M. de Cavour. He was walking up and down with his hands in his pockets, and his head bent down. Never had I seen him so preoccupied, so silent: his unalterable gaiety, his proverbial air of *bonhomie*, had abandoned him. In this solemn moment, when the stroke of a pen was about to take from his master two provinces, of which one was the cradle of the House of Savoy, the self-concentration, and even the sadness, of the great Minister will be easily understood.

'After the reading of the treaty and the memorandum, the Count de Cavour took a pen and signed the two instruments with a firm hand. Immediately afterwards his physiognomy grew calm, and the habitual smile returned to his lips. He drew near to M. de Talleyrand, rubbing his hands, a gesture familiar to him, and said in a low tone, "Now we are accomplices, is it not so, Baron?"'

Here is a scene for an historical painter; but one of first-rate genius would be needed to throw into Cavour's face the complicated expression which must have accompanied the concluding words: words of the deepest signification, betraying the grasping and farsighted character of his policy. It was not to fulfill an engagement, nor to keep what he had already got, that he signed away Savoy and Nice upon this day, but to secure the complicity of France in those meditated annexations and growing schemes of aggrandisement, which were to know nor stop nor stay—

'On Gaeta's walls till Piedmont's banners fly
And all be mine beneath th' Italian sky.'

Lord Palmerston was no believer in Italian unity. He thought that the attempt to unite the Two Sicilies under the same monarchy with the Northern and Central States, would prove as vain as the abortive experiment of moulding Holland and Belgium

into one. He had declared as much in the British Parliament: he had termed the French expedition in aid of Victor Emmanuel 'a noble enterprise,' under the belief that it was a disinterested one; and he was consequently left studiously in the dark till the confederates could venture to throw off the mask:—

'Never was negotiation kept more secret, for the very day of the signature of the treaty, the presence of M. Benedetti was not generally known at Turin. The Count de Cavour, it is true, was greatly interested in keeping the facts secret as long as possible. A few days before Sir James Hudson had extorted from him the direct positive promise to oppose a categorical refusal to our pretensions to the county of Nice.

'The Count Brassier de Saint Simon, Minister of Prussia, and the Count de Stackelberg, Minister of Russia, happening to be at the club on the evening of the 24th, inquired of M. de Rayneval and me if it was true that the treaty was to be signed on the 30th, and that a second plenipotentiary had been named for the occasion: they had nothing in their minds beyond the cession of Savoy. It was very recently that the journals had begun to speak of the annexation of Nice; and up to the last moment, M. de Cavour had hoped that the Emperor would abandon his pretensions put forward recently enough, and would attach somewhat to the protestations of the English Cabinet, and, above all, to the embarrassments that might result to Piedmont, from what they called too great a subserviency to France.'

Two days before the signature of the treaty, the Marchese d'Azeglio, then accredited minister from the King of Sardinia to the British court, was at Turin and had an audience with Cavour, whose parting words were: *Se potessimo almeno salvar Nizza!* ('If we could at least save Nice').

We really believe that the exigencies of the Emperor's domestic position at this time did not allow him to be generous, had he been so minded: he was obliged to act up to the traditional policy of France, which was never famous for disinterestedness and, with reference to this very transaction, was pointedly defined by a repartee. At one of Lady Palmerston's soirées, a French attaché, on his way to the refreshment room, said to Lord Houghton, '*Je vais prendre quelque chose.*' '*Vous avez raison,*' was the reply: '*c'est l'habitude de votre pays.*'*

* The circumstances which led to the cession of Nice and Savoy are still involved in obscurity. The meeting between the French Emperor and Cavour at Plombières took place in the autumn of 1858; and down to February, 1860, Cavour persevered in stating that the king was under no engagement to 'cede, exchange, or sell' Savoy and Nice to France. At a prior period, in reply to inquiries from the Derby Government

M. d'Iderville's revelations are not confined to political events or political personages in their public relations. He describes and analyses the Society of Turin and Milan; treats us to lifelike scenes and pictures drawn from it; and takes us along with him into the inmost recesses of confidential intimacy with men and women who are, or have been, its ornament and its pride. Conspicuous, pre-eminent, resplendent among these is the Countess de Castiglione, who, if not exactly deified as she would have been in Greece, was pronounced in the leading capitals of Europe, with hardly a dissenting voice, the most beautiful woman of her time. Her face and figure, which seemed moulded after the finest models of the antique, were equally faultless. She completely realized the ideal of the poet:

'There's a beauty for ever unchangingly bright,
Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer day's
light;
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made
tender,
Till love falls asleep in its sameness of splendour.'

When M. d'Iderville made her acquaintance, she was living in a retired villa, the Villa Gloria, with her son, a boy of four or five, separated from her husband and secluded from the world. It was (he says) by an exceptional act of favour, only (and very rarely) accorded to his countrymen, that he was admitted to the shrine. He returned to Turin after the first visit with his equanimity undisturbed: 'the strange beauty of the woman, the perfect harmony of her form and features, seize and surprise, but admiration excludes every other sentiment.'

He returned five or six times to the villa, and the impression remained substantially the same:—

'I was, however, much less severe than those who spoke of her: "Vacant-minded, profoundly egotistical, solely occupied with her beauty, haughty, impertinent, capricious, she envelopes the whole world in an immense contempt; incapable of feeling an affection, and, strange to say, incapable of inspiring a true love—a serious passion." "She is too beautiful!" exclaimed the women; "and happily she

is no more than beautiful." I listened in silence to these generous estimates: at first they appeared just; at the same time they did not entirely satisfy me.'

She is an enigma that puzzles him, from which he cannot withdraw his thoughts. The voluntary exile to which she had condemned herself—this woman, whose appearance at Paris and London had never failed to create a sensation, had almost the importance of an event; her solitary life, her mysterious habits, her absolute indifference for what was passing in the world, kept his curiosity constantly on the strain. He cannot admit the possibility of her being unintellectual:

'To bear up against so complete a solitude, to support the horrible existence that she leads, she must infallibly be quite different from what she is supposed: she must have resources in herself unknown to the vulgar, a really superior intelligence, an extraordinary mind, unique, in fact, as her form. What is there in the depths of this heart, of which many deny the existence? It is impossible that a creature so wonderfully beautiful should be deprived of that vivifying breath by which even ugliness is illumined and transfigured.'

He had given up all attempts at solution in despair, and the interest was beginning to flag, when, in a moment of *ennui*, he strolled to the villa by himself. He is admitted, and finds himself, for the first time, alone with the recluse. Then the veil of reserve was lifted, the statue became animated, and flashes of thought, which electrify him, escaped from the chiselled lips. He went away, troubled and pensive, to return very shortly for another *tête-à-tête*, which lasted two hours and was the prelude to many more:

'I insensibly accustomed myself to take the road to the villa, and each time I returned charmed. She became confiding, expansive; who would have thought it? I soon learned a part of her life, and I saw she was happy in having found a confidant. We made long boating expeditions (on the Po) together; every day I learned to know her better, and she revealed herself with a charming *naïveté*. Now, I judge her without enthusiasm, without passion; and I believe myself to be one of the very few who know her value. . . . She is far from being, as people have dared to say, an incomplete creature. The soul is truly worthy of the body: the harmony is perfect; and it is, unhappily, the consciousness of her strength that renders her so proud, and causes her to envelope all humankind in an immense disdain. It is not her beauty of which she is most vain; it is the elevation of her character and her thoughts. She believes herself placed above others. "Scarcely have I traversed life, and already my part is played out," were her words. "I have been misplaced always and

(acting on private information supplied by Mr. Kinglake), the Sardinian Cabinet had positively denied the existence of any 'treaty' to that effect. In July, 1859, Count Walewski formally assured Lord Cowley that the Emperor had abandoned all idea of annexing Savoy. The plausible solution is that there was no treaty, but a family compact including an agreement for the cession contingent on events. The project was anything but new; and when M. d'Iderville speaks of the negotiation being kept secret, he must mean merely the negotiation for the formal execution of the final and decisive act.

everywhere," she continued; "I am not at ease and thoroughly myself except with those who are superior to me, or amongst simple people. Did you observe how my old boatmen adore me? Those only who have divined me love me. I was thought haughty with my equals, with those at least whom the laws of society compelled me to treat as such. Tell me, can I be otherwise? I have made earnest, sincere efforts to soften my pride; I have not succeeded; for, in my own despite, the society of most men and women that you call distinguished and intelligent, causes me a lassitude, a disgust, which resembles, I own, a sovereign contempt sufficiently to be mistaken for it. This is why I always find myself displaced; and I fairly own to you I find myself so far above others that I prefer living on my hill, sometimes tranquil, always independent, and above all, sheltered from those *banal* ties which I hate. Is not this the sole mode of escaping from everything which is stupid, vulgar, ugly, and false—from all, in a word, which is antagonistic to me?"

As a true friend and dispassionate admirer he should have told her it was not. He should have pressed her to suspend the habitual indulgence of solitary self-worship for an interval, and try the effect of a little honest self-examination, or of intellectual intercourse with minds of the higher order busied with other topics than her charms. But he was too fascinated to play the Mentor: he does not even see that the pleasure she took in telling him her story and detailing her impressions, in making him (as he says) her confidant, was, at best, a symptom of the mental and moral disease that, by her own shewing, was at its height. Completely under the spell of the enchantress, he is in the mood for idealizing her very caprices or her faults; and on the eve of his departure from Turin he shews her all the passages of his Journal (including those we have quoted) relating to her:—

"She read the preceding pages with interest. On returning my note-book, she said, "You will see what I have added." It ran thus: "Il Padre eterno non sapeva cosa si faceva quel giorno che la messa al mondo; ha impastato tanto e tanto, e quando l'ha avuto fatto, ha perso la testa vedendo la sua maravigliosa opera, e l'ha lasciata lì, in un canto, senza metterla a posto. In tanto, l'hanno chiamato da un'altra parte, e quando è tornato l'ha trovata, fuori di posto."*

'For whoever has known her, this strange notion of herself, which she expresses with

such adorable *naïveté*, has I know not what of ingenious and startling, that disarms all criticism.'

Such a character in a work of fiction would be deemed overdrawn, and when we find it in actual life, we are irresistibly attracted to the consideration of it, and anxious to know how it was formed, as well as to what extent it has been modified with advancing years. She was the daughter of a Florentine nobleman, the Marquis Oldoini, and born in Florence in 1840. M. d'Ideville errs in stating that she lost her mother in infancy, although she seems to have been emancipated from maternal control at an unusually early age:—

'She became the idol of Florence, that strange city, where, in the olden time, pleasure and folly were much more sovereign than the Grand Duke. At thirteen—this is authentic—Madoiselle Virginie Oldoini had for her individual self her box at the Pergola, and her carriage at the Casine. A crowd of passionate admirers surrounded her; all her caprices were orders; and the little Marchesa, almost a child, already excited the jealousy and the hatred of her most courted contemporaries. Must we be very severe upon her, when we think of this sad education, of this precocious childhood, passed in the midst of the vanities and flatteries of the most frivolous society in Europe.'

She married at fifteen a man of twenty-two, the Count de Castiglione; and she gave M. d'Ideville the following brief dialogue as a specimen of the interchange of feelings and sentiments which preceded their union:

"But I entreat you, my dear Count, cease to demand my hand. I have no affection for you, no sympathy. I feel that you will always be for me the most indifferent of men." "What matters it?" was his reply; "you will never love me, be it so. But I shall have the pride of possessing the most beautiful woman of my time."

They lived (she added) a life of luxury and extravagance for some years; when, his fortune becoming dilapidated and the incompatibility remaining as fixed as ever, a separation was arranged, and she retired to the villa in which she was fortunately discovered and converted into one of the most sparkling gems of his journal by the diplomatist. We do not question his good faith, but from what we know from other sources of this far-famed beauty, we cannot help suspecting that she amused herself by mystifying him. Certain is it that her seclusion was temporary and occasional; that she never withdrew, or pretended to withdraw, from society; that her ordinary residence was at Passy, near Paris, till 1868; that she has continued taking a marked interest in politics; and that those who know her best fully acquit her of the fatuity of sup-

* The Father Eternal did not know what he was creating when he brought her into the world: he kneaded again and again, and when he had finished, he lost his head on seeing his wonderful work, and left her there, in a corner, without placing her. In the mean time, he was summoned elsewhere, and, when he returned, he found her out of place.'

posing in right earnest, at any time, that there was nothing worthy to engage her attention or hold communion with her upon earth.

The Countess de Castiglione is not the only female celebrity who took M. d'Ideville into her confidence, with the obvious view of making him her medium of communication with the world. On the 31st August, 1861, at four o'clock in the afternoon, he received a note from Madame de Solms—arrived that very morning at Turin—requesting him to call on her at nine. Madame de Solms, afterwards Madame Ratazzi, *née* Bonaparte-Wyse, is the granddaughter of Lucien Bonaparte, and the secretary of embassy of course treats her as a princess. He repairs to her hotel at the appointed time, and finds her in a *deshabillé coquet, mais toujours aussi négligée que d'habitude*. After informing him of her reconciliation with her cousin the Emperor, she is coquettishly calling him to account for neglecting one of her friends, when there is a knock at the door, and enter Count Cibrario, Grand-Chancellor of the orders of St. Maurice and St. Lazare, a man of letters and ex-minister, between sixty and seventy years of age, enjoying the repute of an ardent devotee of beauty, letters, and philosophy. His disappointment at not finding the lady alone is painted in his face, and he has scarcely time to recover his equanimity, when the door opens again, to admit the celebrated deputy, orator, and poet, Brofferio. This was too much for the unlucky Grand-Chancellor, who wished himself anywhere else. It was bad enough to find a Secretary of the French Legation with the lady; but to tumble upon Brofferio, the mischievous wit, the fiery deputy of the Left, was a more serious matter. After undergoing a series of pleasantries upon the fortunate accident which had brought them together, he was beginning to breathe more freely as the last comer rose to take leave, when a light and discreet tap at the door of the room announced a fresh visitor:—

'The lady did not hear it. "Come in," cried Brofferio with his powerful voice; and through the half-opened door we saw timidly advancing the slight person of the President Ratazzi. I have never seen a fox-like physiognomy more downcast than that of the new visitor at the sight of the three guests of Madame de Solms. Indeed it was difficult to find three individuals who were less sympathetic to him, or whose presence was more embarrassing. Instead of the *tête-à-tête* he had fondly anticipated when ascending the staircase of the hotel, he fell into the middle of an animated conversation, and saw clearly from Brofferio's smile and mine that his feelings were betrayed by his face.'

Cibrario fled the field: but Brofferio, from mere love of mischief and fun, immediately laid down the hat which he had taken up to depart, saying, 'I cannot do my president the injustice or the pleasure of going away on his coming in, and with your permission, Countess, I will stay a few minutes longer. It is so long since M. Ratazzi and I have conversed together, otherwise than from the tribune to the bench, and Heaven knows my president never addresses a word to me except to call me to order. With you, dear madame, we are on a footing of equality, and on neutral ground: is it not true, M. le Président?'

The President did his best to reply in the same tone, and the conversation was sustained with tolerable spirit till Brofferio went away, and M. d'Ideville was about to follow him, when the lady gave him an imperative sign to stay and save her from the meditated *tête-à-tête*. Why she shunned it, does not appear, and may, with no lack of charity, be attributed to caprice when we find how rapidly she changed her feelings or her tone:—

'It was to Turin that M. de Solms came to die—that fabulous personage whose existence was denied by many. He came by order: the poor man arrived in most pitiable case, but had the wit to quit this world after passing some weeks under the same roof with his wife, in order, probably, that his decease might be duly certified, and that no doubt might exist as to the rupture of the purely social ties which bound him to the princess, nor as to the complete liberty of the young widow. Strange proceeding! which the French law would not have tolerated; the marriage between Madame de Solms and M. Ratazzi took place at Turin, fifteen days after the decease of her first husband.'

Prior to her second marriage, this princess of the Bonaparte stock was good enough to sketch her own character, in a studied epistle, for the edification of M. d'Ideville and (through his willing and authorised instrumentality) the edification of all others who may care to study it:—

'I am not so difficult to know as you imagine. I have a great deal of heart and a sufficiency of mind (*esprit*), a very bad head, and a great awkwardness in all things. I am frank, especially because it would weary me to take the trouble of being hypocritical, loyal through pride, firm in my conduct and my friendships through egotism. I am good-natured, because, up to a certain point, it is a grace in a woman, and I make a point of remaining woman, in spite of my blue stockings, as much as possible: I am not inoffensive, for it would be a deceit, and I am not religious enough to pardon nor even to forget injuries. To sum up all, I have great qualities and great defects; I believe, however, that, modesty apart, the former

outweigh the latter. I reckon among my good qualities the fixed resolve not to be and, above all, not to appear perfect. I have no good sense at all, but I have a very sure *caractère*. I have no pretension : I am consequently unable to endure affectation in others. To have done with my autobiography, I am the best friend that could be found : an honest woman, but an impossible wife that (M. Hervé's phrase) I would not wish to my worst enemy : you see that I am sincere.'

Why does so clever a woman paint herself in this fashion? Because she thinks she can afford to do so. Because she expects to leave a favourable impression upon the whole. Because she would rather leave an unfavourable impression than none. Because, like the Countess de Castiglione, she knows no pleasanter subject of analysis and speculation than herself. Rochefoucauld explains why two lovers are never tired of talking to one another by the fact that they are always talking of themselves. The female rage for confidential communication and self-delineation may almost always be resolved into the same principle.

The private lives of royal personages belong to history, and the Duchess of Genoa was too tempting a subject to be omitted. A princess of Saxony by birth, she was married to the Duke of Genoa, the king's brother, who died in 1855. The marriage was not esteemed a happy one, and shortly after his death, she privately and suddenly married M. Rapallo, a lieutenant in the army, of mean birth, who had belonged to the staff of her deceased lord. 'How came it to pass that this proud woman, who had never been suspected of irregularity, was hurried into startling the court of Turin by the scandal of a secret union and so strange a *mésalliance*?' The dramatic and mysterious stories that were whispered about are dismissed by M. d'Ideville as void of foundation, with the exception of one, equally apocryphal, which attributes the event to a fit of vexation and pique, to smothered anger resulting from disappointed ambition. 'She had dreamed, it was said, and there was nothing extravagant in the dream, of becoming queen of Sardinia. She was handsome, insinuating: the King, her brother-in-law, was already captivated. But at the first advances of the princess, and from the moment when she had declared the conditions on which she would accept the royal attentions, he drew off in terror. At this particular epoch, the thought of such a union was tinged with a sadness and fatality which frightened the superstitious monarch.'

Not long since, this same palace of Turin, within the space of fifteen days, had opened its gates to give passage to three coffins of

the royal family; the Queen, the Duke of Genoa, and the Queen-Dowager. Although still in love with his sister-in-law, his Majesty came to an explanation with her: on its conclusion there remained to the Duchess no hope of mounting the throne of Sardinia. Disappointed in her projects, maddened by resentment and eager for revenge, she was bent on humiliating the sovereign and exasperating the lover at any price. To attain this end, she did not hesitate to sacrifice herself. She was secretly married to Rapallo at night in a chateau some leagues from Turin; and, as soon as the ceremony was over, she caused it to be made known to the King. His anger knew no bounds: in the first burst of passion he resolved on banishing his brother's widow from his realm, take away her children, forbid her to bear the title of Duchess of Genoa, and send her back in disgrace to her father, the King of Saxony. But he calmed down by degrees: the representatives of Saxony at Paris and Turin interposed, and she was simply forbidden to abide in any Piedmontese town; the villa of Belgirate on the Lago Maggiore being resigned to her for a residence. Rapallo received the title of Marquis, and became the *chevalier d'honneur*, or lord in waiting of the Duchess. This, adds M. d'Ideville, was the sole function that he ever fulfilled at Belgirate.

Her exile was brief. The female nobility of the newly annexed states, Milan, Parma, Modena, and Florence, claimed the privilege of presentation, and there was no royal duty or prerogative for which the King felt more thoroughly disqualified or disinclined than that of holding a *levée* or a drawing-room. The Duchess was recalled to do the honours of the court, with a suite comprising two ladies-in-waiting. Their husbands bore the same title as the Marquis Rapallo, who was named chamberlain, and regularly took his stand in the antechamber to introduce the personages officially presented to his wife.

The amorous complexion of Victor Emmanuel is well known. He had this in common with Henry IV., as well as chivalrous bravery and a minister who, rivalling Sully in faithful service, far surpassed him in statesmanship. Nor do we altogether agree with M. d'Ideville, that the parallel cannot be fairly carried further, or that the boundless popularity of the King in his hereditary dominions is altogether owing to the monarchical sentiment of the people. 'There he is beloved and popular, as was formerly amongst us our Henry IV., whose head and heart he is far from having. Events and, above all, the genius of his First Minister have elevated him to the position he occupies

in Italy and in Europe. If ever his name is great in history, his unique merit, his sole glory, will have been to have let Italy work out her own destiny' (*d'avoir laissé se faire l'Italie*).

If this be true of Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, it is equally true of Frederick William, Emperor of Germany; and it would be paradoxical to maintain that the startling changes which the map of Europe has undergone within the last twelve years have not been prodigiously accelerated by two master-spirits—by Bismarck and Cavour. But it is surely something to appreciate such men, to sympathize with them in their loftiest aspirations, to head armies at their bidding, to play for a throne or an empire in reliance on their calculation of chances or their foreknowledge of coming events! Did either of these do more than prepare the way for the bursts of feeling and opinion which electrified Italy and Germany by turns, and merged the local jealousies of centuries in the swelling far-resounding cries of unity and nationality? With regard to Cavour, M. d'Ideville clearly states that the rapidity of the popular movement after Villa Franca took him by surprise, and that he was a reluctant or passive instrument in the combinations which, by gaining Naples, most contributed to the proud position of his King.

'The audacious attempt succeeded, thanks to the valour and prestige of Garibaldi, powerfully aided by Neapolitan treason. Naples gave herself to Garibaldi, and Garibaldi made a present of his conquest to the King. But to whoever has followed events closely from Turin, it is evident that, far from providing and organizing the invasion of the Two Sicilies, Cavour did all he could, at least at the beginning, to oppose it. It was only when he understood that it was impossible for him to stop the enterprise, carried away as he was by the action of the Garibaldi party, that he held aloof; tolerating all, and ready to profit as he did by a conquest which, with good reason, he deemed dangerous and premature.'

Immediately on hearing of Garibaldi's landing in Sicily, the French minister, Baron Talleyrand, was directed to present a note to the Cabinet of Turin, in which the Imperial Government, complaining bitterly of this fresh violation of the law of nations, stated that it was not the dupe of the understanding existing between the Sardinian Cabinet and Garibaldi. After a frank explanation with Cavour, M. de Talleyrand requested to see the King, and speedily convinced himself that his Majesty was much less satisfied with the attempt of the hero than was supposed. '*Mon Dieu*,' he exclaimed to M. de Talleyrand, 'it would no doubt be a great misfortune; but if the Neapolitan cruisers were to

hang my poor Garibaldi, he would have brought this sad fate upon himself. Things would then be extremely simplified. What a fine monument we should raise to him!' Lord Melbourne took the same view of the mixed merits and demerits of O'Connell, when he laughingly proposed to hang the great Liberator and agitator on the highest gallows and raise the finest monument to his memory.

In a studied and by no means flattering sketch of the King, M. d'Ideville says that, like all mediocre men, he is jealous and irritable:—

'It may be laid down, without fear of contradiction, that his Sardinian Majesty is boastful, is a braggadocio, with no great regard for truth, and very indiscreet. He takes all occasions for speaking of his twenty wounds, and volunteering the fabulous recital of the dangers he has run in the battle or the chase. Every one, however, knows that, although courageous, and even rash, he has rarely been hit. As to his *bonnes fortunes*, he dilates upon them with a frankness and an absence of ceremony which have nothing of the *galantuomo*. What is more singular, he sometimes confounds the successes he has had with those he fain would have had. To listen to him, it is he alone who directs the affairs of the State: he is daily oppressed by the weight of work.'

In reality there is nothing the King dislikes and shuns more than work except ceremony. 'When he is obliged to attend at a great official dinner, he never even unfolds his napkin or tastes a dish. With his hands leaning on the pommel of his sword, he watches his guests, without trying to conceal his impatience and his *ennui*.' M. d'Ideville was an eye-witness of the royal demeanour during a very remarkable banquet—the one given to General Fleury in September, 1861—when, as imperial envoy, he brought the formal recognition of the kingdom of Italy by France:—

'Despite the democratic tendencies of the constitutional *régime*, the old etiquette of the House of Savoy was strictly observed. The table was sumptuously served: the family plate was of the finest, and in the best taste. An orchestra played during the dinner; which the King—the one person ill at ease and out of keeping with the scene—hastened to abridge as soon as he could do so without a glaring offence against propriety. General Fleury, placed on his right, felt bound to talk to him during the whole dinner. The King, perceiving that his guest imitated his sobriety, made a remark on the General's want of appetite: "Ah, sire, how can one eat on such an occasion?" was the reply. "You are right," said the King with a smile, showing that he felt the flattery. When the General, after two or three other entertainments, including a shooting party, left Turin, the King was repeatedly heard murmuring t

himself, "How I envy the Emperor a friend such as that."

He forgot that a subject can rarely, if ever, be a friend; the essential quality, independence, must inevitably be wanting: the most trusted minister or cherished favourite will never attain nor (if he is well advised) assume an attitude of complete equality. He will rise above it or sink below it. He will be guilty of superiority or subserviency. It was probably the sense of the tutelage under which he was kept by Cavour that made the king envy the Emperor such a (supposed) friend. 'The Count, it must be owned, had not habituated the sovereign to forms of respect and deference: he spoke to him not to say with familiarity, but often with an impatience and a rudeness, useful in business, no doubt, but little in accordance with the observances due to a King; who, whilst affecting to despise form and etiquette, is very mindful of his dignity, jealous of his prerogatives, and justly penetrated with the nobility and antiquity of his race.'

The royal susceptibility was therefore constantly rubbed against the grain whilst Cavour was in the ascendant. His successor, Ricasoli, pursued a different system. Cavour treated the King as a child: Ricasoli, on the contrary, deferred too much to him as King. Neither hit the happy medium: neither obtained his entire confidence:—

'Only one man has fathomed the king's character. This one man has succeeded by a curious mixture of suppleness and tact, and, let it be added, by sincere and disinterested devotedness, in becoming the counsellor, the friend, the sole confidant of Victor Emmanuel. With him the king finds himself at ease. He alone, admitted to the favours of royal intimacy, had access to La Mandria; he had managed to render himself the ally of Rosine, the Countess de Millefiori, whilst Cavour had several times attempted to drive the favourite from Turin, declaring to the king that he could not be permitted to marry this obscure mistress, if he wished to make Piedmont a great kingdom and have a name in history. Cavour greatly exaggerated the influence of the Countess de Millefiori, and he committed a capital mistake, in my opinion, in opposing himself to an attachment already of long standing, and which, all things considered, has never in any respect injured Victor Emmanuel; perfectly free, moreover, sovereign prince as he is, in his affections and his acts.'

This is rather a lax mode of treating the subject, and the general estimate of Cavour will be heightened not lessened by a course of conduct, which strikes us to be politic as well as honest and high-minded. The hold he retained on the royal mind to his dying day, reflects credit on both minister and king. It proves that they understood and rightly

valued each other. It would be difficult to exaggerate the dangers of the *liaison* in question, when, as M. d'Ideville states, it was frequently about to end in a marriage; so strong was the king's wish to legitimate his children, and so overwhelming his occasional scruples of conscience at living in sin.

Not the least attractive portions of M. d'Ideville's 'Journal' are those in which he records his impressions of Italian society. That of Turin in 1860 was the most exclusive of any European capital, with the exception of Vienna. The *Società del Whist*, the principal club, was strictly limited to the military and the aristocracy. The best houses were similarly closed against civilians, be their official rank or public services what they might, who were not privileged by birth! 'I well remember the comic despair of young Constantine Nigra, *chargé d'affaires* at Paris, when he came on leave to Turin: "See," he exclaimed to one of his friends, "what a singular country is ours! At Paris I am not only received everywhere: I am invited, made much of, and appreciated at the Tuileries, more than most French. Well, in my native city, here, it would not be possible for me to set foot in the drawing-room of the Marchioness Doria. Is it not the fact?"' A confirmatory anecdote is given as related by the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne. 'Some time after my arrival at Turin, I one day invited Cavour to dinner with some members of the diplomatic body. As I had often seen young Nigra at the minister's, and he had frequently been sent to me, I mentioned to Cavour my intention of inviting his secretary. "But my dear prince," said he, "can you think of such a thing? People don't invite Nigra." Yet Nigra was the Secretary through whom the most important affairs, those which Cavour most wished to keep secret, were transacted, including (it is said) the arrangements at Plombières and elsewhere with the French Emperor.

Up to the day of their marriage the young ladies of Turin are never seen in a *salon*, but they are partially compensated for their seclusion by a *fête*, termed 'the ball of the *tote*' (Piedmontese for *demoiselles*) to which they are permitted to invite their friends of the other sex. It is given by a subscription amongst the great families, takes place in one of the finest apartments of the city, begins at eight in the evening, and terminates at eight in the morning: no father is admitted; the mothers alone do duty as *chaperons*:—

'I have rarely seen an assembly more marked by gaiety and enjoyment. An excellent supper, in which champagne makes a discreet ap-

pearance, divides the night : then the dancing recommences with renewed spirit, whilst the more confiding mothers sleep soundly as at the corner of their fire. After these twelve hours of uninterrupted dancing the young people separate with a stolen pressure of the hand or a whispered *au revoir* for the following year, unless in the course of this same year, a couple engaged that very evening, become man and wife, and thus see the ball of the *tote* closed to them for ever. Sometimes, but rarely, the young men are authorized to give a similar *fête* in return to the young ladies, but many mothers decline this invitation.

The *Kontessen* of Vienna (the unmarried daughters of the highest aristocracy), who have points in common with the *tote* of Turin, enjoy more liberty and exercise a much greater amount of influence. They have the dancing-room at a ball entirely to themselves and their partners: the mothers and fathers, with all the rest of the married people, young and old, being restricted to cards, music, or conversation apart: no jealous *chaperons* to tease by interruption; no 'frisky matrons' to fret by rivalry; and the exclusiveness of the assembly secured by a social *cordons* which it is impossible to overstep. The Turin *morgue* has been relaxed. Vienna is now the sole remaining stronghold of the manners, habits, and modes of thought which are traditionally associated with the Faubourg St. Germain. How long will this stronghold resist the constantly advancing waves of innovation and liberality?

Whilst full of grateful remembrances of the refined hospitality of Turin, M. d'Ideville dwells with the fondest enthusiasm on the social delights of Milan. 'Ah! the beautiful marchionesses, the charming countesses, all those adorable Milanese women, can they ever forget the *carnavalone* of 1860?—and the declarations, so frank, the *propos* so tender and so gay, of our young officers, those old friends of three months' standing?' The most splendid of these entertainments was a court ball at the palace, at which the King and Cavour were present. The King, buttoned up in his uniform, and as usual ill at ease, gave emphatic expression, by a coarse expletive, to his wish that the whole thing was over; whilst Cavour mingled with the brilliant throng, receiving congratulations or exchanging compliments and repartees. He was talking to the Countess Allemania, a beautiful fair-haired girl, who listened, flushed with pride and pleasure, whilst her partner impatiently waited for the colloquy to end. He happened to be one of Cavour's secretaries, high in favour, and just as the waltz was drawing to a close, he came close to his chief and murmured in his ear, 'Ah, Monsieur le Comte, is it not enough for you

to have Italy to yourself? *De grâce ne me prenez pas l'Allemagne (l'Allemania).*' Cavour smiled, and in another moment the young couple were whirling round the room.

The Milanese aristocracy, richer and more sumptuous than the Piedmontese, is also less exclusive: it is easily accessible, like the English, to all who have risen above the level by enterprise, public services, genius, learning, or accomplishment. 'Opulent and industrious, Milan possesses palaces and houses which rival those of the greatest capitals. The taste for luxury and comfort, and, above all, enlightened and wide-spread feeling for the fine arts, make it a most agreeable place of stay to visitors, without speaking of the amiable, expansive character of the inhabitants. The taste for horses and carriages is general; so that, at the drives on the Corso during the winter of 1860, we counted more than twenty carriages-and-four, as irreproachable in their appointments as any that could be seen at Paris, Vienna, or London.' At this time the Milanese were essentially *Anglomane*. Their exquisites adopted all the English fashions, and made all their purchases at London. 'The fondness for England is pushed to such a point amongst the Milanese, that the costume of their police agents has been exactly copied from that of the policemen of the British metropolis.'

In the course of a hasty tour through Northern and Central Italy, M. d'Ideville noticed many things which have escaped more pretentious travellers. Passing through Parma, he sets down:—

'The town is poor, behind the age, without industry and without commerce. A fact which seems improbable, and is, notwithstanding, literally true, will give an idea of the society. When the Duchess wished to give a *fête* or ball she was forced, in order to make sure of her company, to send to Paris for gowns and head-dresses, and distribute them among the principal ladies of the place. Without this precaution no one would have come. Whilst we were going over the palace, an old attendant who dated from the time of the Archduchess Marie-Louise, related certain anecdotes of her, very interesting, but difficult to repeat. In spite of all her extravagances the ex-Empress, it appears, was adored by the inhabitants of Parma.'

Familiar as we may be with the broad aspect or general outline of events, the narrative of an eye-witness or actor will seldom fail to render them present to the mind's eye with more fullness, accuracy, and life. M. d'Ideville was present at the memorable sitting of the Turin Chamber on the 18th April, 1861, when Garibaldi made his first appearance as a member, having not long before told a deputation of workmen at Genoa that the Gov-

ernment (Cavour's) was composed of cowards; that the Chamber was an assembly of lacqueys; and that the King was hurrying to destruction under the guidance of unworthy counsellors. The excitement was extreme; and whilst the galleries were crowded with enthusiastic followers of the hero, the great majority of the members were coldly and even unfavourably disposed towards him. He rose to reply to General Fanti, the War-Minister. The occasion was grand, and expectation was on the tiptoe—

‘But, alas, the actor did not know his part. He had scarcely pronounced a few words when his memory failed; his phrases became incoherent and meaningless; he looked in vain, with his eyes aided by enormous glasses, on the notes which he held in his hand, for the thread of his ideas. The two acolytes at his side, N— and S—, prompted him with phrases, and sought in vain to point out the forgotten passage on the notes, but every effort failed. The opening dragged painfully. The Left of the assembly, the Garibaldian deputies, were groaning under the deplorable effect produced by their chief, when, all of a sudden, abandoning the parliamentary forms which visibly put him out, Garibaldi pushed away angrily and bluntly the notes which lay heaped upon the table, and spoke extempore.

‘The aspect of the scene was changed; from ridiculous and painful, it became tragical. It was then that, addressing himself with threatening voice and gesture to the ministerial bench, he declared that it would be for ever impossible for him to clasp the hand of the man who had sold his country to the foreigner; or to ally himself with a government whose cold and mischievous hand was trying to foment a fratricidal war.’

If Cavour had taken up the glove thus intemperately thrown down, he might have been fairly charged with fomenting a fratricidal war. Restraining himself by a strong effort, he made no allusion in his reply to the accusations and reproaches of Garibaldi, to whom the fitting rebuke was administered by Ricasoli. Ricasoli, affecting to disbelieve the report of Garibaldi's speech at Genoa, spoke thus:—

‘A calumny on one of the members of this Assembly has been circulated: he is accused of having uttered words unworthy of every honest man. I know this man; I know how dear to him is his country; I know the sacrifices he has made. As for me, I dare assert it here, it appears to me impossible that the odious words attributed to him should have fallen from his lips. For who, great as he may be, would dare, in his pride, to assign himself in our country a place apart? Who would dare to claim for himself the monopoly of devotedness and patriotism, and elevate himself above the rest? Amongst us a single head should tower above all others; that of the King. Before him all bow down, and ought to bow down; any other attitude would be that of a rebel.’

The action of the orator is described as in keeping with his words. He struck the table with his clenched fist. There was a thrilling, menacing ring in the tones of his voice. He looked the feudal baron of the olden time, loyal, faithful, and brave. His touched a responsive chord; and the long pent-up feeling of indignation overflowed:—

‘His discourse, strangely eloquent, the cry of the conscience of an honest man, excited transports of enthusiasm; people breathed more at ease. The King, the Parliament were avenged. On leaving the chamber the Count de Cavour, who had grasped Ricasoli's hand with visible emotion, as if struck by a sudden presentiment, exclaimed, “If I should die to-morrow, my successor has been found.”’

Cavour died within two months, and he was succeeded by Ricasoli. What he underwent on this occasion is thought to have brought on the fever of which, aided by the Sangrado treatment of his doctors, he died. He returned exhausted, and embittered. ‘If emotion could have killed a man,’ he said the day after to Count Oldofredi, ‘I should have died on my return from that sitting.’

The life and character of Cavour must be familiar to most readers, but some traits mentioned by General della Marmora to M. d'Iderville are new to us:—

“I was much attached to Cavour; we were friends from childhood; and, more than any other, I bowed down before his genius. He, on his side, had a friendship for me. But I cannot tell with what cruelty, with what disdain, Cavour treated the men from whom he believed he had nothing more to expect, or those who seemed to have become useless to his designs. I never knew a man more passionate in his affections and more prone to enthusiasm. He got infatuated with people with singular facility; he exalted them to the skies, sang their praises to all; then, one fine day, capricious as a child, he brutally hurled them from the pedestal which he himself had made for them. Irony, contempt, even insults,—nothing was spared the men he was exalting yesterday and thought he had reason to complain of to-day. Frequently, I allow—here again resembling a child—he manifested sincere regret at the evil he had caused. He frankly regretted his loss of temper and the violence of his language. But frequently, also, it was too late. When the wound was not too deep he knew how to cure it by a word, such was the power of seduction he possessed. How, moreover, could any one fail to be touched by so sudden a return?”

An instance follows of his alienating and offending, beyond all hope of reparation or forgiveness, a man whose capacity for being a useful ally or dangerous enemy was beyond dispute:—

“I shall never forget a letter which General Dabormida, that excellent man, addressed to

him: 'You have lost in me,' wrote the General, 'a true friend, but of another you have made an enemy who will never be reconciled to you.' That other was our colleague Ratazzi. We were all three well disposed to concede the first place to Cavour, but insults were useless. Ratazzi, on whom he was then trampling, had once been in his eyes the most intelligent, the most indispensable man in Piedmont. The day when he could no longer serve Cavour in his projects, all was changed. He found himself immediately transformed into a commonplace pretender, a marplot, without capacity or influence. He received no mercy. How many," added the General, "have attributed to Ratazzi sentiments of mean envy in regard to Cavour! There existed nothing of the sort. I knew them intimately, and I was in a position to appreciate the conduct of both. I can therefore certify that the hatred of Ratazzi for the Count sprang into life upon that day when Ratazzi, humiliated in the cruelest manner, was brutally turned out of the council, not as a useless minister, but as a citizen noxious and fatal to his country."

This liability of the great man to be swayed by passing impulses in his judgments may help to account for the different tone in which he spoke, according to his mood, of the French Emperor. One day, during a period of painful suspense in which he was kept by his Imperial ally, meeting M. d'Ideville under the arcades of the principal street of Turin, he took him by the arm and began, in his most coaxing manner:—

"Well! when is Talleyrand coming back to us? Have you need of him? It is melancholy," he went on: "your long fit of pouting is absurd. Certainly Rayneval, Bourgoing and you, represent France very well, but it is a minister that we want. Are we not good (*sages*) enough to deserve a chief of legation? Talleyrand or another. Look here, my dear D'Ideville," he added, shaking his head, "Your Emperor will never change: his error is to be always wishing to conspire. Heaven knows, however, if he has need of conspiracies now! Is he not absolute master? With a country so powerful as yours, a great army, Europe tranquil, what has he to fear? Why constantly, at all hours, disguise his thoughts, go right when he wishes to go left, and *vice versa*? Ah, what a wonderful conspirator he makes."

"But," I ventured to reply, "You ought to be more indulgent in this particular. Have not you, Count, you too, been a daring conspirator?"

"I? certainly: I have conspired; and could I do otherwise at that epoch? Were we the strongest and the most numerous? We were forced to hide ourselves from Austria; whilst your Emperor, mark me well, will remain eternally incorrigible. I have known him long. At this hour he could march straight, in the open light of day, following his end. But no, he prefers putting people out, throwing them on a false scent, conspiring in fact, conspiring ever. It is the peculiarity of his genius, the vocation of his choice: he practises it as an artist, *con amore*, and in this part he will always be the first and the strongest of us all."

In illustration of what he terms the imperial charm of manner and gift of persuasion, M. d'Ideville relates that, about the same time when Cavour spoke to him in this fashion, towards the end of 1859, the deputations from Parma, Modena, and Tuscany, came to Paris to claim, in the name of their fellow-citizens, the union of these provinces to Piedmont. On leaving the Tuileries the deputies were so charmed with their reception, that neither of them doubted the success of their mission. Strange to say, that very evening there met, in Paris the secret envoys of the dethroned princes of Parma, Modena, and Tuscany. After an audience of the Emperor, and an interview with Count Walewski, these luckless personages started in hot haste for Italy to announce to their Sovereigns that the promises of the Emperor and his Minister authorized every hope for the future.

Cavour's patience was never more severely tried than by the Pontifical Zouaves brought prisoners to Turin after the defeat of Lamoricière, who had so many of the first French nobility serving under him, that General Cialdini, on looking over the list of killed and wounded, exclaimed, 'Why, all historic France is there: one might fancy oneself reading a list of a *petit lever* of Louis XIV.' Proud of their acknowledged gallantry and their blood, carried away by youthful spirits, and forgetting their condition, the prisoners made the theatres and public walks the scene of language and demeanour offensive and even insulting to the Piedmontese. Cavour sent for the French Secretary and told him: 'I leave your young countrymen free, but, for Heaven's sake, do not let them insult us because they are vanquished.'

The French Legation received from the young officers of this corps the most edifying revelations touching the demeanour of the Pontifical authorities at the approach of the Piedmontese. A few days before the invasion of the province of Ancona, Lamoricière, discouraged by the ill-will he encountered at every step on the part of the Government he came to defend; alarmed, humiliated, disgusted by the disorders and scandalous abuses that he discovered at every step in this obsolete Administration, made a clean breast of it with unsparing frankness, and told the Holy Father that, in spite of devotion to his person and his cause, he must renounce the enterprise in which he was engaged, rendered impossible as it was by obstacles of every kind and the undisguised hostility of the Roman Administration and the Prelacy. 'Many causes,' it is added, 'made the General odious to the Roman element. He was a foreigner, a Frenchman, brave and (above all) honest. Charged by the Pope with the

organization of the army, he became, perforce, acquainted with the abuses which hitherto had remained hidden. Consequently nothing was neglected to weary and discourage the brave soldier, who had come in good faith to offer his sword and his services to the Sovereign of Catholicity.' Such was the position of the General at the moment when the crisis arrived. His resolution to abandon Rome was naturally adjourned, and he announced to the Holy Father that, in the new circumstances that had arisen, he would put himself at the head of the troops to repel the invasion:—

'From that moment, as I was assured by eye-witnesses, the General's aides-de-camp, there commenced in all the towns we were charged to protect, on the part of the delegates and all the authorities civil and ecclesiastical, a system of inertness, of ill-will, of hostility, which made us every moment ask ourselves, "What have we to do in this country?"'

One of the strangest episodes of the Italian revolution was the appearance of Alexandre Dumas as its annalist. His arrival at Turin, on his way to Naples, created a sensation; and M. d'Ideville, who had been acquainted with him at Paris, was commissioned by the Marchesa Alfieri (Cavour's niece) to ask if it would be agreeable to him to meet Cavour and some other persons of literary or political distinction at her *salon*. The invitation was declined:—

"Convey my warmest acknowledgments and deepest regrets to the Marchesa: it is impossible for me to accept. Would you like to know why? Well, then, I should meet her uncle, the Count de Cavour, and I would not see him for any money. This surprises you, my dear friend. I will tell you my reason. I leave Turin in twenty-four hours: I embark at Genoa: in three days I shall be with Garibaldi. I do not know him, but I have written to him: he expects me. This man is a hero, a sublime adventurer, a personage of romance. With him, out of him, I expect to make something. He is a madman, a simpleton if you like, but an heroic simpleton; we shall get on capitally together. What would you have me make out of Cavour; me, remember? Cavour is a great statesman, a consummate politician, a man of genius. He is a cut above Garibaldi; don't I know it? But he does not wear a red shirt. He wears a black coat, a white cravat, like an advocate or a diplomat. I should see him, I should converse with him, and, like so many others, I should be seduced by his play of mind and his good sense. Adieu to my promising expedition. My Garibaldi would be spoilt. On no consideration, then, will I see your President of the Council. He cannot be my man any more than I can be his. I am an artist, and Garibaldi alone has attractions for me.

Although I visit no one here but deputies of Extreme Left, Brofferio and others, tell M.

Cavour, I beg, that I fly from him because I admire him; and make him clearly understand why I quit Turin without seeing him."

Dumas judged rightly. He would have made nothing out of Cavour, and he made a very good thing out of Garibaldi; although not exactly as he had anticipated, namely, by treating him artistically and making him the picturesque hero of a romance. Garibaldi was too picturesque already to stand any fresh draping and colouring. As not unfrequently happens, no ideal could surpass the real, no fiction could improve upon the fact. He stood in no need of the *vale sacro*: in his case, the simplest chronicler was the best, and the simplest might well be suspected of exaggeration by posterity. Dumas' books on Garibaldi and his exploits never attracted much attention and are already forgotten. But the hero and the romanticist became sworn friends at sight, and Dumas was immediately installed in the palace of Chiattamone with the title and perquisites of Superintendent of Director of the Fine Arts. Here he lived at free quarters till the dictatorship ended and order was restored. Here, also, he founded a journal which lasted some months, and entered into an engagement with the Italian Government to write the 'History of the House of Bourbon at Naples' from secret archives which the revolution had brought to light. He was to receive 30,000 francs, and M. d'Ideville says that the engagement was faithfully kept on one side, as he himself was once commissioned by his chief to solicit, in the name of Dumas, the payment by anticipation of this sum; 'to which the Minister of the Home Department consented with the most perfect complacency, without caring to inquire whether our countryman had begun his history.'

The next time Dumas passed through Turin, M. d'Ideville met him at a supper party: Garibaldi became the subject of conversation, and it appeared that Dumas' enthusiasm had been in no respect lessened by familiarity:—

'Towards the end of the entertainment, to close the series of anecdotes relating to the dictator: "See here," said Dumas, with marked solemnity and unfolding a scrap of paper, "here are lines written by him which shall never quit me! You must know, my friends, that having had a fancy to see Victor Emmanuel, whom I do not know, I asked Garibaldi for a note of introduction to present to the King." "Here," replied Garibaldi, handing me these words hastily written, "this will be your passport." And the charming narrator passed round the scrap of crumpled paper, which contained this unique phrase: "*Sire, recevez Dumas, c'est mon ami et le vôtre.—G. Garibaldi.*" "You may well believe," added Dumas, respectfully replacing the

letter in his breast pocket, "that to preserve this autograph, which the King would doubtless have desired to keep, I deprived myself, without regret, of the acquaintance of King Victor. And now that the sovereign has shown his ingratitude towards Garibaldi, to whom he is so much obliged, you may judge whether he will not have a long time to wait for my visit."

The first part of the Journal now before us ends in March, 1862. 'The second, written at Rome, comprises a period of three years,—November, 1862, January, 1866,—during which I formed part, as Secretary, of the embassy directed first by the Prince de la Tour and afterwards by the Count de Sartiges.' This second part is understood to be speedily forthcoming, and we freely own that we shall be disappointed should it prove wanting in the frankness, boldness, and even occasional imprudence, which are so attractive and valuable in the first. Diplomats may complain, with some show of reason, that such want of reticence is fatal to their trade; but secrecy has its evils; mischievous intrigues are fostered by it; and there was a basis of truth in Joseph Hume's startling apophthegm touching ministerial reserve on the ground of delicacy: 'Wherever there is delicacy, there is something wrong.' M. d'Ideville's alleged betrayal of confidence is of the most venial character: the private conversations he has printed relate to public events or (like those reported by Mr. Senior) were spoken with an obvious view to publicity, and no great harm will be done if he gives the world his impressions of Rome with the same freedom which he has used in describing the political and social celebrities of Turin.

ART. VII.—1. *Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Slave-trade on the East Coast of Africa, 1871.*

2. *Despatches addressed by Dr. Livingstone to Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, 1870, 1871, and 1872.*

3. *The East African Slave-trade, &c., as viewed by Residents in Zanzibar, &c. London.*

4. *A Letter to the Select Committee of the House of Commons.* By H. A. Fraser.

5. *The Slave-trade in Africa.* By Etienne-Félix Berlioux, Professor of History in the Lyceum of Lyons.

THERE is a peculiar propriety in the time at which the discovery of Dr. Livingstone has been accomplished. Lost as he has been

to the civilized world for these past years, as completely as the arrow shot into the darkness, the weight of his authority against the maintenance of the East African slave-trade was beginning to diminish. There was a perceptible slackening of general interest even as to the great geographical problems, to settle which, it seemed but too probable, that he had sacrificed his life. Another buried in those sands! Another lost in those swamps! Another stricken down by the irresistible fever! Another victim to Arab treachery! Till the heart of England somewhat sickened at the mention of the subject, and many were ready to acquiesce in the great traveller's own account of the African estimate of his researches, and to say with those whose answers to his eager questions concerning the fountains of the Nile he reports, 'We drink our fill of the river, and let the rest run by;' delivered with a look which meant 'This poor White is afflicted with hydrocephalus.'

But the voice of the living man sounds again in our ears. Mr. Stanley's courage and perseverance have enabled him to renew the long-suspended communications, and David Livingstone speaks to us out of Central Africa from the seven hundred miles of the great river's watershed, a 'bird's-eye view of which resembles the frost vegetation on window panes,' and trusts, by the sacrifice of one year more, to verify the assertion of old Herodotus as to the fountain-heads of the mysterious stream. It was in the temple of Minerva, at Sais, the old historian says, that he was told by the Steward of the Sacred Things, that from between two mountains, rising each to a peak, bearing the names of Croph and Moph, rise from unfathomable depths the sources of the river. Herodotus throws in the doubt whether the Steward of the Sacred Things was not laughing at him in his narrative. If perseverance can accomplish the object, Livingstone will be the revealer of the long hidden mystery.

All this is of deep interest in the cause of scientific Geography; but for a yet higher cause we deem the sounding of this voice in our ears to be, at the present moment, singularly apposite. The mind of the nation is just beginning to awaken to a sense of its duty in relation to the East African slave-trade. In both Houses of Parliament attention has been called to it. In the Lower House a most valuable Report of a highly intelligent and diligent Committee was printed in August, 1871; and in the House of Lords, after waiting till July for the papers on the subject, which are annually laid before Parliament, an Address to the Queen upon the subject was moved by Lord Camp-

bell, and seconded by the Bishop of Winchester. The debate upon this motion led to an emphatic declaration from Lord Granville of the interest felt in the subject at our Foreign Office, and a declaration that most of the measures suggested by the Bishop of Winchester were, or would be, adopted by the Foreign Office, so far as that office could secure the co-operation of the Administration—declarations which were well followed by the notice of the subject in the Speech put, at the close of the Session, into the mouth of the Queen, which committed the whole Government to exertion in this cause. 'My Government has taken steps intended to prepare the way for dealing more effectually with the slave-trade on the East Coast of Africa.*'

Happily these exertions are not confronted—as those were by which, after so fierce a conflict, the West African slave-trade was abolished through the labours of Wilberforce, Clarkson, and their allies—by any great domestic interest. Though, as we shall have to show, there is too much reason to fear that British capital does surreptitiously aid in maintaining this detestable traffic, yet it can no more openly parade the injury which it will suffer. Lord Brougham's Bill of 5 Geo. IV. c. 113, has made it felony for any subject of Great Britain openly or secretly to take part in the vile trade in the bodies of men. This difficulty, therefore, is gone. But still no Government, even if it were united and determined in the cause, could, without national support, incur the expenses of bringing to a successful issue a contention like this; waged at a distance from home, entangled with many conflicting interests, and liable to be represented as one not immediately concerning our own national obligations, and so to incur the easily-whispered reproach of being a busy and unnecessary interference with others, suggested to unpractical minds by a dreamy and sentimental humanity.

The necessity of counteracting this inevitable tendency by engaging in the great cause the hearty interest of all who will attend to the claims of justice and mercy, must be our excuse for stating plainly, in the first place, the actual evils of the existing trade; we shall then show our readers how we are nationally connected with it, and end by suggesting the best modes which present themselves to us for relieving humanity from this scourge, and setting free legitimate commerce from all the evils which are inflicted on it by such a horrible rivalry.

The trade in negroes from the East Coast

of Africa is, so far as export goes, now almost confined to the different ports within the dominions of the Sultan of Zanzibar. There is an internal traffic along the coast-line from Zanzibar, but by far the greater portion of the traffic is with the Coast of Arabia, a certain amount with Persia, and a yet smaller with Madagascar. The Zanzibar dominions extend along the East Coast of Africa, from the Equator to ten degrees South Latitude, about 350 miles, and include the islands of Momfia, Pemba, and Zanzibar; this last being the seat of Government, separated from the mainland by a channel about twenty-five miles wide—about five miles farther than the distance of Calais from Dover.

A port named Kilwa, almost at the southern border of the Zanzibar dominion, is the place at which nearly all the slave caravans arrive from the interior, and where the victims of the traffic are put on board the dhows which are to convey them to the slave-market at Zanzibar.

Leaving then, for the present, the slaves who reach the Zanzibar slave-market, let us travel back with them from their native territory, and glance at the horrors of their capture and their transit. The mode by which the slaves are obtained is described in an official communication from Brigadier Coghlan to the Chief Secretary of Government at Bombay; quoting the words of the eminent African missionary, Dr. Krapf, he says:—

'To the South of Pangani is the territory of the heathen Wasegua tribe and the great centre (in 1860) of the slave-trade. The Arabs of Zanzibar come here, and promise the Wasegua Chiefs a number of muskets and shot for a certain number of slaves: so, when a chief has entered into the contract he suddenly falls on a hostile village, sets it on fire, and carries off the inhabitants; among these tribes the slave-trade has hitherto flourished to a frightful extent, chiefly owing to the encouragement of the Arabs of Zanzibar. From 10,000 to 12,000 slaves are said to pass yearly through Kilwa, on their way to the various ports of the Sowahili coast and to Arabia, and we saw many gangs of from six to ten slaves chained to each other, and obliged to carry burdens on their heads.'—*Appendix to House of Commons Report*, p. 116.

Again, Colonel Rigby, her Majesty's Consul at Zanzibar, says,—

'The Arabs go into the interior with large numbers of armed followers, on purpose to procure slaves, and whole districts are systematically hunted to procure them; the cupidity of the native chiefs being excited by the muskets, gunpowder, and cotton cloth they receive from the Arabs in payment.'—*App.*, p. 116.

* Queen's Speech, August 10, 1872.

The Rev. Horace Waller gives the same evidence:—

‘I can speak distinctly to the fact of its being the chief aim of the slave-traders to set one tribe against another, in order that they may bring on war and the consequent destruction of the country, which produces just the state of things which makes slaves cheaper.’—*App.*, p. 87.

Mr. Allington, one of the witnesses, gave an instance which fell within his own experience, when he was residing with Bishop Tozer in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa, of one of these acts of violence:—

‘I remember going into a native village near Mount Mollumbala. The slavers were there just before we got there, and on our approach they fired some shots and took to their heels, carrying away with them some men out of the village. When I got to the village there was an old chief hiding in the bush, afraid to come back to the village on account of these slavers. I have not the slightest doubt that whilst I was there parties of slavers attacked villages with the view of obtaining slaves.’—*Ans.* 1826, 1827.

Again, the Rev. Horace Waller gives the evidence of an eye-witness:—

‘I have seen as many as three villages burning in one morning within two hours, and I have seen hundreds of captives carried away from those villages. The villages are set on fire, and in the confusion the men, women, and children are captured.’—*Ans.* 945, 946.

All this is abundantly confirmed by the fell seal of depopulation and destruction which has been set by these deeds of iniquity upon populous and thriving districts. Here is an official report to Lord Clarendon:—

‘On arriving at the scene of their operations, they incite and sometimes help the natives of one tribe to make war upon another. Their assistance almost invariably secures victory to the side which they support, and the captives become their property, either by right or purchase. In the course of these operations thousands are killed, or die subsequently of their wounds or of starvation; villages are burnt, and the women and children are carried away as slaves. The complete depopulation of the country between the coast and the present field of the slave-traders’ operations attests the fearful character of these raids.’—*Report of House of Commons*, 1871, p. iv.

This utter depopulation, as if fire had passed over the land, is made the more horrible by the contrast which it presents to all that was going on in the same district before the ravages of the slave-trader swept it with the besom of destruction. It is thus that Dr. Livingstone describes the aspect of the country before the advent of the man-stealer.

‘We crossed Kirk’s Range, and got amongst Manganja in the primitive state, working in irons and spinning buaze, and sowing grain extensively.’ ‘Buaze,’ adds Mr. Waller, ‘is a fibre used for nets. Dr. Livingstone is speaking here of a population which had not been visited by slave-traders.’*

There is the like testimony from every quarter. ‘The land is as the Garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness.’ The evidence of Major-General Rigby (who was Consul at Zanzibar and Political Agent of the Indian Government from 1858 to the end of 1861) before the Committee of the House of Commons, may be considered as settling this question for ever:—

‘The vast and rich country,’ he says, ‘from Lake Nyassa to the south is becoming depopulated. Banians who have been for years at Zanzibar have told me that they remember, when they first came to the coast, the whole country was densely populated down to the sea-coast, and now you have to go eighteen days’ journey inland before you come upon a village almost. That is fully confirmed by Baron Von der Decken and Dr. Rosher, who travelled that route. Baron Von der Decken talks of miles and miles of ruined towns and villages; the whole way up to Lake Nyassa, where there is now no population at all. . . . Dr. Livingstone recently travelled through the Manganja country, where the whole population was engaged in the cultivation and working up of cotton, and he said that he had never seen such a wonderful cotton country in his life, or such a fertile country. A year or two afterwards, he went through the same country, and found it entirely depopulated, all the huts being full of dead bodies. The children had been carried away, and most of the adults slain. That is one of the worst features of the slave-trade in that country. . . . The slave-traders kill all the men and women, and burn the villages, and carry off the children, who are driven more easily. . . . the men they lose more by desertion on the way.’—*House of Commons Report*, p. 48, *Ans.* 611

Here, then, is the curse with which Central Africa is cursed by the slave-trade. Intestine wars created, promoted, aggravated; scenes of peaceful, useful and active industry broken in on rudely by the cupidity of the man-stealers; whole villages burnt to the ground, whole districts depopulated; and, by this terrible whirlwind of physical suffering sweeping over the land, all possibility of the increase of civilization, and, even more, of the spread of a better religion, rendered absolutely impossible.

From year to year, moreover, these terrible evils are extending themselves further into the land. Through the depopulated

* *House of Commons Report*, *Ans.* 1352.

country the slave-trader has to press on for his victims to a further tract of land, which is as yet prosperous and peopled, because the curse has not yet reached to them. 'Every year,' says General Rigby, 'this slave-trade is extending further and further inland. A great number of the slaves are now brought from the western side of the lake Nyassa; the Arabs have got dhows in the lake on purpose to convey their slaves across.*' Here is the completion of this portion of the picture. This march of death is perpetually advancing onward. The ring of fire is widening its circumference, and gathering within its folds of destruction more and more of the doomed land. Districts rich in all manner of natural fertility, in iron, in cotton (so abundant that all the people of both sexes are busily employed in spinning and weaving), in all sorts of grains and vegetables, in sugar, in dyes, in the Sim-Sim tree—from which most of our finest olive-oil is made, which goes very largely to Marseilles—in gold and in copper,—this land is being reduced to barrenness and utter desolation. 'It was formerly so thickly populated that you might have travelled for seventy or eighty miles and have come to a village at every half mile—thoroughly well-watered; a flourishing cotton-growing country. Two years pass over it, and you may cross a tract of 120 miles and not find a human being of any kind; and all this damage and misery caused by the slave-trade.†'

But there is another sad chapter of this misery into which we must pray our readers to have the courage to look a little with us. We ask them to follow with us the caravan of misery, the collecting of which brings this utter destruction upon so wide a district of God's earth. It is indeed a march of death, the horrors of which every successful raid increases by prolonging the distance over which the captives have to be conveyed before they reach the sea-shore, whence they are embarked for the slave-market at Zanzibar. When the emigration towards the coast begins, 'the slaves are marched in gangs, the males with their necks yoked in heavy forked sticks, which at night are fastened to the ground, or lashed together so as to make escape impossible. The women and children are bound with thongs: any attempt at escape, or to untie the bonds, or any wavering or lagging on the journey, has but one punishment—immediate death. The sick are left behind, and the route of a slave caravan can be tracked by the dying and the

dead.*' Thus they have, now that the man-stealers' hunting-ground has been forced by depopulation further back from the coast, to traverse a distance estimated as 500 miles, occupying three months of almost unequalled misery. We will not shock our readers by the detail of horrors which they may find in the answers of the witnesses before the House of Commons Committee. The imagination can supply, it cannot exaggerate, the actual scene of cruelty and blood. The earth cries aloud to Heaven against it. 'The road between Nyassa and the coast is strewn with the bones of slaves that have been killed or abandoned on the road; and for every slave brought to Kilwa there is a loss of four or five additional lives;† or, as it is estimated by Dr. Livingstone, not unfrequently of ten, for every victim who reaches the coast.

When the diminished remains of the caravan reach the sea-coast of Zanzibar, at the Port of Kilwa, they are embarked in Arab dhows, and the greater number are transported to Zanzibar, to be sold either in the open market or to private dealers. On this voyage, though the special character of their sufferings is changed, it would be difficult to say that they were diminished. In the words of the Report of the House of Commons, 'The sea passage exposes the slave to much suffering, and, in addition, to the danger from overcrowding and insufficient food. . . . Between Kilwa and Zanzibar a dhow lately lost a third of the slaves; there were ninety thrown overboard dead, or dying, many of them in a terribly emaciated state.‡' Here is a picture of this voyage from the hand of an Officer in Her Majesty's Navy who has been himself engaged in the naval prevention of the trade:—

'The dhows or vessels generally used by the Arabs for the transport of slaves, vary in size from 30 or 40 to 120 tons, and carry from 100 to 250 slaves. They are for the most part more or less unseaworthy, and badly fitted and equipped. The slaves are packed literally like herrings in a barrel. In one dhow of 37 tons captured by me, I found 160 slaves, of which number four were dead—the dead being packed in tightly with the living. Several more died within a few days from the effects of previous starvation and ill-usage, many of the poor creatures suffering from frightful sores and ulcers, caused by the abrasion occasioned by slave-irons.

'Whilst in these dhows they are given barely sufficient food to sustain life: a handful of—very often unboiled—rice or sesamum and a cocoanut shell of water form their daily meal,

* 'Report,' p. 48.

† 'Report of House of Commons,' Ans. 947-950.

* Report to Earl of Clarendon, quoted in 'House of Commons Report of 1871,' p. 5.

† 'House of Commons Report,' pp. 287, 288.

‡ 'Report,' p. iv.

and in consequence many of them appear like living skeletons. Men, women, and little children (generally more of the latter) are huddled up together; women with infants at their breasts, who from utter weakness and exhaustion are hardly able to stand upright when brought on the decks of a man-of-war.

'The dhows for the most part generally skirt along the coast, and on being chased by a man-of-war, or her boats, invariably try to run on shore. In this they very often succeed. Regardless of all risk, they deliberately run into the boiling surf, which in a few minutes reduces their vessel to a total wreck, and, as may be expected, numbers of lives are lost. I myself, on several occasions when landing to secure slaves, have seen the beach literally lined with the bodies of little children and women who perished miserably whilst trying to struggle with the terrible surf. The Arabs generally succeed in making their escape with the able-bodied men and women, but, as may be expected, the children and weaker women perish in great numbers. In many instances, from the nature of the country where they run on shore, great numbers must ultimately die before the Arabs can reach any town or place of safety with them. On one occasion, when I was fortunate to capture 69 slaves, chiefly women or children, out of some 150, after having pursued them five miles into the interior, I found that the unfortunate creatures had then been two days without water; and of course the ones who escaped, some 60 or 70 more, must have been in the same plight. They would have, at least, 80 miles to march before they could hope to reach either food or water, so most of them must have left their bones on the road.

'The Arabs, on being chased by a man-of-war, invariably tell their wretched cargo that the English will cut their throats and eat them, and by these means succeed in making them run away when the dhow is run on shore. The saddest of all sights is to see the bodies of the little children washing about in the surf. I have seen the rough Blue-jackets almost crying whilst picking up the bodies before burying them.

'I have watched the slave-ships come into Zanzibar harbour, under the very guns of the English men-of-war (which, in consequence of our treaty with the Sultan, were powerless to touch them), and discharge their wretched cargoes at the Custom-house. The vessels were brought as close to the shore as possible, generally grounding in four feet of water, and then the slaves shoved overboard and left to struggle on shore the best way they could. Many of the poor wretches were so utterly exhausted, that on reaching the shore they fell down on the sand, some of them never to rise again; their masters looking on, affording them no help, and merely waiting to see whether it was worth while to pay the custom dues for them or not. If it appeared to them that their case was hopeless, they were left to die where they fell, or to be drowned by the incoming tide. All this I have seen myself, and on remonstrating with their owners and some of the

Custom-house people, have been only laughed at for my pains. As long as the Government allow the Sultan to carry on the slave-trade such scenes will always exist.'—*Private Letter.*

Those who survive this voyage are sold either to private dealers or in the open market of Zanzibar. To describe this last abomination, what can be added to the words of the Hon. C. Vivian before the Committee of the House of Commons? 'I visited the slave-market here yesterday, and a more painful and disgusting sight I never saw. Hundreds of poor negroes of both sexes ranged about in all sorts of conditions, some living skeletons, others fat and well dressed, pulled about with a crook stick, and examined just like sheep or other animals in a market.*' From this market are distributed first those who are needed to supply the internal wants of the dominions of the Sultan of Zanzibar. But these form a small proportion of the whole number. Mr. Vivian, Sir Leopold Heath, and others, estimate the whole number of slaves annually exported from Zanzibar as amounting to 20,000; whilst the number retained within the Zanzibar territory does not exceed 1700. Here, then, begins a new set of horrors for these miserable creatures. The export trade is a violation of the treaty obligations of Zanzibar with Great Britain; and the cruisers of Her Majesty watch for the slave-dhows, and, if possible, capture them. This of necessity entails on the wretched Africans all the horrors of being the living subjects of a contraband trade—greater crowding on ship-board, less provisions taken, with the probable chance, if the slave-dhow is sighted by a British cruiser, that the slaves will be thrown overboard to prevent the condemnation of the vessel. Here we may end our inquiries into this dark history. With the after-expatriation and foreign servitude of those who reach the Arabian, Persian, and Muscat slave-markets we have not directly to do. It suffices for our purpose to have shown this accursed traffic devastating and depopulating Africa, making impossible its civilization or conversion, destroying the possibility of lawful commerce, and inflicting upon its immediate victims, in their convoy to the coast, in their voyage from Kilwa, and in their ultimate transportation to the shores of Asia, an amount of helpless, hopeless suffering, from the thought of which humanity revolts.

But then arises the question, What have we to do with this system of iniquity? When the eloquence of William Wilberforce awoke against the slave-trade from the West

* 'House of Commons Report,' p. 13, Ans. 186.

Coast of Africa, it was against the crime of his own countrymen that he inveighed. It was to purge from this deep criminality the commerce of our own land that he devoted his life to the cause of abolition. This, it is urged, was our own concern. But what right have we to constitute ourselves the curators of the purity of Arabian commerce, or to trouble ourselves as to the slave-trading iniquities of the Imam of Muscat or the Sultan of Zanzibar? There is something plausible in the argument; and addressing itself, as it does, to the practical mind of Englishmen, which in spite of occasional paroxysms of enthusiasm, naturally revolts at all mere Quixotic undertakings, it is likely, if it is not answered, to hang as a drag upon any national efforts to put down this trade. Can it, then, be answered? We have no doubt that it can, and will proceed to allege what seem to us convincing answers to it.

In the first place, we are nationally concerned in this trade. Dr. Livingstone—no slight authority upon the matter—asserts positively that the trade is absolutely maintained by the capital of our East Indian subjects. In one of his letters, just published by the Foreign Office, Livingstone says:—

‘The subject to which I beg to draw your attention, is the part which the Banians of Zanzibar, who are protected British subjects, play in carrying on the slave-trade in Central Africa. The Banian British subjects have long been, and are now, the chief propagators of the Zanzibar slave-trade; their money, and often their muskets, gunpowder, balls, flints, beads, brass-wire, and calico, are annually advanced to the Arabs, at enormous interest, for the murderous work of slavery, of the nature of which every Banian is fully aware. Having mixed much with the Arabs in the interior, I soon learned the whole system that is called “Cutchee,” or Banian trading, is simply marauding and murdering by the Arabs, at the instigation and by the aid of our Indian fellow-subjects. The canny Indians secure nearly all the profits of the caravans they send inland, and very adroitly let the odium of slavery rest on their Arab agents. As a rule, very few Arabs could proceed on a trading expedition unless supplied by the Banians with arms, ammunition, and goods. . . . It strikes me that it is well I have been brought face to face with the Banian system, that inflicts enormous evils on Central Africa. Gentlemen in India who see only the wealth brought to Bombay and Cutch, and know that the religion of the Banians does not allow them to harm a fly, very naturally conclude that all Cutchees may safely be intrusted with the possession of slaves, but I have been forced to see that those who shrink from killing a flea or a mosquito are virtually the worst cannibals in all Africa. The Manyema cannibals, amongst whom I spent nearly

two years, are innocents compared with our protected Banian fellow-subjects. By their Arab agents, they compass the destruction of more human lives in one year than the Manyema do for their fleshpots in ten; and could the Indian gentlemen who oppose the anti-slave-trade policy of the Foreign Office but witness the horrid deeds done by the Banian agents they would be foremost in decreeing that every Cutchee found guilty of direct slavery should forthwith be shipped back to India, if not to the Andaman Islands.’—*Livingstone’s Despatches.*

Now whilst it is not entirely correct to class, as this letter does, the inhabitants of Cutch, who are not British subjects, but the subjects of a protected State, with our actual fellow-subjects in Bombay, yet the force of the argument that the criminality of the trade is nationally ours remains altogether unshaken, whilst Bombay merchants and Bombay capital are really maintaining these horrors in Central Africa. And even as to the Cutchees themselves, the charge of moral complicity lies undoubtedly at our door; for there can be no doubt whatever that we could at once, if we so desired, conclude a treaty with the ruler of Cutch and the other protected States, which would bring their subjects under the operation of our own anti-slave-trade laws. Indeed, the more accurately we estimate the full extent and character of this Banian trade, the more clear becomes the case by which our moral complicity with it is established. The Indian traders generally known as ‘Banians’ are of several castes and classes. Some are Hindoos, of various sections of the great trading castes, who may be termed ‘Banians’ proper; others are Mahomedans of various sects, generally reckoned heretical by the more orthodox, and retaining some rites and peculiarities which are accounted for by the tradition that their ancestors were Hindoo traders converted to Islam, many of whose old Hindoo customs they retain. But all these various sections of the ‘Banian’ community have many points in common.

The whole trade of the East African Coast passes through their hands. They are to be found, in greater or smaller numbers, at every port on the coast, as far south as Delagoa Bay; numerous and influential in the ports under the Sultan of Zanzibar, more sparingly in the Portuguese ports. They collect from the native traders all the country produce for export, and prepare it by packing, sorting, &c., for sale to the European merchants on the coast, or for direct export to India, and other foreign parts. In like manner they are the immediate customers of the European or American importer of foreign produce, purchasing his goods wholesale, and preparing

them for the native markets. There is very little trade between Europe, America, or Asia, with East Africa, which does not pass through the hands of some branch of the Banian community. From their knowledge of local customs and language they are on that coast necessary intermediaries in all commercial transactions between Africans and foreigners. They have long held this position. The oldest historical records relating to the East African Coast testify to their presence, and apparently to their monopoly of all foreign trade. When the Portuguese first doubled the Cape, they found Indian Banians established, and possessing all the trade—then very great—at every large port. It was they who taught Vasco de Gama and his successors the secret of the easy approach to India by the aid of the trade-winds.

But, in spite of this long possession of the coast-trade, the headquarters of all these trading communities are in India: thence their capital comes; and thither the accounts of their trade are periodically transmitted. There reside all the heads of the firm; almost without exception at some Indian emporium; whilst the younger men, who are for the time resident on the African Coast, are either British subjects, or are under some sort of British consular protection. This last element must be thoroughly apprehended, in order to estimate aright our moral responsibility as to the slave-trade. What, then, we mean is this: the official aid of the British representative is continually needed by these traders. It can, too, be almost always secured. The different members of the 'Banian' community are so closely connected that almost every one has some unquestionably British subject with whom he is so identified in partnership or interest that, through him, the influence of the British official can be secured. Now, as all the strings of commerce—that of France, Germany, America, as well as our own—pass through the hands of Banian traders, who lean continually not only along the African Coast, but through all parts of India nearer to their homes, on the goodwill and aid of British officials, we have, in fact, an overpowering hold upon the whole community, and cannot possibly escape the responsibility which the possession of this power involves as to all the trade which so greatly depends for its existence upon our protection. The argument, then, that this Eastern slave-trade is no concern of ours, and that the zeal of England against the Western cannot properly burn as hotly against the Eastern, is absolutely false in its very first proposition. We are nationally engaged in the perpetration of these wrongs; our own commerce is defiled,

and the moral purpose which extinguished the Western should never rest until it has swept away utterly from us the contamination of the Eastern trade.

But further, we cannot, in other respects also, cast off the responsibility in this matter, which follows by necessary consequence from the maintenance of our Indian empire. Paradoxical as it sounds, there is great truth in the assertion that the Queen of England rules over the greatest Mahomedan kingdom on the earth. Whilst we continue to govern India the moral consequences of the acts which flow from the necessary effects of our maintaining that empire come back with all their responsibility upon us. And as to the Eastern slave-trade, certain political conditions of our imperial rule bring this specially home to us. For this Indian dominion, as it has mixed us directly up with so many Oriental dynasties, so it has specially connected us with the rulers of those states which form the basis of the internal African slave-trade, and from whose ports the victims of the trade are shipped and re-shipped. We have long cultivated the friendship of the ruler of Muscat,—the superior State, of which Zanzibar was formerly a conquered dependency. The old Imam, Syud Saeed, father of the present sovereigns of Muscat and Zanzibar, was a special friend of ours: faithful to us, and supported warmly by us. His death left an open question between his two sons Syud Thoweynee and Syud Majeed as to their succession to their father's sovereignty. War was imminent between the two chieftains. It has always been our policy to prevent such wars, which, beside their other necessary evils, have in those Eastern lands a constant tendency to degenerate into piracy,—the enemy of all commerce and civilization, which it has been a part of our special efforts to suppress. We accordingly intervened, suggesting that the two Princes, instead of settling their dispute by arms, should refer the question to the arbitration of the Governor-General of India. The arbitration was accepted, and war between the two Princes prevented. The history of the conduct of this arbitration, the questions which it raised, and the mode of their settlement, is not only most interesting in itself, but some knowledge of it is almost essential to understanding the intricacy of our connection with the Oriental dynastic question, and so to our comprehending our real responsibility as to all that flows from it. We will, then, give a slight sketch of the entanglement and its solution.

The islands of Zanzibar, Mombasa, and Pemba, with Kilwa, and other places on the Coast of Africa, were not originally part of

the dominions of Oman, but were taken from the Portuguese, between 1680 and 1698, by Syud bin Sultan, the Imam of Muscat. The Imam was the chief of the Arab tribes of Oman in Arabia, and, beyond his character of temporal ruler, was invested in their eyes with a certain sanctity, not indeed as possessing any direct religious authority, but as having a religious fitness to rule over pious Moslems, so that Imam may not improperly be translated, as it is by Burton, 'the Prince-Priest.' Successive Imams, in virtue of their succession to the rule of Oman, were also the rulers of Zanzibar and the other African settlements. The Imam Syud Saeed, or as other writers Anglicize the Arab name, Sayyed Said, who succeeded to the seat of empire early in this century, was a man of very superior abilities both in war and in civil administration. For his personal gallantry, in 1820-21, he received a sword of honour from the Governor-General of India; whilst he refused in successive years grants of money which we offered to him for the aid he gave us in the suppression of the slave-trade. By his force of character and by his success he both added to his African territories and consolidated greatly the dominion which he had inherited from his father, who, though he had nominally conquered the African provinces, had done little more for establishing his rule over them. He reigned for no less than fifty years. Though Muscat was the cradle and the head of his rule, yet, perceiving that Zanzibar was the living and flourishing part of his possessions, he, about 1840,* fixed his own residence there and made it the seat of government. By this step he greatly weakened his hold over the tribes of Oman; but, on the whole, his administration was eminently successful, especially as regarded the African provinces. He induced many Arabs from Oman to settle in them, and he promoted agriculture and commerce; he broke down the monopoly which had crippled trade; concluded, in 1835, a commercial treaty with the United States of America, which thus early discovered the riches of the country in ivory, copal, and hides; four years later he received a British consul, and in 1844 concluded a treaty of commerce with the French, and received a consul from that nation.

The fruit of these enlightened views was seen at once in the growing prosperity of Zanzibar, which he found a mere line of huts and converted into a commercial town. So successful was he in this, that whilst Zanzibar was described in 1834 as having little

or no trade, it possessed in 1859 a trade which was estimated at 1,664,577*l.* sterling, with a revenue increasing at a proportionate rate. With a view, doubtless, to retaining the sovereignty in his own immediate family, he had in his lifetime appointed his second son Khaled—passing wholly over the eldest—to be Governor of the African provinces, and his third son, Thoweynee, to the government of Muscat. On the death of Khaled, in 1854, he placed a younger brother, Majeed, as his successor in the Government. In 1856 the wise old chief was gathered to his fathers in the odour of Mahomedan sanctity, bequeathing, in his last will and testament, '500 dollars to whoever washes his body with the washing of the departed. Also 1000 expiatory prayers, each expiatory prayer to be of the value of what will feed 60 poor people. Also remuneration to whoever shall fast for him for the space of 50 months, in lieu of what was incumbent on himself for his transgression of the fast of the months of Ramadhan. Also remuneration to whoever shall perform in his stead the pilgrimage of the Mussulmans to the Holy House of God, which is in the renowned Mecca, and shall visit in his stead the tomb of our prophet Mahomed, upon whom be peace. Written by the hand of the vile Saeed.*'

When 'the hand of the vile Saeed,' as he describes it, rested in his honoured tomb, his two sons—Thoweynee, the elder, and Majeed, the younger—were in possession of the governments respectively of Oman and of Zanzibar; and, according to the old man's desire, each after his death retained the governorship of his own province. At that time Syud Majeed paid to his brother Thoweynee 40,000 dollars: of brotherly affection and to equalize the inheritance, as he afterwards averred; as a tribute from Zanzibar as dependent upon Muscat, as was alleged by Thoweynee. It was but for a very short time that a good understanding existed between the two brothers, for, as early as 1859, the British Resident learned that Syud Thoweynee was preparing by force of arms to dispossess Majeed, and unite the Asiatic and African provinces again into one dominion under his own rule. According to what we have already said has always been a wise part of our policy, namely, the prevention of such wars, which not only disturb the surrounding tribes, but have also an inevitable tendency to degenerate into piracy, and so, by a twofold operation, to interfere with that progress of commerce and civilization which

* Mr. Burton places this as early as 1832.

* 'House of Commons Report,' Appendix, 1871.

it is our interest as well as our duty to promote,—we set ourselves to prevent this fraternal conflict. Propositions were accordingly made to both the brothers that the questions between them should be submitted to the arbitration of the Governor-General of India instead of to the issue of arms. Both consented, and the inquiry into their claims began. In order to adjust them, it became necessary to decide whether the old chief had in fact devolved either sovereignty on his successor; whether, if he had, he was by the laws and customs of Oman entitled to do so; whether the elder prince had rights of primogeniture which he could claim; whether Thoweynee ruled by election of the tribes of Oman; whether a like right of electing their sovereign ruler had devolved upon the Arab tribes in Africa, and had been in like manner exercised in favour of Majeed; and whether the 40,000 dollars were paid as tribute-money, or as an equalizing gift. On all these points papers, admirable for their learning and judgment, were supplied by Brigadier Coghlan and the Rev. P. Badger; and the questions having travelled up through the Bombay Government to the Viceroy of India, were solemnly settled by Lord Canning, in a judgment to which both parties submitted, and which ruled that each should retain his own dominion, and that the annual payment of the 40,000 dollars should be continued by Syud Majeed to his brother of Muscat, not as a tribute from a dependent state, but as an equitable adjustment of the unequal value of their several inheritances. So far our interference had adjusted these difficult relations. But one of those revolutions which belong to Oriental kingdoms threw all again into confusion. Syud Thoweynee was assassinated by his own son, who then usurped his father's dominion, but was soon driven out by a new pretender. Syud Majeed refused to pay the 40,000 dollars to the parricidal assassin of his brother, but paid it into the hands of the Bombay Government; who, now that the second usurper has been dispossessed, and another son of our old ally Syud Saeed seated on the throne, will doubtless hand over to him the stipulated sum which the ruler of Zanzibar paid the Imam of Muscat.

No intermixture with the affairs of another people and government can be more evident or closer than all this. And it is as a part of this system of direct interference with the internal affairs of these governments that treaties were concluded with us which professed to limit the slave-trade of Zanzibar and to prohibit that of Muscat. The Sultan of Zanzibar bound himself to enforce, and to

allow us to enforce, within his own waters, these limiting conditions of the trade. Here, then, we are met by facts which will establish beyond all doubt our moral responsibility as to this detestable traffic. We have constituted ourselves in the eyes of Heaven, and of the world, the protector of the Negro, and we cannot shake off at will the responsibility which such a protectorship involves. We are bound, if the treaties we have made are shamelessly evaded, or are ridiculously inadequate for their declared purpose, to reconsider and revise them. Even further than this, if these treaties have been so evaded as to allow of the continuance and even increase of the trade which they were intended at first to limit, and ultimately to destroy, whilst we find by experience that they tend, through their recognition of the slave-trade within certain prescribed boundaries, to give to it even the semblance of a legal character which it would not otherwise possess, we are absolutely bound by every principle of national obligation to insist upon so altering the treaties we have made as to prevent their sheltering the abominations they were intended to root out. So that here again we are brought back to the same conclusion: we are nationally bound to take in hand the just demands of our acknowledged clients, and, before we can be ourselves blameless in the matter, to do for them all that the acceptance of such clientship involves. The judgment which is formed by those upon the spot, even though their interest is at stake in the preservation of the trade, as given to us in the vigorous words of Admiral Cockburn, can scarcely be read without a blush. 'I assure your Lordships it is a matter of sneer and jeer by the Arabs, our impotent attempts to stop that horrible abomination. Yes, my Lords, even the Sultan says the English will talk and bully, but can't, or won't, stop the trade.*'

But we venture to say that there is an obligation upon us to root out this crying evil from off the face of the earth, which rests upon foundations deeper, we had almost said more awful, than any of those on which we have yet touched. It is with nations as it is with individuals. Great talents call for great achievements. There is a reckoning for their use to which He who entrusts them summons every one who receives them at His hand. In one sense this is even more true and more apparent as to nations than as to individual men. For whilst there is a future retribution for the individual, there can be no future life to nations, and so their

* 'House of Commons Report,' Evidence, Answer 178.

tribution is here. Like almost all retribution, it is slow, but it is sure. The pages of history, which record the downfall of once mighty peoples, is but the tracing out of the fulfilment of the doom—

his 'Raro antecedentem scelestum
in Deseruit pede pœna claudo.'

Self-destroyed, cut down by strokes of the axe of vengeance which their own hands have edged and wielded, have the mighty ones of the forest, whose shadow was cast over half a subject-world, one by one fallen and perished. Like the Jewish people, they 'knew not the day of their visitation.' They have ceased to fulfil the purpose for which they were raised up, and even through their own instrumentality, the hand of Him that felleth has been lifted up against them. Pre-eminently has this been the case when nations have comprehended their mission, have undertaken to discharge it, have gone some way in fulfilling it, and then have fainted in their course. The Roman empire broke in pieces when the Roman people ceased to be the world's subduers for that world's natural regeneration; when they fought their battles with hired soldiers and conquered only to fill Rome fuller with the vices of the vanquished, and the luxury of the subject-world.

And Great Britain has, before God and man, accepted the championship of the negro race, and taken up the man-stealer's gauntlet, and borne it high on her helmet, with the declaration that the slave-trade shall be abolished. In ten thousand British hearts the accomplishment of this deliverance of humanity has been accepted as a religious duty; it has mingled with their prayers, it has exalted their personal religion out of the selfishness with which, alas! it too can be infected, into a noble and beneficent enthusiasm; it has elevated low and commonplace minds—as the possession of one grand idea acted on only can—to a nobleness of passion; and it has diffused itself as an indwelling spirit through a generation. It raised Henry Brougham against precedent, and almost beyond belief, to the representation of Yorkshire; it lent a glory to the foreign administration of Lord Palmerston; it did exalt the generation who accepted the charge, and brought the charge they had accepted to a triumphant issue. The evil has broken out again; the same evil, cursed with the same destruction of life, the same infliction of utter misery on its innocent victims, the same stern and heartless prohibition of civilization and new life to the continent our fathers pledged themselves to deliver from its abomination. Woe unto us if we

do not secure the fulfilment of their pledges and claim the inheritance of their deeds of light! The peculiar danger of a high and general civilization is, that selfishness should eat out the cement of society, whilst luxury, like some wasting rot, saps the strength of its foundation-stones. The presence of this insidious but mighty danger to the national life was no doubt what dictated to the prescient mind of Lord Bacon the statement that 'in the growth of a state, arms do flourish; in the middle of a state, learning; and then both of them together for a time; in the decline of a state, mechanical arts and merchandise.*'

Now, for a people who are, from the very fact of their great material prosperity, of necessity exposed to such a danger, there can be hardly any other safeguard equally sure and ready as the taking up, with a thorough purpose of heart, some cause which possesses strongly the character of unselfishness, which embodies in itself some high principle of humanity, and which presents itself for accomplishment, not of a mere Quixotic seeking, but as the natural accompaniment of its national condition. Everything declares that from exactly such outward circumstances, under such conditions, is this cause offered to us: let us fear to turn aside from it, lest another take it, and we, with our own faint-hearted consent, be put into the lower room. Let us undertake it as our predecessors undertook the like charge when it was laid on them; let us heartily resolve to take no rest until it is accomplished; and most surely it may well be for the lengthening of our prosperity that we have undertaken its charge. This is the conclusion reached by no sanguine and enthusiastic advocates of universal intervention in the cause of philanthropy, but by the calm wisdom of the Governor of Bombay, Sir G. Clerk, and his Council, who solemnly 'resolved':—'The Honourable the Governor in Council is certain that the details furnished by Brigadier Coghlan as to the extent to which the slave-trade is carried on on the East Coast of Africa, will convince the British Government, which has ever been the chief instrument by which Providence has curbed this inhuman traffic, that its work is not completed.†'

It remains for us but to indicate briefly what appear to us to be the instruments which we should use in carrying out this great crusade.

Of these, the first appears to be that we should indeed make it a true crusade. The purchasers of these slaves are now all of

* Bacon's 'Essay on the Vicissitudes of Things.'

† 'House of Commons Report,' p. 122.

them Moslem. Yet whilst this is so, we are reminded, in the Translator's Preface to M. Berlioux's work, that the Mahomedan Faith, whilst it does not forbid slavery, gives no countenance to man-stealing. In the firman on the Circassian slave-trade, in 1854, the Sultan, 'so far from offering any defence of slavery on the ground of the Ottoman Faith, uses these remarks on the religious bearing of the question: "Man is the most noble of all the creatures God has formed, in making him free: selling people is contrary to the will of the Sovereign Creator."' The Pasha of Egypt spoke of slavery 'as a horrible institution, inconsistent with civilization and humanity, and that, therefore, it must be abolished.' Whilst the Shah of Persia, who raised some religious objections to the abolition of the slave-trade, was met by the opinions obtained from six of his chief Moollahs, who declared 'Selling male and female slaves is an abomination according to the most noble Faith, "the worst of men is the seller of men"—tradition of Mahomet—God it is who knows.* What then we have to do in this matter is to bring our Moslem brethren up to the more humane standard even of their own Faith and to the tradition of their founder. What cause can be more worthy of the united action of Christendom, than the extirpation of this abominable wickedness? To accomplish this end, we need not arms and violence, like the Crusaders of old, but the noble warfare of bringing moral force to bear upon nations who are below us in religion, morality, and civilization. 'Turkey,' says the Hon. C. Vivian, in his evidence before the House of Commons, 'is always ready to do what we ask her, when we show her the particular point.† What more encouraging state of relations than this? Persia has shown herself even more ready to second our views in this matter. The Shah has issued two firmans, one to the Governor of Fars and another to the Governor of Ispahan and Persian Arabia, peremptorily forbidding the introduction of negroes by sea into Persia. The firman recites, that at the request of Great Britain, 'with a view to preserve the existing friendship between the two exalted States, a decree should be issued from the Source of Magnificence, the Shah, that hereafter the importation of the negro tribes by sea should be forbidden, and this traffic be abolished.' Nor would the Government of the Shah allow any trifling with this abolition of the trade, for the firman continues:—

'In consequence of this it is ordered and ordained that High-in-rank, after perusing this firman, which is equal to a decree of fate, will feel it incumbent on him to issue positive and strict injunctions to the whole of the dealers in slaves who trade by sea, that henceforth by sea alone the importation and exportation of negroes into the Persian dominions is entirely forbidden, but not by land. Not a single individual will be permitted to bring negroes by sea without being subjected to severe punishment.

'That High-in-rank must in this matter give peremptory orders throughout his Government, and not be remiss.'—*Appendix to House of Commons Report*, pp. 98, 99.

Beyond this the Persian Government has testified in the highest degree its sincerity in the matter, by permitting British ships of war, in order to prevent the chance of negro slaves being imported, to search all Persian vessels which are not Government vessels, the Persian Government pledging itself that—

'In no manner whatever shall any negro slave be imported in the vessels of the Persian Government. Treaties to the same effect have been concluded by our Government with many of the independent Arab chiefs, who have declared that the carrying off of slaves from the coast of Africa and elsewhere, and the transporting them in vessels is plunder and piracy, and the friendly Arabs shall do nothing of this nature.'

Further, they have also conceded to us the right of search in the amplest manner, agreeing that if these vessels 'come under the suspicion of being employed in the stealing and embarkation of slaves,' they may be detained and searched whenever and wherever they may be fallen in with by the cruisers of the British Government, and upon its being ascertained 'that the crews have stolen and embarked slaves, these vessels shall be liable to seizure and confiscation by the said cruisers.*

In like manner the Queen of Madagascar binds herself in the strongest manner to do all in her power to prevent traffic in slaves, 'being greatly desirous of effecting the total abolition of the trade.†

With the Imam of Muscat and the Sultan of Zanzibar treaties or agreements have been made, with a view to restricting the internal slave-trade and extinguishing the foreign; of the observance of these we must speak presently, but, so far as a professed acquiescence in our views goes, they leave little to be desired as regards the export of slaves to Asia:—

'In deference to the wishes of her Majesty and the British nation. . . His Highness the

* Ans. 187.

† Preface to 'Slave-Trade in Africa,' by M. Berlioux, p. vi.

* 'House of Commons Report,' App. p. 100.

† Ibid., p. 105.

Sultan of Muscat engages to prohibit, under the severest penalties, the export of slaves from his African dominions, and their importation from any part of Africa into his provinces in Asia, and to use his influence with all the chiefs of Arabia, the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf, in like manner to prevent the introduction of slaves from Africa into their respective territories.'—*Appendix to House of Commons Report*, p. 163.

Finally, he permits the seizure and confiscation by our cruisers of all vessels bearing slaves, except between the allowed limits of the internal trade in the port of Lamoo to the north of Keeluha or Kilwa to the south.

The first instrument, then, we would see used is an agreement amongst all the maritime Christian powers to enforce, and where necessary to amend, these treaties. It is eminently the interest, as it is the duty, of the mercantile powers both of Europe and America to unite in this true crusade. The natural products of Africa would enrich greatly the European and American markets. There is no limit to the increase of this trade, if only the slave-trade were abolished. Livingstone's last discoveries show us that there exist, outside that fire-line of death with which the man-stealer marks his progress, tribes of a far higher physical and moral class than the more degraded specimens along the coast-line whom we are accustomed to regard as the true specimens of the African race. All of these are devoted to commerce, and would welcome its legitimate development:—

'Markets,' says Livingstone, 'are held at stated times, and the women attend them in large numbers, dressed in their best. They are keen traders, and look on the market as a great institution; to haggle, and joke, and laugh, and cheat, seem the enjoyments of life. The population, especially west of the river, is prodigiously large.'—*Despatches*, p. 9.

And again, speaking of the cannibal tribe of Manyema:—

'The women never partake at a cannibal feast, and I am glad of it, for many of them far down Lualaba are very pretty; they bathe three or four times a day, and are expert divers for oysters.'

'The men smelt iron from the black oxide ore, and are very good smiths; they also smelt copper from the ore, and make large ornaments very cheaply. They are generally fine, tall, strapping fellows, far superior to the Zanzibar slaves; and nothing of the West Coast negro, from whom our ideas of Africans are chiefly derived, appears amongst them; no prognathous jaws, barn-door mouth, nor lank heels are to be seen. . . . They use long spears in the thick vegetation of their country with great dexterity, and they have told me frankly, what was self-evident, that but for the fire-arms, not one of the Zanzibar slaves or half-castes would

ever leave their country. . . . The people are industrious, and most of them cultivate the soil largely. We found them everywhere honest.'—*Ibid.*

Even with its present hindrances, the trade of England with Zanzibar is increasing every day. The Hamburg and French houses send their vessels direct to England, and import into Zanzibar British merchandise. In 1867-8 the returns from the Zanzibar customs amounted to 433,693*l.* A large trade exists between India and Zanzibar, where 3710 British, Indians, and subjects of protected States now reside. These, however, represent only a very small part of the commercial houses which are engaged in the Zanzibar trade. Sir Bartle Frere, a witness of the highest order, well explained this to the Committee of the House of Commons:—

'Almost all the banking business at the ports at Zanzibar and Muscat is done by natives of India, who have their homes in Scinde, Kurrachee, Kutch, Kattewas and Bombay, and some as far south as Cananore and Cochin. They never take their families to Africa. The head of the house of business always remains in India, and their books are balanced periodically in India. . . . When you have that kind of network of indigenous activity existing as a mercantile agency, it is impossible but that the traders will be as ready to push legitimate trade as they have proved themselves to be in India.'—*Evidence*, p. 453.

From the same witness we learn that the German trade with that coast has become a matter of very great interest to all German mercantile men and political economists; whilst, until it was interrupted by the war, a large and increasing trade was maintained between this coast and America.

Thus the interests of France, Germany and America coincide with our own in substituting for the robbery of man that legitimate traffic which, by God's appointment, not only enriches nations with material prosperity, but bears inevitably with it the seeds of civilization, and with them the yet higher blessing of the introduction of the Christian Faith. A union of these Christian nations for the purpose of putting down the slave-trade would be irresistible. We rejoice, therefore, to gather from Lord Granville's reply to the Bishop of Winchester, in the recent debate in the House of Lords, that he is bringing all his practised skill in diplomacy energetically to bear upon the accomplishment of this great result of gathering up the moral energies of Western Christendom and of America, to deliver Africa from its scourge. This clearly should be the first step in this great work. The jealousy of other European nations,

especially of the French, has been a serious impediment to our progress. A hearty unanimity amongst us would make a common failure impossible. We witness, therefore, with joy the stirring of the mind of educated France upon this matter. M. Berlioux, one of her distinguished professors, has written not only the smaller work translated by Mr. Cooper, but a larger volume, in which he thoroughly discusses the whole subject. Nothing can be more distinct than his conclusions :—

‘The Eastern slave-trade can no longer be tolerated. . . . If Europe is earnest, . . . she will prevent the transport of all slaves, and will, as a consequence, destroy man-hunting. . . . The embarkations which take place at Zanzibar under pretext of furnishing the Sultan’s ships, will quickly be suppressed when the British Government shall have renounced those unfortunate treaties.’ ‘It is for Christian powers, forgetting their differences, putting aside their jealousies, . . . and engaging with firmness of purpose in the great work, to bring the force of a united public opinion to bear upon the gigantic evil, when, with the blessing of God, it will disappear from the earth.’ *

Amongst the Powers whose joint action should be secured, we have not named Portugal; and yet surely we may hope that the time is come when Portugal also might be included in so beneficent a Confederation. No country has so direct and vast an interest in stopping the East African slave-trade as Portugal. The enormous natural resources of her South African territories would be at once developed if the slave-trade were suppressed, and the restrictions on commerce, which are the evil legacy of her old slave-markets, were swept away. Her coal-mines alone would be an inexhaustible supply of national wealth. If the life of the late King had been prolonged, there can be no doubt that this would have been his action. And it is not too much to hope that with the general enlightenment of the nation, her Government may co-operate with Europe and America in substituting a wholesome commerce for this trade in degradation and death.

Second only in importance to this, we hold the next step to be to enforce upon our own Indian subjects, and, by means of agreement, upon the subjects of the protected Indian States, an absolute separation of every kind and degree from participation in the trade. The Act 5 Geo. IV. c. 113, gives to our Bombay Government all the power which it can need to enforce such an abstinence; and perfect, unmitigable sep-

aration of our own subjects from the trade must be the first step to convince the Arabs, under whose jeers we now rest, that we are in thorough earnest in the matter. Every British subject taking any part, direct or indirect, in the trade, is guilty of felony; and if this is distinctly known, and it is known also that every effort will be made by our Bombay Government to trace home to the offender any such act, and if need be, to punish it with the utmost rigour of the law, we shall have at once done much to destroy the infamous traffic. For Dr. Livingstone is no doubt perfectly right in saying that, whilst the Arabs are ready enough to find the men who will conduct the actual risks of the trade, they have not the wealth necessary to advance the capital required.

‘It is well known,’ he declares in a despatch to Lord Granville, received on the 18th of August of this year, ‘that the slave-trade in this country is carried on almost entirely with the money of Ludha Damji, the richest Banian in Zanzibar, and that of other Banian British subjects. The Banians advance the goods required, and the Arabs proceed inland as their agents, perform the trading or rather murder; and when slaves and ivory are brought to the coast the Arabs sell the slaves; the Banians pocket the price, and adroitly let the odium rest on their agents.’—*Despatches*, p. 10.

Moreover, as the Customs are farmed at Zanzibar by Banians, many of whom are British subjects, or living under British protection; and as a very large proportion of these Customs is levied openly and avowedly from the duty on slaves here in another way, the subjects of the British Crown are mixed directly up with the forbidden trade in its most open manifestations.

Diligence then, fearlessness and, if need be, severity, is what this country has an absolute right to demand in this matter from the Indian Government.

A third means to which we should have immediate recourse is a revision of our treaty obligations, or agreements, or whatever we may term them, with the rulers of Muscat and Zanzibar. The shameless violation of existing obligations by their subjects, even if not connived at by themselves, gives us most clearly this right. To us it matters not whether the Sultans and their governments actually connive at the entire neglect by their subjects of the engagements which they have contracted with us, or whether it be that they are altogether powerless to repress what they have agreed with us to prevent. Probably both causes are at work. But the result is the same; that is not done, which we have abundant treaty right to

* ‘The Slave-trade,’ &c. By M. Berlioux, pp. 62–64.

require shall be done. Lieutenant-Colonel Rigby doubtless does not overstate the case when he says, 'Daily experience more and more convinces me of the utter impotence of the Sultan of Zanzibar to stop the trade, and that the treaties for its suppression entered into by the late Imam and the British Government are now and always have been practically null and void.*'

The way being thus cleared for new treaty engagements, the question is what should be the conditions they enforce. We have no hesitation in saying that their one leading feature should be the absolute prohibition of the slave-trade. This should include the abolition of all local slave-markets; the absolute prohibition of the transport of any save domestic slaves, duly registered and certified as household servants of African or Arabian subjects; and the sweeping away of all customs and duties for the public revenue levied upon any sale of slaves whatever. We have a perfect right to insist upon this: not to dwell on treaty obligations, the shameless breach of which entitles us to demand compensation, the Western nations have abstractedly the right to insist on sweeping the abomination utterly away. This is no question of the mere internal usages of another people; if it were, however bad we thought them, we should transgress the law of national right if we compulsorily changed them. But the Arab tribes of Muscat and Zanzibar can have no national right to enter countries outside their own dominions to kidnap men, women, and children, to burn and destroy peaceful villages. We have by solemn legal enactment, as well as in a multitude of treaties, declared the slave-trade to be piracy, and Christendom has added its seal to our award. We have ever held that every nation has a right to put down piracy in all waters, because piracy is the right of no nation, and is a deadly crime against all nationality. Why, as a matter of right, should the piracy of these Arab tribes be an exception to the universal treatment of the same offence elsewhere? Instead of being marked by any mitigating circumstances, this piracy is perhaps the rankest specimen of the foul brood to which it belongs. Its area is the widest; its destruction of all lawful commerce is the most complete; the cruelty which is inseparable from it proves it to be the most horrible. We have seen what is its track of horror, from the capture to the sale in the slave-market of its miserable tortured victims. What is its climax in that market may be read in the words of a letter handed in to

the Chairman of the House of Commons from Bishop Ryan (late of Mauritius):—

'They were as naked as on the day of their birth; some of them with a long fork attached to their neck, so arranged that it was impossible for them to step forward. . . . Others were chained together in parcels of twenty. . . . The keeper of this den utters a hoarse cry: it is the order for the merchandise to stand up, but many do not obey. The chains are too short; the dead and the dying prevent the living from rising. The dead can say nothing, but what do the dying say? They say that they are dying of hunger. Let us look at some of the details: who is the creature that holds tightly in her arms a shapeless object, covered with filthy leaves? On looking close, you see it is a woman, holding to her dried-up breast the child of which she has just been delivered. . . . And the man who is working with his hands a piece of mud, which he is continually putting to his eye, what is the matter with him? Our guide tells us "he is a troublesome fellow, who sets a bad example, by throwing himself at my feet this morning, and saying with a loud voice, 'I am dying of hunger.' I gave him a blow which burst his eye; he is henceforth good for nothing; and," he added with a sinister look, "He won't be hungry long."—*Appendix to House of Commons Report*, p. 110.

In the name of our common humanity we declare that this foulest form of piracy is an insult and injury to God and man; and we claim for civilized Christendom the sacred right of taking its victims into her protection, and declaring the curse abolished.

But not only have we the right, we have the power also so to do, and are therefore responsible for a gross neglect if we refuse to use it. The fiat of England, France, Germany, and America has but to be uttered to be obeyed. In fact, the Arab mind has for some time been apprehending such a result. Lord Palmerston's noble despatch has long since been translated into Arabic, and read repeatedly in the Durbar to the Sultan. In it the Arab chiefs were warned 'that the traffic in slaves was doomed to destruction; that Great Britain was the main instrument in the hand of Providence for the accomplishment of this object; that it is useless to oppose what is written in the book of Fate; that the slave-trade shall stop, and that we will be the instruments in stopping it.*'

Some have proposed that, either by purchase or by other means, we should annex Zanzibar to our dominion. Others less violently have proposed that we should free the Sultan of Zanzibar from his stipulated payment to the Imam of Muscat by taking it upon ourselves. To the first suggestion we

* 'House of Commons Report,' Appendix, p. 121.

* 'House of Commons Report,' Evidence, pp. 574-583.

altogether object. In our judgment the injustice of such an act would be as great as its impolicy. Nothing could be devised which would throw such a suspicious character over all our attempts to extirpate the trade or alienate more hopelessly from us those through whose instrumentality and aid we must act against it. But though great names can be quoted in support of it, none greater for all reasons than that of Sir Bartle Frere, yet neither do we assent to the second proposal; for though the suppression of the man-stealing iniquity would, even for the increase of our lawful commerce, be cheaply purchased at the 8000*l.* a year which this would cost the nation, and though our undertaking such a payment might at the first moment remove some difficulties, yet we hold that neither right nor necessity requires the sacrifice. That we are entitled to demand and not to purchase the abolition we have already shown. And our demand would suffice to accomplish it without the addition of a bribe. General Rigby is strongly of opinion that the acceptance of such a payment might greatly endanger the Sultan's life. In truth, we have nothing to compound for. We should be conferring, in the very destruction of the traffic, an inestimable boon on Zanzibar. It is true that the head-money paid as a tribute on each slave must be abandoned. But, instead of this, Zanzibar would receive the lawful profits of honourable commerce (already the customs yield to the Sultan 24,000*l.* a year more than they did twelve years ago), whilst she would be delivered from that influx of the lawless northern Arabs whom the slave-trade draws into the country; whose presence makes life uncertain, trade feeble, and the paralyzing grasp of universal speculation irresistible. Relieved from this, 'Zanzibar would become a second Singapore or Kurrachee for that part of the world.*'

But, further, not only is the entire abolition of the trade the right, but it is the only course. The principles of righteousness on which we protest against this trade, make any connivance as to it, or any regulation of it, morally impossible. And even if this were not so, experience has convinced every one who has been engaged in the attempt to check it, that it is impossible to introduce any effective restraint upon it whilst its continuance in any shape is permitted. For, as the House of Commons Committee report,† 'Any attempt to supply slaves for domestic use in Zanzibar will always be a pretext and cloak for a foreign trade.' It must never be forgotten that the whole popula-

tion, from the Sultan's highest officer down to the lowest Arab, are personally interested in defeating all attempts at enforcing any restrictive regulations; whilst the restless intriguing and treacherous nature of the Arab eminently fit him to succeed in such a course.

Geographical peculiarities, moreover, enforce the conclusion that whilst the trade may undoubtedly be stopped, it cannot be regulated. By our present treaty, slaves may be carried, without interference from our cruisers, between Kilwa, on the south (S. lat. 9° 2'), and Lamoo, on the north (S. lat. 1° 57'), or along the whole extent of the African territory of Zanzibar. The vessels, therefore, which conduct the contraband trade can only be stopped after they have cleared out from Lamoo. But in these seas, with the help of the unvarying monsoon winds, it is, practically speaking, impossible that our cruisers should prevent the escape of dhows enough to pay, by the high price of the slaves landed on the other shore, for the loss of those whom we had captured, or whom, in even greater numbers than these, the fear of capture has caused to be thrown into the sea. The only way to make the sealing up of the coast possible is to allow the seizure of slave-dhows everywhere; and for this the trade must not be licensed within certain degrees of latitude, but absolutely forbidden everywhere. If only this absolute prohibition were required, and our cruisers were made somewhat more numerous, and were fitted with the steam launches which are essential for following the dhows into the creeks and bays in which they conceal themselves, the profits of the trade could be at once reduced to a point at which it would no longer pay to retain it.

We are brought to the same conclusion by the absolute necessity, of which we have spoken already, of wholly divorcing British capital and subjects from partaking in the trade. For when we attempt to do this, we are met at once by the extreme difficulty, from the indirectness of their connexion with the trade, of bringing home the offence to those who are subject to our laws. Against all avowed participation the enactments are stringent and comprehensive enough—more stringent than is always convenient to those who, with the best intentions, meddle at all with the traffic. Captain Fraser furnishes us, in the Letter the title of which is prefixed to this article, with a good instance of this. He was one of a firm who, in 1864, set on foot the cultivation of sugar-cane and the manufacture of sugar by steam-machinery at Zanzibar. For this purpose the firm entered into partnership with the late

* 'House of Commons Report,' Evidence, p. 970.

† Page viii.

Sultan Syud Majeed. The Sultan was to supply 500 unskilled labourers, allowing, if he fell short in his supply, the firm to engage elsewhere the number of labourers necessary to complete the stipulated complement. These labourers were of course slaves, sent by their owner the Sultan, according to the use of Zanzibar, to labour for the firm in which he was a partner. This contract was certified by the British Consul and Resident, and was declared afterwards by the Law Officers of the Crown at home to have infringed none of our enactments against the slave-trade. The co-partnership, however, was by joint consent terminated after a few months; and the firm, having obtained the requisite machinery at a large expense, looked about for another mode of employing it. They first endeavoured to obtain free labourers from the Comoro Islands; but these would steal and would not work. Then the firm fell back again upon the employment of slave labour. But this time they entered into a contract with the Arab owners of the gangs of porters who were to supply them with slaves bound to work for five years, after which they were to obtain their freedom. The firm had not perceived the difference between entering into partnership with a native who employed his own slaves, and undertaking to receive the 'transfer' for five years of a gang of slaves to themselves: an operation decided by the Law Officers of the Crown to be a violation of the Act 5 of George IV. c. 113. Thus the firm had involved themselves unawares, and, as Captain Fraser argues, with most humane intentions, in a most serious violation of the law; from the penalties of which they escaped only by the Sultan manumitting the slaves in question, in consequence of which no penalties were sued for against the firm. Captain Fraser casts his uttermost scorn on this act of manumission—most unfairly, as it seems to us; and for himself and his firm most ungratefully, as that act of prerogative alone delivered them from the very serious complications in which they had become involved.

But dangerous as it is for a British subject to connect himself in any way directly with the traffic in slaves, yet, to bring home the indirect traffic criminally to them is, whilst the trade is legal at all, well nigh impossible. The Consul at Zanzibar may easily prove that a Bania house there, itself a branch of another great house at Bombay, and both of them of the very highest commercial character, fitted out a caravan for a most respectable Arab merchant, with the cloths of Hamburg, or the beads and wire of England and America, to go into the interior and trade for

ivory. Evil rumours may soon abound as to the conduct of the caravan; that its conductors are stirring up wars amongst the inland tribes and practising the slave-trade with its most aggravated enormities; but the Consul is utterly powerless as to interfering with it. After two years, perhaps, the Arab re-appears: slaves in numbers, as well as ivory, arrive; who are sold for the mainland, whilst some go to Zanzibar, some to Arabia. It is clear as the sun at noonday that all this is the direct fruit of the employment of British capital in the felonious trade; but how can we bring home the guilty complicity? How can we obtain evidence where the whole feeling of the place is against any inquiry?

Captain Fraser's own letter to the Select Committee of the House of Commons is a curious instance of the universality of this feeling amongst residents at Zanzibar. In the evidence given before the Committee, the Rev. Horace Waller had deposed that 'the fact of Captain Fraser employing slaves led to everlasting murmuring on the part of the natives.' 'One morning they would see us burning the dhows which were engaged in the slave trade, and the next morning they would see an Englishman working factories and plantations with the slaves safely landed. . . . The poor slaves were hired in gangs from their Arab masters. . . . It was encouraging the slave-trade.' Our readers will remember Captain Fraser's defence of the transaction. But Mr. Waller's evidence stings him to the quick, and he 'protests against the injustice done him by receiving and placing on Parliamentary record such statements,' and claims earnestly 'the rehabilitation of his character for the great injury done to him.' Captain Fraser, therefore, considers, as most Englishmen would, that to be charged with having in any way promoted the slave-trade is a brand upon his character. And yet even upon such a mind the effect of a residence in the midst of slavery can too plainly be traced in the picture which he draws of the slave's life on the plantations at Zanzibar. It is the old story with which all who remember the struggle with West Indian slavery were so familiar. The comfort of the slaves, their ease, and the like; with, however, incidentally, the terrible admission as to the most prolific race in the world, that 'some children, not many, are to be seen amongst them.*' This is 'the East African slave-trade and its results as viewed by residents in Zanzibar.' The vital difference between slavery and freedom,—the degradation of humanity which is involved in men and women being happy because, though the property of a mas-

* 'The East African Slave Trade,' &c., p. 17.

ter as much as any other of his chattels, they have a 'good supply of poultry and perhaps a goat or two,'—seems almost to have faded away from the writer's view. If this is the effect of living in such a moral atmosphere upon a high-minded British merchant, we may conceive what it must be upon the natives of India and Arabia, who live by the abominations of the trade and how impossible it would be for the most zealous consul to obtain, in such a state of society, evidence which could lead to the conviction of the covert slave-trader.

Only in the fewest instances would it be possible to prove the guilt which he knows to exist. Legal slave-trading must, whilst it exists, effectually shelter the felonious act, and only by the trade being declared universally unlawful, can any general attempts to punish British subjects be successful. We are brought to the inevitable conclusion: the Sultan must be induced to give up a partial protection of the trade.

But if, without exception of any kind, the transport of slaves was absolutely forbidden, all these difficulties would cease. Nor would any evil accrue to Zanzibar. The British cruisers, acting in concert with the native Government, could, without any difficulty, prevent the acts of violence which are sometimes apprehended as a consequence of abolition from the Northern Arabs. Nor need any difficulty arise as to the supply of labour. The engagement for their manumission after a brief time of service, made by Captain Fraser as to the negroes his firm proposed to hire, might be universal, and a term of apprenticeship might terminate in freedom. The abolition of slavery would of itself substitute the far more useful exertions of free for the proverbial idleness of slave-labour; whilst, if in the Seychelles, at the Mauritius, and other places more remote from a labour-market, sugar and other exports can be grown without slave-labour, far more certainly could they be at Zanzibar.

When once this new condition of treaty obligation had been established, the Governor General of India could act upon the whole Banian community in a way which is now entirely impossible. If the Viceroy could notify, first, to the vast Banian confederacy, some members of which are to be found at every emporium of trade in India, and then through their respective chieftains (such as the Rao of Cutch, the Nawab of Jafferabad, and others) that the British Government was in earnest in its intention of suppressing the slave-trade, and that it would exert its power of punishing any Indian subject who might be convicted of participating in the traffic, the effect would be seen in

every branch of the great mercantile community. The effect of such notifications in India cannot be overlooked. As in the case of suttee, infanticide, and many other abominations, the clearly expressed will of the Imperial power carries immense weight even into the family and counting-house of a Banian subject of an independent chief.

One other suggestion, earnestly pressed by Dr. Livingstone, might, moreover, be most usefully adopted. He considers that the most beneficial measure which could be introduced into Eastern Africa would be the moral element which has done so much for suppressing the Western slave-trade. He quotes the report made by Colonel Ord, and laid before Parliament in 1865, as establishing the fact that, whilst the presence of a naval squadron has had its share in the work, after all, the suppression of the trade around the English settlements on the West Coast is mainly due to the existence there of settlements of free Christian Negroes. If, he urges,

'the native Christians of one or more of the English settlements on the West Coast, which have fully accomplished their object in suppressing the slave-trade, could be induced by voluntary emigration to move to some healthy spot on the East Coast, they would in time frown down the duplicity which prevails so much in all classes that no slave-trade treaty can bind them. Slaves purchase their liberty in Cuba, and return to unhealthy Lagos to settle as petty traders; men of the same enterprising class who have been imbued with the moral atmosphere of our settlements would be of invaluable benefit in developing lawful commerce.'—*Despatches*, p. 22.

He suggests that the Sultan can, without interference with any native rights, give ground for such a settlement, and is quite ready to do so, on the mainland opposite to the island, which in many places is perfectly healthy, and that all which our Government need do would be to provide an able man to begin and lead the movement; or at most to transport existing officials in a man-of-war, and to advance on loan part of the passage-money, and give rations and house-rent for the earliest infancy of the settlement. In this view Mr. Churchill, who has resided between two and three years as Political Agent and Consul at Zanzibar, entirely agreed in his evidence before the House of Commons,* and recommended, as Livingstone does also, the island of Momfia to be acquired from the Sultan as the best place for such a settlement.

The Rev. H. Badger, whose acquaintance with the whole subject makes his opinion worthy of the utmost weight, suggests

Iniack island, in Delagoa Bay, with the surrounding country of Tembé, undoubtedly British property, as the fittest for such a purpose. Iniack island, he urges,*—

'is admirably adapted for trade, whilst the two navigable rivers in its immediate neighbourhood, the Mapoota and Manica, are said to give access to the Zulu country, and to the territories of the Transvaal Republic. Should the result be favourable, Iniack island would bid fair to become an important commercial emporium, whilst the adjoining country of Tembé, also British territory, might afford an eligible settlement whereon to locate the slaves captured by our cruisers on the coast. In short, the healthiness of the climate once proved, a British station in Delagoa Bay might occupy, on this side of Africa, a position analogous to Sierra Leone on the Western Coast; and should the scheme proposed be found feasible, benevolent societies at home would not be backward to crown the humane efforts of the Government in behalf of the liberated Africans, by corresponding endeavours to impart to them the blessings of a Christian civilization.'

Yet still, even when the assent of the Sultan of Zanzibar and of the Imam of Muscat has been given to treaties which absolutely abolish the slave-trade, our work will not all be done. No great and long existing moral evil can ever be extirpated without testing, by the need of prolonged exertion, the real steadfastness of purpose with which it was assailed. How long and how exhausting was the struggle with the West India slave-trade! It is of the nature of such evil that it lowers the general standard of opinion to its own level. So many are interested in maintaining the abuse, so few are willing or able to assist in its destruction, that even when suppressed it must for a time be liable, like a half-extinguished fire, suddenly to blaze forth again with all its former intensity. For all this we must be prepared. We must maintain for a season our cruisers on the watch, and if only the Treasury will give them the support they must have, the authorities at the Admiralty know well how, and are thoroughly ready to do what is required of them. But, beyond the simply repressive powers of our naval force, we must be prepared for other exertions. Accurate information and concentrated command are two of the most essential elements of success in our undertaking. For the first it is essential that our Consul at Zanzibar should have an able and thoroughly trusty agent, whose field of action should be between the sea-coast and the Lake of Nyassa. His actual location might be left to his own determination. But he should be where he could for himself observe, and so prevent, every

attempt to renew the trade. The command of such means of information by our Consul is absolutely essential to any successful attempt to prevent the revival of the trade, even were it once destroyed. Until lawful commerce has established itself, and proved to the petty native chieftains how far better for them is honourable trade than felonious man-stealing, this watch must be kept; and, to make it effectual, there must be concentration of command. In every cause which demands for success rapid and determined action, divided command is the sure secret for securing weakness in execution; and these evils are increased when a wide distance is interposed between the different centres in which command is lodged. For this reason we hold it essential to our success in our great endeavour that the proposition of Sir George Clark should be adopted, and all political and consular officers from Zanzibar to the Persian Gulf be placed under the orders of the Governor of Aden, who should be invested with the authority now exercised through the Governor of Bombay by the Government of India, and be allowed to communicate directly with the Viceroy and with the Foreign and Indian Officers. This would at once put an end to the division of authority and responsibility between India and England which now paralyses exertion, and causes interminable delays which make it impossible for the political agent at Zanzibar to know what instructions he may receive from Simla, Calcutta, or Bombay, till months after the duplicates of the despatches on which instructions are needed have reached London. All these delays might be at once terminated by the political agents at Zanzibar, and along the coast to Muscat, being instructed to correspond, through the political agent at Aden, with the Foreign and Indian Offices; whilst the Indian Government, and the Government at Bombay, were instructed to abstain from giving orders to those authorities on matters relating to East Africa without previous reference to her Majesty's Government in London. With this concentration of command, and the now meditated line of postal steam-communication between Aden and Zanzibar, and Zanzibar and Natal, the increased powers of our officers to check the slave-trade would be immeasurably increased. Of all the suggested means for putting an end to it, this would probably be ultimately the most effectual, whilst it would be the most easily carried to completion. All that would be necessary would be the early protection which the presence of a judicious British consular agent would afford to the rising settlement. A firman from the Sultan

* 'Pall Mall Gazette,' Aug. 13.

or native Prince on whose territories the settlement was effected would give it the necessary status. Materials of increase would naturally gather round such a centre of protection, and, after its taking root, there need be no more outlay of British money or exertion of British power than in a Turkish port in the Mediterranean.

Another great and difficult question might thus at the same time find its solution. Perhaps the most anxious duty which our watching the Coast of Africa now imposes on us is the treatment of the slaves whom our cruisers capture. The whole process of the capture is one of sorrow and perplexity. The slave-dhows, when pursued and threatened with capture by our cruisers, begin, as we have seen, by throwing into the sea the least vigorous of the slaves, and often never cease their work of death till all are thrown over, or the dhow itself stranded upon the rocks. But, as to the comparatively few whom we do rescue, surely it is difficult to conceive more direct self-constituted responsibility than is ours towards these wretched creatures.

It is impossible to deny that at present we have, with all our good intentions, but ill discharged these duties. On this point the 'Resident at Zanzibar' speaks in terms of most unmeasured, and not, we fear, wholly undeserved severity:—'Up to this point I have confined my remarks to the Report of the Commission, but I would fain go beyond it, to record my feeble protest against the inhuman and selfish policy that has throughout characterized the national effort to suppress the East African slave-trade.' Strong words, but not more so than justice demands. It is not the mere expenditure of a certain yearly sum, to support a squadron for the repression of the traffic, that will relieve the country from the reproach of acting selfishly, nor will the release of any number of slaves per annum save it from the stigma of inhumanity. Contrast the slave located in Zanzibar with the slave liberated by Great Britain! We have already quoted the description of the slaves located in Zanzibar: here is the contrast. 'Where shall we find the freed slave under the protection of Great Britain living in equal comfort? Where shall we look for any such evidence that he is well-cared for and contented? Alas! we may search in vain: the prison islets of Aden, the stews of Bombay, the plantations of Mauritius and Seychelles, tell alike the same disgraceful tale.'

There is no future provided for the 'protected' freed slave, unless one infinitely more hopeless and brutalized than the lot from

which he was forcibly torn. Is it for this so much treasure is lavished, so much innocent blood shed?*

A free settlement of men of their own race and blood would, under proper safeguards, form the fittest home for at least a large proportion of the captives. The Church Missionary Society, which has long, so greatly to its honour, provided schools for training the children whom our energies have rescued, will, we may be sure, be represented at such a new home of freedom; and the more recent efforts which at Zanzibar itself have been made under the superintendence of Bishop Tozer and the Central African Mission, might co-operate with it. Dr. Christie bears some remarkable testimony as to the rapidity with which even adult slaves, into whose nature the curse of slavery had eaten deeply, might, by judicious kindness and regular employment, be transformed into useful citizens of such a settlement:—

'On my arrival,' he says, 'I resided on the estate nearly two months. The negroes were exceedingly filthy in their habits. . . . Many of them came from the same place and belonged to the same tribe, but they seemed utterly indifferent regarding each other. I was not prepared to see this, as I thought that a common affliction, viz., Slavery, would have produced a common sympathy. . . . Since I first came to the place, there has been a great change for the better in the condition of the people in every respect. At the time of their manumission by the late Sultan, not one elected to leave the estate. . . . The progress made by these people in the short space of six years is wonderful, and Messrs. H. O. Fraser and Co. have solved the problem completely as to what can be done with negroes in such a short space of time who have lived till the time of maturity in a savage state.'—*Appendix to a Letter, &c.*; p. 18.

Here is well-grounded hope that, in a friendly free settlement, even the poor degraded beings who have been rescued from the slave-dhow may become happy and useful members of a society of industrious free-men. Such a settlement of free negroes would not only be the greatest direct barrier yet interposed in the path of the slave-trade, but it might also be a principal means of opening those paths of honourable commerce into the centre of Africa, to which we must mainly trust at last for destroying in its interior districts the tendency to steal and sell men. When the native chieftains find by experience that men are more lucratively valuable to them as the producers and exporters of articles of commerce than they are by being sold into a foreign slavery, the temptation to internal warfare, to slave-hunting,

* 'East African Slave Trade,' &c. p. 18.

and to welcome the slave-dealer, will have passed away. Africa may be at peace within herself, her vast resources may enrich the markets of the world, and her now miserable children may know the blessings of freedom, security, and abundance; whilst along the highway which Commerce shall have opened, Christianity may speed upon its higher errand yet, of gathering in the nations to the knowledge of their God.

We trust that both the Indian and the Home Government will well weigh these suggestions, and will act with vigour in the matter. It is one which, from its own character and on account of the interest which will be raised concerning it in the country when the facts of the case are well known, will not brook listlessness and half-measures.

There are, in the evidence taken before the House of Commons and in the Report of their Committee, allusions of a painful kind to differences between different departments of the Government as embarrassing our action, and so preventing our success, and making our present expenditure on the cause useless and ridiculous. This must not continue. It is a case in which half-economy is entire loss. There must be no squabbling between the Government of India and the Administration at home as to the payment of officers needful to promote the objects of both; no frustrating by the Treasury, in one of its parsimonious fits, the more statesman-like proposals of the Foreign Office; no starving down of the squadron employed, so as to disgust its gallant commanders and give the nation the cost of maintaining it, and yet, through a paltry economy, maintaining it in vain.

On this question any Government which would act with a generous vigour would have the whole country with it. It is one as to which internal wrangling and the great waste of petty savings may heap up against the sure day of reckoning, to the injury of any Administration, a large accumulation of reproaches. It is one from which rightly-handled resolution, skill, and diplomatic success may reap no little harvest of honourable estimation. Great as would be the merit of having solved by geographical discovery all the problems which yet perplex us as to the mysterious deserts and mighty rivers of central Africa, how far grander would it be to have delivered these even unknown tribes from this deadly and greatly aggravated curse of the slave-trade! This is the great discoverer's own estimate of all his own labours. The noblest passage, as it seems to us, in his last despatches expresses, in his strong straightforward words, this as the utterance of his soul,—‘Baker came further

up the Nile than any other in modern times, but turned when between 600 and 700 miles short of the *Caput Nili*. He is now employed in a more noble work than the discovery of Nile sources; and if he succeeds in suppressing the Nile slave-trade, the boon he will bestow on humanity will be of far higher value than all my sources together.’*

ART. VIII.—1. *Hansard's Debates*, 1871, 1872. London.

2. *Judgments of the Arbitrators at Geneva*. ‘London Gazette,’ September 24, 1872.

3. *Speech of Mr. Butt, Q.C.* ‘Times,’ October 4, 1872.

THE fickleness of fortune is one of those proverbial truths which has not grown old with time; and still, as in the old time, it is in the world of politics that her strangest whims and most startling infidelities are displayed. Happily the vicissitudes of political life bear a very different signification from that which attached to them in former times, and we can contemplate their possibility, and study their progress, with scarcely severer twinges of sympathy than we should feel for pieces that were unexpectedly taken in a game of chess. The fall of greatness was a thing to be mourned over in days when men were really great, and when they really fell. Now, they mount to so moderate an elevation, that when the turn of fortune comes they have not far to fall. The rulers of a democratic state are blessed with immunities of the same kind as those which are enjoyed by the rider of a humble domestic animal. His rate of progression may be moderate, and the figure which he displays to bystanders may not be impressive; but when his own imperfect horsemanship, or the temper of the animal on whom his fate depends, condemn him to quit the saddle, the catastrophe is more disfiguring than dangerous in its results. But the position of a politician is as precarious as ever it was, though the tumbles to which he is exposed are no longer terrible. Mr. Gladstone has no cause to fear the fate of Wolsey, or even of the light-hearted Ollivier. But his fall from the kind of supremacy he enjoyed is almost as sudden as if he had lived under the most despotic sovereign. Even within the narrow limits of the difference which with us exists between the power of one subject and

* Livingstone's Despatches, p. 8.

another, the turns of fortune are quite as startling as in the times and countries where the statesman who played the game of politics laid stakes of real value upon the board.

Any one who judged only by superficial appearances would, indeed, have been incredulous if in March, last year, a prophet had foretold to him the curious change of feeling which eighteen months has sufficed to bring about. Up to that time the fortunes of the Gladstone administration were apparently unbroken and unthreatened. The enormous majority of 1868 had been rather strengthened than weakened by intermediate elections. The prestige of the Government was undiminished. It had put its hand to three great measures—the Church Act, the Land Act, and the Education Act—and it had carried them without substantial alteration. It had thoroughly mastered the House of Commons, and cowed the House of Lords. It had sensibly reduced the estimates, and had been able to remit taxation which its predecessors had imposed. These were all brilliant, and, as far as appearances went, unqualified successes. Time enough had not elapsed to judge of the working of the revolutionary legislation which had been prescribed for Ireland, or to determine whether reduced estimates were due to true economy, or simply to the retrenchment of stores, which it would be necessary to replace. Even Lord Granville's foreign policy was too fresh to have yet stung the insensitive nerve of English national pride. Happily for the English, they do not understand when other nations despise them. Russia had torn up the treaty which it had cost two years of war and half a million lives to win; America had received traitors from Ireland with all the honours Congress could bestow; Prince Bismarck had repelled our efforts at mediation with ostentatious contempt; but trade was beginning to mend, and these trifles passed unnoticed. The first cloud in the serene atmosphere was the unlucky budget of Mr. Lowe. It would not be fair to use any severer epithet, for the scheme hardly deserved all the obloquy that was heaped upon it. It was not much to be admired, for subsequent experience showed it to have been rather a budget of panic than of precaution. The two millions raised were a useless addition to the burdens of the people. But its prominent demerits were rather political than financial. The match-tax was neither better nor worse than any other excise duty that was at once new and rather fanciful. The succession duty, which Mr. Lowe tried to increase, is less just, indeed, than the income-tax; but it is

more just than a rate. The succession duty is an income-tax confined to schedules A and C. The poor-rate is an income-tax confined to schedule A. But whatever might be advanced theoretically in favour of the scheme, its sins as a practical measure of political strategy were immediately apparent; it trod with vicious emphasis on the corns of two classes, one of which was very powerful and the other was very noisy, and both of them, unluckily, strongly represented among the supporters of Her Majesty's Government. The succession duty drew a protest from the brother of the Duke of Devonshire; the match-tax brought together just that sort of ragged, riotous, reckless mob that stirs the enthusiasm of the advanced Liberal to frenzy. A Government which subsists upon the combined allegiance of Whig landlords and trades-unions, might get on with tolerable safety so long as it could pit its supporters against each other; but before a hostile combination of the two it could do nothing but instantly succumb. The obnoxious budget was withdrawn, and was replaced by a twopenny income-tax which by no means helped to restore the popularity of the Ministry, but which passed because it was the least novel idea that could possibly be suggested.

The moral effect of this great defeat was enormous. The spell was broken which for more than two years had cowed large interests into submitting to the severest measures, in the fear that worse would come upon them. The huge majority was vulnerable: the all-powerful ministry had accepted the extreme humiliation of taking back their budget. It was a message of good tidings to many a threatened and trembling interest. They plucked up a heart to resist what a little before they had been inclined to accept as their inevitable fate. The Government had already thrown down the gauntlet to three powerful interests—the soldiers, the brewers, and the landed gentry. At first all three were disposed to submit with desponding apathy; but as soon as the discomfiture of Mr. Lowe announced that the Government had lost their talisman and no longer possessed a charmed life, they began to bestir themselves to resist. For the officers the day of deliverance came too late. It was against them that the Government directed its most resolute efforts; and they were weakest in numerical support. They fought their battle with professional determination, and but for the technical accident which placed it in the power of the Crown to disregard the adverse vote of the House of Lords, they would not have succumbed. A high-handed act of power, which prac-

tically passed an Act of Parliament by the assent of the Commons alone, was too pleasing to the self-love of the latter to involve any immediate danger to the Ministry. But the mode in which it was received in the country was very noticeable. It was within a month of the Royal Warrant that the Surrey election took place. That election was remarkable as announcing the conversion of one of the most radical constituencies of the kingdom; and still more, as the first of a series of disasters which have lasted from that time almost unbroken until now.

The two other assailed interests fared better. It was difficult to enlist against them the specious jealousies of class which had been fatal to the system of army-purchase. Mr. Bruce's assault upon the property of the brewers and the publicans, Mr. Goschen's ingenious attempt to sow dissension between the owners and occupiers of land, touched, not a dispute upon the relative efficiency of two rival plans of military organization, but the pecuniary interests of men who were to be found in every rank of society. As soon as a chance for resistance showed itself, they let it be known that they were not disposed to be shorn peaceably; and their opposition was so menacing, that the bills which excited it never even reached a second reading. The Licensing Bill has reappeared in a despoiled and mutilated shape, and favoured by its insignificance has, after surrendering its most salient enactments, survived the perils of the session. It is so badly drawn, and founded upon such false principles, that public discontent will probably enforce its modification next year. Mr. Goschen is happily removed to another sphere, where rating, at least in a parochial sense, is unknown; and his Bill is altogether laid aside. It was introduced to stifle the nascent agitation against the anomalies and iniquities of rating, by carrying the war into the enemy's country, and dividing the assailants against each other. The resolution carried by Sir Massey Lopes will probably prevent the revival of this strategy. The question of rating must be taken up shortly, and must be dealt with on much wider grounds than the division of the rating between landlord and tenant.

But though the assault failed in two points out of three, the impression which it produced did not disappear. A feeling began to spread in men's minds that the mission of the ministry was to destroy; and no one knew whose turn would come first, or which institution would be next selected for attack. So many classes had either been visited or threatened with injury of some kind, that a

general sentiment of uneasiness began to prevail. So long as the spoliation was confined to Irish ground, English people were not vehemently moved. It seemed quite natural that there should be revolutionary proceedings in Ireland. It might be lamentable, but it was by no means new. Innumerable experiments in Government had been tried there at various times; and the proposed legislation was only the addition of another to the list. They had all failed, and this would probably fail just like the rest; but it was not worth any political excitement or alarm. It was absurd to suppose that any one would draw such measures into a precedent for England, or would confound the English Church or the English landlord with the Irish travesties of those cherished institutions.

Such was, in a more or less articulate form, the argument with which the average Englishman allayed any misgivings which the Irish Church Bill or the Irish Land Bill might have excited in his mind. It never occurred to him as a serious probability that the Government would import the eccentricities of their Irish legislation into England, and would begin to cut down upas-trees on this side of St. George's Channel. If for no other reason, he would have rejected the idea with anger, as implying that there really was some sort of analogy between England and Ireland. If his illusions were flimsy, his disenchantment was severe. When in 1871 the intentions of the ministry on this head were left in no kind of doubt, when in addition to the attacks on the army, the liquor trade, and the landlords, he was harassed by bold advances in direct taxation and new views as to its assessment, by hints from the Home Secretary of the approaching disestablishment of the English Church, and by the devouring activity of Commissioners scheming to alienate from their ancient uses local endowments in almost every town and village, he was roughly shaken from his complacency; and in proportion as his slumber had been deep, his awakening to the hard reality was disagreeable.

It would not be true to say that these predatory forays upon English interests entirely account for the more recent unpopularity of Ministers. The mishaps that have distinguished much of the Admiralty administration have had their share; and the Washington Treaty has not been without effect. The impression left by the negotiations which preceded and followed it have not been favourable either to the clearightedness or the resolution of the Government. The result of them in the heavy damages—equal to 2½ income-tax—inflicted by the award that has

just been issued, has been to a great extent what the world expected. The American negotiators knew perfectly what they were about: and they coaxed or drove our Government to affix the Queen's signature to terms of reference which much ensured our condemnation in respect to the Alabama. The selection of the arbitrators, and the use of 'less accurate' language, did the rest. Those who wish to see how the vaunted plan of arbitration is likely to work in future should not fail to master the eloquent judgment in which Sir Alexander Cockburn has recorded his protest against an ignorant decision, and laid down in masterly language the true principles of international law. A 'scratch' tribunal of foreign jurists, who neither understood the language in which the counsel addressed them, nor the laws of the country on which they were called to pass a judgment, guided by no other light than the studied ambiguities of the Washington Treaty, was not likely to produce a decision deserving of respect. The money must unhappily be paid; but it is worth while to cast a glance at the process by which it has been exacted from us, if only to appreciate the operations which go on in the mind of ill-informed judges called upon to interpret less accurate rules.

The rules required a neutral state to use 'due diligence, to prevent the fitting out, arming, or equipping within its jurisdiction of any vessel which it has reasonable ground to believe is intended to cruise or carry on war against a power with which it is at peace.' But no hint was given of what due diligence meant, or what were reasonable grounds of belief. It was not said whether the belief was to be that which an absolute Government might entertain upon hearsay, or only that which a jury would entertain under the strict laws of evidence. Nor was it explained whether the 'diligence' expected of the executive was to be shown in accordance with the institutions of a free country or by acts of lawless force overriding them. The three arbitrators were accustomed to the highhanded ways of foreign police. They would not understand that our Government cannot meddle with the liberty of its subjects until sufficient proof of criminal intent has been produced. M. Staempfli appears to have been especially irritated by this plea, which he always italicises contemptuously. His reply and that of the other foreign arbitrators is that the Government ought to have 'taken the initiative;' and ought to have found out for themselves the 'sufficient proofs' which the American agents had failed to discover. Count Sclopis actually goes so far as to say, 'It is a little surprising to find the Collector

of Customs setting himself up as a judge of legal proofs, when he ought to have had prompt recourse to more direct means of guaranteeing the duties of neutrality.' The extent of omniscience which the British Government was bound as a neutral to possess, in the opinion of these arbitrators, may be illustrated from a passage in M. Staempfli's judgment upon the 'Shenandoah.' This vessel—an old East India trader—was sold to one Wright, September 20, 1864. Wright had married the daughter of one Prioleau; Prioleau was a partner in the firm of Fraser, Trenholm, and Co.; and this firm were agents of the Confederate Government. On October 8, 1864, the vessel sailed from the Thames, and was armed as a cruiser in French waters. Except Mr. Wright's relationships there was not one iota of evidence or suspicion to connect her before she sailed with the Confederate Government. And yet one of the arbitrators, who has condemned us in large damages on her account, seriously lays down that the Government ought to have known that the vessel was sold to Wright; that it ought further to have been familiar with the fact that Wright had married Prioleau's daughter: that it ought to have further known that Prioleau was a partner in the firm of Messrs. Fraser and Trenholm; that it ought thence to have concluded that the ship which had been bought by the merchant, who had married the daughter of another merchant, who was a partner of the firm that had transacted business for the Southern States, must necessarily be about to sail for an illegal purpose, and accordingly ought to have interposed. And all these facts were to be discovered and acted upon between the 20th of September and the 8th of October. It is possible that the police of a Fouché or a Vidocq might have possessed this kind of information: and that their masters might have been arbitrary enough to act upon it. But the British Government has never yet held it to be an international duty to keep a register of the names of all members of all mercantile firms, with a full account of the marriages of all their daughters. It is fair to add that the utmost pains were taken to mislead the Arbitrators on points of British law of which they were likely to be ignorant. The American counsel had the effrontery to assert that 'the British Ministers do not scruple to suspend the privileges of the writ of *habeas corpus*, whether with or without previous Parliamentary authorization, and whether in the United Kingdom or in the Colonies, on occasion of petty acts of rebellion or revolt.' Well might Sir Alexander Cockburn say that he was 'lost in amazement and sought

in vain to discover what could possibly be meant by so strange a statement.

But even Mr. Adams was misled into making an assertion as to English law quite as baseless, which must have had an important effect in adding to the bewilderment of his three colleagues. In commenting on the case of the 'Florida' he says that the English Government 'had in its hands all the means of extorting unwilling testimony through efficient and trustworthy agents.' What Mr. Adams can have meant by this wild assertion will probably remain an unsolved mystery. He is probably aware that the rack in the Tower of London has been disused for some time past; and that the modern substitute for that machine, known as the '*juge d'instruction*,' has not yet been introduced into this country. But his non-English colleagues naturally believed these statements without misgiving. It seemed to them a matter of course that an unlimited power of arresting obnoxious persons and a machinery for extorting unwilling testimony should form part of the jurisprudence of every well-ordered state. And England suffered accordingly. She has been condemned in enormous damages because her executive did not use powers which it has not, and, while her freedom lasts, will never have. The point was of capital importance both in the cases of the 'Florida' and the 'Shenandoah.' The final arming of the 'Florida' took place at the Bahamas. In one of the bays of a desolate island, sixty miles from Nassau, a merchant vessel brought out to her her guns and her crew. Great Britain is condemned by M. Staempfli because the Government did not know the errand of that merchantman—which of course cleared for some other place. No sort of evidence of its real intention was forthcoming: and though a Government might have extracted it by some such machinery as Mr. Adams contemplates, for want of it there was nothing to go upon, except a theory of the American consul's which turned out to be incorrect. The 'Shenandoah' was almost exactly the same case. We have been condemned to pay for the losses she inflicted because a number of sailors living at Melbourne stole off one night to join her. The Government had made great efforts to prevent any such accession of strength, which was from the known sympathy of the colonists likely to take place. Some men were caught and punished, others were sent back before they escaped. But on the night before the vessel sailed a certain number of men succeeded in escaping to her. The Government had placed a strong guard upon the pier from which the escape was likely to be attempt-

ed, but the men succeeded in getting off from a more unfrequented spot. In the vast circuit of Port Phillip some place of escape could have been found in spite of any vigilance. What the Government were really condemned for was that they did not find out beforehand, and so prevent, the plan for accomplishing this clandestine enlistment. A Continental police, with its lavish *espionage*, its power of seizing papers at will, and the information it receives from the moral torture-chamber of the *juge d'instruction*, might possibly have discovered the plan. 'England,' says Count Sclopis, 'is not to be exonerated by her own law.' If her Government cannot do what a Continental Government can do, so much the worse for her. The same spirit pervades the judgments given throughout. The 'Florida' was seized at Nassau; and after due trial was acquitted. One would have imagined that in this matter, at least, the responsibility of the Government would have been discharged. Not in the least. The proceedings were conducted according to English practice, and M. Staempfli considers English practice bad. The judgment was delivered by an English judge. Count Sclopis does not think the judgment was any answer to the demands made by the United States: and, apparently, M. Itajuba came to the same conclusion. The doctrine of judicial independence, so sacred to us in England, has no value in the eyes of an Italian or a Brazilian. It does not in their view protect a Government from the consequences of respecting it. Whether they expected the English Government to force the judge to give a different decision, or to treat the decision with contempt when it was given, does not appear. In any case they put it aside as of no account.

We do not complain of their ignorance. In M. Staempfli's case, indeed, it amounted to a scandal. He had studied his papers so little that he made two statements, which were of vital importance to his judgment of the 'Florida,' and which were absolutely incorrect. To show the negligence of the Government in allowing the 'Florida' to sail, he states that her armament had been brought across from Hartlepool to Liverpool, and was carried out to sea by a merchantman starting at the same time as she did. The exact contrary is the truth. The cannon were sent to Hartlepool; and the merchantship which carried them out started from that port; while the 'Florida,' for which they were destined, started from Liverpool. No Government not gifted with second sight could have guessed the connexion of the two vessels. Yet he condemns us to pay for this ignorance. Again, he is not aware

that witnesses giving evidence in a superior court, do not, with us, sign their depositions. He concludes, because he does not find the depositions signed, that the witnesses were never sworn; and he makes this neglect a ground for impugning the proceedings of a court of justice, and fining the British Government for negligence. The ignorance of the other arbitrators was of a more general kind; or, at least, they have not betrayed it by giving their reasons too elaborately. But we have no right to quarrel with that ignorance. They were not educated for the duty of sitting in judgment on the laws of England. Our complaint must rather be against our own Government, whose 'less accurate' diplomacy has given them power to decide that England is to be fined, if the freedom of her laws should jostle against the convenience of a foreign belligerent.

The truth is, that the attitude of the Government from the first has been that of suitors for a favour, too eager to weigh well the words in which it was granted. The pompous embassy, the patched-up, hazy verbiage of protocols and treaty, the heavy guarantee given to Canada as a bribe for her acquiescence, implied a strange solicitude for the promotion of a litigation of which the result could only be a heavy fine on England. The bargain will assume a still odder aspect if it should so chance that Mr. Greeley is elected President. He will probably conciliate his democratic allies by giving place in his Ministry to Southern statesmen; and one of their first duties will be to receive the damages which the arbitrators have sentenced us to pay. The net result of our triumphant diplomacy will then be as follows: We shall have paid Canada heavily to forego all compensation for American depredations, in order that we may have the privilege of paying American statesmen for the damage they inflicted on their countrymen. It is certainly difficult to understand why this privilege has been sought with so much labour—why the attainment of it has been the subject of so much triumph. Still stranger is it that the fear of losing this precious bargain should have induced the Ministry to hesitate for months before they could muster resolution to repel the outrageous and insolent demands which America, encouraged by our obvious terrors, ventured after the treaty to advance. Of course this policy has pleased a certain section of the community. It is highly gratifying to the Quakers and all who share their peculiar views on national self-respect. It is very pleasant also to those mercantile men whose affairs require the removal, no matter by what means, of all causes of es-

trangement between America and England. But on the larger portion of the nation, biassed by neither of these motives, we suspect that the whole transaction has left a disquieting impression. No one can calculate on the course our foreign policy is likely to take. It is easy to see that the old code of national honour no longer guides our statesmen. Neither Castlereagh nor Palmerston would have signed the recent treaties with Russia and America. But it is not so easy to see what controlling principle has taken its place. Is it chance impulse? or the political necessity of satisfying some cry here at home? or the excitement of a steeplechase after some Utopian ideal?

Yet it would be a mistake to attribute a very active political influence to these considerations. The nation feels strongly for its honour in its foreign dealings; but it has no foresight in such matters. It is too courageous to be sensitive to affronts or to scent danger from afar. Until, therefore, its rulers have actually involved the empire in flagrant dishonour or visible danger, it apprehends nothing and suspects nothing. It will not censure them for a course that promises such an issue, until the promise is fulfilled; and if any freak of blind fortune should save them from the plain consequence of these acts, the popular judgment will not distinguish between salvation by luck and salvation by prudent forecast.

In home affairs, the nation takes a far keener interest, and passes on those who conduct them a more discerning judgment. If the Ministry should finally lose its majority, it will be from domestic and not foreign miscarriage. Undoubtedly the failure of their Irish policy has done more to lower them in public estimation than all the rebuffs to which they have been compelled to submit at the hands of Russia and America. It was to cure the Irish cancer that they were called in; and the blindest can see that the disease is as malignant as ever. They were given full leave to apply knife and cautery; and upon the healthy portion of the patient's flesh they have operated with unflinching hand. But the gangrene is not narrowed in its dimensions, nor less angry in its aspect. All the evils that existed in Ireland before the remedial measures promised in 1868 exist now; and, superadded to them, the coldness or the disgust of classes whose loyalty has been sorely tried by the belief that they are the victims of calculating injustice. Whatever else has been done, neither peace nor loyalty has been given back to Ireland. The besiegers are in no gentler mood than they were before, though the garrison has been thrown over the battlements to please them.

Of course such objections are met with the ready answer, that sufficient time has not been allowed for the action of the remedies. The plea would be good if this were the first time that remedies of the same character had been tried. A new doctor recommending a style of treatment wholly novel, might fairly complain if his patient refused to go on with it, because he was not cured immediately. But Ireland is no such case. The course of treatment is not novel; but nearly a century old. Ever since the war of American Independence a series of measures have been applied to Ireland, similar in their aim and character, though differing in the energy of their operation. They have all had for their object, either to meet the demands of the Roman Catholics, or to enlarge the legal rights of the poorer occupiers of land. Many of them have been passed only at the sacrifice of principles and feelings held sacred by a large proportion of the English people. At each of these great legislative experiments, the Minister who has demanded the sacrifice has always been sanguine that it would be the last. He has never doubted that it would lessen the antipathies of the Irish people, and make the government of Ireland easier. He has generally succeeded in communicating his hopefulness to his supporters. At whatever cost to English prepossessions or interest, the sacrifice has always been made. No measure proposed by any Government for the relief of Roman Catholics, or the enrichment of the Irish poor, has been ultimately refused by Parliament. Yet the result, after a century of such legislation, is that so far as loyalty and tranquillity are concerned, the condition of Ireland is worse than when this series of experiments began. We must not be understood by any means as condemning the whole of them. Some of these measures were commendable on other grounds: but this circumstance in no way interferes with the fact that looked at purely in the light of their chief professed intention, as remedies for the Irish difficulty, they have been lamentable failures. Ireland is more unruly, more hostile, more dangerous to England in the event of trouble, than she was in the reign of George II. If England were menaced again by such a danger as that from which she escaped so narrowly in 1745, is there any one who dares to hope that Ireland would be as passive now as she was then?

It is of little comfort, with this history before us, to exhort us to wait a little longer, and give the most recent remedies full time to work. They have been at work long enough in one form or another to establish at least this fact—that their operation, what-

ever it may be, is not to make the Irish more fond of England. The same consideration disposes of the suggestion—coming indeed from no English statesman, but which we constantly receive from Ireland—that by doubling our concessions we may possibly make those fruitful that are barren now. The counsel is the favourite consolation of the charlatans or the enthusiasts of every age. From fortune-tellers to politicians, from alchemists to the projectors of branch lines, none ever fail to assure their patrons that, 'one payment more, and success is certain.' Our reply is simply that we cannot afford it. We are squandering, not money, but the attachment and support which we have nurtured for centuries, and which money cannot bring back.

Happily the experience of nations is longer than that of other spendthrifts; and the promises which seduced us once are now ceasing to delude. The logic of facts is already beginning to tell even upon the most stubborn optimists. The enthusiasm which carried the Church Act and the Land Act has sensibly diminished in temperature. Hopeful prophecies of a coming age of Irish tranquillity and loyalty are less confidently uttered; a justification for the policy of the years 1869 and 1870 is rather sought in the absence of any alternative suggestion. No one else, it is said, had any better remedy for the Irish difficulty to propose. Even if this were true, was it a sufficient defence for measures so violent, and, to one class at least, so oppressive? Thousands of people were ousted of what they believed, and a few years ago every one else believed, to be their clear right. The least they were entitled to demand was that they should not be despoiled as a mere speculative experiment, but that some clear gain to the public weal should be shown as the set-off to their private loss. The optimist view of politics assumes that there must be some remedy for every political ill, and rather than not find it, it will make two hardships to cure one. If all equitable remedies have failed, its votaries take it as proved without argument that the one-sided remedies, which alone are left, must needs succeed. But is not the other view barely possible? Is it not just conceivable that there is no remedy that we can apply for the Irish hatred of ourselves? that other loves or hates may possibly some day elbow it out of the Irish peasant's mind, but that nothing we can do by any contrivance will hasten the advent of that period? May it not, on the contrary, be our incessant doctoring and meddling, awaking the passions now of this party now of that, raising at every step a fresh crop of resentments by the side

of the old growth, that puts off the day when these feelings will decay quietly away and be forgotten? One thing we know we can do in Ireland, because we have done it in India and elsewhere, with populations more unmanageable and more bitter. We can keep the peace, and we can root out organized crime. But there is no precedent, either in our history or any other, to teach us that political measures can conjure away hereditary antipathies which are fed by constant agitation. The free institutions which sustain the life of a free and united people sustain also the hatreds of a divided people. Political aspirants striving to keep or to obtain a seat, newspapers competing for a circulation, will necessarily seek for influence by appealing to the strongest passions of the people; and they will not do it the less because that passion is hatred of the Government under which they live. We have a worse chance than any other nation would have of curing such a malady as that of Ireland, because our institutions—may we not add our superstitions?—forbid us to impose upon her the silence and the repose she needs. Our best hope—it is a feeble one—is that time may do what legislation cannot do. If it were in the genius of our Government to be stable in its purposes for a single generation—still more if we could acquire with the world a credit for firmness which we have utterly lost—the hope of separation might in time fade away from the Irish mind; and agitators' promises might at last be disbelieved, even by the Irish peasant. Time might then do its slow work of oblivion unhindered. But in the meanwhile it will be clear gain if English statesmen draw a clear line in their own minds between what legislative measures can attain and what they cannot. If we can persuade ourselves that our chance of making new friends is a poor one, we may be brought to abstain from the incessant meddling by which old friends are lost. It is a thriftless policy to throw away the affections of which we are sure, in order to captivate others for which neither our race, nor our creed, nor past memories, nor present appearances give us any ground of hope.

As yet we must be content to bear the necessary penalty of our vacillating temper. At present we are, or we believe we are, fixed in our resolve that no kind of separation shall take place. But it is vain to preach any such resolution to the Irish peasant. He knows enough of recent history to disbelieve it. The one impression our policy has left on his mind is a firm belief in the efficacy of turbulence. In proportion as he has rebelled against and broken the law, the law has been altered to suit his views. His

friends blew up Clerkenwell Prison, and brought down the Established Church at the same time. They systematically murdered Irish landlords and land-agents; and, in due time, when the murders had reached an intolerable number, the Irish Land Act was the reply. Nothing, of course, is easier to say than that those two measures were in no way caused by the fear of menace, but simply by an abstract conviction of their justice; and that the sequence of one set of events upon the other in point of time was sheer accident. If reiteration could only do the work of argument, this assertion would be as clearly proved as any proposition in mathematics. But the peasant does not seem to be convinced. Perhaps he remembers that the same odd coincidence has happened once or twice before. The Catholic Relief Bill followed very closely indeed upon the Clare election and the labours of the Catholic Association. The Maynooth Grant of 1845 was immediately preceded by the great Repeal agitation and the disorders which attended it. Even five years ago there was much to be said for his belief that shooting landlords and breaking the Queen's peace are the most effective form of petition wherewith to approach the Imperial Parliament; and the fate of the Irish Church and the Irish landlord have converted it into a certainty. He is not satiated, by any means, with the concessions that have been procured for him by these weapons. Liability to be turned out is one of the disagreeable incidents of occupying land which belongs to somebody else: liability to pay rent for it is another. The Land Act has practically relieved him from the first of these incidents; but his triumph is only half enjoyable as long as it is embittered by the second. Until rents go the way of evictions his objects will be only half attained. He knows—or his leaders know—that the landlords are a weak class in Ireland; that their rights of property are not sustained by any powerful commercial class; and that if Ireland could be in any form separated from Great Britain the landlords would be wholly at the mercy of the petty tenantry. He has good material reasons, therefore, for desiring 'Home Rule.' His sentimental reasons—more potent possibly—are harder to analyse. Whether he looks for a triumph of Catholic over Protestant, or of Celt over Saxon, or for some closer union with America, or simply sees before him that boundless horizon of jobs popularly expressed in the phrase 'Ireland for the Irish'—there is no doubt that this feeling is intensely strong, and seems to be growing stronger. The ballot will reveal to us its real intensity. If, as we

fear, it is strong enough to command a majority, or even a respectable minority of the Irish representatives, it will gain overwhelming force. It will attract to it a large class of waiters upon Providence who are quiescent because they are not yet sure which side will win. Its advocates have learnt by experience that Parliament is accessible to pressure, especially of an illegal kind. England will again be called upon to redress grievances—the last grievance for which she is responsible—her own presence upon Irish soil. What will a Liberal Government and a Liberal House of Commons do! On Tory principles the case presents much that is painful, but no perplexity whatever. Ireland must be kept, like India, at all hazards: by persuasion if possible; if not, by force. But on Liberal principles—on the principles of those who have shouted for the independence of Hungary, of Italy, of Poland—of those who mean to govern Ireland according to Irish ideas—what is to be done? Undoubtedly the Irish difficulty only grows in proportion to our efforts to solve it. It grows with the increased fervour and arrogance which are everywhere showing themselves in the Roman Communion. It grows with the growth of the power of America, with the spread of Republican principles in France. To conduct Irish affairs on any principles is difficult enough; but to govern a population which does not wish to be governed by you, on the principle of implicitly attending to its wishes, appears to be about as hopeless a task as ever politicians undertook.

From this quarter, if from any, the dangers of the Liberal Government are likely to arise. The position of absolute supremacy which they enjoyed three years ago has been destroyed, and will not probably be regained. But from the loss of undisputed power to the loss of office is a very long step. The county constituencies have shown a strong Conservative feeling even in places like Yorkshire, where a powerful Dissenting element exists; and there is a marked change of tone in the English boroughs. But it will require many victories among them to outweigh the growing Radicalism of Ireland, or the Radicalism of Scotland, which does not grow only because it is already universal. It is not easy to determine whether the movement of the past twelve months in England is a partial and temporary eddy, or a set current whose strength may be expected to increase. If it merely betokens the indignation of interests that have been attacked, or arises only from a reaction against the excesses of the Commune, its effects will not reach very far. The Government will proba-

bly be discreet enough not to meddle with powerful interests again, and the Commune will be forgotten in some new excitement. On the other hand the position of the Ministry is far from being secure. If no strong Conservative feeling has yet set in, it is certain that the subversive enthusiasm of four or five years ago has entirely abated. Commerce is highly prosperous, and little attention is paid to politics; for politics is treated by nations much as religion is by individuals—it is a subject of interest chiefly in adversity. This apathy would have been of less moment if a Government's tenure of office were decided in any regular way by the nation, or even by the House of Commons. But it is not so arranged under our system. Governments may be, and are, generally turned out by votes which are not avowedly votes of want of confidence, and which those who support them generally declare have not that result in view. The intrigue of a night may remove a Government with which the constituencies have by no means resolved to part; and sometimes, as in 1858, they upset one to which the constituencies are passionately attached. The state of parties in the House, and especially the internal condition of the Ministerial majority, are of more importance in forecasting the fate of a Ministry than the issue of solitary elections. Even if we believe that the tide of opinion has not turned sufficiently to give a working Conservative majority, it would be rash on that account to assume the safety of the Government. The condition of parties has, therefore, an importance for Conservatives which it certainly had not two years ago. Then their only solicitude was to mitigate or avert the dangers arising from the overwhelming power of the Government. Now, with a more uncertain future, they have to consider the difficulties, possibly not less serious, which might arise to them from an imperfect and temporary success. A real victory—a victory arising from the hearty acceptance of their views by the nation—would, of course, involve no difficulties; for it is always easy to go straight forward. But an incomplete victory, due rather to the imperfect action of our political machinery than to the true play of constitutional principles—a victory giving, as Lord Derby says, place without power, would leave the party in a condition of some difficulty, and possibly of serious danger. Powerless office is much more perilous to a party's cause than powerful opposition.

Such reflections are not likely to commend themselves to the actual combatants. The hot conflict of the hour engrosses the thoughts of every genuine politician. There

is no room in his brain for a passing reflection on the disenchantments of the past or the difficulties of the future. He flings himself into the attack or the intrigue which is to lead to victory, with a spirit as free from misgiving as if he had never passed through such scenes before, or as if a plunge in Lethe had washed out all memory of the perplexities of which they were the triumphant prelude. But the world has grown too old now in experience of the ways of constitutional partisanship to make this intoxication any longer pardonable. Statesmen who aspire to make the perilous voyage of office are bound to satisfy themselves that their knowledge of the dangers before them is adequate, and their projected course is carefully laid down. And to this obligation the Conservative party is more heavily bound than any other. It has a history of which the retrospect is full of warning for the future.

Take what view of policy we may, pass what judgment we will upon the acts of individual men, no one will deny that the achievements of the Conservative party during the past half century will furnish a strange page to history. Three times during the lapse of that period has the party triumphantly borne a favourite minister to power to resist some dreaded change; three times has the victorious minister made use of the power intrusted to him to carry out the change he was commissioned to avert. When Rabagas is made a minister his first official act is to quell by military force the insurrection he had organized a few hours before. The incident is received by English audiences as an amusing satire upon the hollowness and the corruption of the race of Continental demagogues. Yet it has its application elsewhere than on the Continent, and to other than dishonest politicians. It is no unfair picture of what was done by men like the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and the late Lord Derby, upon whose honour slander has never cast a stain — of what was, if not approved, at least condoned, by the party whose previous pledges they had belied. For the Conservative party cannot stand aside and judge, as from an external point of view, the tortuous path pursued by its leaders at the three great epochs of Conservative history—the Catholic Relief Bill, the Corn Law Bill, and the Second Reform Bill. On each occasion it was, if not an accomplice, at least an accessory after the fact. In the cases of the Relief Bill and the Reform Bill, the party acquiesced without any open protest. In the case of the Corn Law Bill the acquiescence did not come at once, but it was *square*, of

recorded in a Parliamentary resolution six years later. These are the acts, therefore, not of individual statesmen, but of a great political party.

It is utterly beside the question to inquire whether the measures which were passed by this strategy were salutary or pernicious. If they were bad they ought not to have been passed at all; if they were good they ought to have been passed by other men. If they were really a necessity imposed by the circumstances of the hour, their passage could not long have been delayed. In any case it was clearly purchased at the cost of a blow to the only principle that saves political parties from degenerating into greedy factions. The exigency, if it existed, did not call for such a sacrifice. All that was gained by the repudiation of the professions by which office had been won, was that the controverted policy in each case triumphed by the agency of those who had always denounced it, instead of by the agency of those who had always urged it.

Are these tactics to be accepted as representing a normal feature of our party warfare? Is each great change which our institutions may yet be doomed to undergo to furnish the Conservatives with a 'spectre' in opposition, and a policy in office? It cannot be so unless English parties, and the men who compose them, become fearfully and wonderfully changed. In spite of casuistry the point of honour will, in the long run, with the same men, remain the same for public as for private affairs. Men may be misled on particular occasions into assenting to a policy from which, if asked to adopt it in their private concerns, they would recoil. The plea of necessity, the claims of party fealty, the fear of making bad worse, or the hope of mitigating the inevitable, are motives of real cogency whose proper limits are hard to define; and though after the event they are seen to afford no defence for a shifty policy, they often appear at the time sufficient, not only to justify, but to demand, the successive minute steps of concession of which that policy was made up. Such pleas may serve to excuse exceptional deviations from the consistency which the law of honour requires between the promises of opposition and the performances of office; but only so long as they are exceptional. If ever they become so habitual to any party that leaders can plan them without scruple, and followers can be brought to accept them without shame or resistance, that party must renounce, unless English character shall greatly change, all substantial share in the councils of the nation.

Be our judgment of the past what it may,

no difference of policy can exist as to the future. We are persuaded that the recurrence of such a political conjuncture as those in which the Relief Act, the Corn Law Act, and the last Reform Act were passed, would be regarded by Conservatives of every shade as the heaviest disaster their party could undergo. There are few of them but would prefer, if it could for a moment be imagined that we were driven to such a choice, that the party should be doomed to a perpetual exclusion from office, rather than it should be held again upon such terms. The question is not one of purely theoretical interest. At a moment when the political sky is troubled and uncertain, it is of some interest to consider, whether we are quite secure from a similar danger; and whether there is any policy by which it can be averted. The premonitory symptoms of political change have been very marked during the present session; and though it now seems improbable that any crisis will arise for some time, yet it is unlikely that the majority will regain the cohesion it has lost, or resume the habits of passive obedience which it has broken through. The ministry contains several men whose passion for office is not strong; and even the keenest appetite for 'that invidious, that closely-watched slavery, which is mocked with the name of power,' is apt to pall after four or five years' enjoyment. Would a resignation, if it came, find the Tory party in better hope than heretofore to steer clear of the peculiar kind of peril that has beset and marred their recent ventures?

That the same peculiar disaster should have happened three times to the same party within so short a period of time, must indicate some general cause. It cannot in each case have been a mere accident, or only due to the characters of individual statesmen. Our adversaries would find a sufficient solution in the statement that the measures which were carried were wise. But this, even if it were entirely true, would not account for their being carried by those who had undertaken to resist them. Assuming a complete and sudden conversion—no slight assumption in the case of three men of mature age and conspicuous ability—it still remains a mystery why they did not resign the task of giving effect to their new views to those who had always held them. Even if they had suddenly changed their minds, no such transformation had happened to their followers. The submission of the party was due to the political exigency which the leader's act was causing; and no man's conscience could have driven him to drive other people to vote against their own.

Nor was there any explanation to be found in the previous traditions of English statesmen. They have never, on either side, held it to be part of their duty to give effect to a popular conviction at the sacrifice of their own. The idea that, when you find a difficulty in maintaining the position in which you have entrenched yourself, it is a right and proper thing to secure it by hoisting the enemy's colours, is entirely of modern growth. Mr. Forster, speaking the other day at Bradford, describes the duty of a statesman when his own convictions are at variance with those of the public. Much as we differ from his political views, we must admit that his language is a pleasing contrast to the limp servility displayed by many courtiers of the multitude in these days:—

'With regard to public opinion, I believe that it is the duty of those who have anything to do with government, because public opinion has put them there, to consider public opinion, to estimate it, to attempt to understand it, to defer to it as much as they can in details; but never to defer to it upon principles, if they are themselves convinced that those principles are right. Well, I dare say many of you think that office is a most desirable thing. I will not deny that the task of having any part in the Government of this great country is a task, the ambition for which no man ought to be ashamed to possess; but any man who has obtained that object of his ambition will find that with it there is toil, there is misconception, there is responsibility quite enough to make him very soon wish to get rid of the responsibility, misconception, and toil, if it were not for that which is the real prize that is won by the toils of office, viz., the recompense of being able to do something towards actually getting realized, and put into action those principles which a man has long cared for, and which he thinks will really do good to his country. Therefore, to ask him to remain in office upon the condition of deferring to public opinion, when his principles differ from those which the majority may seem to have, is to ask him to keep a place when it is worse than useless to possess it, and a place as to which everything held out as an inducement to retain it, ought to act as an inducement to relinquish it. But he may make himself perfectly easy upon that matter, because if he and public opinion really differ, the course is plain. Let another man take his place. He may be quite sure that if his principles are right he will come back, or if not he, somebody else will come back who is better able to carry them out than he is; and what is true about a member of the Government, what I feel true as a member of the Cabinet, I feel also true in that Parliamentary position which I have so long held as your member. There is no position which I feel it so great a pride and pleasure to hold as that of being your representative, so long as you can repose trust in me, upon the understanding that I do what, after the fullest, thoughtful consideration, I think to be right; but

when that time ceases, with a feeling of strong friendship one towards another, we must part.

Probably if any of the three great Ministers we have named had been asked their opinion on this point, they would have readily subscribed to Mr. Forster's doctrine. Yet it is their course on these great occasions that has shaken the faith of Englishmen in the independence of their statesmen. What common error was it that led them into a position so revolting to their natural instincts?

Something must no doubt be allowed for individual peculiarities. The Duke of Wellington held to the old maxims of loyalty in all their rigour, at a time when a Minister had become rather the servant of the House of Commons than of the Crown: and he acted on the doctrine which seems extravagant now, that a public man is bound to provide his Sovereign with a Government, even at the cost of his own opinions. Sir Robert Peel was an uncommunicative man, having little power of understanding other minds or being understood by them, and he probably, like Dr. Newman about the same period, deceived his followers without knowing it. Had he been able to lay bare to them the processes of his mind in 1841, it is probable that they would not have carried him to power as a great Protectionist champion. Lord Derby was in the peculiar and most pitiable condition of holding power on the sufferance of an adverse majority. A leader in that position has perpetually to choose between trenching on the principles of his party, or sacrificing the personal interests of his partisans. Perhaps also his judgment was in some measure biassed by a feeling that his opponents had not been playing fair: that they had used Reform much as Titus Oates had used 'the plot,' bringing out at a time only just so much of it as was needed for the purposes of its self-appointed guardian. But these peculiarities in the character or position of the three statesmen will not account for the phenomenon. For in peculiarities of this kind there is nothing unexampled; but this series of three conversions to the creed of a defeated opponent, happening to the same party, almost in the same generation, is surely a misfortune that has never happened before to any cause in any age or nation.

These paradoxical results could only indicate that the able men under whose guidance they occurred must have stood in a fatally false position—must have utterly misconceived the conditions under which they were working. They failed to read the riddle of their time. They did not see that a great shifting of political power was taking place,

which gave a new meaning to old words. The beginning of the period covered by these three conversions accurately marked the time when royal and noble power was being thrust aside. If not wholly extinguished, it was restricted to matters of mere detail; and with it disappeared the independence of Governments. The democratic power was assuming the mastery—a power capricious, and often apathetic upon matters of secondary importance, but, upon questions of the first rank, beyond all other political powers imperious and stubborn. The days of governing were gone by. It was easy—comparatively easy—to govern when there were only a sovereign and a handful of nobles to persuade; at least it was never difficult for a Minister to resist any course of policy he disliked. In the whole of the previous hundred and thirty years there was no instance of a Minister falling for refusing to sanction some organic change. But the popular power, which had dethroned all other powers, required not men to rule or to persuade it, but men to do its work. A Minister has since that time become again in great questions of policy simply and really a servant, though not a servant of the Crown. It is well for him if he is in hearty sympathy with his masters; he can then do without misgiving or reproach the work he is hired to do. But whether he sympathizes or not, he is there, not to command, but to obey. He is driven by a will far too masterful for at least any individual of our supple generation to resist. If he accepts and retains what is called power, under the delusion that he can serve the people and yet retain a will of his own, the result will surely be that he will find himself toiling, arguing, intriguing, entreating, to pass the very measures which it has been his most earnest aspiration from his youth upward to resist.

Nor is he any longer quite free to escape from his servitude. His power of resignation has been as much curtailed as his other powers. A Prime Minister's obligations towards his personal adherents have much changed. The purchase of political support is, indeed, no new thing. Under whatever form or veil, it is as much an essential part of free Government as terror is an essential part of absolute Government. Government has, therefore, always been carried on in part by the purchase of support ever since the Revolution of 1688: and in the last century the business was done much more corruptly and offensively than it is now. But this very change—the very diminution, large as it has been, of the purchasing power of the Crown—has aggravated a Minister's

dependence. When he paid in cash down for the support he received, the bargain was complete ; his obligations were discharged, and he was free. But he cannot pay in ready money now, and therefore he remains in debt. He pays in places, in honours, in careers, given as opportunity arises, and consequently deferred, as regards the large majority of those who, at any one time, think they have claims. These hopes are contingent on the Minister's clinging to power. His tenure of office, therefore, is no longer his own : it is pledged. The hopes of a multitude of devoted followers would be cut short by his premature resignation, like early blossoms by a spring frost. They argue with logic that seems irresistible, 'The measures in issue are sure to be passed by one side or the other. The policy must be the same whichever side is in ; why should we not have the spoils as well as our opponents ?' The moral pressure of such claims upon a leader is enormous ; and modern statesmen are not made to resist pressure.

The statesmen in question felt themselves under a pressure that was, doubtless, perplexing, because comparatively new. Their instinct told them that, in some form or other, the outside demand would probably be satisfied ; that the Parliamentary force ranged against it was inadequate to repel it. On the other hand, their supposed duty to the Crown and their partisans urged them to remain in office. The interpretation they gave to this conflict of obligations is much to be deplored. The course of our recent history would have been differently shaped if the Conservatives had never surrendered in office the pledges of opposition. The changes made would have contained a smaller admixture of evil ; and the force organized to resist further change would have commanded the unsuspecting adhesion of all the Conservative elements in the country. Our part, however, is not to blame them, but to draw guidance from their errors. The moral which their history preaches is a warning against Governments which are conducted by what is nominally or virtually the weaker side. As the power of the democracy increases, it is becoming more and more imperative upon every party that cherishes its political honour to abstain from office unless it has the full and unambiguous support of the constituencies. Statesmen must banish from their minds the old illusion that place means power. At best it means employment under a master with whom you agree. If you do not agree with him it is a debasing servitude. Chance majorities, made up of incongruous elements only brought together by some passing discon-

tent, will be no trustworthy substitute for such an agreement. The ill-compacted mass separates at the first shock, and the Minister who relied on it must seek his support elsewhere. The favour of the Crown is now but a feeble instrument to enable him to procure fresh support ; he must seek it and pay for it, in the more substantial coinage of some degrading compliance. In a victory won by the coalition of hostile parties, the half of the coalition which reaps its reward in policy is the half which does not reap its reward in places. The Conservative leaders can only escape from adding another to the sinister successes of which their last half-century's annals are made up, by resolutely refusing to avail themselves of any chance of office which may be opened to them by allies of whose general support they are not assured.

It may seem that to press this point on the attention of the Opposition just now, when the Ministry have a majority of not less than seventy, is a superfluous precaution. Probably, until next election, this is true. The House of Commons is very wayward ; but it is always recalled from its wanderings by the threat of being sent to that bourne from which a third of it will not return. But, if appearances may be trusted, it will some day be thought docile and submissive by those who have experience of its successor. The Conservatives hope, apparently not without reason, that the election will add materially to their numbers. Thus the relative strength of parties will be more even ; and the power, and consequent exactions, of the more unstable portion of the majority will be much increased. And that majority is likely to consist, more largely than at present, of ill-fitting sections. The Home Rulers will no longer be a small fraction of the Irish representation ; and their object will naturally be to make their presence as disagreeable as possible to the House of Commons, in order that that body may favour their speedy migration to College Green. The class of voters whom the Trades Unions represent, refuse to regard themselves any longer as merged in the Liberal party. They are insisting upon representatives of their own ; and the Liberal managers will be compelled—if we may judge by the experience of Preston—to concede this demand, on pain of provoking a dangerous abstention of working-men from the polls. Great cries are wanting ; and in the absence of great cries, party discipline languishes, and little sections form themselves each round the banner of its own small fanaticism. All these influences will tend to give us a House of Commons in which the Ministerial majority will be both

smaller and less homogeneous than the present. It will give smaller opportunities for those ingenious combinations, which promise to take off for a night, into the Opposition lobby, the small balance of voters, whose allegiance constitutes the title by which our executive holds its power. Mr. Glyn's heart will be made sore by an incessant series of small insurrections. He will pass his life, like the later Roman Emperors, in rushing from one frontier to another, summoned by the news of an ever fresh revolt. In short, it seems likely to be a repetition of the Palmerston Parliament, with a more unmanageable majority. Will there be a Palmerston there to manage it?

Such marvellous dexterity as that by which he contrived to keep power for six years, with a majority of not more than twenty, is not likely to be repeated. The danger, therefore, of a period of vacillating majorities, and frequent Ministerial changes, is not chimerical; and of course such periods offer to the Conservatives a chance, if they choose to use it, of a brief taste of office. But they will be falling into the most dangerous error they can commit, if they suffer themselves to be entrapped by any such accident into another minority Government. It may be said—and on such occasions is said—that a Government there must be; and that if the Liberal leaders have resigned in a huff, the Conservatives are bound to come to the rescue of the Crown, however difficult their task may be. No doubt when Lord Derby three times took office with a minority, some such motive actuated him; for his dislike of minority Governments had been strongly expressed, and was well known. But the doctrine belonged to days when the Crown was able to rally support round the Minister of its choice. The position into which Lord Derby was driven by obeying it, is a warning to future statesmen that it has no meaning or application in the present day. No man is bound to desert his convictions; and that is the only condition under which a Minister, unsupported by a majority in the constituencies, can serve his Sovereign now. The constituencies have assumed the unrestricted power of selecting the party which is to govern; and it is their business to find a statesman in that party to do their work.

The Conservatives have their special duties to the Constitution; and finding forced labour to assist in Radical demolitions is not among them. Whenever legislation, assailing the property of corporations or individuals, and all new attempts to shift political power shall fall thoroughly out of favour with the nation—when the present mania for restricting individual liberty shall be worn

out—the time for the Conservative party to accept office will have arrived; but as long as such legislation is demanded, they cannot propose it. They can only gain the custom of the nation by offering their own wares. They cannot compete for it, as they are often recommended to do, by offering the wares of their rivals, slightly varied in pattern. They are often taunted that they have no programme and no policy; and told that until they can get one, they have no hope of supplanting their adversaries. If by “programme” and “policy” is meant a scheme of change, the assertion is not only accurate but complimentary. That Conservatism implies conservation and not change, would seem to be a truism. It seems equally obvious that a list of exciting changes can no more be offered by a policy of conservation, than military glory can be extracted from a policy of peace. In truth, such a reproach wholly ignores, not merely the nature of the Conservative party in particular, but of English parties generally. Competition for office will exist in every community; but the character of the motives which work it, ranges from lofty devotion to low greed, according to the character of the community, and of the controversies which engage public attention. In a settled despotism, or in an extreme democracy, in either of which organic changes are too improbable to become prominent subjects of controversy, parties are mere joint-stock companies for the acquisition of place and pay. In such cases a statesman could not desert his colours, because he would have no colours to desert. He offers his services like any other professional man, to do the work set him by his employer; and though he may have predilections for one mode of action over another, just as an architect may prefer one style to another, neither he nor the architect is bound in honour to adhere to any particular combination of ideas. In this state of things politics become a purely selfish pursuit; the art required in them is of a disreputable kind, and the word ‘politician’ as now in America, or ‘courtier,’ as here in old time, becomes a term of reproach. On the other hand there are states in the opposite condition, where organic controversies are pushed to extremity; where parties are dynastic, where real opposition can only take the form of conspiracy, and changes of power are effected by revolution. In such a case—of which instances enough are to be found in our time—party spirit wears its most attractive, though not its most beneficial aspect; for selfishness is banished, from the beaten side at least, by the very extent of the risk incurred. But the case of English parties, and of all parties where there

is a constitutional system resting on general consent, is very different from either of these two extremes. The motive-force of our political machinery is something better than pure self-interest; and though the battles of our parties do not at present concern the very foundations of the State, and they do not desire to exterminate each other, there is enough left of enthusiasm for a cause to appeal to the higher class of motives, and to bring the nobler spirits into the political arena. The mere trader in politics will occasionally intrude; but he is at present happily the exception. Neither party is as yet largely infected with the spirit which provides political principles, as market-gardeners provide vegetables, to meet the tastes of the public.

To suggest to the Conservatives to compete with their opponents by presenting a rival programme of change, is to ask them to descend from the higher to the lower type of politicians. They and their opponents have not the same objects in view and do not appeal to the same kind of support. The two parties represent two opposite moods of the English mind, which may be trusted, unless past experience is wholly useless, to succeed each other from time to time. Neither of them, neither the love of organic changes nor the dislike of it, can be described as normal to a nation. In every nation, they have succeeded each other at varying intervals during the whole of the period which separates its birth from its decay. Each finds in the circumstances and constitution of individuals a regular support which never deserts it. Among men, the old, the phlegmatic, the sober-minded, among classes, those who have more to lose than to gain by change, furnish the natural Conservatives. The young, the envious, the restless, the dreaming, those whose condition cannot easily be made worse, will be *rerum novarum cupidi*. But the two camps together will not nearly include the nation; for the vast mass of every nation is unpolitical. From time to time, as its own special requirements may urge or discourage change, or more often in pursuance of the lessons which the experience of some foreign country seems to teach, it gives its confidence to one school or the other; and the rejected party must live through the winter of its discontent as best it may. It must be satisfied to use such strength as it retains to mitigate the action of its opponent, or to strengthen the best element in its opponent's councils. But the parties cannot change policies: they cannot adopt each other's parts. The Conservatism of Liberals will be hypocritical: the Liberalism of Conservatives will be clumsy and probably extra-

vagant. As long as things go on in their normal course, as long as each party pursues its appointed career in patience and integrity, any change in the inclinations of the nation will be always surely followed by a change in the persons of its rulers. Neither the nation at large, nor the better portion of the adherents of either party will tolerate that one party should 'steal the clothes' of the other. When in 1829 the Duke of Wellington, in obedience to what he thought an irresistible necessity for change, used a Tory following to do Liberal work, the rebuke that followed was prompt and severe. He found himself paralysed in his resistance to the onset of the Reformers, meeting with lethargy and mistrust even in the portion of the community that was least disposed towards Reform. They remembered and condemned, not the Act of 1829, but the hand that passed it.

The excuse for the Duke of Wellington is, that where a party has been for a long time in office, it comes to attribute to itself a proprietary right to office. The Opposition is looked upon as a permanent background to the pleasing picture; the idea of its ever again obtaining power appears as monstrous and revolutionary as if it were a proposal on the part of the background to become the foreground. Sydney Smith tells us of that period that 'there seemed as much probability of a Whig Ministry as of a thaw in Zembla.' This notion was naturally fully shared by the Tory leaders; and they could not admit the idea of sacrificing power with a still intact majority, because the exigency of events appeared to force them to borrow their opponent's policy. Now, after forty years of almost unbroken power, the Liberal party is wrapt in a similar complacency. Some of its less eager members seem to be contemplating without misgiving the growth of what is termed 'Conservative reaction'—in other words the increasing aversion of the nation to organic change: believing that the Liberal party can accommodate itself according to need to either mood. Old Reformers who have done reforming, are the fittest rulers they think for a nation which is much in the same case. On the principle that there is no gamekeeper like an old poacher, there is no bulwark of our institutions so trustworthy as a promoted Radical. As far as regards particular individuals, this philosophy may be true; but as regards the real Liberal party, it is as unsubstantial a dream as the idea that the Conservatives can put forth a competing programme of change. Neither one party nor the other can renounce the conditions of its existence. Members or sections of the Liberal party may fall away,

but the ranks will be filled up, and the main body will go on. It exists to accomplish, not any particular change, but change in the abstract. The discontent, the envy, the visionary dreams, which furnish it with recruits, exist independently of any particular institutions, and always will exist however largely any set of institutions may be changed. The Liberals themselves do not conceal this doctrine. It has been loudly preached of late to the Government, who are suspected of backsliding, by the authorized prophets of Liberalism. In one of those lectures we were recently told, 'The Liberal party can only keep together, as it is ever on the march. To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new is its perpetual impulse.*' This is the uniform tenour of their language. The consequence is that the genuine and hearty members of the party have two programmes: an exoteric programme for to-morrow, an esoteric one for the day after to-morrow. It is not very discreet in any of them to betray this peculiarity; but they are occasionally compelled to do it by the pressure of outspoken friends. Early in the year Mr. Stansfeld explained to his constituents that his acquiescence in the Church Establishment, and his consent to encourage religious education, were merely measures of expediency; and that he was looking forward to the time when he could enter freely upon a new career of organic change. Mr. Baxter was pressed last summer by a constituent to vote for Mr. Miall's motion, and if necessary to resign his office, in order to obtain liberty to do so. Mr. Baxter, while avowing that his dislike of Established Churches was as keen as ever, declined to accept this friendly advice, and his reason for doing so is instructive:—

'At a time when our opponents are carrying seat after seat, we must take care not to play into their hands by giving a place in the programme of the party to questions not yet quite ripe for legislative action . . . I have not the slightest intention of resigning my post in a Ministry, which has already done so much for the Liberal cause, because it is beyond their power, the people not being prepared for it, to give perfect religious equality to England as well as Ireland.'

If the announcement were not so very frank, the strategy might possibly be characterized as dishonest. You cannot complain that a man cheats you, if, before beginning to play, he tells you that he means to put the honours up his sleeve. But nothing can be clearer than the explanation that he gives of the real significance of 'Liberal moderation.' It simply means that seat after seat is being

won by the other side. When these accidents happen, the ulterior programme without being in any way repudiated is put for the moment out of sight. But its temporary disappearance is only due to the exigency of the moment. As soon as, by keeping the programme carefully clear of questions 'not yet quite ripe,' the alarm of the electors has been appeased, and new strength has been obtained for the party, the process of subversion by which and for which it exists, will commence again. It cannot be otherwise. The forces which drive them, the passions which feed them, can never rest. If they have their way they must find as fast as one institution falls another to succeed it as the object of attack, and then another, and another, till incessant change has issued in decay, and the span of national life is run through.

It is in the results of this 'perpetual impulse' that the future prospects of the Conservative party probably lie. Though the tendencies of human nature which create a party of change, calling itself progressive in all communities, will compel it to be 'ever on the march,' it will by no means take with it all who have marched with it thus far. We do not speak merely of the defection of individuals, but of classes. That new enterprises should require new leaders, and that old leaders, who are passed over should be disgusted is neither new nor very important. The French Revolution is, in brief, the picture of all revolutionary epochs, long or short. The leaders who swore the Tennis Court oath are disposed of amid the contempt of their followers long before the movement has reached its Thermidor. But the defection of powerful classes is a much more fatal matter. It is notorious that the heterogeneous body now known as the Liberal party contains powerful elements which are only Liberal up to a certain point. It would be too long to inquire into the complicated causes which have numbered in the ranks of the party of change, large sections of the community to whom change has little to offer. The most potent cause of all has been hostility to the privileges of the Established Church. The hatred of the extremer Protestants to all the ancient forms of discipline, the aversion of Latitudinarians to systems of dogma, have bound the cultivated Whig with the wealthy Quaker or Baptist in a common revolt against our ecclesiastical constitution; and as long as this question would furnish the staple of politics they worked together heartily enough with the forces of democracy. Causes of less importance contributed to make this co-operation easier. The

* 'Daily News,' May 28, 1872.

Whig party was a tradition from times when the battle for freedom and security meant a struggle against monarchical power; and the potent phrases invented then retained their power long after the realities of which they were born had passed away. Middle-class Liberalism—so far as it was not Puritan in its origin—was a rising against the concentration of patronage and power in the hands of the nobility which existed before 1832. Under the influence of the Corn Law disputes, it was largely reinforced by the jealousy of mercantile and manufacturing wealth against the older and more honoured property in land. A flavour of romance was added to all these ingredients by the sympathy for foreign conspiracies and insurrections which was fashionable some five-and-twenty years ago. The brutalities of some of the Continental despots, and the imbecility of the Papal Government, excited much compassion among all classes; and by a convenient process of substitution they were all debited to the account of the English Tory party.

But all this is ancient history now. The political doctrines which grew up in the infancy of the Whig party cannot by any violence be wrested to the use of present controversies. The Corn Law dispute is forgotten as Lancashire elections testify. The jealousies of manufacturing against agricultural wealth have died away with the disappearance of all shadow of a cause; for the jealousies of classes cannot, like the jealousies of lovers, sustain life upon 'trifles light as air.' The Continental despots are highly popular with their subjects: in fact the only unstable Governments in Christian Europe at this moment are the Republic of France and the two very Liberal monarchies of the House of Savoy. Even the Church is not the bond of common hatred that it was between democracy and its well-to-do allies. All its more assailable points have been carried; and its inner citadel will be, as Mr. Baxter feels, a 'big job' for the politicians who undertake to storm it. Moreover, the intellectual movement of the day is in its favour, as far as its secular interests are concerned. The rapid spread of infidel ideas among the literary class has dwarfed the differences which separate the Church from the Dissenters, and has somewhat deadened their desire to despoil the endowments which sustain so much religious teaching in this country. Thus the stream of political strife, for the moment at least, seems to be leaving the Church upon one side. The scheme of political philosophy which under one form or another is hostile to property, appears to be attracting more attention and support. It has all the charm

of a new and only half-explored field of operation. It promises to secure the alliance of the only large unappropriated class—the proletariat—the value of whose aid is as yet unknown, and therefore probably exaggerated. Of course, among various kinds of property, land stands first on the list for attack. In this direction all the more prominent men of the advanced Liberal school are directing their energies. The Cobden Club—which promises to astonish some of the Whig magnates who have made speeches at its banquets—is taking the subject up with an effusion of well-picked statistics. Mr. Mill has long been recommending this enterprise to his followers; and it excites much enthusiasm among the small but venomous clique of Academical Radicals whom he may be said to have created. Unprejudiced observers coming from abroad, and anxious to win their spurs in English politics—such as Sir George Grey from New Zealand, and Lord Napier from Madras—have selected this as offering the most promising foothold for attack. The proletariat, as represented by Mr. Odger and Citizens Vesinier and Hales, are not unwilling to join; only they will not be content unless the capitalist, against whom they are personally much more exasperated, is put under the same harrow with the landlord. Mr. Odger's plan, as is well known, is simply to buy up all the land—in what coin, and from what fund, remains to be explained. Mr. Mill proposes only to confiscate the increase of it, offering to buy, if the landowner should under his dispensation be disposed to sell. Lord Napier would be content with laying a rate upon every landowner to build whatever number of cottages the 'sanitary authority' might think suitable for his estate. Other plans still more vague and declamatory have been shadowed forth. The time in truth for detailed plans has hardly come yet—if it is ever to come. At present there is nothing but the zeal and the practical ignorance peculiar to a very young movement. But there is enough to show that here, now that the old Liberal platform is quite used up, the planks for a new structure must be sought.

Of course it is evident that, upon the doctrine of the 'perpetual impulse' preached by the 'Daily News,' the subversive movement must attempt to reach property sooner or later. Professor Seeley, in calling it 'the great monopoly,' clearly shows the character it must always bear in the mind of a thoroughgoing logical champion of complete equality. Such a reasoner must feel that it is to no purpose that, at the cost of infinite agitation, privileges have been abolished, and rank reduced to a mere

name. As long as property remains, inequality will not be the accident, but the characteristic of society. But all who have hitherto joined in the Liberal campaign are not followers of complete equality. This question will be the touchstone of the true disciple. The Liberal party cannot avoid entering upon it unless it gives up altogether its journey in quest of 'pastures new.' Yet it is in this dilemma that, while if it stands still, it renounces the condition of its existence, if it goes on it parts with a large portion of its adherents. The advocates of organic change have met hitherto with a resistance so feeble and divided, that they do not believe in the possibility of defeat. They picture to themselves the future of the world's history as this—that they and their successors shall go on for ever preaching fresh changes, which the world with a little coy reluctance will go on perpetually accepting. This is the philosophy which conquerors have always learned from a career of victory, and always learned to their ruin. But it is obvious that, if a society possesses any cohesion at all, a point in the series of changes must be reached at last in which the interests that defend will be stronger than the passions that assail. As Radicals instinctively attack the weakest points first, their operations necessarily become more difficult as they advance. The irritated victims of what is called 'progressive' legislation increase with every step it makes ; at last they become strong enough to make an effectual stand. Nothing is so likely to reach this limiting point as an inroad upon the rights of property. This will probably be the file upon which the serpent's tooth will break at last. France has shown how savagely and how successfully even landed property can turn upon its assailants. English landed property is comparatively at a disadvantage for purposes of defence in some respects. The great prosperity of commerce has called away the smaller capitalists from the land, and has left it to find a market only among the rich, who buy it as an agreeable, rather than as a lucrative investment. It follows that proprietors of agricultural land are less numerous, and therefore in troubled times less strong. On the other hand, England possesses no such debased mob as that of Paris : and no centralization to place the reins of power within reach of an urban revolt.

But whatever the ultimate issue may be of the campaign against property which the advanced and genuine Liberals are opening, it must have the effect of separating from them the section who, for want of a better name, are called the moderate Liberals. In

a silent informal manner the process has been going on for some years. Many circumstances combine to indicate a gradual drift of the well-to-do classes towards Conservative opinions. The changed tone of the country constituencies ever since the death of Lord Palmerston is especially noteworthy in this respect. But a solution of party ties which is easy to the obscure, is made more difficult to prominent men by many causes. In the first place, there is the intense distaste which most men feel for the severance of old companionship. Then there is the dislike to part with traditional names, and epithets, and phrases, honoured by the homage of great names, though unmeaning now. Then the peculiar strategy of the Conservatives, on which we have already commented, has not been of a character to invite conversions. Rome would have made few converts of late years if it had been currently thought an even chance that she would at some early date declare her acceptance of the Shorter Catechism. Doubtless also the persistence of the present obsolete lines of party division has been in a degree due to personal considerations too transitory to need discussion. All these circumstances have hindered, and will continue to hinder ; but the causes at work are too powerful to be permanently checked by obstacles like these. The Radicals must demand what the moderate Liberals cannot concede : unless the one are prepared to renounce all their ideas, or the other to renounce their rights of property. The connexion between the two sections has been more than once severely strained, and unless the Radicals are prepared to give up what they call 'progress,' it must be more and more strained as time goes on. How far the moderate Liberals will be willing to endure this strain—how soon they will muster resolution to refuse the further aid of their numbers to the triumph of Radical ideas—will depend entirely on the integrity and the unselfishness displayed by the Conservative party. When two sets of politicians are at one upon the most pressing questions of the day, it is pretty certain that they will work together ; and if they have a dangerous enemy to contend with, they will soon find themselves forced, not only to work together, but formally to combine. Such a result cannot permanently be prevented by blunders or reluctance on either side. But it may be deferred for a much longer time than is consistent with the public welfare, in two ways. It can be hindered by the jealousies of prominent men ; or by any general distrust attaching to the intentions of the Conservative party itself. The proverbial

difficulty of the groom, who had thirteen horses to put into twelve stalls, is only in an aggravated form the difficulty of all associations of men, who desiring a common object have occasion to unite. Dynastic or political parties, sects or railway companies, seeking to effect a fusion with their nearest neighbours, are all afflicted with the same perplexity. To put it in the language of the last named interest—what is to be done with the spare directors? In the present case it only requires to mention such a difficulty to dismiss it. If the Conservative party should ever, in dealing with the larger questions that are impending, come to form part of a larger organization, it is obvious that many politicians, who have been prominent champions of Conservative opinions, will fall into the background. In proportion to the extent of such a fusion, and, therefore, in proportion to its value for the institutions which Conservatives are anxious to protect, it will hinder the career of individual statesmen. Moreover an agreement directed wholly to future questions, and concerned with them alone, might be embarrassed if coupled with the names of men too prominently associated with the differences of the past. If Conservatives and a portion of the Whigs can ever agree to act together, it will probably be under statesmen of the latter type that the co-operation will be most easy and effectual. But the party would be utterly unworthy of its mission if it allowed difficulties of this order to be a serious hindrance.

A more substantial danger may be caused by premature efforts of the party itself. There has been a tendency sometimes to despair under the long exclusion from power which it has suffered; and plans are occasionally suggested for abridging these weary wanderings in the desert by an illegitimate short cut. Certainly advice to that effect has not been wanting from the other side. Critics belonging to the opposite camp are singularly fond of giving advice to the Conservative party. Sometimes they lecture it upon the principles which it would be proper in them as Conservatives to adopt; sometimes they disinterestedly point out the shortest road to office; at others they kindly help the party to choose its leaders. The practice is a very favourite pastime with Liberal writers and speakers. Mr. Gladstone pushed it to caricature at Wakefield last year, when, in the most friendly tone, he recommended the Conservatives to devote themselves mainly to foreign politics, for the purpose of propagating Liberal ideas upon the Continent. With respect to all this various counsel, it is no want of charity

to say that advice is likely to be influenced by the object which the giver has in view; and that the displacement of their own party from power is not precisely the chief object present to the minds of this class of counsellors. The advice all practically resolves itself into this—'Try a little Liberalism. It has kept us forty years in power; what may it not do for you?' Setting aside all objections of principle, such advice embodies the worst blunder that Conservatives could commit. If any political forces now severed from the Tory party should desire to unite with them, it will not be for the purpose of getting Radical measures from them in a Tory dress. If people want Liberalism, they will go to the original patentees of the article. If they come to Conservatives, it is because they want conservatism. Efforts to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds are arduous for an individual; hopeless for a party. If advanced Liberals occasionally praise, and try to use, some Tory chief or section, it is not because their confidence has been won: they will only squeeze out of him what can be got; and then fling him aside in derision. But though it is impossible to gain their permanent support, it is very easy to inspire distrust among the class of men from whom alone the Conservatives can hope for effective reinforcement.

We have given our reasons for believing that a considerable accession of force to the Conservative cause cannot be far distant. We think it to be their wisest policy to act with this object in view. But even if there were no ground for this hope, the duty of the party at the present juncture would not be materially affected. There is nothing in the present aspect of affairs to discourage them. For that limited portion of the party who may hope to enjoy the advantages of office, the prospect, in the absence of such a reinforcement as we have indicated, is, no doubt, less encouraging. But for that far larger portion—who have no other motive for the toil of political life except the preservation of the institutions which remain to us—there is abundant work to do, and no lack of power to do it. Certainly it was cheerless work enough during the dreary period immediately succeeding the last dissolution, when divisions were a mere form, and Mr. Glyn might with perfect safety have written the journals of the House beforehand. But that state of things—the product of a very peculiar crisis—has passed away and is not likely to return. The Opposition can hardly fail to grow stronger, or the Ministerial party to become more united. This is not a state of things wholly

unfavourable to Conservative objects. If it tends to paralyze all legislation, comfort is to be found in the consideration, that, as matters stand, more bad measures than good are thereby arrested. A very strong Conservative Government is, of course, the condition of things we should most desire. But next to it a weak Liberal Government is most advantageous for the country. It may be painful to see our friends deprived of office; but it is pleasant under such circumstances to reflect that half the Liberals who are now sitting on the Treasury Bench, silenced and tame, would, if they were in Opposition, be shouting fiercely for revolutionary legislation. It is worth while buying their acquiescence in our detested institutions at so cheap a price. Nor, if the immediate future is likely to be free from

organic conflicts, will the action of a strong Conservative Opposition be less valuable on that account. We are promised an era of 'social' legislation—for which, doubtless, there is an ample field. In helping good work from whatever quarter it comes—in detecting and resisting all projects of Radical change which come in the sheep's clothing of philanthropic movements—the strength of the Conservative party will be usefully employed. Whatever interval of time—be it long or short—be destined to elapse before they resume a formal control over the government of the nation, their influence will still be deeply felt. In vigilantly practising the duties of Opposition, they will be exercising real power; in accepting office prematurely, they will be seeking not power, but servitude in disguise.

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